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INDEX TO VOL. XXIV.

LEADING ARTICLES.

M. Billet, Page 1—Mariana Bianca, 2—Specimen of Ancient Egyptian Music, 2—William Henry Clarke, 17—Alboni, 31—Mendelssohn, 33—Sacred Harmonic Society, 49—The Sacred Harmonic Societies, 65—The Italian Operas, 65—Sacred Harmonic Society, 81—Dr. Alfred Day, 97—A letter from Paris, 97—Royal Italian Opera, 98—Royal Italian Opera, 113—Jenny Lind, 129—Sacred Harmonic Society, 129—Jenny Lind, 145—Alboni, 177—Meyerbeer's Prophète, 209—Ernst, 209—Jetty Treffz, 225—Pauline Garcia and the Prophète, 241—Meyerbeer's Prophète, 257—Alboni, 275—Vivier, 353—The Philharmonic, 353—Ernst and Halle, 385—Madame Sontag, 401—Viardot Garcia, 433—The Prophet, 449—Alboni, 465—Corbari, 465—Ernst 481—Corbari, 481—Robert Stoepel, 497—Mrs. Glover, 497—Jetty Treffz, 513—Death of Signor de Begnis, 529—Princess's Theatre, 609—London Wednesday Concerts, 641, 657—Macfarren's King Charles the Second, 689—Balfe, 721—Jetty Treffz, 721—Stephen Heller, 737—Jetty Treffz, 737—Miss Kelly, 737—Alboni, 753—Formes, 753—Stephen Heller, 769—Signor Ronconi and Mr. Delafield, 769—Alboni, 785—Punch and Mendelssohn, 785—Albert Smith *versus* R. Shepherd, 785—Henri Herz, 801—Stephen Heller, 817.

ARTICLES ORIGINAL, EXTRACTED, AND TRANSLATED.

Theory of the derivation of notes, 12—Jullien's Concert at Manchester, 14—A few words in reply to Messrs. French, Flowers, Molineux, and T. Browne, 17—Jullien in Dublin, 29—Dramatic Literature in Paris, 29—Mendelssohn, 33, 53—Alboni, 61—Mozart, 65—Letters to a Musical Student, 70—Mozart, 81—Manuel Garcia, 82—Jullien at York, 85—Jullien in Edinburgh, 85—William Sterndale Bennett, 99—Mozart, 103, 114—Jullien at Manchester, 118—Letters to a Musical Student, 118—Our dinner to Tom Moore, 134—Jullien at Bristol, 140—Our dinner to Tom Moore, 160—Marsol, 180—Alboni at her Majesty's Theatre, 184—Alboni and Galli, 193—Our dinner to Tom Moore, 198—Handel and his Messiah, 199—Jenny Lind, 202—Jullien in London, 202—Jenny Lind at Exeter Hall, 210—Our dinner to Tom Moore, 213—Handel and his Messiah, 216—Modern Imitation of the Ancient Greek Music, 218—Ronconi and the Court Journal, 229—Joseph Joachim, 242—Jenny Lind, 242—Jenny Lind's One Concert, 247—Handel and his Messiah, 250—Ernst, 262—The new Violins of Herr Bausch, 266—Dinner to Macready at New Orleans, 265—Handel and his Messiah, 266—The Distins in America, 267—Jetty Treffz, 273—Handel and his Messiah, 280—Letters to a Musical Student, 283—Czerny's School of Composition, 294—Letters to a Musical Student, 299—Beethoven's Symphonies, 311—American Panoramas in England, 312—Beethoven's Symphonies, 325—The General Theatrical Fund, 329—Theatricals in the United States, 331—Albert Smith, 341—Beethoven's Symphonies, 343—Letters to a Musical Student, 347—Jullien's Concerts Monstres, 349—Mdlle. Anichini, 359—Beethoven's Symphonies, 363, 379—A French Critic in London, 380—Letters to a Musical Student, 392—Sacred Harmonic Society, 393—Beethoven's Symphonies, 394—Madame Stoltz, 402—Beethoven's Symphonies, 408—Letters to a Musical Student, 412—Ernst, 418—Beethoven's Symphonies, 424—Signor Marchesi and Teseo, 436—Cathedral Trusts, 437—English Dilettantism, 439—Beethoven's Symphonies, 440—Mendelssohn's Youth and Maiden, and Moliques first Trio, 444—Sketch of Maria Edgeworth, 444—Mr. Kenney's Benefit, 454—Beethoven's Symphonies, 456—Bombardment of the Surrey Zoological, 460—Musical Gossip, 461—Death of Mr. Kenney, 472—Beethoven's Symphonies, 473—Death of Wilson, 475—Mr. Kenney's Benefit, 476—The late Mr. Kenney, 484—Jullien at Manchester, 485—Jullien in Dublin, 486—Horace Smith, 486—The Distins in America, 487—Beethoven's Symphonies, 488—Rouget de Lille, 491—The San Carlo, 491—Liverpool Festival, 492—Sentences, 492—Alboni's Zerlina, 497—Jullien at Manchester, 498—Hereford Musical Festival, 500—The Birmingham Festival, 501—Punch's Prorogation of the Opera Season, 503—Beethoven's Symphonies, 504—Lola Montes, 506—The Old Violin, 507—Alboni's Cherubino, 513—The new Music School, 517—Vocal Debutantes of the Season, 518—Answer to Enigma, 519—Jean Francais le Sueur, 521—Lola Montes, 522—Mendelssohn's Youth and Maiden, 523—Beethoven's Symphonies, 524—Henrietta Sontag, 532—Beethoven's Symphonies, 536—Organ at Gloucester, 542—Liverpool Festival, 549—Her Majesty's Theatre, 550—Royal Italian Opera, 551—Music, 553—Beethoven's Symphonies, 553—Liverpool Festival, 561—A Horn-book for Musical Critics, 562—Corbari's Elvira, 562—Royal Italian Opera, 563—Birmingham Festival, 564—Ancient Ecclesiastical Festivals, 572—Grand Fete at Balmoral, 573—Birmingham Festival, 577—Hereford Festival, 580—Beethoven's Symphonies, 583—Letters to a Musical Student, 587—Lola Montes, 590—Ecclesiastical Festivals, 590—Hereford Musical Festival 593—Raphael and Mozart, 595—Pauline Garcia, 598—Catherine Hayes, 599—Beethoven's Symphonies, 599—Signor di Begnis, 603—Power of Music, 604—Letters to a Musical Student, 605—Ecclesiastical Festivals, 606—The prima donna and French gallantry, 609—Meyerbeer, 610—Lady Blessington and D'Israeli, 612,—Musical letter writers, 615—Beethoven's symphonies, 616—Alexander von Humboldt, 618—The dancing Chancellors, 622—Musical pot pourri, 625—Recollections of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, 634—Concerts for the people, 636—Musical composition, 637—Lola Montes in Boulogne,—They're at it again, 638—Modulation, 638—The Distins in London, 641—Concerts for the people, 644—Beethoven's symphonies 645—Macready's Bath, 648—Sontag at Glasgow, 652—Music in Paris, 657—Hullah's new Music Hall, 659—A Parisian Story, 669—The Distins at Brighton, 675—Emma Williams, 677—Amusements in Rome, 684—Alboni, 699—The Alfred jubilee, 701—Chopin, 705—Jetty Treffz, 707—Manchester Normal music schools, 714—Two Italian operas in London, 717—Theatrical fracas in Dublin, 717—Music at Antwerp, 721—Ernst, 727—Madame Mara, 728—Death of Mrs. H. P. Grattan, 731—Lola Montes, 732—Ernst, 739—Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*, 740—Signor Paglieri, 741—Death of C. Horn, 741—Benedict at Limerick, 743—Madame Mara, 747—Ernst, 753—Catherine Hayes, 754—Miss Cushman, 762—Shelley, Hunt, and Keats, 763—Moore's Plagiarisms, 764—Olympic Theatre, 765—Readings from the German, 771—Albert Smith and the Surrey, 772—Vivier, 775—My Bright Savoy, 775—Macready's Iago, 775—Berlin, 779—Musical Copyright, 779—Moore's Plagiarisms, 780—Readings from the German, 787—Moore's Plagiarisms, 797—Smith *v.* Shepherd, 802—Ernst, 802—Mendelssohn, 805—Readings from the German, 805—Moore's Plagiarisms, 809—How to improve the musical state of the country, 812—Jullien at Manchester, 830.

WINCKELMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART, pages 3, 20, 37, 52, 67, 82, 99, 114, 102, 148, 168, 180, 195, 211, 229, 242, 263, 269, 276, 292, 310, 323, 339, 356, 372, 386, 402, 420, 453, 471, 499, 516, 530, 548, 578, 611, 643, 659, 676, 707, 738, 770.

THE EUTERPE OF HERODOTUS, pages 327, 342, 357, 373, 386, 403, 420, 436, 454, 484, 500, 531, 549, 562, 579, 597, 628, 660, 690, 723, 739, 754, 771, 786, 803, 819.

POETRY.

Sonnets, by N. D., pages 2, 20, 36, 52, 68, 83, 100, 115, 132, 148, 169, 182, 196, 212, 230, 242, 264, 277, 2 3, 311, 325, 339, 357, 373, 386, 403, 419, 437, 453, 475, 484, 499, 517, 532, 549, 563, 579, 598, 612 628, 644, 660, 677, 690, 708, 724, 740, 754, 774, 786, 804, 819—The Fair Blanaid, 93, 107—To Mrs. Mowatt, 99—To Jetty Treffz, 401—The Season, 461—Apothegms, 485—Impromptu on John Wilson, 513—The Lay of Hope, 520—The Snow Spirit, 621—Love in her Bower, 634—Night of Stars, 649—The Dove, 669—To Carlotta Grisi, 786—To Amalia Corbani, 707—Ballad from Macfarren's *Charles II.*, 731—Music, by C. R., 761—Matteo Maria Boiardo, 773—Lorenzo de Medici, 802—Filicaja, 803—Musical Charade, 812.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, 161, 177, 194, 212, 224, 244, 260, 274, 288, 305, 321, 337, 353, 370, 387, 404, 421, 432, 451, 470, 481, 498, 514, 550—ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, 162, 178, 195, 212, 227, 245, 261, 275, 288, 306, 323, 338, 354, 371, 388, 405, 422, 435, 451, 465, 482, 499, 515, 529, 551—DRURY LANE, 183, 219—HAYMARKET, 6, 25, 39, 60, 76, 135, 171, 182, 230, 279, 376, 389, 439, 476, 629, 762, 709, 756, 790, 806—PRINCESS'S, 7, 40, 86, 150, 182, 197, 231, 249, 295, 362, 626, 658, 691, 710, 749, 778, 790—LYCEUM, 25, 120, 172, 182, 198, 232, 629, 665, 712, 759—OLYMPIC, 60, 86, 121, 136, 807—ADELPHI, 172, 197, 295, 377, 422, 603, 665, 682, 712, 758—SADLER'S WELLS, 76, 183, 233, 296, 328, 615, 629, 665, 663—NEW STRAND, 279, 296, 377, 423, 489, 572, 649, 759, 790—MARYLEBONE, 41, 86, 183, 232, 279, 206, 328, 390, 410, 603, 615, 666, 712, 760, 778, 791—ST. JAMES'S, 42, 60, 77, 108, 137, 172, 183, 198, 219, 266, 279, 328, 345, 391, 423, 439, 459, 477—SURREY, 121, 683—ASTLEY'S, 233—COLOSSEUM, 233—DIORAMA, 233—GERMAN OPERA 309, 340, 364, 405—Christmas Pantomimes and Burlesques, 819.

CONCERTS.

London Wednesday, pages 3, 21, 43, 79, 83, 110, 117, 138, 158, 174, 190 206, 236, 253, 278, 316, 350, 376, 412, 657, 674, 690, 716, 725, 742, 774, 788, 804, 818—Jullien's Congres Musicale, 861, 396, 429—Concert at the Palace, 417—Benedict's, 416—Sacred Harmonic Society, 21, 102, 129, 210, 349, 724—Balfe's, 69—Madame Dulcken's, 116. 429—Philharmonic, 165, 196, 241, 273, 314, 337, 369, 385, 406—Royal Academy, 182, 294, 360—Sir Henry Bishop's, 454—Musical Union, 193, 276, 315, 341, 375, 407, 438—Mr. Sterndale Bennett's, 109. 197, 359—Amateur Musical Society, 278—Miss Dolby and Mr. Lindsay Sloper's, 290—Royal Society of Female Musicians, 291—Choral Harmonists, 295—Ernst's, 296—Signor Bilgtta's 458—Herr Dreyschock's, 459—Miss Wallace's, 502—Mr. A. Harris's, 513—Whittington Club, 698—M. Jullien's Drury Lane, 702, 708, 727, 743, 755, 773, 789—Miss Dolby's, 724, 754, 819—Mr. Willy's, 789, 807—Marylebone Institution, 827.—(For other Concerts, vide Miscellaneous.)

OPERATIC STARS.

No. 14, CORBARI, page 448.—No. 15, ANGRI, 811.

REVIEWS OF MUSIC.

Pages, 11, 61, 125, 139, 205, 233, 252, 428, 490, 491, 507, 523, 542, 643, 572, 632, 667, 668, 669, 733, 795.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS, 29, 621, 653, 795, 829—ST. OMER, 78—VIENNA, 669—NEW YORK, 87, 347.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Pages 4, 5, 22, 24, 38, 39, 69, 84, 100, 101, 139, 140, 151, 173, 184, 201, 218, 219, 233, 234, 247, 264, 282, 267, 313, 330, 345, 365, 397, 410, 411, 427, 441, 442, 460, 478, 489, 507, 520, 540, 541, 542, 556, 557, 558, 569, 571, 585, 586, 587, 601, 602, 613, 614, 630, 631, 650, 651, 652, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 700, 701, 713, 716, 732, 744, 745, 746, 760, 776, 777, 792, 793, 794, 795, 808, 809. 827, 828.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

Pages 14, 15, 85.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Pages 7, 8, 9, 10, 25, 27, 28, 44, 45, 46, 57, 59, 73, 74, 87, 89, 90, 91, 92, 105, 106. 121, 123, 125, 141, 152, 153, 164, 156, 157, 173, 174, 188, 189, 203, 204, 205, 220, 221, 234, 235, 236, 249, 267, 268, 284, 285, 297, 298, 299, 315, 331, 377, 378, 379, 414, 420 458, 490, 503, 525, 559, 574, 589, 590, 620, 636, 637, 654, 655, 666, 667, 684, 703, 718, 733, 749, 763, 781, 782, 796, 810, 829

MUSICAL ENIGMAS.

Pages, 510, 573, 622, 638, 655, 670, 684, 734.

GOETHE'S EPIGRAMS FROM VENICE.

Pages 1, 17, 33, 49, 65, 81, 97, 113, 129, 145, 161, 177, 193, 209, 225, 241, 257, 273, 289, 305, 321, 337, 353, 369, 385, 401, 417, 433, 449, 465.

EPIGRAMS FROM THE GREEK.

Pages 481, 497, 513, 529, 545, 561, 577, 593, 609, 625, 641, 657, 673, 689, 705, 721, 737, 753, 769, 785, 801. 817.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Pages 15, 31, 47, 48, 62, 63, 79, 94, 95, 109, 110, 126, 127, 142, 143, 158, 159, 174, 190, 191, 206, 207, 222, 223, 236, 237, 238, 253, 254, 268, 269, 270, 285, 286, 300, 301, 315, 316, 332, 333, 349, 350, 351, 365, 366, 380, 381, 382, 398, 414, 415, 428, 429, 430, 446, 447, 461, 462, 479, 493, 494, 495, 510, 511, 526, 543, 559, 560, 574, 575, 591, 592, 607, 608, 623, 624, 638, 639, 640, 655, 656, 671, 672, 685, 686, 687, 703, 719, 734, 735, 749, 750, 751, 766, 767, 782, 783, 798, 799, 813, 814, 831.

with such irreverence. Perhaps at such an uncircumscribed season of the year, legitimacy was looked upon as an intrusion merely. Good humour certainly prevailed. Every actor in the play was received with thunders of applause, which was kept up with unflagging spirit, and seldom intermitted throughout the performance. No discrimination was made between favourites and new comers—all were treated alike. The Christian's burnished cloak, and the Jew's sombre gaberbine, were alike objects of applause, mirth, and ribaldry. Even the fair sex—nay, we must speak within compass—one fair artist, Miss Laura Addison, did assuage the fury of the storm for a brief space, and as the *Times* said, "the roarers consented to hear the trial scene;" but this past, out they broke again, as though Eurus and Notus, and Æolus, and puffed Aquilon, had met together and cracked their cheeks within the walls of the devoted theatre.

We are alluding, in our above remarks, to the doings of Boxing-night, and great allowance must, of course, be made for the vagaries and extravagances committed at such a carnival season. Mr. Anderson, however, views it in a more serious light; and, to punish his visitors, he is determined, until they learn to behave themselves, not to play Shylock for them; and, indeed, unless they reform their conduct altogether, not to appear in future in any of Shakspere's great characters. Mr. Anderson has had abundant cause for his indignation and his threats. Could any mortal thing be more cutting to a very popular and sensitive actor than, on his first appearance after so many years, and that, too, in the double capacity of leading star and manager, to be received with nothing but roars, like a matador in a Spanish bull-fight, or the winning horse on a Derby day? Mr. Anderson is perfectly right in his endeavour to reduce the mob to obedience—his next step will be, to instil into their minds a holy reverence for Shakspere. There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and *vice versâ*.

Of the performance of the *Merchant of Venice*, it is, of course, impossible to speak. It was all dumb show, with the exception of the trial scene, in which Miss Laura Addison, as Portia, somehow contrived to still the tumult. The cast was not over strong. We had expected to have seen Miss Helen Faucit on the opening night. Why that delightful actress was not added to the Drury-Lane company involves a secret, no doubt.

We do not feel called upon to offer many remarks on the performances of the *Gamester* or the *Stranger*. Miss Laura Addison evidenced much intelligence and dramatic force in Mrs. Beverley and Mrs. Haller: she has great feeling, although, perhaps, not under sufficient control. Its reality, however, is unmistakeable. Mr. Anderson's Beverley was a good, sterling piece of acting. His death scene was very happily managed. We like his Stranger better. We have no sympathy with these plays, and therefore cannot enter into details. The rest of the parts in both plays were feebly supported.

The long-shelved melo-dramatic Scottish ballad opera, *Rob Roy*, has been added to the new *répertoire* of Drury Lane. It was produced on Tuesday, but achieved no tremendous success. Mr. Anderson's Rob Roy, although devoid of picturesqueness and romantic bearing—the great charms of Macready's Rob Roy—was by far the best performance in the piece. Miss Rafter made her first appearance as Julia Mannering, Mr. Rafter as Henry Bertram, and Mrs. Ternan as Meg Merrilies. All these were good in their way. Miss Rafter is very handsome, has a good voice, and is by no means deficient in musical education; but she spoils everything by affectation. Mr. Rafter would have acted better and looked better in Dandie Dinmont; and Mrs. Ternan lacks weight and power for such a part as the Queen of all Gipsies. The orchestra certainly might have been better, and the chorus were open to decided improvement. We cannot set down the play of *Rob Roy*, or its performance, as among the legitimate indications of Mr. Anderson's management.

The comedy of *The Road to Ruin* has been produced within the current week, and introduced two new candidates for histrionic fame on the London stage. Mrs. Winstanley, who appeared in Mrs. Cheerly, has much to recommend her in face and figure; but we fancy she wanted self-possession, and did not show to the best advantage in her *début*. Miss Baker, who played Sophy, has a good deal of natural quickness, and sustained the character with considerable effect. Mr. Anderson was Harry Dornton, Mr. Vining, Goldfinch; and Mr. Emery, Silky—all well played.

In addition to the above, *The Lady of Lyons* has been given, with Mr. Anderson as Claude Melnotte, and Miss Laura Addison as Pauline. As the audiences nightly become less refractory, more attention has been paid to the performances, and the talents of the actors stand a better chance of being recognised and acknowledged. The Drury Lane public is now comparatively quiet, and although the theatre continues to be crammed from floor to ceiling, attention is the order of the day, or, rather, of the night.

The crowded houses at Drury Lane do not astonish us. We grant Mr. Anderson's company is not first-rate; nor are his entertainments likely to interfere with, or damage the prospects of any of the metropolitan theatres; but we espy in low prices and a clean and cheap company, the very elements of success *at a large house*. It was high prices that ruined Harris, Laporte, Polhill, &c., and kept money out of the pockets of Mr. Bunn and Mr. Macready. Within the last twenty years there was only one individual who realised a farthing by theatrical management at one of the large houses, and this was Mr. Osbaldistone, at Covent Garden, who made a good reduction in the prices, and had a fair, but not an extravagant company. That Mr. Anderson's company is efficient enough to continue the success it has gained at starting, can only be surmised. More must be effected in the performances, and better artists must be produced, before the new management can be firmly established in the public mind, even with the powerful aid of low prices.

Among the engagements entered into by the manager, as announced in the prospectus, first on the list appeared the name of Mrs. Glover, an actress who could not fail, from her undoubted talents and her position in the profession, to confer a new lustre on, and lend a superior attraction to the establishment. Unfortunately for Mr. Anderson a difference has arisen between him and Mrs. Glover which has entirely broken off the engagement, and Drury Lane is deprived of the services of the first actress in the country. It has been said that the public have nothing whatever to do with the quarrels between actors and managers, and that such quarrels should be kept behind the scenes. We cannot acquiesce in this opinion. The manager is sometimes forced to explain a position in which he has been placed by the caprice of the actor; or the actor is compelled to state a difficulty in which he is involved by the manager, either of which left unexplained would create a disagreement, or something worse, between the public and the manager or actor.

With respect to the disagreement, or disruption, between Mrs. Glover and Mr. Anderson, we shall merely quote the announcement in the bills on one side, and the answer in the

Morning Post on the other, satisfied that there can be no doubt in any mind as to which was the peccant party.

In the play-bills of the 29th ultimo appeared the following:

"The lessee begs to inform the public that in consequence of his being unable to comply with the request of Mrs. Glover that she should have a dressing-room to herself (a demand impossible to be granted), she has broken her engagement, consequently will not have the honour of appearing at this theatre during the present season."

To this Mrs. Glover retorted, or rejoined, in the paper above-named, as follows:—

"Sir,—The new lessee of Drury Lane Theatre having announced in his playbills that I have broken my engagement with him in consequence of not being allowed the exclusive use of a dressing-room, which he terms an 'impossibility' (although I am given to understand that a much younger lady of his company enjoys that privilege), I beg leave, in reply, to observe that he has but *partially* stated the cause of my secession from his establishment. The facts are these—Upon my arrival at the theatre on the opening night, I discovered that no less than three ladies were to dress in the same room with me; and on remonstrating the following morning with the manager upon the discomfort and inconvenience attendant upon such an arrangement, he abruptly informed me that I must dress 'there or nowhere.' Feeling hurt at the very light estimation of my services which his words and manner implied, I answered 'Then, sir, we part;' to which he replied '*As you please, madam.*' Returning from the theatre, I encountered Mr. W. Farren, with whom (considering myself at liberty) I concluded an engagement for the New Strand Theatre. I can make a great allowance for the eccentricities of new-born honour, and am aware that some time must elapse before the dignity of office can be borne with ease and grace by one unused to the burden. The '*brusquerie*' of the new lessee, therefore, can be easily pardoned. I do not quarrel with him for evincing a lack of respect for the position which the public have been pleased to accord to me as an actress; for *he* may not be of their opinion. Neither do I cavil at his want of consideration for fifty-three years' service on the London stage, with all its concomitant pains and anxieties; for *he* may be an enemy to prescriptive rights, and managerial cares may sour the milk of human kindness. But can I be blamed for wishing to inhale a more congenial atmosphere, surrounded by those who *do* respect public opinion, and who recognize in length of service a claim to consideration and indulgence? I should not have presumed thus to trespass upon public attention had not a statement been made involving a charge of caprice and disloyalty, which I felt it my duty to answer, in order that the public should receive no erroneous impressions respecting one who for upwards of half a century has been cheered by their smiles, and supported by their patronage.

"The insertion of this letter will oblige your obedient servant,

"JULIA GLOVER.

"21, Soho Square, Dec. 29."

We do not think it necessary to add one word to Mrs. Glover's explanation. Mr. Anderson, as a gentleman, must feel he has unwittingly committed an error; but the error brings with it its own punishment, the lessee being thereby deprived of the services of Mrs. Glover.

On Monday Mrs. Nisbett makes her first appearance, for seven years, as Rosalind in *As You Like It*, and Mr. Vandenhoff plays Jacques, his first appearance for a long time at this theatre.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

WHAT! there are two Richmonds in the field, eh? We can assure your correspondent with the Three Stars signature, that he is heartily welcome to the whole correspondence if he can only undertake it, and if he will supply the Manchester news *honestly* and *fairly*. The only motives that actuate the writer, honoured by your special favour as *your own correspondent*, were that some notice should appear in the MUSICAL WORLD of the concert and opera doings here, and the reports, however brief, should at least be correct. We respect the incognito of a "musical correspondent" to much to pry too curiously—but some portions of the article last week, headed "Jullien at Manchester," have piqued our curiosity no little; for instance, the writer set out as a reason for writing, that "he did not see your correspondent at the Free Trade Hall." Now how does he know who your correspondent is? And knowing him ever so well, he might go to twenty of Jullien's concerts, and never see him in such a crowd! In the next place, we have our wits puzzled and piqued as to an individual who is, perforce, buried alive awhile in this huge metropolis of smoke and commerce—who is miserable without music—who finds no difficulty in getting admission to the gentleman's concert, where tickets cannot be bought (yet can condemn their orchestra in most unmeasured terms)—who still can find difficulty in getting to Hallé's chamber concerts, where any one can obtain admission by simply buying a ticket—who knew Hallé when quite a lad, and also later in Paris—who ranks poor Seymour as a competent second violin—all this is quite beyond us, the rest is pleasant reading and fair criticism. His fling at us about Jenny Lind and Mr. Thorley falls perfectly harmless. If he has read our article about the former, he will find that we deprecated the ridiculous mania which raised prices and filled manager's pockets as much as any one—it was monstrous—and uncalled for by any talent either of Jenny Lind's or any other artist; at the same time, we trust always to have that genuine English feeling which causes us to defend genius and talent when unfairly and unwarrantably depreciated, so far as our humble powers go, and in so far we plead guilty to enthusiasm about Jenny Lind. Mr. Thorley would not thank your correspondent, whoever he may be, for putting his name in such a position. We have spoken of him merely as a rising young violoncellist, who possessed a good full tone, and we point to his engagement by Seymour and Hallé, at their peculiarly classical chamber and quartet concert, as a proof that we did not speak beyond his merits. It is a pity such a star as your correspondent with the Three Stars, should be buried alive—as he certainly gives a most animated and graphic description of Jullien's first concert, we could almost fancy ourselves there, on reading it. How is he to know what we have not supplied? The concerts of the Concert Hall he may safely employ his time and pen upon—as *we* cannot hear them—and there is one next week too.

D. R. had no need to apologise for his careful abridgement of our last upon Hallé's concert. Such an article as the one from our new *feuilletoniste* was quite sufficient. It was press of matter, indeed, and from a fresh source. Besides, in writing about Beethoven's trios and sonatas, we feel, as a writer well expresses it, that "the language of homely prose becomes poor and the pen powerless to describe the emotions which are stirred by music so lofty and so brilliant;"—so what cannot be well expressed by words should be compressed and condensed as much as possible.

We could not go to hear Jullien's Mendelssohn night—a performance immortalised by Mr. Pips's praise in *Punch*—and had to steal away from a juvenile party, even to get to hear or see Jullien at all this time, on the night of New Year's-day. What a scene did the Free-Trade Hall exhibit, to be sure! It was full in every sense of the word: the galleries were filled to overflowing—every seat was occupied; the promenade was quite a misnomer—it was a regular crowd; and the orchestra was filled, by having, in addition to Jullien's full complement, the band of the 90th Foot and that of the 4th Royal Irish Dragoons. It was a *concert monstre*, in sooth, and, as the bills had it, "M. Jullien's benefit" to boot. But, besides all this, and what gave the most singular effect to the crowded assembly, was the fog; the dense fog without had penetrated the hall, and permeated it until the members of the orchestra could not be seen to know them at ten yards' distance. Even the great Jullien himself, when he made his appearance, was but faintly received, for only those immediately near him were cognisant of the fact, until the mighty musical force was put in motion by the magic baton, and the *Guillaume Tell* overture began. How famously was the masterpiece of Rossini played! with one exception—oh! the stunning noise of those side drums: why, there were a dozen or more thundering away in the forte of the storm:—it made a certain additional "effect," it is true, but it was a barbarous noisy one, and one which ought not to have been introduced into such a composition. The "Hungarian Quadrille" soothed our ire a little: it contains some very pleasing airs, and was exceedingly well played by Jullien's own band, without their noisy regimental assistants. Cioffi next displayed his marvels on the

trombone; and afterwards Anglois on the contra-basso. Anything more singular than the latter could not be listened to—much that is more pleasing might. We had the new valse, "the Wild Flowers"—nothing very new or striking, if we except one movement played by the stringed instruments with the wood or back part of their bows, in lieu of the horsehair. This is one of those "effects" which Jullien has seized hold of to astonish the vulgar by a novel *pianissimo*, as the one before mentioned was of a *fortissimo*. But we must not quarrel with Jullien if he finds such good account in using these *not* legitimate effects; he can and does give us something better; and we immediately forgave all on hearing the *scherzo* from Beethoven, C minor symphony. The violoncellos and contrabassos were stronger than usual on this occasion, and they took up their passages most bravely," as Mr. Pips would say. The fast men would not like Beethoven perhaps, but the fastest man in that hall must be a very fast indeed, if he could not enjoy the glorious *finale*. Such music as this, often heard, and better liked on every hearing, will surely tend to improve the taste of the many.

Jetty Treffz delighted us; it was to hear her after, all, that we ventured to elbow it to Jullien's. We like to hear good music, but we like to share our pleasure—a pleasure shared is twice enjoyed; and we should much oftener go to Jullien's great gatherings, if we could take our rib or our daughter with us, which it is almost impossible to do with any degree of comfort. Jetty Treffz's first song was the lovely "Voi che sapete" of Mozart; her second, the favourite "Trab, trab," both given in German. She won our heart in the first by the graceful, easy, characteristic style in which she enters into the very spirit, as it were, of Mozart's song. The "Trab, trab," too, was very charming; it was encored, and, instead, she gave "Gin a body," in the most naively bewitching manner possible. She deserves all that has been said of her. "God save the Queen" was next dinned into our ears by the *toute ensemble*, as the bills have it; and on hearing that it was encored, we fairly ran for it, to escape the noise, and join the merry party of young folks we had escaped from to hear the celebrated Jetty Treffz. It is now past time, so must conclude our long notice abruptly.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The Philharmonic Society very wisely engaged M. Jullien and his band for two concerts during the present festive season. These concerts have proved the most successful ever given in the new hall which for size and acoustic development, is the only place in Liverpool where the *grand orchestro* can be heard to proper advantage. Hitherto want of space has lessened the effect of M. Jullien's concerts, and hindered him from displaying the talents of his artists to advantage. In fact, to the present time, neither Jullien nor his numerous patrons have had a fair chance of pleasing each other in Liverpool, but now this is remedied, and the vast audience which at the first concert filled the Philharmonic Hall to suffocation were surprised at the improvement which space permitted the band to display over all former performances. The programme was almost entirely consisting of the choicest and latest compositions played at Drury Lane during the present winter. The concert commenced with the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, which was given by the band with great spirit, as was the selection from *Don Giovanni*. Other pleasing novelties was a quadrille upon themes from Farren's *Charles II.*, and the "Row Polka," certainly one of the most *striking* of polkas Jullien ever composed. Jetty Treffz, the pretty German vocalist, sang with her usual sweetness of taste, and excited the greatest sensation in Kucken's "Trab, trab," which was encored unanimously. She also sang several choice operatic *morceaux* in German, Italian, and English, and gained immense applause in a new solo on the cornet-à-piston, and Mr. Viotti Collins was deservedly applauded in the "*naval de Venise*." The *allegretto* from Beethoven's symphony in F was also played to perfection by the band, and listened with decorous attention by the audience.

I was unable to attend the second concert, which took place on Monday night, but I am happy to say that the room was again densely crowded, upwards of 2500 persons being present. The subjoined notice I take from the *Liverpool Courier*:—

"The performances on this evening were a real treat. A choice selection from the works of Mendelssohn comprised the first part of the programme, and these were given with that excellence which M. Jullien's band is so well accustomed to display. A more intellectual selection could not well be made. The performances opened with the grand symphony in A minor, suggested to Mendelssohn by a visit to Scotland. This work was splendidly performed, all its fine parts being definitely marked. Madlle. Jetty de Treffz sung two *lieder*,—'Of all the pretty darlings,' and 'The first violet,' by the same composer. The latter was unanimously encored. Nothing could be better adapted to the voice of the singer than this composition, and she throws into it that which ever makes music valuable—heart. Singing is good for little without feeling, but Jetty de Treffz has it in an eminent degree. M. Hallé performed a series of melodies by the same composer, on the pianoforte, termed *Lieder ohne Worte* or "Songs without Words," selecting Nos. 2, 4, and 6 from the first book. These were an agreeable performance, and were well received by the audience. The first part of the programme concluded with a selection from the incidental descriptive music of Shakspere's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, including the finest portions of that exquisite composition. It is scarcely possible to say which movement in this remarkable composition was best played, there was such an equality of merit throughout the whole. The comic march and overture to the mock drama of Pyramus and Thisbe, were as curiously played as the merits of the music demanded. But perhaps the gem of the performance was the grand wedding march. This was a choice performance, and almost made us fancy that we were, in truth, in the great procession, and accompanying Theseus and Hippolyta, and Hermione and Lysander, in their triumphant movements.

"The second part of the programme was miscellaneous. It gave an opportunity to Jetty de Treffz to repeat three of her favourite songs, and to increase her fame. It also brought out Mr. Lazarus, in an effective solo on the clarionet, and Mr. Pratten in a solo on the flute, in Baker's song "The happy days of yore," the execution of which was very good. Mention should also be made of M. Prospere, who performed Lindpainter's "The Standard Bearer," on the serpent-cleide."

The new organ at the Collegiate Institution was opened last week by Henry Smart, of St. Lukes, London, but as the instrument was in an unfinished state, the player had not the opportunity of showing it off to advantage. On Saturday evening the services of Mr. Smart were again brought into requisition, and much had been done at the organ to advance its completion with considerable success. On Wednesday the first of a series of six lecture-concerts was given at the Institution by Sir Henry Bishop, who entered into a survey of music in the times of the Greeks, and also in our own country, from the 15th to the 16th centuries. The vocalists engaged were Miss Helen Taylor, Miss Collins, Mr. Stott, Mr. D. Miranda, Mr. J. Jackson, and Mr. W. A. Seguin. A varied selection of music was sung on the occasion. A considerable number of Purcell's compositions were in the programme. There were also several of our best madrigals with a few specimens of Norman melody, English romance, the melody of the pilgrims, and several other musical curiosities. In the succeeding lectures the works of Sir H. Bishop will be laid largely under contribution.

Our Theatre Royal has been nightly well attended during the week, the attractions being Mrs. Fitzwilliam and the Christmas Pantomime, which was produced on Wednesday evening last with unmistakeable success. It is the joint production of Signor Boleno the Clown, and Mr. Pearson. Some portions of the dialogue are exceedingly droll, and the hits at many of the passing events of the day, are humorous as well as pointed. It has been produced under the entire superintendence of Signor Boleno, and is one of the best pantomimes ever seen in this town. The several characters of Harlequin, Columbine, Pantaloon, and Clown, are sustained by M. Milano, Madame Boleno, Herr Cole, and Signor Boleno.

On Thursday evening the 25th ult., Mr. Henry Phillips gave, at the Concert Room, Lord Nelson Street, for the first time here, his new entertainment on the songs of Barry Cornwall, accompanied by himself on the pianoforte. The concert went off with *eclat*, and terminated about half-past nine o'clock. The attendance was tolerably good, considering that the opening of the new organ at the Collegiate, the Ladies' Charity Ball, and the theatres were in

powerful rivalry the same night. Mr. Phillips should appear on a Saturday evening,—the favourite night at the Lord Nelson Street Concert Hall.

MUSIC AT SPALDING.

(From a Correspondent.)

For a long period music has been at a very low ebb in Lincolnshire. In a great proportion of the country churches singing has been altogether discontinued, and even in the large towns the inhabitants have long been altogether deprived of opportunities of hearing music of a superior character. Of late, however, there have appeared symptoms which lead us to hope for better things. The Spalding Choral Society, which gave its first public concert on the 13th of December, furnished good evidence that there is nothing whatever in the air of the country, or in the genius of its inhabitants, unfavourable to the cultivation of the musical art. This society has been in existence a very few months, but has already progressed so favourably, and acquired such strength, as to be able to come before the public with a series of three concerts, for the benefit of the dispensary. The programme, on the occasion of its first concert, included about a dozen of the best choruses from the works of Handel, Beethoven, and Mozart, interspersed with a few solos, duets, and recitatives. Most of these choruses would be very familiar to the audiences of more favoured localities, but to the inhabitants of Spalding and its neighbourhood they presented all the attractions, and to the singers all the inconveniences, of novelty, most of the latter having never in their lives before attempted anything beyond a simple psalm tune. The performance, nevertheless, was satisfactory. The choruses were sung with firmness and precision, perfectly in tune, and the words enunciated with distinctness. Handel's chorus, "And the glory," was among those which appeared to give most satisfaction. The "Hallelujah" *(Messiah)* concluded the concert. The conductor was a Mr. Widdowes, formerly of Norwich, who has exerted himself in the establishment and direction of the society.

The Assembly Room, where the concert was held, was filled to overflowing, and, in fact, the only interruption which occurred in the harmony of the evening arose from the insufficiency of room, and the desire for a little more air. The concert attracted many persons from a considerable distance. The dispensary is likely to be a considerable gainer by the society's performances.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY AT NEWNHAM.

(From a Correspondent.)

The success which attended the first public effort of this society on Thursday evening the 20th ult. must be felt as sufficiently encouraging. The new room built in the course of the year, and calculated to hold from three to four hundred persons, was filled to overflow, many having been unable to obtain seats during the performance. It is to be regretted that any circumstance should have occurred to throw a gloom over the proceedings; but many a smile was marred by the begriming influence of carbon, and many a costume will have to mourn the uncertainty which still attends the combustion of camphine. We should recommend the society to postpone any farther exhibition until the necessary accessories to a public room be supplied. The presence of Mr. G. Washbourne Morgan, the pianist, as conductor; Mr. H. Cooper, the violinist, as leader; and Mr. Hausmann, the violoncellist, contributed to secure steadiness and vigour to the overtures, particularly that of *Masaniello*. The professional gentlemen supplied each a solo. That selected by Mr. Cooper was an introduction and an air with variations by Rémy which was executed with breadth of tone and chasteness of colouring. Mr. Hausmann adopted a more popular style in his fantasia on well-known Irish airs, which secured him an encore. In the second part, Mr. Morgan executed the fantasia of Thalberg from *Mose in Egitto*—a very able performance. Upon the introduction of the first vocal piece, the president of the society solicited, on the part of the society, the indulgence of the audience for the defective condition of the printed programme—stating that a disappointment had been met with when making their final arrangements, in not being able to add the names of professional vocalists of eminence; and that he (the president, as we understood) took upon him to avail himself of the kind and disinterested offer of some amateur ladies and gentlemen then in the neighbourhood, to enable him, at the eleventh hour, to secure a uniform alternation of vocal with instrumental pieces. He further expressed an opinion that such a disposition to employ thus publicly, for the good of others, acquirements often attained with much cost and labour, was worthy of all commendation and imitation; and that he trusted the time would come when it would be deemed as little unbecoming for ladies and gentlemen to exhibit their vocal powers on a platform in the development of a high art for general benefit and improvement, as it now was to exhibit with equal publicity, in a ball-room, their locomotive powers for the mere gratification of self.* Two young ladies then came forward, and sang "The Evening Breeze;" and subsequently, one of these ladies played the *Cracovienne*, by Wallace, on the piano. Among the other vocal pieces were "Friend of the Brave" by Miss Smith, with orchestral accompaniment. Among the instrumental performances, the *Andante* from Mozart's second quartet, dedicated to Haydn, was selected for the amateurs. The second quartet (the first movement of Haydn's op. 81) was sustained by Mr. Cooper, Mr. Hausmann, and two amateurs. The trio of Reissiger, No. 4, was performed by Mr. Morgan, Mr. Cooper, and an amateur violoncellist. When we pass in review the whole of these performances we are not more astonished at the boldness of the undertaking than at the success which attended it, which we cannot help attributing mainly to Mr. Cooper. We trust that the result may prove sufficiently encouraging to induce an early repetition.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BELFAST DISPUTE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—Having been absent from London, I was not aware until to-day, that, in the *Musical World* of December 15th, you had published Mr. Cunningham's letter to the *Northern Whig*, in reference to the dispute which occurred between him and myself on the Belfast stage. I do not imagine that the dispute in question can be interesting to many of your readers, but I nevertheless trust to your justice to give place in your valuable journal to my answer to Mr. Cunningham (which appeared in the *Northern Whig* of December 1st), in order that your readers may be in possession of both sides of the story.—I have the honour to be, Sir, very obediently yours,

HENRY J. WHITWORTH.

99, *Great Portland Street, Jan.* 1, 1850.

(To the Editor of the Northern Whig.)

Sir,—By the kindness of a friend, your publication of the 27th instant has just been placed in my hands, containing a letter signed "Thomas Cunningham," and to which I trust you will, in common justice, allow me to reply through the same medium.

At a meeting which took place between Mr Cunningham and myself, in the presence of Mr. Jackson and Mr. Moore, on Saturday morning last, it was agreed that no *ex parte* statement should be put before the public by either party, but that a notice should be placed in the journals by Mr. Jackson, stating that the dispute between Mr. Cunningham and myself had been amicably settled in his presence. Mr. Cunningham has taken a somewhat unfair advantage of my absence in deviating from this agreement.

I will not take up your valuable time with details, but will simply leave this one fact to speak for itself, that Mr. Cunningham never mentioned to me his intention of preferring a claim to remuneration for loss (said to have been sustained by our non-appearance in Belfast on November 5th), either in Dublin, or during the whole period of my stay in Belfast, until eleven o'clock on Friday night, 22nd instant, when I, as usual, asked for my share of the receipts. Had he acted in an honest and business-like manner, he would instantly on my arrival in Belfast have furnished me with a written statement of his claim, when the amount might have been fairly and calmly gone into. I leave the public to decide what inference is to

* We cannot agree with the worthy president. If such views be encouraged, our professional singers must starve.—ED. M. W.

be drawn from the fact of his having waited until the end of the last night's performance (knowing, as he did, that on the following day the whole party were to leave Belfast), instead of taking the other more usual and straightforward course.

With regard to the week's engagement commencing November 5th, I proved distinctly, and it was admitted by Mr. Cunningham himself, in the presence of the gentlemen I have named above, that it was by mutual agreement between us, at Morrison's Hotel in Dublin, set aside, and our appearance in Belfast definitely settled for the period originally fixed, November 12th. I need not therefore, allude to the causes which rendered it impossible for us to appear in Belfast on the 5th.

Mr. Cunningham's continued and unjust attacks on Mr. Sims Reeves are not only uncalled for, but are most unjust and cruel, as he knows that the disappointment to which he has so frequently made allusion, arose from an attack of cholera, with which Mr. Reeves was seized at a friend's house, during the Liverpool Festival, and from which he has recovered but slowly; and, with many drawbacks, having had to fulfil engagements when he should have been in perfect quiet, and under medical treatment.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
HENRY J. WHITWORTH.

Glasgow, Nov. 28, 1849.

MISCELLANEOUS.

VIVIER.—The lovers of vocal music will be pleased to know that some of the songs of this gifted musician are shortly about to be published (by Messrs. Wessel, and Co. we believe). The great charm in M. Vivier's compositions is a combination of quaintness with touching sentiment which elevates them into true poetry, as far as things so unpretending can be thus elevated. They are, in their way, as original as anything with which we are acquainted.

MR. TOWNSHEND SMITH, Organist of Hereford Cathedral, and Conductor of the Hereford Musical Festival, is in town for a short period.

CONRADIN KREUTZER, a German composer of considerable popularity, author of the well-known opera, *A Night in Grenada*, died lately at Riga of apoplexy, in his 67th year. Kreutzer wrote a great number of operas, and some of his songs were very popular in his own country. He was, however, no genius, nor was there anything either original or profound in his music.

MADAME LABORDE is engaged at the *Théâtre de la Nation*, Paris, and will make her first appearance as Valentine, in the *Huguenots*.

BALFE is still at Berlin. A correspondent of the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* states that he saw him with Flotow, the composer of *Leoline*, at a private *soirée*.

ROSINI's neglected opera, *Mathilde di Shabrau*, has been produced at the *Italiens*, in Paris, with success. Mdlle. Vena has been favourably noticed by all the Journals in the character of the Page; Madame Persiani, as the heroine, has achieved new laurels by her inimitable singing. Perhaps one of the London Italian Theatres may deem it worth while next season to produce this little known opera of the Swan of Pesaro.

PARIS.—A new comic opera of Adolphe Adam, called *Le Fanal*, has been produced at the Grand Opera, upon which Hector Berlioz has written a very amusing *feuilleton* in the *Journal des Debats*.

MISS RANSFORD gave the last of her series of six *Soirées Musicales* of the season, at her residence, on Monday the 31st ult., on which occasion the following eminent artistes were present:—Miss Birch, Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Pyne, Miss A. Williams, Mrs. Andrews, Mr. J. G. Williams, Mr. G. Pyne, Mr. J. Binge, Mr. W. E. Ransford, Mr. Frank Bodda, Mr. Whitworth, and Mr. Ransford. Locke's music in *Macbeth*, with new words by Harcourt Russell, Esq., entitled, "The Festival of Spring," was performed with excellent effect. Mr. Frederick Chatterton played, a fantasia on the harp, from *Robert le Diable*; Mr. W. H. Palmer, a fantasia on the pianoforte; and Mr. W. S. Phillips conducted. About seventy ladies and gentlemen were present.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Mendelssohn's oratorio of *St. Paul* is to be performed at Exeter Hall on Friday next, for the first time since the appointment of Mr. Costa as conductor.

MANCHESTER.—A grand performance of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* takes place on Monday, the 11th inst., at the Free Trade Hall, under the direction of Mr. Benedict.

KING CHARLES II.—Macfarren's new and successful opera will, we hear, be reproduced next week, with the same cast as before.

OPERA COMIQUE, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—The entire strength of Mr. Mitchell's company will be made available on the production of Haley's opera, *Le Val d'Andorre*, which will be presented to an English public for the first time at the opening of the Theatre, on Monday next. This opera, by the well-known composer of *La Juive*, *La Reine de Chypres*, &c., &c., has obtained in Paris a more than common success, having reached its hundredth representation a few days since, upon which occasion the composer and the author (as on the occasion of the hundredth performance of *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*) gave a supper to a large company of their professional friends. To the interesting character of the *libretto*, from the pen of M. de St. George, is owing much of the vogue of the opera of *Le Val d'Andorre*.

CLIFTON.—Mr. H. C. Cooper, after a sojourn of three months, left this place for London on the 1st inst., his professional engagements having rendered it necessary for him to return to the metropolis earlier than usual. During his stay at Clifton he was constantly engaged in getting up and leading amateur performances, the chief of which took place at Cote House, the seat of A. H. Ames, Esq. On these occasions G. and A. Ames, sons of that gentleman, talented amateurs, took an active part. The last of these meetings, which have been attended by the principal amateurs and connoisseurs of Clifton, and which have promoted a taste for music of the highest order, took place on the evening preceding Mr. Cooper's departure.

MARLBOROUGH.—A concert was given at the College here, preparatory to the Christmas vacation, on the 15th ult., under the direction of Mr. Whitehead Smith, who holds the appointment of organist in the institution. The programme includes two overtures, some glees, &c., performed by the pupils of the College. Mr. Smith performed a selection from Mendelssohn's *Songs without Words*, in which he displayed much classical feeling and considerable fluency of execution. The glees and overtures were given with decision and effect, and gave good testimony to the efficient training of Mr. Smith. This gentleman was formerly a pupil of the Royal Academy, where he studied composition under Mr. G. A. Macfarren, and afterwards under Mr. Sterndale Bennett, and the pianoforte under Mr. W. Dorrell.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—We do not wish to excite the jealousy of professional against amateur Waits, but we must admit that these latter have outdone the former. The name of Waits brings to the minds of most people ideas of a grunting double-bass and a squeaking viglin, generally giving forth a psalm-tune and a polka alternately, but the Waits we are now speaking of were not such. A well appointed vocal band, the choir of the neighbouring churches, headed by their clergy, have, during the late Christmas season, perambulated the streets of Marylebone parish, singing "Adeste Fideles," and other appropriate hymns and carols. The effect of a large body of men's voices, tunefully raising the triumphant chorus in the dead silence of the night was most solemn and striking. The fact of the presence of the clergy enforced the observance of the decorum due to such a solemnity, if such enforcement was necessary; at all events, according to all accounts, the respect due to Him whose praises they were singing, was strictly maintained by this company of amateur Waits.

SUSSEX-HALL.—The Misses A. and H. Alexander gave a concert at the above hall on Wednesday evening. The young vocalists, who are pupils of Mr. Stocking, a professor of merit, sang various Italian and English solos, in which they received and merited great encouragement. Miss Cubitt, Miss Lucy Pettigrew, Mr. Genge, Mr. John Thomas, and Mr. Henry Russell added to the vocal attractions. Miss Eliza Ward played a fantasia on the pianoforte, and Mr. George Case a solo on the concertina. Mr. Maurice Davies conducted.

JENNY LIND.—A Hamburgh correspondent informs us that the Paris paper, *La Musique*, from which we extracted the paragraph stating the arrival of the "Nightingale" in the French metropolis, was wholly without foundation. Jenny Lind was engaged at two

concerts in Hamburgh at the very period in question, when the French journalist was proclaiming her advent with a flourish, after his usual fashion. At present the celebrated songstress has no idea where she is going.

DUBLIN.—Her Excellency the Countess of Clarendon and her youthful family honoured Mr. Allen, of Gardiner's-row, with their presence, at a private concert of the pupils under her tuition at the Academy, on Thursday, the 20th inst. The Viceregal party arrived at twelve o'clock, the hour appointed by her Excellency, and the concert commenced immediately. A select company had been invited. We congratulate Mrs. Allen and her daughters upon the distinguished honour thus conferred upon them. During the autumn, Miss Allen was appointed by Her Excellency musical instructress to the Ladies Villiers.

THE DIORAMA.—Among the other sights of the metropolis this exhibition is not forgotten. The pictures at present exhibiting there are a scene in the valley of Rosenlaui Bernese Oberland, and the church of Santa Croce, at Florence. The first includes the Wellestrom, the Glacier of Rosenlaui, and the Pass of the Great Scheideck, painted by M. Diosse, pupil of M. Daguerre. The effects of a storm in the Alps are finely given, and add greatly to the natural grandeur of the scenery delineated. The second—the church of Santa Croce—is equally worthy of praise, the effects of light and shade, from noonday to midnight, being skilfully introduced.

GUILDFORD.—(*From a Correspondent*).—At the Public Hall on Tuesday evening week, we had a great vocal treat. A concert was given, in which Miss Pyne, Miss Messent, Mr. Land, and Mr. Frank Bodda, took part. Mr. Land's ability as a pianoforte accompanyist is well known; but his singing on this occasion won him a new kind of repute. A duet, the "Isle of Flowers," well sung by Misses Pyne and Messent, also favourably exhibited him as a composer. Miss Pyne afterwards gave Meyerbeer's "Nobil Signor," with good effect. Lord Mornington's favourite glee, "Here in cool grot," was unanimously encored, as was also Mr. Bodda's "Largo al Factotum." A madrigal by Weelkes (1608), remarkably well sung, was one of the vocal hits of the evening. Mr. Bodda was encored in Loder's characteristic song of "Philip the Falconer," and Mr. Land obtained a similar compliment in Lover's Irish ballad, "Sally, why not name the day," and to Barnett's "Singing Lesson," given with much spirit by Miss Pyne and Mr. Bodda. Miss Messent was warmly and deservedly applauded in several pieces. There were no less than six encores during the evening. The attendance was numerous, and the concert afforded entire satisfaction.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SIGNOR F. RONCONI'S *communication is an advertisement.*

A. P. (Glasgow.)—*With many thanks, we are compelled, from want of space, to decline our correspondent's polite offer.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FRENCH PLAYS AND OPERA COMIQUE,

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE,

FIRST NIGHT OF THE SEASON.

MR. MITCHELL respectfully announces that the performance of French Plays will be resumed at this Theatre

ON MONDAY, JANUARY 7th, 1850,

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Music composed by HALEVY, the *libretto* written by M. DE ST. GEORGES. The action of the piece takes place during the reign of Louis XV., in the Republic of Le Val d'Andorre, situated in the centre of the Pyrenees.

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No. 25.—Vol. XXIV. SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1849. {PRICE THREEPENCE. STAMPED FOURPENCE.

GOETHE'S EPIGRAMS FROM VENICE—(1790.)

IN ELEGIAC VERSE.

Money spent, and time as well—
How—this little book will tell.

XCVI.

Brightly I saw the sea shine, and the billows were charmingly sparkling;
Urg'd by the favouring gale, vessels were sailing along.
Yet this awaken'd no love in my heart; but my sorrowing glances
Back to the mountains were turn'd, seeking their summits of snow.

J. O.

ERNST AND HALLÉ.

The concert of these great artists, announced for Monday evening, July 2, will be one of very eminent classical interest. Every amateur of the violin will be curious to hear Ernst play the one concerto of Mendelssohn, and every amateur of the piano will be delighted to hear Hallé interpret the fanciful concerto of Beethoven in G. Besides these, the sonata of Bach, by the two accomplished executants in conjunction, will be a rare treat for the classicists; while the seldom played E flat *rondo* of Mendelssohn,* and the *Rondo Papageno* which Ernst performed with such success at his last concert, completes an instrumental programme of the highest order.

Macfarren's overture to *Don Quixote* will open the concert with spirit. It is agreeable to find such distinguished foreigners as Ernst and Hallé taking that interest in the works of our English composers which is denied them altogether by the musical societies of London. Not a solitary English composition has been given this season at the Philharmonic concerts, although such worn-out overtures as *Anacreon*, the *Jubilee*, and such vapid bombast as the *Faust* of Lindpaintner might reasonably have yielded, for once in a way, to the *Wood Nymphs* of Sterndale Bennett, or the *Don Carlos* of Macfarren. The new symphony in D major of the last mentioned composer of course would have been too great a risk for this exclusive society to incur.

The vocal programme offered by Ernst and Hallé is to be admired, inasmuch as not one *morceau* of inferior pretensions is to be found in the list of pieces. Altogether the concert is likely to prove the most attractive of the whole season, and we have little doubt that the Hanover Square Rooms will be filled with an overflowing audience on the occasion.

* Recently introduced by Mr. Lindsay Sloper at the concert of Miss Dolby and himself.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

We should be very happy, if we could, to defend the Philharmonic Society from the following strictures, which appeared in the *Athenæum* of last Saturday; but alas! with the best intentions, we are unable to select a line of defence. We must, therefore, let the writer in the *Athenæum* speak for himself. Our columns are open, however, to any associate, member, director, friend, or admirer of the Philharmonic Society, to reply:—

"Philharmonic Concerts.—The programme of the *Seventh Philharmonic Concert* compels us to repeat with emphasis our recent strictures upon the strange policy of the Directors,—for the *solo* players engaged, as regards novelty and merit, were inferior to other artists attainable, whom the subscribers would have preferred. Comparisons are invidious, and we have no wish to annoy resident professors of established reputation; but it must be again pointed out *aforesaide* that residence should be no plea for preference at our model concert. Inasmuch as we object to the engagement there of third-rate foreign singers merely because their names (and imperfections) are new to London, do we protest against the exclusion of strangers of acknowledged and commanding excellence—merely because "——— has been used to play at one concert, and ——— at another." That the *Concert Stück* of Weber, as given on Monday, was by no means the best piece of pianism attainable, was a feeling almost universal among the subscribers. Should this be? Further with regard to the violin *solo*,—no just person (even supposing that he does not hold our opinions regarding precocious and prodigious exhibitions) could approve the appearance of a child-player already hackneyed on the stage of the *Princess's Theatre*, when Ernst and Molique have compositions to offer yet unknown—when Joachim is here, the most promising genius of the day, and signally improved since his last visit. Madlle. Wilhelmine Neruda—whom we may name, since there is small chance of our remarks reaching her painfully—has been capitally trained,—and may, in time, emulate those more distinguished *girl*-violinists, the sisters Milanollo; but childish curiosity and indulgent applause—were they not destructive to their victim—are not the emotions to excite which the *Philharmonic Concerts* were founded. An artistic exhibition is thereby sunk to one of those inane shows which persons of quality, not nice in their pleasures, may frequent, but from which the thoughtful and the accomplished recoil. Neither music nor morality (in the high sense of the latter word) will accredit such puerile and catch-penny work. In short, if the Society act as if it existed merely to feed London self-importance, or to do honour to special introductions, let it take heed lest some other, established on a wider basis, push it "from its stool." Its band is no longer our best orchestra,—being notoriously inferior as regards certain important wind-instruments. Its vocal performances are unquestionably less distinguished than they were in the days when Sontag, Malibran, Pasta, Stockhausen, and such artists habitually appeared. The masterpieces of instrumental music are less young than they were; and few new works of first-class interest (now that Mendelssohn is gone) must, for a while at least, be looked for. There is, then, every need for the widest, largest, least sectarian vigilance to make amends for the inevitable effects of Time and Change. In cordial kindness—which means the plainest truth—we lay these matters before the Directors: and shall continue to do so till their present disposition 'to rest'—which has succeeded to the revival of their olden prosperity with a discouraging readiness—shall have given place to more energetic and generous counsels."

The programme of the eighth and last concert comes, very unfortunately, as an extra justification of the above. Charles Hallé does not play, after all. Cast your eye, reader, over the following:—

Sinfonia in E flat—*Mozart*; trio, pianoforte, clarionet, and tenor, Messrs. Lindsay Sloper, Williams, and Hill—*Mozart*; overture, MS., "Ruy Blas"—*Mendelssohn*; sinfonia in C minor—*Beethoven*; concerto, violoncello, Mr. Hancock—*Kraft*; Jubilee overture—*Weber*. Vocal Performers, Madame Persiani and Herr Pischek. Conductor, Mr. Costa.

We shall have much more to say next week in our notice of the concert and general review of the season.

WINCKELMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BOOK III.

ON THE ART OF THE ETRURIANS AND OTHER NEIGHBOURS.

CHAP. II

(*Continued from page 373.*)

VI. Among the goddesses, a Juno on the three-sided altar in the Villa Borghese, already mentioned, should be especially remarked. She holds a large pair of pincers with both her hands, and was likewise represented in this manner by the Greeks. This was a Juno Martialis, and the pincers probably indicated a peculiar order of battle in the attack, which was called a "forceps," and the expression was used, "forcipe et serrâ præliari," when an army in battle was so divided that it inclosed the enemy in the middle, and could make an opening in the same manner, when, while occupied in front, it was to be attacked in the rear. Venus was represented with a dove in her hand, and thus she stands clothed on the three-sided altar already mentioned. On the same work may be seen another clothed goddess, with a flower in her hand (*a*), which might denote another Venus, for she holds a flower on a round work in the Campidoglio, described below. On the base of one of the two beautiful three-sided candelabra which were in the Barberini Palace, Venus is likewise represented in this manner (*b*). These *candelabra*, however, are Greek works. A statue with a dove, which Mr. Spence says he saw at Rome not long before my time, is now no longer in existence. He is inclined to consider this figure a Genius of Naples, and quotes a few passages from a poet on the subject. A small Etruscan Venus (as it is wrongly deemed), in the Gallery of Florence, with an apple in her hand, is also cited. This apple is not in the same predicament as the violin of the small brass Apollo in the same place, about the age of which Mr. Addison should not have been doubtful, for this is manifestly a modern addition. The three Graces may be seen clothed, as among the most ancient Greeks, upon the Borghese altar; they have just laid hold of each other's hands, and are engaged in dancing. Gori wrongly supposed that he had seen them undressed on a patera.

VII. After these observations on the Etruscan figures of the gods, I shall endeavour, in the second division of this first section, to point out the principal works of Etruscan art, that from these I may draw my conclusions as to their character of design, and the style of their artists. I must here lament the scantiness of our knowledge, in consequence of which we cannot always venture to distinguish the Etruscan from the earliest Greek art. For, on the one hand the similarity of the Etruscan works to the Greek makes us uncertain, while on the other there are some works which have been discovered in Tuscany, and are like the Greek works of a good period (*c*). Let us make the preliminary remark, that old Etruscan works differ from the Greek in this particular—that in many of them, especially those engraven in brass and stone, the name is added to the figures both of gods and heroes, which was not the case among the Greeks in their most flourishing period. Instances to the contrary may indeed be found upon some gems, among which I recollect a small *Niccolo* in the Duke Caraffa Noja's Museum, where the words ΑΘΗ ΘΕΑ, *i. e.*, the "Goddess Pallas," stand by a figure of the goddess. But both the shape of the letters and the figure itself belong to very low times of art, when they began to put more than a line of inscription about their figures.

SELECT VARIORUM NOTES.

(*a*) The question, *which* of the figures on the Borghese altar is really intended by the author, is not without difficulty. In the upper row Neptune is standing by a goddess, holding something in her hand, which, at the time when Winckelmann wrote, and when the monument had not been cleaned, was perhaps indistinct, and looked like flowers. Now, however, it can easily be seen that this goddess is Ceres, and that she holds ears of corn. In the lower row, the first of the three Horæ has in her hand a flower with a long stalk—if indeed it is not a branch with young fruit. But it is highly improbable that the author did not rightly interpret these figures, especially as they are on the side of the monument which could be conveniently seen in his time.—*Meyer.*

(*b*) Other antiquaries have considered that this figure on the *quondam* Barberini Candelabrum, is intended for Hope; and Visconti, who is of this opinion, maintains, against Winckelmann, that the latter, in his explanation, has not had regard to the innumerable monuments which exhibit similar figures with the Latin inscription "Spes" and the Greek ἐλπὶς. To this we reply, that the figure on the "round work" (the mouth of a spring) in the Museum Capitolinum, which is likewise cited by Winckelmann, and which is unquestionably a Venus, is usually represented with a flower, and that, consequently, this goddess can be represented on other monuments in a similar manner. Moreover, the assertion is unfounded, that the ancient monuments with figures of Hope have been overlooked by our author, for he has made mention of her in his "Ancient Monuments," where, while, as here, he explains this figure on the candelabrum to be a Venus, he expressly adds—"A flower, *viz.*, the lily, used likewise to be the symbol of Hope." Finally, if the antiquarians who interpret the figure on the candelabrum otherwise than Winckelmann, find that it is very appropriate and favourable to the probability of their opinion, that Hope should appear in company with Mars and Minerva, who are on the other sides, we may reply, that it is just as appropriate and probable that Venus should be associated with Mars and Minerva, especially as on the companion specimen—*i. e.*, the second of the *quondam* Barberini Candelabra—three of the higher deities, namely, Jupiter, Juno, and Mercury, are represented.—*Meyer.*

(*c*) This expression of the author is remarkable, inasmuch as it gives the point of view from which all his opinions on works of Etruscan and early Greek work must be judged, and also shows how he progressed in his knowledge of these monuments. At present, many may be in possession of better information; but we must modestly recollect that Winckelmann's Capital has borne interest for a long time, and that since then a number of monuments of the early style have been some newly discovered, and some examined with more attention. He has rendered Archæology a most important service, inasmuch as he removed one of the greatest impediments, by reducing to its proper limits the extravagant prejudice in favour of old Etruscan art, and reclaimed for Greek art so many important monuments, which an antiquated notion had given to the Etrurians. In consequence of this consideration, any objections which we may have to make with respect to monuments still placed by the author among works of Etruscan art, will be, not as a contradiction to his opinion, but as a farther progress upon the path which he himself opened.—*Meyer.*

(*To be continued.*)

SONNET.

NO. CCXL.

Break, sunbeam, break through clouds that fain would hide
Thy lustre; rest awhile upon the earth;
Deserted, desolate, she mourns the dearth
Of light, and long has for thy presence cried.
Come, sunbeam, come! but come not in thy pride,
As if thou, by some magic, couldst give birth
To images of joy, and dreams of mirth.
Come, come with consolation—nought beside;
And I, with my old faith in sympathy
Between the world within and that without,
Will thy bright coming as an omen prize;
To me thou shalt a cheering angel be,—
And I will struggle against gloomy doubt,
Clutching at faith in thy vague prophecies. N. D.

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(*Continued from page 374.*)

XXVIII. Let these things be as they are and always were. With respect to the sources of the Nile, no one either of the Egyptians, or the Libyans, or the Greeks, who conversed with

me, professed to know them, excepting the "*Grammatistes*" (*a*) of the sacred treasures of Athena; and he appeared to me to be jesting, when he said that he knew them perfectly. He said that there were two mountains coming to a point at the summit, situated between Syene, a city of the Thebaid and Elephantine, and that these mountains are named, one "Crophi," the other "Mophi" (*b*). The sources of the Nile, which were bottomless, flowed, he said, from the middle of these mountains,-one-half of the water flowing northward to Egypt, the other half southward to Ethiopia. To show that the sources were bottomless, he told me that Psammitichus, king of Egypt, had made an experiment with respect to this point; for that having made a cable thousands of orgyiæ long, he had let it down at this spot, and had not touched bottom. This explanation was given by the Grammatistes, referring, as I think—if his words be true—to some strong whirlpools, and a reflux in that spot, so that through the waters dashing against the mountains, the plummet cannot reach the bottom.

XXIX. I did not learn more from any one; but, pursuing my inquiries as far as possible, I learned thus much, being myself an eye-witness as far as the city of Elephantine, and, beyond that point, relying upon hearsay. As we go up the country from Elephantine, the land is high. Here a boat should be drawn along, with a cable fastened on each side, as to an ox (*c*). If the cable breaks, the boat is carried away by the force of the current. This place is equal to four days' journey. Here the Nile has windings like the Meander. The length of the journey that must be performed in the way I have described is twelve schœni, and then you come to a level plain, where the Nile flows round an island, which is called Tachompso (*d*). Ethiopians inhabit the country above Elephantine and half the island, while the other half is occupied by Egyptians. Contiguous to this island is a great lake (*e*), the borders of which are inhabited by the Ethiopian Nomades. Crossing this lake, you will come again to the Nile, which flows into it, and then landing you will travel alongside of the river for forty days; for here in the Nile there are sharp rocks, and many stones above the surface of the water, through which it is impossible to pass. After traversing this country, in forty days you will go into another, and continue your journey by water for twelve days, at the end of which you will come to a great city, called Meroe (*f*). This city is said to be the metropolis of the other Ethiopians. The only gods worshipped here are Zeus and Dionysus [Bacchus] (*g*), who are greatly honoured. Here, too, there is an oracle of Zeus. They set out on military expeditions when the god orders them by his responses, going whither he commands them.

XXX. Going by water, you will come to the Automoli, in the same time as that which you came from Elephantine to the metropolis of the Ethiopians. These Automoli are called Asmach (*h*)—a word which, translated into Greek, signifies those who stand at the left hand of the king. They were, originally, 240,000 Egyptian warriors (*i*), who deserted to these Ethiopians from the following causes:—

In the reign of King Psammitichus a garrison was stationed in the city of Elephantine, as a defence against the Ethiopians; another in the Pelusiac Daphnæ against the Arabians and Syrians, and another in Marea against Libya. In my time there are Persian garrisons in the same places, as these were under Psammitichus, for they are stationed at Elephantine and Daphnæ. These Egyptians had remained thus in garrison for three years, without any one coming to relieve them, when they all with one accord deserted from Psammitichus, and went to Ethiopia. Psammitichus, hearing of this, pursued them. When he had overtaken them he requested them, in many words, not to leave their native gods, their children, and their wives; but one of them, it is said, replied that wherever they went they would find wives and children.* When these came to Ethiopia, they gave themselves up to the king of the Ethiopians, who recompensed them thus: certain Ethiopians by birth were his enemies, and he commanded the Egyptian deserters to expel them from their country, and to occupy it themselves. When they had settled among the Ethiopians, the latter became more civilised, learning the Egyptian manners.

Notes.

(*a*) This officer, as understood by Heeren, was the treasurer, who took care of the revenues of the temple. The goddess, whom Herodotus calls by the Greek name, Athena (Minerva), was the Egyptian deity, Neith.

(*b*) According to Champollion, "Mophi," in the Egyptian tongue, signified "good," and "Chrophi" "bad."

(*c*) That is, in the same manner as ropes were fastened to the horns of victims, to lead them to the altar.

(*d*) Supposed by Heeren to be the present Kalabshe, or another island some miles distant.

(*e*) Of this lake there are now no traces.

(*f*) According to Heeren, the present Atbar.

(*g*) Greek names to denote (Jupiter) Ammon and Osiris.

(*h*) According to Diodorus Siculus these Egyptians deserted, not from the cause here stated, but because Psammitichus, marching into Syria, placed them in his left wing, while he placed the foreign soldiers in his right.

(*i*) That is, persons belonging to the Warrior-caste.

(*To be continued.*)

* The original is not exactly translated here. Those who have read the Greek will not ask why.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE *Matrimonio Segreto* was repeated on Saturday and Tuesday evenings, and was followed by the new ballet, *La Prima Ballerina*.

On Thursday *Lucrezia Borgia* was revived, for the purpose of introducing Signor Moriani to the public, in Gennaro, one of his popular parts. Signor Moriani is, or, more properly, has been, a tenor of high repute in Italy, and appeared some years ago at Her Majesty's Theatre, when his success by no means came up to the expectation of his friends. He performed, we believe, but for one season, and has not appeared in London since. His present engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre was quite fortuitous. He was passing through London on some professional tour, and Mr. Lumley obtained his services for three performances.

Signor Moriani has a powerful and well-regulated tenor voice; it is, however, devoid of sweetness, and possesses little of that sympathetic charm, without which the most capable organ fails to delight, in a great measure. His style is exceedingly laboured, and the appearance of effort pervades all his effects. He never sings in a natural manner, and never seems to forget that he is doing his best to obtain the applause of pit, stalls, boxes, and galleries. To every phrase is given a particular meaning, to every note a particular emphasis. In order to effect this, accents must be strained and simple tones drawled; violence must be used where no violence was intended, and ease and grace sacrificed. As an actor, Signor Moriani possesses great energy and impulse, and, were his judgment equal to these, he might be entitled to take his rank amongst the best dramatic artists; but his acting abounds with the same faults of exaggeration as his singing, and this must ever prove a bar to his greatness. The dying scene in the last act of *Lucrezia Borgia* betrayed the faults both of his

singing and acting. His notes were droned out to an inconceivable length, and the effects of the poison were rendered as if it were a symphony of pain, whose time was regulated by the metronome. We must acknowledge the death-scene produced a great effect on different sections of the audience, but that did not go a great way to alter our opinions. We prefer Mario's intensity and reality to all Signor Moriani's elaboration and painful intentions; but, after all, it would be preposterous to draw a comparison between the two artists. Signor Moriani sang the first romanza, "Il pescator," with much feeling—too much, perhaps—and was very effective in his *mezzâ-voce* singing. In the trio and duet in the second act he was not so happy, nor did he come out with the force for which we gave him credit. He was greatly applauded throughout.

Madlle. Parodi, during her engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre, has had the misfortune to choose, or has laboured under the disadvantage of being compelled to choose, all Grisi's great parts. Now, if there be one character in which Grisi appears more sublime than any other, it is Lucrezia in *Lucrezia Borgia*, and so great is the impression she has made in it for years, that it is nothing short of an injustice to put any new artist into the part. We have frequently done justice to Madlle. Parodi's great talents, and are inclined on the present occasion to pay them as much homage as ever—nay, more than ever, for we consider she had a most arduous and trying part to sustain. Indeed, were it not for those busy recollections, which unfortunately we could not get rid of, we should have felt highly delighted at Madlle. Parodi's performance. Her acting was dignified and energetic, and her singing marked by more than ordinary force and expression. Her first song, the "Come è bello," did not greatly please us. It was given with timidity, and a slight uncertainty in the intonation. She recovered her voice, however, in the second act, and sang in the trio and duet with great effect. The last scene was powerfully acted, and several new points claimed the attention of the spectators.

Lablache's Alfonso, if not one of the great basso's most striking performances, is, nevertheless, powerful and impressive. He sings the "Vendetta" song with tremendous effect.

Is it necessary to say one word of Alboni's Maffeo Orsini, or Alboni's Brindisi, the immortal "Il segreto per esser felice," made immortal by the glorious soprano-contralto, or the inevitable triple encore, or the inevitable enthusiasm? Shall we repeat an oft-told tale, and deal in iteration? No; our readers may well imagine the effect of Alboni's singing, which on Thursday evening was as transcendent as ever.

Mr. Lumley, with praiseworthy emulation, has followed the example of the Covent Garden management, and has introduced most of the principal singers of his establishment into the choruses. The assistance afforded by the Signors Coletti, Belletti, F. Lablache, and others, in strengthening the choral force, was seriously felt in the mask and supper scenes. In short the opera, as a whole, was most carefully and effectively performed.

The new ballet, *La Prima Ballerina*, is played every night with great success. On Tuesday Madlle. Rosati was taken suddenly ill in the middle of one of her *pas*, and was carried off fainting; the ballet was cut short in consequence. We have great pleasure in notifying the return of this elegant and accomplished artist to her performances on Thursday.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The performances of the past week have been the *Don Giovanni* on Saturday, the *Huguenots* on Tuesday, and the *Matrimonio Segreto* on Thursday, the first time of representation at the Royal Italian Opera.

The *Don Giovanni* demands a word of remark for the completeness with which it was given on Saturday, and the admirable manner in which the artists acquitted themselves. Grisi and Mario were in splendid voice, and sang with immense effect. Tamburini, by his magnificent singing and splendid acting, seemed determined to show the futility of all modern Dons entering the field of competition with him. We never heard him sing more delightfully, nor saw him act with more intense power and life-like reality. Like an eagle in a dove-cot, he fluttered away all the Don Giovanni reputations that have of late found favour in public eyes.

The *Huguenots* of Tuesday was decidedly the best performance of the opera this season. Now that the weather has become warmer and less changeable, the voices of the artists have recovered their tone and power. Mario and Marini, who have suffered so much from colds lately, sang with all their old force and energy; and this, together with Grisi's glorious singing and acting, made the opera go off with immense *éclat*. Sims Reeves, also, who had not appeared in the previous performance in consequence of indisposition, came back renovated in health and vocal energy, and gave the usual effect to the "Rataplan." The applause was tremendous, and the performance excited an enthusiasm quite unprecedented even at the Royal Italian Opera.

Not having bestowed our praises on the *Matrimonio Segreto* at Her Majesty's Theatre, we shall not alter our sentiments in favour of Covent Garden. The music made exactly the same impression on us, and more than confirmed us in our opinions. The cast was immensely strong, and embraced the following artists:—Persiani (Carolina), Grisi (Elisetta), Angri (Fidalma), Mario (Paolino), Tagliafico (Robinson), and Tamburini (Geronimo).

The chief novelty of the cast was Tamburini's Geronimo. At first, it was announced that Ronconi should play the part, Tamburini retaining his own character, Count Robinson; differences, however, arose between Ronconi and the management, the result of which was a refusal by Ronconi to perform, and Tamburini was applied to to undertake the part. Never having appeared in Geronimo, having but little time to study it, with Lablache's tremendous name staring him full in the face, and with his own reputation at stake, it will be readily conceded that the artist had but little to expect, and much to fear. Without the slightest reference to brevity of time, or the consequence of a first appearance, we may pronounce Tamburini's performance of Geronimo a complete and signal success. First impressions are not easily eradicated, more especially when the grounds of them are laid by Lablache in a favourite part; but so great was the effect produced on us by Tamburini, that we doubt, if we had seen him first, if we should not have preferred him to his great contemporary. The new Geronimo, without departing from the established view of the character, plays it in an entirely different manner from the old. If he has not the same oiliness and rotund gravity, he has more variety and more finish. But comparison is out of the question between two such immense artists—for immense they would not merit being called if they were anything less than original. At all events, to judge by the effect produced, Tamburini's performance was every whit as great as Lablache's. He excited roars of laughter in every scene, and elicited unbounded applause.

Reader, fancy Don Giovanni, Count Almaviva, and Linda's father, in Geronimo!

The opera was most admirably, nay inimitably, played and

sung throughout. There was scarcely a flaw to be found in the performance; and although the music had but little charms for us, we forgave Cimarosa for setting before us such a splendid array of talent. We need not enter into details. Grisi and Persiani are already well known in their respective parts; not so Angri, who essayed her part for the first time. The fair contralto produced a great impression. She acted and sang with immense spirit, and was loudly applauded in her only aria, "E vero che in casa." Mario sang most deliciously, and was encored in the aria in the second act. Encores were also awarded to the trio "Le faccio un inchino," and to the favourite duet, "Se fiato in corpo avete." The band was perfect.

The opera was followed by the last act of the *Sonnambula*, in which Mdme. Persiani and Sims Reeves obtained the usual honour in the "Ah! non giunge," and the "Tutto e sciolto."

Mdme. Persiani has renewed her engagement for three more performances.

The house is crowded to inconvenience every night.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

On Wednesday a new five-act tragic play was produced, under the title of *Strathmore*. The story is taken from Scottish history, and belongs to the times of the Covenanters, and to that particular period when the sect of wild enthusiasts was broken and disbanded, but still retained strength and power enough to annoy the Royalists by sallies and sorties from their mountain fastnesses. The atrocities committed on both sides are well known, and have been made familiar through the pages of *Old Mortality*, if not through those of history. The author has chosen a period pregnant with remarkable events and remarkable men, and yet has scarcely availed himself of the one or the other, but has drawn his sketch applicable to the times, and slightly coloured with historical hues. If contrast be the glory of the dramatic writer, then has the author of *Strathmore* been singularly fortunate in falling upon the days of the Covenanters, whose gloomy fanaticism, wild enthusiasm, rigidity of feature and sternness of demeanour were strongly opposed to the licentiousness, irreligion, and freedom of manners of the Royalists. We find in the play much stress laid upon this antagonism of character, and the interest turns upon the political differences of two friends, by which they are involved in circumstances at once strange and irremediable. The plot runs thus:—

Katharine Lorn (Mrs. Charles Kean), daughter to Sir Rupert Lorn (Mr. H. Hughes), a Royalist, is betrothed to Halbert Strathmore (Mr. Charles Kean), a gentleman of loyal family, but whose heart and hand are with the cause of the Covenanters. Sir Rupert suspects the loyalty of his intended son-in-law, and a rupture ensues, when Strathmore is turned from the house after an affecting interview with Katherine. At a meeting of the Covenanters, among whom we recognize our old friend, John Balfour of Burley (Mr. Rogers), but shorn of all his might, we learn of the murder of Archbishop Sharpe, and the revenge taken by the Royalists in the slaughter of a defenceless party, with an aged clergyman, while engaged in their devotion. Strathmore, who is present, is horrified at this foul and unnatural deed; and when asked what the miscreant deserved who could perpetrate such an atrocity, answers, "death." He is astonished at learning the author of the deed is no other than Sir Rupert Lorn. The Covenanters determine to have the blood of the Royalist knight, and plan how they may best seize on his castle, and get him into their power. Strathmore is applied to, as one knowing the secret passes leading to the castle, to conduct the party. He at first refuses, but recollecting Sir Rupert's life can only be saved through his intervention, he takes upon himself to guide the troops of the Covenanters. Now commence the serious intricacies of the play. The castle of Sir Rupert is surprised, himself taken prisoner, and led to trial. At the trial he acknowledges and glories in his guilt; the Covenanters call aloud for his death; Strathmore endeavours to save him, and under his conflicting emotion goes mad. This is the grand defect of the play. It was certainly a great ordeal for Strathmore to enter the mansion of his ancient friend forcibly, at the head of his sworn foes, and that friend the father of his betrothed wife, to be appointed his judge, and all but obliged to condemn him to death; yet we see nothing in the situation, however oppressive, against which a strong mind would not bear itself up by an effort. All through the trial scene, Strathmore deports himself more like a weak girl than a strong man appointed to lead rugged soldiers to battle and to conquest. But be our argument right or wrong, the effect of this scene went nigh to peril the success of the play, although Charles Kean acted with unusual power and discrimination. When the curtain fell on the third act, the feeling was unsatisfactory in the extreme. The fourth act, however, in a great measure, redeemed all previous defects.

An attempt is made by Isabel (Miss Reynolds), wife of Henry Lorn, Sir Rupert's son, to tamper with Brycefield (Mr. Howe), a loose follower, but trusted soldier of the Covenanters, who stipulates for the hand of Isabel, not knowing she is married, as the price of his setting Sir Rupert free. The lady trifles with Brycefield, but we cannot exactly discover to what purpose their several interviews tend, as their results have no possible power over the catastrophe. While these are going forward, Katherine solicits an interview with Strathmore, which, after some hesitation, is granted. This scene is written with great dramatic and poetical skill. Katharine pleads for the life of her father. Strathmore, torn by contending passions, is yet inflexible in his justice. The lady proposes a respite of three days, saying by that time the King's troops are sure to arrive. The mention of the royal troops, and their probable arrival, rouses the young captain of the Covenanters to save his party, and he attempts to rush from the room. Katharine places herself before him, tells him he shall not stir, recalls to his mind, in language of great beauty, their days of childhood, and the time when Sir Rupert dandled him on his knee, points out to him the chair by which they knelt together in prayer, and drawing him, half dead with emotion, towards the fire place, makes him stand on the hearth, and bids him now, if he can, rush out and sacrifice his old friend, and the father of his ancient love. The young man falls senseless at her feet, and the curtain falls. This was a splendid climax, and was most admirably acted. The effect, we fancy, would have been greater, but for the mad scene in the previous act.

The last act goes very heavily, and the *denouement* is not very happy. One really fine scene, nevertheless, hinders it from entirely sinking in interest. The king's troops arrive, the Covenanters are vanquished, and Strathmore changes place with Sir Rupert. The latter now is the powerful party, and he offers Strathmore freedom and life, on condition of signing a paper abnegating all his former principles, and subscribing to the ruling powers. Katharine brings him the paper, and asks him to sign it. Upon his refusing, she entreats him, with all the power of a loving heart, to live for her sake, and not to die a traitor's death, through a scrupulous regard to honour.

Her arguments and beauty might well outweigh all feelings and opinions save those dictated and confirmed by the most rigid sense of right. Strathmore appeals to herself, how he shall act in this emergency; whether, through the gates of life, he shall drag out an existence of shame, or by death be true to his oath and substantiate the noble sentiments of his youth. In language highly poetical and worthy of the subject he points to the pangs that should ever torment him, should he live a traitor to his truth, and the impossibility of ever looking again with the same holiness and purity of affection upon her who had counselled him to his eternal shame. "After this," he enquires, "shall I live?" "No!" exclaimed the heroic girl, "no, Strathmore—die!" and flings herself into his arms. The catastrophe is feeble, and greatly disappoints all previous expectation. The author, seeing the difficulty of getting his hero out of the scrape into which he had fallen, and conceiving it would have absorbed too much time to have him taken to trial and execution, makes Strathmore expire on the stage, from the double effects of the wounds he had received in the skirmish, and mental emotion. We can have no serious objections to this conclusion, as it is abundantly natural and effective; but it is hardly in keeping with the romance of the story, and is too common to gratify the interest already raised.

The same attention has not been paid to the development of the characters, as to the unfolding of the story. Katharine Lorn is too much tinctured with the colorings of the stage heroine. Her language is not only high-flown, but epigrammatic. Her sentences are terse, pointed, poetical—every thing but natural. She seems a creature made to trumpet the author's poetic powers, and to condescend very seldom to the prosaics of every-day life. Shakespere and Fielding seem to be the only authors who interest us in their heroines, by making them say little or nothing—Ophelia and Sophy Western, to wit. The language put into Katharine's mouth is frequently too diffuse, and would be all the better were it a little more homely.

The character of Strathmore is enfeebled by rendering him too keenly susceptible to every passing emotion. In the third act he goes mad, in the fourth he faints, and in the last he dies—a child of sensibility all through. If it be the writer's aim to paint the effects of conflicting passions on a highly sensitive mind, nothing can be more eminently successful; but we have our strong doubts if this were his intentions, and think, rather, that he has fallen into an error from not sufficiently studying his character.

We shall not take the trouble to point out the mistakes committed in portraying Isabella; nor mark the inutility of travelling to Paris for a *soubrette*; nor attempt to recall several minor faults, which we noted in the performance, but which have now escaped us; but shall proceed to the more pleasing task of recording the great and unequivocal success of the new play. We have seldom witnessed a new drama in which more genuine applause was elicited, or one in which at any part of the performance there was less fear of its success. Although the mad scene in the third act did not please generally, and the commencement of the fifth act hung fire, yet there was displayed throughout the performance no expression but that of unqualified delight. Indeed, from beginning to end, the audience was quite enthusiastic, and though much of this feeling must undoubtedly be set down to the friendly exhibitions of a first night, yet most of the applause was greatly deserved. The author has given us a play worthy a place in the annals of our literature.

The acting was excellent in almost every instance, and in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, was truly admirable. Mr. Charles Kean had an arduous part to support, and we do not think he ever achieved a more gratifying triumph. The mad scene, despite the objections we have thrown out above, was rendered with singular force and vividness, and had the situation been more impressive, must have produced a more powerful effect than it did. The scenes with Katharine in the fourth and fifth act were still better, and created an immense sensation.

The set poetic phrases of the earlier scenes of Katharine, appeared somewhat repugnant to the natural feeling of Mrs. Charles Kean, and it was only when the character warmed into passion, that this delightful artist exhibited all the grace and charms of her style. The highest praise could do no more than justice to her performance. The scene with Isabel, after the castle has been taken and her father imprisoned, and when she learns Strathmore is the chief mover of all, was given with great reality; and the sudden burst of feeling when the thought crosses her brain, that her lover has headed the attack on the castle only to save her father, was intensely dramatic, and wound up the audience to a great pitch of excitement. In the two scenes with Strathmore, the nature and pathos of Mrs. Charles Kean's acting were witnessed to perfection. The tears of the spectators were the best compliment to this delightful display of art.

Buckstone had a small part to play, but Buckstone can do wonders with any part. The character has nothing whatever to do with the story, and was no doubt written to order. It is needless to add that Buckstone renders it highly amusing.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam went through the performance of a French chambermaid very prettily; and Miss Reynolds looked well and dressed splendidly in Isabel.

The three principal Covenanters were sustained by Mr. Stuart, who made his first appearance for two years, and was welcomed with much warmth, Mr. H. Holl, and Mr. Rogers. The last gentleman played John Balfour, of Burley, but had little to do or say. Mr. Stuart acted with more than his usual force, and came out with great effect in several portions of the play.

The dresses and appointments were splendid, and the scenery new and appropriate. With respect to the dresses, however, we question if Mrs. Kean and Miss Reynold's appearing in magnificent ball costumes, with flowing trains, &c., was entirely consonant with the usage of Scotch society in 1679, especially in a lonely and remote castle. We throw out the hint gratuitously, for the *costumier* of the Haymarket Theatre.

At the end of the drama, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean were called for, and were received with the most enthusiastic demonstrations.

MARYLEBONE.

Mr. Spicer's new play of the *Witch Wife*, after a considerable delay from the indisposition of Mrs. Mowatt, was produced on Monday evening, to a crowded audience. It is strange that the belief in witchcraft (on which the piece is founded), with the terrible consequences in which it so often involved its victims, has not oftener afforded materials to modern dramatists. The cause may possibly be found in the difficulty of investing with the lofty attributes of the tragic drama, incidents and persons drawn from the class to which alone witchcraft was imputed; that is—old women of the very lowest ranks of life—the so-called refuse of society. A popular superstition which, in the words of Sir Walter Scott, "could lead men to torture wretches till they confessed what was impossible, and then hang them for their pains," must, one would think, afford abundant materials to genius subtle enough to divest the subject of its coarse and vulgar associations, and

to clothe it with the interest of which it must assuredly be capable. The story of the new play is very simple. The time is the year 1634. In the first scene—the hall of Sir Gerald Mole, a country magistrate—Alison Device, an old woman, is arraigned for witchcraft. The proofs against her are produced, and consist, among other things, of a bit of a birch-broom, a kitten, and a string of beads, found in her possession. Alison is about to be committed, but is saved for the present, partly through the intercession of Cecil Howard (Mrs. Mowatt), a niece of Sir Gerald, who recognizes the culprit as her old nurse,—and partly through the remonstrances of Marchmont Needham, a young law-student, and lover of Cecil's (Mrs. Davenport); but this escape from the fangs of the law is only temporary. Matthew Hopkins, a notorious and commissioned witch-finder (Mr. J. Johnson), meeting Cecil and Alison in the neighbouring forest, orders the latter to be again seized, but being struck with the youth and beauty of Cecil, who pleads for her friend, offers to spare his victim if the fair intercessor will become his *wife*; but his proposal is rejected with scorn and indignation, and he vows in revenge to drag Cecil herself to the scaffold. She imprudently gives him the desired opportunity by holding, in defiance of popular opinion, a night revel at the Malkin Tower, with some companions disguised as witches; she is accordingly seized with Alison, and some others, thrown into prison, and brought to trial, where she is on the point of being condemned to death, when Marchmont Needham rushes into the court with the king's warrant, appointing him Lord Chief Justice. Mounting the bench, he rescinds the proceedings of judge and jury, and releases the prisoners. We are bound to believe that judges, in those days, could do as much, for they could not do so now. Hopkins, the chief witness, leaves the court in a rage, but is presently brought back in a dying state, having become the victim of popular fury. He confesses his designs, absolves the young maiden, and dies, Cecil, of course, becoming the wife of the new made judge.

These incidents are striking, if not very probable, and they follow each other naturally, yet a general impression remains of want of strength in the development of the story. The character of Hopkins, considering that it forms the main link of the action, is not so prominent as it should have been, and Mr. Davenport, as the hero, had very little to do. The best scene, both as to writing and dramatic effect, is that of the mutual declaration of love between Marchmont and Cecil. Nothing could be more fresh and beautiful than Cecil's playful reproach to her lover, that he had just taught her that she was no longer a child. The play is full of touches of the same poetic *vivida vis*. This scene tasked Mrs. Mowatt's feelings and discrimination to the utmost, and a little less apparent effort would have been desirable, a fault which time will probably correct. In the first scene, she was all grace and vivacity. Mrs. Mowatt is an eminent mistress of the toilet; her appearance as she sprang on to the stage, with the light blue mantle thrown carelessly over her shoulders, and her fine auburn hair confined with a simple chaplet of leaves, was the very *beau ideal* of the graceful, appropriate, and becoming. She was received with loud applause after her late indisposition, and was saluted with a shower of bouquets from pit and boxes when she appeared at the end of the play. The piece is admirably put on the stage, although some of the parts might have been more judiciously assigned. We particularly missed the racy humour of Mr. Herbert, as Gab, a rustic lover of Cecil's. The piece had a very flattering reception, and Mr. Spicer was loudly called for, but declined answering the summons.

ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS AND OPERA COMIQUE.—On Wednesday, Mr. Mitchell took his annual benefit, on which occasion Rossini's opera, in two acts, *Le Comte Ory*, given at the *Académie* in Paris, in 1828, was produced for the first time in England. To Mr. Mitchell the subscribers and public owe much gratitude for the able manner with which he has acquitted himself of his arduous duties as manager; and the testimonial presented in their name by the Duke of Beaufort testifies to their sense of the obligation, and must be grateful to him, as the highest reward which could be conferred on his exertions. Before Mr. Mitchell undertook the direction of the French plays, divers attempts had already been made, but, from different causes, all had failed; for none united the greatest requisite of all in a theatrical speculation almost entirely dependent on a small body of subscribers—implicit faith and confidence in the manager's integrity. The public had been deceived too often: and it was only a man of Mr. Mitchell's high standing, known personally to the principal members of the aristocracy, who could at all hope to be able to cope with the difficulties to be surmounted. Mr. Mitchell has stood the test, and we hope successfully and with profit to himself; and we trust he will ever continue to uphold, by his exertions, a branch of amusement without which we should consider the pleasures of the season as incomplete.

Le Comte Ory is certainly one of Rossini's most delightful operas; it abounds in fresh and sparkling melodies, scattered about with a profuse hand, and never flags for an instant. The story turns upon the attempts of a certain Count Ory, the Don Juan of his time, somewhere about the period of the Crusades—for mention is made of Palestine, in a very pretty song and chorus; which Count Ory undertakes to seduce the Countess of Formontiero, somewhere in France, no doubt, if we may trust in the name. He is foiled in two attempts he makes: in the first, disguised as a hermit, by his governor; in the second, disguised as a pilgrim, by his page. The moral of the story is, that things remain at the end just as they were at the commencement, which leaves us quite in the dark as to the usual retribution meted out to gentlemen of the Don Juan cast. If, however, the story is not moral, it is amusing, and the music is excellent. The first air of the first act is a very pretty melody, sung by M. Octave, "Que le destin prospère." Unfortunately, it is too high for that gentleman's voice, so that much of the effect is lost; it also demands more execution than M. Octave has at his command, which may be said of the greater part of the music allotted to him throughout the opera. This air is followed by a lively chorus, which was well rendered. The air, "O bon hermite, à mon secours," was delightfully given by Madlle. Charton, who seems quite at home in Rossini's music, and sings the florid passages with the greatest ease. The finale will go better, no doubt, at the next representation. In the second act we have one of the finest duos ever penned by Rossini, "Ah! quel respect, madame," sung by Madlle. Charton and M. Octave. The lady did her part with the greatest facility; but M. Octave, as we said before, was not equal to the effort. There is, however, some excuse in the fact that the music written for A. Nourrit is awfully high, and we know of no tenor but Mario who could do it at the present day. This duo is followed by a spirited chorus of the knights, disguised as pilgrims, which obtained much applause. We must also remark an excellent *buffo* song, capitally done by M. Buguet; and a prayer, without accompaniment, which went remarkably well. On the whole, the music was well executed. Madlle. Charton improves, and delights us in every new character she undertakes;

Madlle. Guichard played the part of the page, Isolier, with much sprightliness; M. Octave had to contend with many difficulties, but managed to get over them; M. Zelger's deep bass voice told well in the concerted pieces; the orchestra and chorus went much to our satisfaction. The piece was carefully got up, was eminently successful, and will be quite sufficient to wind up the opera season, which will now shortly terminate, to give way to M. Arnal and the *vaudeville*.

After the opera, Mdme. Cinti Damoreau sang a scene from the *Débutante*, composed by her son, in which she displayed all the capabilities and resources which no artist ever possessed to greater perfection, as regards finish and execution. Mdme. Cinti Damoreau's voice may have lost some of its former freshness, but she possesses that which she cannot lose, and which is the result of incessant and conscientious study; and by those who understand what good singing is she will ever be listened to with pleasure, even twenty years hence. Mdme. Damoreau also sang an air, accompanied by herself, in which she obtained much applause, the first scene being accompanied by M. Benedict. The evening's entertainments terminated by the pretty little piece, *Les extrêmes se touchent*, in which those popular and admirable artists, M. Lafont and M. Doche, played. We refer our readers to the *Musical World* of last year, where they will find an account of, it during the period of M. Lafont's engagement. Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present. The house was crowded in every part.

On Saturday a private morning performance took place for the entertainment of the youthful members of the Royal Family. The theatre was most tastefully decorated with flowers for the occasion, and nothing was left undone which could gratify the eyes, as well as the ears, of the Royal children. The performances consisted of a selection from *Fra Diavolo*, songs by the Hungarian vocalists, minuet by Madlle. Rosati and M. Taglioni, feats of vaulting, by Auriol *et fils*, and a *Divertissement d'enfants*, by juvenile pupils of Mr. and Miss O'Brien. Her Majesty, and the Prince, the Duchess of Kent, and a numerous selection of the nobility and gentry were present. The entertainments passed off to the intense delight of the Royal children, and to the gratification of all present.

J. DE C——.

LETTERS TO A MUSICAL STUDENT.

No. XII.

MINOR CHORDS AND THE MINOR SCALE.

DEAR THEODORE,—"How is it," asks Göthe of Zelter, in a letter on musical matters, "How is it, that the minor mode is so prevalent in music, even in pieces whose general character is that of cheerfulness?" It is clear that Göthe applied for information to the wrong man, in addressing himself to Zelter, the stern calculating theorist, of whom I have spoken already in my first letter; and the consequence was, as might have been predicted, that the teacher of Mendelssohn Bartholdy could not give any reason whatever for the occurrence of the fact alluded to by Göthe, except *that it was for the sake of variety!* I have, in my previous letters on the minor chords, made frequent use of figures and numerical proportions; this was necessary, to place in a clear light the relative positions of the two modes, and to show that the elements of which the chords of both modes are composed are entirely the same, and that consequently both kinds of chords, as regards their naturality or artificiality, are exactly alike. But the question, which is now before us—a question relating to the *character* of the two modes—cannot be settled by a comparison of abstract numbers and dead figures. Here again, as in all cases where the spirituality of our art is concerned, the cool calculating theorist is deserted by his science, and obliged to return to the less clear and demonstrable, but more powerful and convincing impressions of self-observation—to his own heart, and the different effects produced upon it by different musical combinations. And this is another proof that our art is more than a mere aggregate of forms, invented and combined by the reasoning intellect in man; it shows that it relates to a sphere of human existence different from that of his intellectual powers, and into which the reason is unable to penetrate; it shows, that to understand our art fully, we must endeavour to understand *ourselves*, and seek in us what cannot be found without. "How is it, that the minor mode is so prevalent in music?" "For the sake of variety," says Zelter; and I am afraid, that his followers—your scientific calculating professors—will not be able to give a much more satisfactory answer. That the minor mode appears very frequently in our music,—that it is still more frequent in systems different from that of modern Europe, is a fact too well known to need of any proof. In Europe the Scandinavians, the Russians, and all Sclavonic races, the Spaniards and Portuguese, all sing and play mostly in this mode; the Egyptians, Arabians, and other tribes of Western Asia, have (as we are informed by Laborde and Villoteau) a system of sounds very different from both our major and minor mode, but much more similar to the latter than to the former; whilst we see from the accounts of Amiot ("Memoire concernant les Chinois"), that the music of the Chinese, whose system is based, like that of the Scotch and ancient Welch music, on a circle of fourths, has all that tendency to the minor mode which distinguishes the latter, and is especially observable at the close of periods. From this we see, that the minor mode is prevalent mostly amongst nations who either have but little advanced in that music which is called modern European, or adopted a system entirely different from the latter. This observation leads to a most powerful—almost unanswerable objection to the opinion of those who would make the minor mode a produce of human intellect, an artificial, unnatural combination of sounds. For if the minor harmony be pre-eminently an artificial one—if, on the other hand, the major harmony and scale be altogether natural, how does it happen that those nations whose music has scarcely any other theory but that of nature and tradition, should sing in a mode which is essentially artificial; whilst those who have cultivated the scientific, intellectual side of the musical art, should adopt as a favourite mode of expression that which is said to be derived directly from nature, and to contain no traces of human ingenuity? This is a question which shows at once the absurdity of making one of our modes the produce of arbitration, and calling the other a natural one. They are both employed by people whose music might be called emphatically the music of nature; they are both employed by nations whose musical system is to a great extent an offspring of science; therefore they are both artistic forms, neither of them more or less natural than the other.

In what, then, does the difference between the major and minor mode consist? In answering this question, I must once more go back to that which I have laid down as the cause and origin of all art. In many of my previous Letters I have endeavoured to prove that art is the manifestation and necessary consequence of man's present spiritual and bodily condition. When fallen from that state of blessed happiness, for which he was originally destined by his Maker,—when the Divine image had been lost, the peace with himself and the surrounding world destroyed, his direct intercourse with the higher beings cut off, and "death" came into the world "through sin," then man could not, but with feelings of the deepest pain, compare his present condition with his original one; the recollection of what he had lost must throw a hue of deep melancholy over his life, and deprive it even of those charms and pleasures which the fall had left to it. But, to save him from utter despair, a ray of cheering light was thrown into the darkness of his heart by his offended but all-kind Creator. With the sad recollection of his former blessed state, and the secret longing for its restoration, other feelings of a brighter nature were implanted into his breast; faith, love, and hope were given to him, as the leading-stars to his final reconciliation and reunion with his Maker—as the forerunners and harbingers of a more glorious light—the light of eternal happiness. These were the three pillars which should support the trembling heart of fallen man—to them he clung, like the evergreen to the sturdy oak, looking forward to the return of that glorious spring, whose recollection not even the ice and snow of many a winter night has been able to kill. Thus, then, my dear Theodore, are we essentially double beings, divided between grief and joy, despair and hope, fear and confidence; our spiritual nature is, as F. von Schlegel observes, of a *symbolic* character,

inasmuch as our present state has its basis in the past, and its fulfilment only in the future. And what is the medium through which this symbolism of the human heart manifests—reveals itself? This is no other than *art*, and, amongst the arts, pre-eminently that of sound. Have you not perceived, when listening to the strains of music, how a feeling of melancholy steals over your heart, even if those strains be of a joyful character?—how an indefinite longing for something you do not know—a melancholy yearning after something which you fancy to have once possessed—is wafted into your soul on the undulating waves of the sounds that strike your ear? This, Theodore, is the first effect of music. But then comes the counterpart. The hue of melancholy and sadness, which had spread itself over the feelings of the listener, disappears under the continued influence of the same musical strains; visions of a happy past and a happier future appear before the enchanted eye; by the magic power of the trembling sound the old man wanders back to the scenes, the sunny, blooming fields of his childhood, over which eighty winters have blown their chilling winds; the youth sees before him a realisation of his romantic dreams of a life where all is joy and happiness; through the night of your sorrow, the three stars—faith, love, and hope, send their cheering everlasting light, and you exclaim with Wackenroder,[*] "That is it what I dreamt of, what I longed for—sweet charming music!—now I am happy!".

If music, then, be a true and direct expression of this double nature in man; if the symbolic or romantic (which is almost the same, though not so general,) life of the soul reveal itself so palpably through the art of sound, the question arises, which are the elements in this art, serving as the medium of expression for the plaintive or the joyful emotions which temporarily reign over the soul? Here it must be observed, that in general *all* three elements in music—melody, rhythm, and harmony—have a character congenial for the symbolic double being, the fallen man; they all produce that mingled sensation of melancholy, longing, hope, and satisfaction described above; and the single waves of sound typifies in its undulations the heavings of the soul. Whatever music you hear, the general effect is always the same; forgetfulness of the cold reality, absorption in the ideality of fancy; tears of sadness mingled with thrills of joy. But this general effect becomes modified, or, if I may say so, individualized by the prepondering tendency of some forms in music towards either the joyful or the sorrowful. Some combinations, some series of sounds, some rhythmical forms have a decided leaning towards the plaintive and melancholy, whilst others possess more a character of cheerfulness. And it is by the manner in which these two elements are mixed, that a work of the musical art receives its individual character. How the general direction of musical strains, and the different rhythmical forms are possessed more or less of one of the two opposite characters. I have endeavoured to show in my previous letters on melody and rhythm. But there are two other forms in which their difference of character manifests itself still more strikingly. They are the major and the minor modes. Here the tendency of the former to inspire feelings of a brighter hue, whilst the latter throws melancholy shadows over the listening heart, is so perspicuous, so directly telling, that a person must have no feelings at all to be unsusceptible to it. It is true that the minor mode, by the grouping of its sounds, and its rhythmical arrangement, may be made the expression of hilarity, playfulness and mirth; but its smiles are moistened by tears, its joy and mirth is a forced one, and its laughs mockeries, the outbreaks of disappointment, despair, or rage. And so paints many a beautiful adagio the sufferings of an oppressed heart in the tones of the major mode, weeps tears of slighted love, of undeserved punishment or misfortunes, through its slow major strains and harmonies; but its pain is not a lasting one, its sufferings are mitigated by the consciousness of innocence; and there are feelings of a more cheerful nature, there are the three pillars aforementioned—love, hope, and faith—at the bottom of the heart which for a time is depressed by adversity. Thus the fundamental character of the two different modes remains unaltered; and where the minor one is made an expression of joy, it is like the glaring red spread over the darkness of an atmosphere fraught with thunder and lightning, whilst the sighing and mourning of the major mode is like the fleeting clouds which cast their shadows over the silvery face of a moonlight landscape.

These are dreamings, Theodore, and many a pitying smile they will provoke on poor Teutonius, who just now can offer nothing but dreams. But whilst I am sitting here, in my arm-chair, mentally dozing, I hear the rain clattering in heavy drops against my windows, in the distance thunder growls, and my lonely study, my lamp, and little harpsichord begin to sing in B minor. This is one of the moments when the scenes of the past come vividly before my eyes; when I wander again through the days of my youth and childhood, and hear the sounds once more which then enchanted the juvenile heart. I go again to the old stone in the pine-wood, behind my native village, the subject of three hundred years' tradition; I look with mingled curiosity and awe at the mysterious fissue and windings of its mossy garment, and listen whether I can hear the voice of the murdered minstrel said to lie buried beneath. I sit again by the side of the dark brook, and fancy it tells the story of the woodman and his dumb son, as it rushes along and murmurs over the rocks in E minor. Or I lie in the green grass on the hill side, and the sun shines bright, and flowers grow around, and the zephyrs waft their fragrant odours from field to field. I look into the dark blue sky, and listen how the birds and bees, the trees, and flowers, and winds sing so merrily, and I join their chorus;—it is all in E major.

I am now an old man, Theodore; days of care and toil have left their traces on my frame, and a few white hairs are all the remnants of a once luxuriant crop of curls;—but in moments like the present I grow young again, and my bachelor's study, with the said harpsichord, follows me in my wanderings through the past, assuming different forms as I go on. People laugh at such fancies—they pity the weak-minded old gentleman; but to me such dreams are moments of inexpressible delight. As long as I am susceptible to sound, they will come over me, and I would not part with them for all the treasures of the world. You, too, may find them sometimes tedious or silly, but you must put up with them, or cease to read my letters. But if I mistake not, there is something similar in your character; I have seen you also absorbed in visionary musings, and there is that poetry in your mind which forms the true basis of all art. For persons who cannot forget reality in this ideal region of the sounds, these letters are not intended,—they must seek other food.

TEUTONIUS.

[*] "Die Wunder der Tonkurst," (the "Wonders of Music,") s. a. o.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE following is a short summary of the proceedings of the season just closed.

After the appointment of Mr. Costa to the office of conductor, the Society commenced its performances with Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, which at once manifested the great improvements which had been effected by the new conductor. This was followed by Handel's *Messiah*, looked forward to with great interest, it being the first occasion of Mr. Costa conducting an oratorio of Handel. Then came a revival of Handel's *Judas Maccabeus*, succeeded by Beethoven's *Mass* in C (the first time for six years), and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, which raised the reputation of the society higher than ever. *Israel in Egypt* was the next performance, and the style in which this great masterpiece was interpreted fully maintained the reputation previously gained. Mendelssohn's *Athaliah*, next produced, was remarkable as being the first work brought forward after the appointment of the new conductor which had not been previously performed by the society. The *Messiah* and *Elijah* were repeated after this, and were followed by the *Creation*. Last evening, *Athaliah* and Handel's Dettingen *Te Deum* concluded the season. The number of performances has been nineteen, of which ten were subscription concerts.
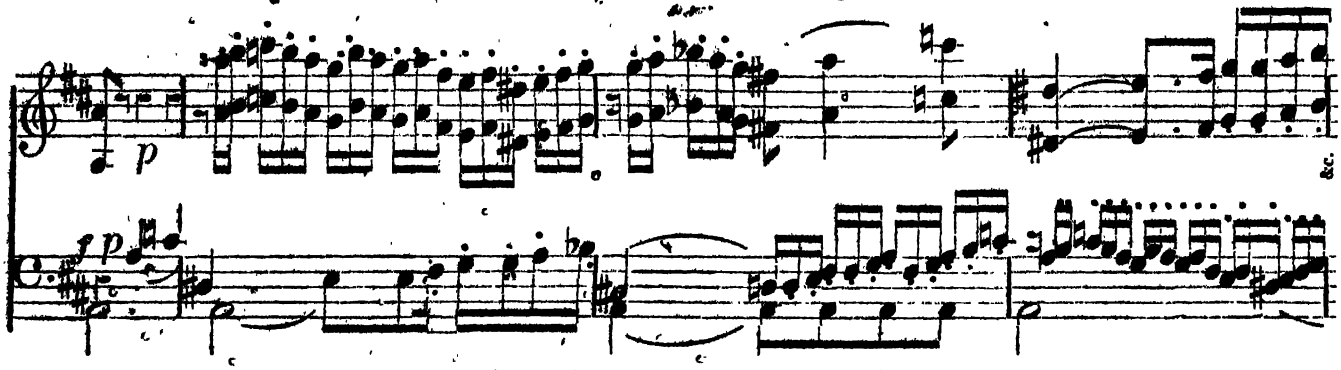
The novelties of the season have been confined to *Athaliah* and a few minor pieces, included in a selection performed with the *Mass* of Beethoven. This may be accounted for by the desire of the Society to contradict a rumour propagated at the commencement of the season, that, under the new conductor, they would attempt the introduction of a lighter class of compositions than hitherto, to the exclusion of the more solid and important productions.

The improvement in the *ensemble* and general detail of the performances has had a most beneficial effect on the subscription list, and next season is likely to offer the most brilliant results.

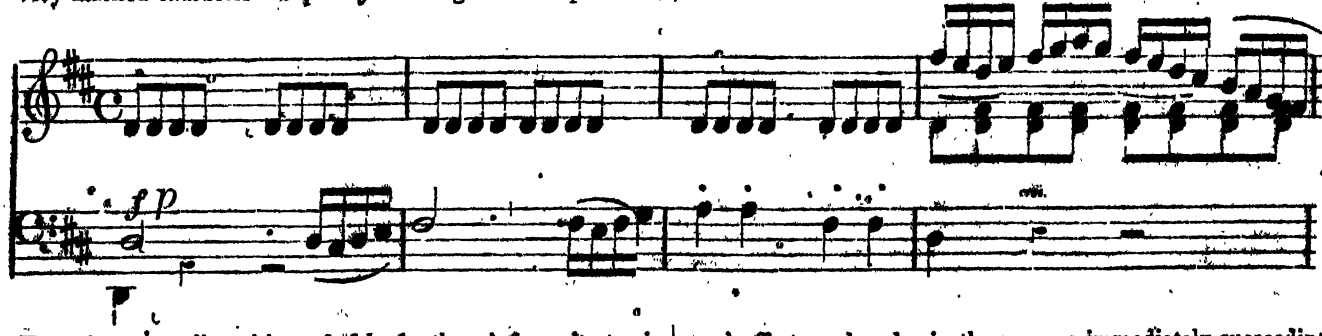
BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.

(*Continued from page 380.*)

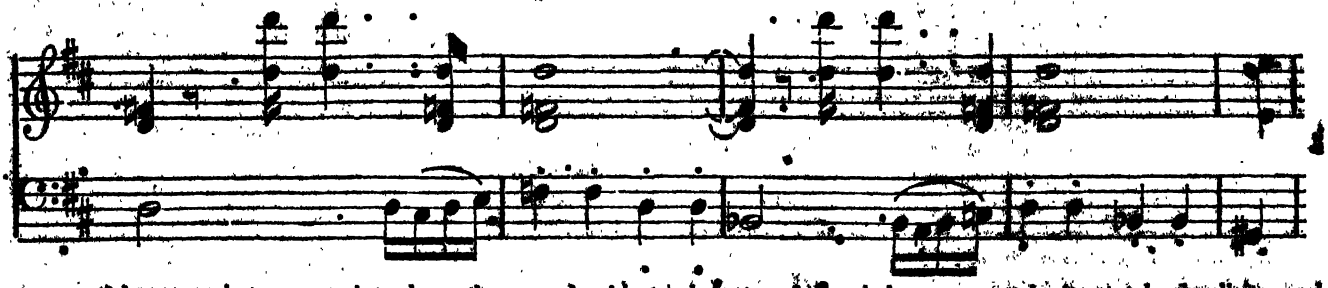
It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to distinguish either of the movements of this second symphony, for excellence of the others; each has its particular merit; and though, as in the Symphony in C, the minuet and trio, for an entire movement, may be more associated in style with the subsequent works of the same author than any other part of the composition, we find so much individual beauty in every separate portion, so great general excellence in the whole work, as to make us forget all distinctions of style in our irrepressible admiration. The first movement is chiefly characterised by grandeur and dignity; it is not without its startling bursts of passion, its passages of all-absorbing excitement, but the general impression that it leaves upon the hearer is of its breadth and majesty; his heart swells with pride, beats not with emotion, and he rather feels the presence of a superior being than acknowledges the elevation of his own. The introductory *Adagio* is highly impressive; the eight bars of clearly defined melody with which it opens (the first phrase allotted to oboes and bassoons, the second to string instruments, with the single note for the whole orchestra at the beginning of each,) announce fully the dignified character of the whole movement, but having in their quietness a repose that gives greater force to the passages of more energy that follow. A short sequence of modulations leads us with great effect to the key of B flat, when the music assumes a bolder character; a succession of rushing scales in the basses, answered by the violins, has very great power, and the climax of this exciting passage is a bar in unison for the whole orchestra that introduces the half-close on A. Here we have a pedal point that forms a prominent feature: it is remarkable, first, for the very striking phrase for the violoncellos and tenors, in unison, with a singularly felicitous counterpoint for violins in octaves, and next, for the inversion of these two parts, which gives the passage a wonderful colouring:—
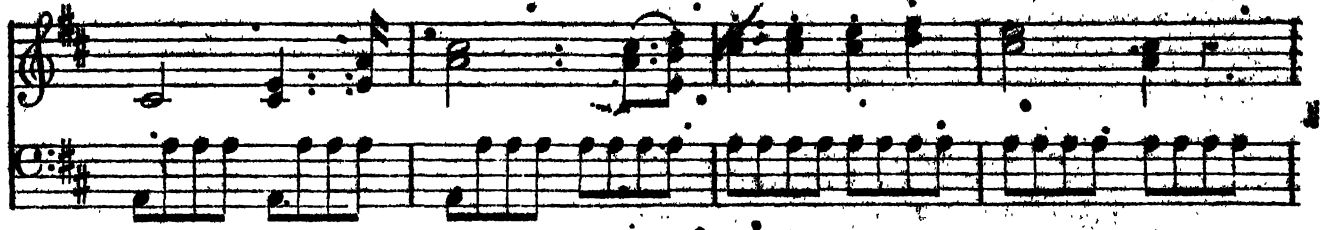


This pedal is prolonged for a few bars, in which the reiteration of the harmony in triplets of semiquavers by the wind instruments has a good effect, and finally introduces the *Allegro con Brio*. The principal subject of this movement is one of a very marked character—a quality of the greatest importance, as the interest of the whole composition depends in a great degree upon the hearer's easy recognition of this principal subject, through all the modifications to which it is subjected in skilful musical development.
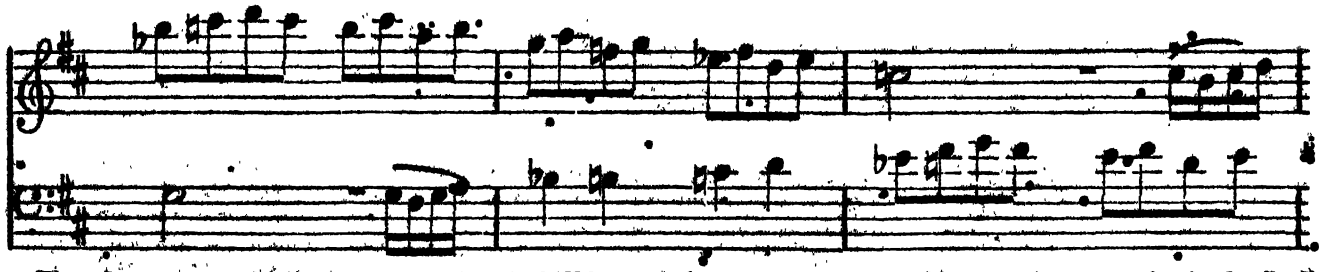


The subsequent disposition of this for the whole orchestra is an example of that phenomenon in instrumentation which is so frequently to be observed in the writing of Beethoven for the orchestra, namely, the doubling a prominent passage for the basses with acute instruments, while harmony is sustained in the intermediate range of sound; the effect of which is not what is presented to the eye, an offensive consecution of octaves, but a prodigious addition of force to the bass part without qualifying the pitch of this bass, which sounds only at the bottom of the score. We can scarcely look into a score of the great masters of orchestral effect without finding an indication of that to which reference is here made, in the doubling of the bass part, with the tenors an octave higher, the propriety of which has been a problem to so many young musicians that is undeniably unravelled, if not solved, by the good effect produced; in the passage immediately succeeding the opening of the overture to *Idomeneo* of Mozart, where the first violins double the bass part, while the seconds and the tenors sustain the harmony is a passage more particularly analogous to the one before us; and again, near the close of the first part of the overture to *Prometheus* of Beethoven, and in the last movement of the duet of Mathilde and Arnold in *Guillaume Tell* of Rossini; in the present case the subject is assigned to the basses with the violoncellos and bassoons in unison, the tenors an octave higher, and the first violins an octave higher still, while the second violins, with all the wind instruments, sustain D in several different octaves, and the effect produced is gigantic. An unexpected transition from the key of D minor brings us to the dominant of A;—
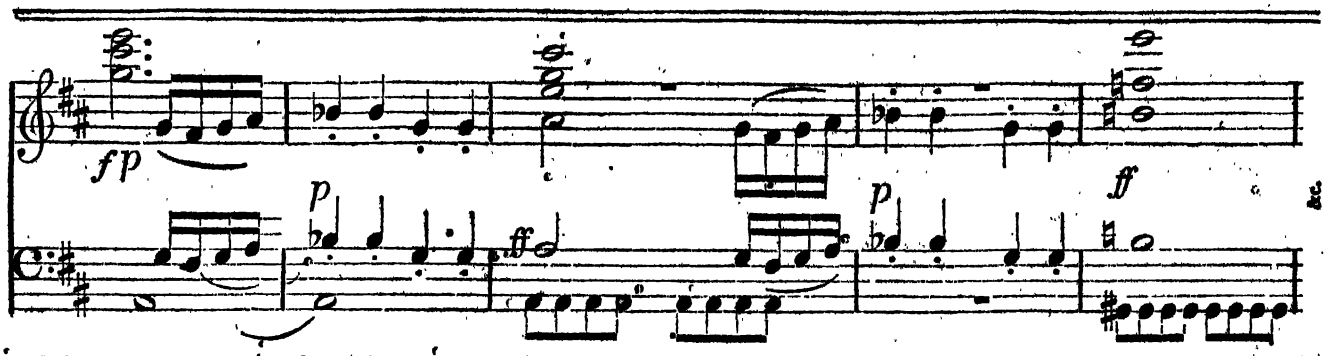


A powerful passage in two parts introduces the second subject in A major, which is less remarkable for any particular beauty of its own than for the additional dignity it gives to the character of the whole movement by its stately simplicity, and for the admirable use that is made of it in the second part.



A passage in which the first violins answer the basses in canon, after a rest of two bars, has great breadth. A recurrence to a portion of the first subject, by the manner in which it is introduced, forms a very important feature in the movement; the silence after a dominant discord that precedes it, the employment of all the string instruments in unison *pianissimo*, and the unexpected employment of the scale of A minor, combine to produce an effect of the greatest mystesy, which is wonderfully dispelled by the almost dazzling brightness of the return to the major key on the second inversion of the tonic harmony. Another point, of even greater power than that already noticed, where a passage is assigned to the extreme instruments, while those between them sustain the harmony, cannot but arrest the attention of every listener; and a somewhat remarkable example of the inverted pedal, in which the pedal note is given to the first violins, mostly, but not always supported by the horns and trumpets, brings us to the end of the First Part. To notice all the fine effects, the skilful contrivances to produce them, indeed the wonderful traits of mastery with which the Second Part everywhere abounds in the surprising developement of the ideas that have been already proposed, and which combine to render this portion of the movement no less exciting to the lay listener than interesting and admirable to the initiated analysist, and almost negates the inference our reason draws, from the examination of the score, that it is the fruit of study, by making it appear to the quickened imagination, on hearing its performance, to be no less than any other part of the work, the result of inspiration;—to notice all these would be to cite the whole of the Second Part, until the return to the subject, which indeed never ceases to present new features that no less delight than surprise us. I will adduce a few of the most prominent features in this admirable offspring of genius and learning, a familiarity with which may enable the student to continue for himself such dissection of the whole, and so to trace for himself every point of interest it contains. The subject is made to form the theme of a passage of double counterpoint, that is written with great freedom, and admirably prolonged.



There is a passage of imitation answered at the half bar on a chord of the seventh upon D, that has singular boldness. There is an entirely new effect given to the second subject (that to which I have already alluded) by the introduction of an alternative passage, it might be called a counterpoint of triplets, which is no less striking as a well-contrasted contrast to the elaborate treatment of the first subject, that up to this point has been so long continued. Finally, there is a well-managed surprise in the return to the subject in the key of D, the C sharp dominant in the key of F sharp minor being unexpectedly changed to the leading note of the key we are about to enter. It would be needless to notice in detail all the recapitulation of the First Part; let us proceed, therefore, to the Coda, which is far from being the least admirable portion of the movement. A passage of sixths, which is introduced at the end of the First Part, as it then seemed, merely for the purpose of leading back to the original key for the repeat, is here proved to be in its clever extension a very interesting feature, and, first in its original form, afterwards by diminution, forms an excellent counterpoint to a section of the subject. The following passage has a force, one may say a sternness of character, that is very impressive:—



and the repetition of it on the tonic with a varied instrumentation is still more effective. We come then to a passage in which the bass proceeds slowly by semitones from B to D sharp, the octave above, the harmony passing through the keys of G, A minor, C minor, E flat minor, and F sharp minor to E minor, such notes as are common to any successive chords being always retained in the same parts. This passage is sufficiently meritorious in its present situation, where it keeps the hearer in a most exciting suspense previously to the final full close of the movement, and so produces additional satisfaction from, by giving additional brilliancy to, this termination; but it has given rise to a vast quantity of musical dulness in its very frequent employment by subsequent composers, who have been content to copy rather than to imitate Beethoven, to refer to him as an authority rather than emulate him as a standard of excellence, and so we may find passages modelled upon the one before us in innumerable incantation scenes, bass recitatives, and the like, where a certain quantity of words are to be "*got over*," or a certain key come to; and the musician having no very decided ideas, and being at a loss to express those of his poet, has been content to wander on through a tremolo by the agency of a semitonic ascent in the bass touching on all the keys that stand at the interval of four degrees of such scale from each other, until he satisfies himself and relieves his hearer, by determining where he will settle down into something interesting. We are now soon led to the original tonic, and then with an effective passage in two parts, followed by one for the whole orchestra in unison, that is, formed of a section of the principal subject, the movement concludes in all the grandeur which has been so powerfully maintained throughout.

A poet might find in this masterly piece of writing infinite suggestion for a no less endless variety and continuance of ideas, any of which that the world should esteem beautiful would be worthy such a source; be it enough for the musician to find his feelings powerfully moved by every hearing of it, and his admiration newly awakened at every fresh examination, and to own in it a complete masterpiece of the art, that in its style has never been, can never be excelled.

G. A. Macfarren.

(To be continued.)

JULLIEN'S CONGRES MUSICALE.

The second monster concert was given on Friday (yesterday week), and attracted a still more numerous audience than the first. The *fantasia* from the *Prophète* commenced the performance. This comprised an instrumental prelude; a chorus of Anabaptists; a romanza; a duet for two cornets with harp accompaniment; a duet for two soprani; a *ballet*, including the *Waltz of Skaters*; a coronation march, and a chorus with organ accompaniment, concluding with a harmonious burst from the united voices under M. Jullien's direction. This last was the most tremendous thing we ever heard in any Theatre or Concert-room. Its very echoes drowned the applause. The coronation march, also, was a stunning affair, and made the ears prisoners in its sound. All the *morceaux* of the *fantasia* were admirably played or sung, and each created an immense effect. Madame Anna Thillon gave the romanza, "Ma pauvre mère," most delightfully and with great feeling. The duet "La Soprani" was sung by Madame Thillon and Madlle. Nissen with much effect. The cornet duo was finely executed by Kœnig and Arban, and the choruses were performed with terrific force and power. From this specimen of Meyerbeer's grand work, we cannot draw any conclusion as to its merits. The absence of Mr. Sims Reeves, in consequence of indisposition, prevented us from hearing one or two other vocal pieces of the *Prophète*.

The remainder of the first part was of a calmer nature. Jetty Treffz sang "Vedrai carino" with great purity and feeling; Mr. Whitworth gave an excellent version of the "Piff-paff;" Madame Anna Thillon sang the final rondo from the *Donna del Lago*, and a ballad from one of Auber's earliest operas, both with singular effect; Madlle. Nau introduced the "Come per me sereno," from *Sonnambula*; and Pischek sang a song of Lindpaintner, called "Orlando." The instrumental department was filled up by Hallé, Ernst, and Vivier. Hallé played Weber's *Concert-Stück*, with orchestral accompaniments, in magnificent style. Ernst performed the *Airs Hongrois*, in which he astonished all his hearers by the delicious purity and fulness of his tone, and by his wonderful mechanism. Ernst and Hallé then played the *andante con variazioni*, from Beethoven's sonata in A minor, in which they were applauded *usque ad cœlum*; and Vivier executed his *Cantabile* in E flat. The accomplished and wonderful horn-player made his first appearance since his return from Holland. He was welcomed with enthusiasm, and produced so startling an effect by his performance as to elicit a unanimous encore. We need not refer to the wonders Vivier achieves on his instrument; they are now universally known, and universally appreciated. Vivier was accompanied on the piano by Vincent Wallace. The overture to *Euryanthe*, splendidly played, terminated the first part.

Felicien David's *Ode-Symphony*, in which the poem was read by Mr. Vandenhoff; some choruses by the Hungarian vocalists; Jullien's arrangement of the National Anthem; and a selection from the *Huguenots* fantasia closed the performance, which, we need hardly say, afforded to everybody the most decided gratification.

In consequence, as we are informed, of the room at Exeter Hall proving too small for the visitors to the *Congrès Musical*, M. Jullien has signified his intention of giving the next at the Surrey Zoological Gardens.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

We were sorry to hear that the brief notice given of the repetition of the opera of *Norma*, on the night following its successful production caused a thin house on Friday, the 8th; Montenegro was severely indisposed, with severe cold and hoarseness, which unavoidably postponed the *Lucia* until Tuesday last, the 12th, when she appeared with increased success in this, her second character, before a Manchester audience. We were not present, but we are glad to learn from the papers that there was a highly genteel and numerous auditory, and that the opera went off with *éclat*. Montenegro and Santiago were spoken of in the most enthusiastic terms, both for their acting and singing; the latter's Edgardo is said to be the best we have had in Manchester, and Montenegro's Lucia as being fully equal to her Norma—no slight praise, by the way.

On Tuesday *Il Barbière* was given, and there was again a good but not a full house, the dress circle and pit being the best attended. It is some years now (some ten or twelve at least) since this opera was done in Manchester, and we were predisposed to be pleased it having been (some twenty years ago, or more,) the first Italian opera we ever saw—consequently, independently of its brilliant merits, has been a favourite of our own ever since. De Begnis was the Figaro, Torre the Count, and our once fellow-towswoman, Miss Fanny Ayton, the Rosina. Curioni was afterwards Il Conte; then Donzelli, (who eclipsed them all) followed by many Rosinas; but of all the barbers, De Begnis was the Barber *par excellence*. The opera was, on the whole, done in very satisfactory style. On Tuesday night, Montenegro acted and sang remarkably well as Rosina; if we must be particular, we should object to her overacting a little, where she is pulling faces behind her guardian (Doctor Bartolo's) back. The *largo* of the "Una voce" was excellently given, and elicited numerous cries of "*bis*" from her moustachied admirers in the dress circle, but was not repeated; she was very correct in all her portion of the concerted music, and was best of all, perhaps, in the "Ah qual colpo," which was exceedingly well done. She won an encore for her introduced aria at the music lesson, a Spanish air, "El Charran," given with great spirit and character, (is not Montenegro a Spaniard, by the way?)—but we have to find fault here with her forgetfulness of the scene; there might have been no old guardian or disguised lover on the stage; she seemed to think too much of her audience and their reception of her, and marred the effect of the situation by her grateful but too-often repeated smiles: Jenny Lind never forgot her part,* amidst all the most fulsome adulation that was showered upon her. Made. Montenegro is a clever artist, both as an actress and a singer, but a friendly word of advice would do much to remove what is so easy to avoid, yet so objectionable, if allowed to be indulged in too frequently. She dressed the part in exquisite taste—the Spanish-pink satin, with black lace costume, became her admirably. Santiago, we must say, disappointed us at first; his "Ecco ridente" did not tell at all—he seemed to want force, or animation, or both; but he improved both in his singing and acting as he warmed in the part, and at times, when he exerted himself more, was very effective: he was not boisterous enough in the pretended "Ubrico"—his voice is sweet, but wants power to tell in a theatre like our Theatre Royal; his part in "Zitti Zitti" was excellently given. Montelli pleased us the more, perhaps, that we did not expect so much of him as Santiago; he made a capital bustling Figaro—if anything, a little too redundant in his action—but that is a fault on the right side in such a part as the Barber; he has a light pleasing barytone voice, of good quality, and sings well in tune; his "Largo al factotum" proved him to be fully equal to the arduous part, and was loudly applauded; his face and figure are good—he is evidently young; he dressed and made up for the Barber capitally, indeed the same may be said of all the company. Santiago had a very rich and appropriate dress as the Count. Bailini gave the fine song, "A un Dottore," very effectively; he looked as he dressed, and sang "Doctor Bartolo" famously; so did Vittorio the part of Basilio, with his long grotesque black hat, black hair, black beard, and black costume. It was more than we looked for to find a second bass in the company who could so efficiently render the fine song "La Calunnia," which, with its admirable accompaniment, is such a treat to listen to. Both Bailini and Vittorio were invaluable in the concerted music, all of which went well, the quartett beginning "Don Basilio," and the "Buona Sera" especially; the duet, "All' idea," and the other, the much hackneyed "Dunque io son," were done ample justice to; and we never saw the point of Rosina, having the note already written that the intriguing Figaro is urging her to write, made more of. The chorus had not much to do, but they did good service in the long finale to the first act, and got well through the rapid and difficult "Mille grazie" in the beautiful opening scene. We have already alluded to the popular "Zitti Zitti;" it was exceedingly well given by all the three, Montenegro, Santiago, and Montelli. The two acts were divided into four; after the second, all the principals were recalled, and again at the close of the opera. The band gave the overture and most of the brilliant accompaniments very well, at times the brass rather preponderated too much in the *forte* passage. In a larger theatre, with a full orchestra, this is counteracted by double or treble the number of stringed instruments. We frequently noticed Mr. Seymour's violin doing efficient service, and Mr. Thorley's violoncello too in obligato bits; and the leading and conducting was, as before, most satisfactory. We see "*Il Barbière*" is to be repeated on Thursday the 21st.

We delayed sending the above a few days, as it was too late for last week's number; and what event does a day or two, now-a-days, bring forth? Poor Kalkbrenner carried off by the cholera in Paris, and Catalani—the once far famed queen of song—after being so often killed by the newspapers, has yet lived to an advanced age to be a victim to the same scourge. And what a real tragedy has been the fate of Madame Schodel! whom we remember so vividly for her impassioned acting in *Fidelio** with the German company here in 1841—to have been beheaded for an attempt to poison Kossuth, the Hungarian chief. Then there is Donzelli, the greatest tenor singer of our day—(Rubini had more finish and execution, but not so great a voice)—why he has turned monk we hear, and is sometimes yet charming the brotherhood with his still wonderful voice, in some of the services of the Catholic church.

But to come back to Manchester, and what has occurred here musically and dramatically since writing as above. Saturday, the 16th, brought out *I Puritani*; we were not "assisting" at its representation, but from the *Guardian's* account it was the least efficient of all the operas yet produced. We do not wonder at it. It is the fourth Italian opera produced, with only three, and in this case only two days interval, in a fortnight. The wonder is that the chorus, many of whom never sang Italian before, and most of them never having before appeared on any stage, did not stick fast altogether. We have never had Italian opera put on the Manchester stage before so complete in all respects, and it is a pity that so many operas were attempted as eight different ones in a month; it was all but impossible to get them up, and the very few slips and trips made by the chorus is really wonderful under the circumstances. Mr. Anthony's labour must have been most arduous, and his success is scarcely credible. Montenegro's Elvira is spoken highly of; she was encored in the polacca, and much applauded for her truthful expression in "Qui la voce." Bailini and Montelli won the usual encore for the noisy "Suoni la tromba." The lovely quartet "A te o cara" had a like honor. The house was a good one, but not so full as Thursday. It really does not say much for the Manchester taste, when so refined an entertainment as the Italian Opera is brought within the reach of all at so moderate a price, the prices being—Dress circle 5s., Upper circle 3s., Pit 1s. 6d., Gallery—*mirabile dictu!*—6d. We have not a Jenny Lind or a Tamburini at these prices; but we have a very efficient and talented company of principals, assisted by above sixty resident artists in the band and chorus, added to which the management have left nothing undone in the *mise en scene*—all is very complete.

Last night (the 19th) there was again a good pit and fair dress circle, *L'Elisir d'Amore* being the opera, and we think the most successful opera as yet of the series. There are no great situations or salient points to elicit anything grand or striking; the story is simple enough

* Query—Did she ever think of it.—Ed. M. W.

* Does not our correspondent mean Mad. Schroder Devrient?—Ed.

and turns mainly on the simplicity and anxiety of a rustic swain (Nemorino)—the coquettishness of his beloved (Adina)—the blunt rivalry of the sergeant (Belcore)—and the burlesque espièglery of the doctor (Dulcamara)—all which is well expressed, both in the libretto and the music to which it is set. Santiago pleased us much more in Nemorino than in the Count; he acted and sang the country lover's part to perfection. His "Quanto e bella" in the opening scene was very good; and his singing in the duet, "Una paolo," with Adina, and the trio with her and the sergeant, "Adina credimi," was most impassioned; and in the well known "Una furtiva lagrima," he gave the tender expression of which it is so full, and was admirably accompanied by the obligato on the French horn. Bailini does not at first seem at home in the part of Belcore, or as though the music was too high for his full bass voice. In his first scena, "Come paride," he was decidedly flat, but he improved afterwards, and the trio before alluded to, with Santiago and Montenegro, was the most perfect bit perhaps in the whole opera—it was beautifully sung. Montelli made an excellent Doctor Dulcamara—his make-up was first rate—and amidst all his fun and drollery he always sings nicely in tune. We laughed most heartily when he made his appearance, for he was drawn on to the stage in a cart covered with garlands, by a veritable live (!) donkey with gilt hoofs, attended by his mountebank blowing his long tin horn, black livery-servant, &c. &c. Not alone in these minor adjuncts, but in the scenery, the greatest attention was paid to the propriety of the story, and the grouping of the peasantry in the different rural scenes was exceedingly picturesque. The chorus were more perfect and at home in this opera than any they have yet done, and they have more to do, being almost continually on the stage. The popular "Io son ricco" was rapturously encored; it was sung with great humour by Montelli, and he was ably assisted by Adina and the chorus. Madame Montenegro won an encore for her duet with the Doctor, "Quanto amore," as much by her charming playfulness in asserting her charms as more powerful than his boasted elixir, as by her singing, although both she and Montelli richly merited it for the way in which they sang it. In fact, all the parts were well sustained, and the chorus were most efficient, which is as creditable to them as to their chorus master, the time for rehearsals must have been so brief. On Saturday, the 23rd, they are to appear in *Lucrezia Borgia*, an opera quite new to them all, and new to the Manchester stage. The manager gives variety enough, and ought to be better supported, so that he might be encouraged to give a short Italian Opera season yearly.

MISCELLANEOUS.

French Plays.—The patrons and subscribers to the French Plays, in testimony of their respect for the services of Mr. Mitchell, yesterday afternoon presented that gentleman with a magnificent silver salver, and a silver gilt candelabrum, manufactured at the establishment of Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, of Bond Street. The presentation took place on the stage of the St. James's Theatre, in the presence of the Duke of Beaufort, the Marquis of Donegal, Lords Chesterfield, W. Lennox, Sir C. Shakerley, Lady Quentin, and many other admirers of dramatic art. The Duke of Beaufort acted as spokesman, and addressed Mr. Mitchell in an appropriate speech, and complimented him on his exertions. Dr. Daniell, (honorary secretary on the occasion of the subscription for the plate,) and Mr. B. B. Williams, also said a few words, presenting, on his own part, as a mark of individual esteem, a handsome golden drinking goblet, after which the plate was presented, and Mr. Mitchell returned thanks for the honour done him.

Madlle. Helene Stöpel.—This clever young pianist announces her annual concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms, for Thursday next. In addition to her own performances, Madlle. Stöpel offers her friends a programme of great and varied attraction, in which, among other popular and distinguished names, is that of Ernst, who will play a sonata of Beethoven with Madlle. Stöpel, besides a solo.

Louise Taglioni.—We are happy in being able to say that the reputed death of this young and promising *danseuse* is unfounded. The cholera is cruel enough, and kills plenty of people, but Rumour is still more cruel. Rumour killed Carlotta, Cerito, Bouffé, Regnier, Dejazet, &c., &c., &c., but Truth has brought them to life again. We could ill afford to lose all these great artists at a blow.

Exeter Hall.—On Wednesday evening a performance of the *Elijah* was given, under the direction of Mr. Hullah. The chorus was composed of the members of Mr. Hullah's upper singing school, and Mr. Milling led the orchestra, which was numerous and efficient. The principal singers were the Misses Lucombe and Deakin, Mrs. Noble, Mrs. Alfred Shaw, Messrs Lockey, Benson, Seguin, and Herr Pischek. The performance is entitled to considerable praise. The chorus had, apparently, well studied and frequently rehearsed their parts, and Mr. Hullah paid the greatest attention to the scene, which abundantly manifested itself throughout the oratorio. The voices went excellently together, and the *fortes* and *pianos* were admirably observed. The chorus, "Thanks be to God," was very finely sung, and was encored. The same compliment was paid to the accompaniment trio, "Lift up thine eyes to the mountain;" and the quartet, "Cast thy burden on the Lord." Herr Pischek made a most favourable impression in the music of *Elijah*, it being his first performance. He gave the air, "It is enough, O Lord!" with great pathos and fine expression. In the rest of the music he was equally effective, and sang throughout with great energy. Mrs. Alfred Shaw, who made her first appearance for three years, was received with great warmth: she declaimed with all her former energy, and gave abundant tokens of that style and method for which, some years ago, she was remarkable among singers of the English school; but, unfortunately, the uncertainty of her intonation deprived her singing of all its charm, her voice of all its beauty. Miss Lucombe sang, "Hear ye, O Israel!" with infinite spirit; and Mr. Lockey was as happy as ever in the two tenor songs. Miss Deakin, with her pleasing well-toned voice, was highly serviceable in the quartet, and the concerted pieces. The room was very full, and the performance passed off in a most satisfactory manner.

Mr. F. B. Jewson and Mr. Edward Fitzwilliam have been elected members of the Royal Society of Musicians.

Mr. George Vining, after the most brilliant success at Manchester, where he has been leading the business the last two months, has arrived in London.

The Directors' *Matinée*, at the Musical Union, next Tuesday, will prove, no doubt, very profitable to the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Ella. The example set by this Professor, in his engagement of such artists as Hallé, Alard, Piatti, Cossman, Fontaine, and Bottesini, affords a striking contrast to the conduct of the seven Philharmonic Directors, who deprive their subscribers of hearing the best talent.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Madame Dulcken's, Madame Claire Hennelle's, Mr. Osborne's concerts, and other notices, unavoidably deferred to our next.

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MUSICAL UNION.

DIRECTOR'S MATINÉE, ON TUESDAY, JUNE 26.

Quartet in G., *Mayseder*—Trio, Op. 12, in E flat, *Hummel*—Quartet, No. 1, *Beethoven*—Adagio and Minuet, from Quintet, in A Minor, *Onslow*—Solo, contra-basso, Signor BOTTESINI—Lied, Madlle. GRAUMANN, with violoncello obligato, *Lachner*—and New Vocal Quartets by *Mendelssohn*, *Kreutzer*, and *Adam*—Song by the HUNGARIAN VOCALISTS. Ernst, Seinton, and Joachim, lead, assisted by Deloffre, Hill, Piatti, and Bottesini. Pianist—M. Mortier de Fontaine, from Vienna.—Strangers' Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had at CRAMER and Co.'s, 201, Regent Street. Members can pay for their friends at the door.

J. ELLA, Director.

This Matinée will begin half an hour earlier than usual—viz., at 3 o'clock.

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ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT,

On THURSDAY, JUNE 28th, 1849, to commence at Two o'Clock, on which occasion she will be assisted by the following eminent artistes:—

VOCALISTS.—Herr PISCHEK, Misses A. and M. WILLIAMS, Miss WALLACE, Herr STIGELLI, Mr. LOCKEY, Signor PAGLIERI, Herr MENGIS, and Fraulein GRAUMANN.

INSTRUMENTALISTS.—Violin, Herr ERNST; Piano, Mr. WALLACE; Violoncello, Signor PIATTI; Horn, Mr. JARRETT; Piano, HELENE STOEPEL.

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Has the honour to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public in general, that his

GRAND MORNING CONCERT

Will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on SATURDAY, JUNE 30, to commence at half-past Two o'Clock precisely.

VOCAL PERFORMERS.—Miss NISSEN, Mdlle. BARNIGG, and Signora CASALONI, of Her Majesty's Theatre: Signori COVAS, CIABATTA, and D. COLETTI.

INSTRUMENTALISTS.—Monsieur LAVIGNE, Signori BOTTESINI, BRICCIALDI, MAFFEI, and Signor PIATTI.

CONDUCTOR.—Signor PILOTTI.

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Herr ERNST and Herr HALLE'S

GRAND EVENING CONCERT,

With FULL ORCHESTRA, on MONDAY, JULY 2, 1849, at Eight o'Clock precisely.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS.—Madame MACFARREN, Miss LUCOMBE, Miss DOLBY, Madlle. VERA, and Madlle. NISSEN; Herr DAMCKE, and Herr STIGELLI.

INSTRUMENTALISTS.—Herr HALLE and Herr ERNST.

CONDUCTOR.—Mr. BENEDICT. LEADER.—Mr. WILLY.

PROGRAMME.—PART 1.—Ouverture, (Don Quixote) *G. A. Macfarren*—Aria, "Alexander's Feast," Madlle. NISSEN, *Handel*—Concerto, (in G major) Herr HALLE, *Beethoven*—Lieder, "Als ich von der, Geliebte," "O Susse Mutter," Made. MACFARREN, *G. A. Macfarren*—Songs, "The Savoyard's Song," "The Song of Night," Miss DOLBY, *Mendelssohn*—Grand Concerto (Violin) Herr ERNST, *Mendelssohn*—Serenata (Lied) Herr DAMCKE, *F. Schubert*—Pensées Fugitives, a, "Romance," b, "Lied," c, "Intermezzo," d, "Adieu," Herr HALLE and Herr ERNST, *Stephen Heller* and *Ernst*.

PART 2.—Ouverture (Nozze di Figaro) *Mozart*—Aria, (Aus dem "Freyschutz"), Madlle. NISSEN, *Weber*—Rondo Brillant (in E flat) Herr HALLE, *Mendelssohn*—Trio, "Azor and Zemira," Made. MACFARREN, Miss LUCOMBE, and Miss DOLBY, *Spohr*—Romance (De Nina) Madlle. VERA, *Raicielli*—Sonata (for Pianoforte and Violin) Herr HALLE and Herr ERNST, *Sebastian Bach*—Song, Miss LUCOMBE—Lieder, "Die schönsten Augen," "Mein Engel," Herr STIGELLI, *Stigelli*, *Esser*—Rondo Papageno, Herr ERNST, *Ernst*.

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DECLARATION.—M. MEYERBEER, the Composer of "The *Prophète*," now performing at the Grand Opera in Paris, and M. BRANDUS, the Publisher of M. Meyerbeer's Works in France, who is now in London, with full powers from M. Meyerbeer, consider themselves bound in honour hereby to declare, that they have **not authorized** in any manner, direct or indirect, the **Performance** of the extracts from "**The Prophete**," played last Friday at Exeter Hall; and that they are perfectly ignorant by what means M. Jullien has obtained any of the Music, inasmuch as not a single piece has been, up to this date, published or sold in Paris. Any copies, therefore, of the Music must have been obtained by illegal means; and M. Meyerbeer and M. Brandus, reserving to themselves ulterior proceedings respecting the mode in which incorrect and mutilated Copies of the Score have been made, hereby formally protest against any execution of "The Prophète" by M. Jullien, or any other persons, as the Copyright of the Work and the exclusive right of performance, by virtue of special treaties, were secured solely to the Directors of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, and to the firm of CRAMER, BEALE, and Co., and MR. T. CHAPPELL, No. 50, New Bond Street, Music Publishers, the day of publication of the Opera in London and in Paris being simultaneous, and having not yet taken place in either Capital.—Hotel de Provence, Leicester Square, June 18, 1849.

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Carlo, ... } *Brigands*	M. —
Paolo, ... } *Brigands*	M. VERNAFRA.
Pietro, ... } *Brigands*	M. GOURIET.

Compagnes des Brigands Madlle. PETIT STEPHAN, Mesdlles. JULIEN, LAMOUREUX, AUSSANDON, PASCALES, TOMMASSINI, and Ladies of Corps de Ballet.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made to Signor PUZZI, 5A, Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, and at the Box-Office of the Theatre, Opera Colonnade, Haymarket.

Doors opened at Seven; the Opera to commence at Half-past Seven o'Clock.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS MONSTRES.

At the general request of his Friends and Patrons, M. JULLIEN has the honor to announce that his THIRD CONCERT MONSTRE and CONGRES MUSICAL (on an equal scale of magnitude to those given at Exeter Hall) will take place at the ROYAL SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS on FRIDAY, JULY 20th, when FELICIEN DAVID'S ODE-SYMPHONY, THE DESERT, will be performed for the LAST TIME. Meyerbeer's Music from THE PROPHETE, with the addition of Four Concerted Pieces, will be executed, also for the last time; and the other portions of the Programme entirely changed, including M. JULLIEN'S First Arrangement of GOD SAVE THE QUEEN, each bar being marked by the report of an 18-pounder cannon, as performed at M. JULLIEN'S First Concert Monstre at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, in 1845, before an audience of 12,000 persons.

MEYERBEER'S Music from THE CAMP OF SILESIA, First Time in England. Among other Novelties, the Grand Triumphal March of "JULIUS CESAR," composed by BENDER, Directeur de la Music du Roi de Belges, for Double Orchestra; Four Military Bands; Chorus; and Twenty Roman Trumpets, made on the model of the Roman bas-relief, by Messrs. PACE and KOENIG, Strand, and performed by MM. Koenig, A. Koenig, Arban, Davis, T. Davis, Cioffi, Antoine, T. Harper, Smithers, Scheffer; and Ten of Hebert's Trumpets, from the Horse Guards.—In order to give to this magnificent *morceaux* all the effect which it made on the Continent, the practices will be under the direction of Herr KONIG, and several careful Rehearsals will be directed by M. JULLIEN.

Tickets, price 3s. 6d., if taken before the 20th of July, or 5s. on the day of the Concert, may be obtained of JULLIEN & Co., 214, Regent Street.

Gardens open at 4, commence at 5, and terminate before 10. With the magnificent addition of Fireworks, the Storming of Badajos, &c.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The Subscribers and the Public are respectfully informed, the EIGHTH CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on MONDAY EVENING, June 25.

PROGRAMME:—*Sinfonia in E flat, Mozart*—Trio, Pianoforte, *Clarionet*, and Tenor, Messrs. LINDSAY SLOPER, WILLIAMS, and HILL, *Mozart*—Overture, MS., "Ruy Blas," *Mendelssohn*—Sinfonia in C minor, *Beethoven*—Concerto, Violoncello, Mr. HANCOCK, *Arnold*—Jubilee Overture, *Weber*.

Vocal Performers, MDME. PERSIANI and HERR PISCHEK.

Conductor, MR. COSTA.

Single Tickets, £1 1s.; Double Tickets, £1 10s.; Triple Tickets, £2 5s., to be obtained of Messrs. ADDISON, 210, Regent-street.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

COVENT GARDEN.

MADAME PERSIANI.

The Directors have the honor to announce that, in compliance with the wishes of numerous Subscribers, Madame PERSIANI has kindly consented to give THREE ADDITIONAL PERFORMANCES.

The SECOND REPRESENTATION will take place NEXT TUESDAY, JUNE 26, when, by general desire, MOZART'S Opera, DON GIOVANNI, will be performed; and her LAST APPEARANCE on the Stage will POSITIVELY be on SATURDAY NEXT, JUNE 30, in MOZART'S Opera, LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.

On TUESDAY NEXT will be performed MOZART'S Opera,

DON GIOVANNI;

with the following powerful *ensemble*, viz., Madame GRISI, Madame PERSIANI, Madlle. CORBARI; Signor TAMBURINI, Signor MARINI, Signor TAGLIAFICO, and Signor MARIO. The Opera will be supported by a Triple Orchestra and Double Chorus.

SEVENTH NIGHT OF "LES HUGUENOTS."

A GRAND EXTRA NIGHT will be given on THURSDAY NEXT, JUNE 28, on which occasion MEYERBEER'S "HUGUENOTS" will be performed, being the last time this Opera can be given for some period, in consequence of the production of THE PROPHETE, which is now in active preparation.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor—MR. COSTA.

LAST GRAND MORNING CONCERT of the SEASON.

On FRIDAY, JULY 6, will be given the FINAL CONCERT, in which occasion a combination of VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL TALENT will be presented of unprecedented magnitude, comprising the following eminent Artists:—Mesdames GRISI, PERSIANI, and DORUS GRAS; Miss C. HAYES; Madlles. CORBARI, DE MERIC, and ANGRI; Signors MARIO, SALVI, LAVIA, TAMBURINI, and Mr. SIMS REEVES; Signors TAGLIAFICO, POLONINI, MARINI, and M. MASSOL.

In addition to which, the celebrated Violinist, M. KONSKI, will make his First Appearance at the Royal Italian Opera; M. OSBORNE and Herr SCHULOFF will perform a Grand Concertante Duo on Two Pianofortes; the Orchestra will perform Beethoven's Overture to "LEONORA," Cherubini's Overture to "ANACREON," and Weber's Overture to "OBERON."

Other attractive Novelties will be presented on this occasion.

By general desire, the celebrated DERVISHES' CHORUS, from Beethoven's "RUINS OF ATHENS," and the PRAYER from the MARKET SCENE in Auber's "MASANIELLO," will be repeated by a GRAND CHORUS of ONE HUNDRED VOICES. Conductor—Mr. COSTA.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Boxes, &c. &c., £3 3s., £2 2s., and £1 11s. 6d.; Orchestra Stalls, 12s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 8s.; Pit, 5s., and Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

THE CONCERT WILL COMMENCE AT HALF-PAST ONE.—Tickets, Stalls, and Boxes, to be obtained at the Box Office of the Theatre.

EXETER HALL WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

The TWENTY-SEVENTH CONCERT (being the last Concert of this Season) will be held on the Evening of WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27th. For Programme, see the *Times*, Monday, 25th.

Tickets, 1s. and 2s.; *Reserved Seats*, 4s.; Stalls, 7s.; to be had of all Musicsellers, and of MR. STAMMERS, 4, Exeter Hall, where a Plan of Seats may be seen.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

'FRENCH PLAYS & OPERA COMIQUE.

Positively the LAST NIGHT BUT TWO of the Opera Comique, and LAST APPEARANCES of Madlle. Charton and M. Couderc, and the Operatic Company.

ON MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 29, 1849,

The Performances will commence at Half-past Seven o'Clock precisely, with (for the First Time)

LES DEUX DIVORCES.

After which (positively for the last time) AUBER'S popular Opera of

LES DIAMANS DE LA COURONNE.

On WEDNESDAY, June 27 (Last Time), ROSSINI'S celebrated Opera,

LE COMTE ORY.

M. HANSSENS, Chef d'Orchestre, respectfully announces a GRAND MORNING ENTERTAINMENT, Vocal, Instrumental, and Dramatic, on SATURDAY NEXT, JUNE 30, in which all the Artists engaged at this Theatre will make their Last Appearance in London.

MR. MITCHELL begs to announce that the eminent Comedien, M. ARNAL, and MADAME DOCHE, will appear at this Theatre on Monday, JULY 2, and will continue their Performances until the close of the Season, on Friday, July 13.

W. H. HOLMES'S NEW BALLAD

Sung at Herr ERNST'S CONCERT, by Miss DOLBY.

"SCENES OF CHILDHOOD."

Price 2s., Post Paid.

ADDISON, 210, REGENT STREET.

Also, Just Published, "ANDANTE" for the Pianoforte, by W. H. HOLMES, 2s.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press," by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex; where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Purkess, Dean Street, Soho; Sunwin, Paternoster Row; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, June 23rd, 1849.

The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.)

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No. 26.—Vol. XXIV. SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1849. {PRICE THREEPENCE. STAMPED FOURPENCE.

GOETHE'S EPIGRAMS FROM VENICE—1790.

IN ELEGIAC VERSE.

Money spent, and time as well—
How—this little book will tell.

XCVII.

Ah, my belov'd is departing! The ship she ascends! 'Prithee, hear me!
Æolus, monarch of flight,—keep all your hurricanes back.
"Hurricanes!" answers the god; "poor madman, in those is no danger;
When Love flutters his wings, then be alarm'd at the gale." J. O.

TO

JETTY DE TREFFZ.

(*From the Morning Post.*)

"Woh bist du?"
"Trep! Trep! Trep!"

It was a dream—but such a dream
As suited poet's fitful theme.
Methought I wail'd some Queen of Song!
Her stay too brief, her loss too long!
But soft!—I heard an angel's step,
Whilst dulcet lips sang "Trep! Trep! Trep!"
And now a syren met my view—
I gazed and whispered, "Woh bist du?"

A warbled sound—prolonged, profound!
The spells of music cast around.
'Twas like a sigh of native *lied*,
From German seraph newly freed;
Whilst still was heard that lightsome step—
Still liquid notes breathed "Trep! Trep! Trep!"
I dreamt—but mark! my dream was true—
Again I whispered, "Woh bist du?"

With words and tones that thrilled my brain
The Presence turned her red lips twain;
"I come," she sang, "from chaos drear,
To give and seek life's rapture here,
To cheer the world with lightsome step,
And eke my refrain—"Trep! Trep! Trep!"
And oft will I—though seldom you—
Repeat the burden—"Woh bist du?"

I knew, I knew my dream was true!
'T was realised, sweet Treffz, in you!
Decreed by Discord's gore-stained hand
To seek a home in other land—
Our throngs shall list your gentle step,
To greet your song of "Trep! Trep! Trep!"
And oft will I—tho' seldom you—
Repeat the burden—"Woh bist du?"

Thy Fatherland now bears a brand,
But thy barque has reached another strand,
Whose crown and sceptre, Clio's own,
Await a Queen to fill her throne—
Ascend the height with dauntless step,
Ho! pass the password, "Trep! Trep! Trep!"
Adopted daughter, be but true,
And none shall echo "Woh bist du?"

MADAME SONTAG.

Mr. Lumley is the very Argus of managers; nothing can escape his hundred eyes. He is also the Briareus: nothing eludes the grasp of his thousand fingers. Looking all over Europe for a substitute to supply the soprano place, left vacant by the retirement of Jenny Lind, as he could not procure Persiani, the only legitimate rival of the Swedish Nightingale, he let fall his gaze by chance on the Countess Rossi, *alias* Madame Sontag, the charming and accomplished German songstress, who, some twenty years since, turned the heads of more Londoners than even Jenny Lind herself has done for the last three seasons. By what means the enterprising and indefatigable lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre has contrived to lure the fair Countess from domestic privacy into public life, after having resigned the latter for so long a period, is beyond our guess. The delightful Sontag will be heartily welcomed on the stage again—from curiosity, by those who never heard or saw her, and for the sake of old associations by those who formerly revelled in the wonders of her singing. For our own part, we would gladly listen to her, and look upon her once more, for our remembrance is faint, both of her charms and vocal powers. We can barely call to mind, in the year 1828, her performing Rosina in the *Barbiere*. Rosina appeared to us a fair and delicately moulded creature, with pale hair, and a warm complexion; one whose motions were gentle and ladylike, and whose deportment betokened a graceful and elegant mind. The voice of this lily of a *cantatrice*—can singers be compared to flowers?—was of a complexion with her appearance. It was elegant and finished, brilliant and fascinating. But we do not insist on our impressions. It is a long time since, and we were juveniles then in years and judgment. May the latter have grown with our growth!

As our readers would doubtless receive gratification from any information offered them respecting a singer of such celebrity as Mademoiselle Sontag, we have extracted a brief notice from Lord Mount Edgcumbe's "Reminiscences of Italian Opera," which appeared in 1828. The account of the fair singer was added in a postscript when the work was going through the press. Mademoiselle Sontag is thus mentioned;—

"Since the whole of these sheets was printed, an operatical event, too important not to be noticed, has excited the greatest curiosity and made an unusual sensation; namely, the arrival of the celebrated German singer Mdlle. Sontag, whose fame had long since reached this country, and the most extravagant eulogiums had prepared us to see, not only the finest performer that had yet appeared both as singer and actress, but also one of the most beautiful of women. To say that she has entirely answered to this exaggerated description, would be flattery as unfair as the praises have been injudicious. In consequence of her high reputation, she was received on her *début* in the part of Rosina, in the *Barbière di Seviglia*, with enthusiastic applause, and crowded audiences have attended every night of her performance. Sharing with the public the eagerness to see and hear so great a prodigy, I again, after an interval of two years, went to the Opera, and saw her in the part of Donna Anna, in *Don Giovanni*. But I had previously heard her at a public concert,

and have since at a private one: as she gave me more pleasure on both those occasions than on the stage, my opinion shall be given as formed from those specimens rather than the other.

"Mdlle. Sontag, who is very young, and certainly a pretty woman, (from countenance and complexion rather than features,) though far from being so transcendently handsome as represented, possesses a voice of great extent, brilliant clearness, and correct intonation. The upper notes are particularly good and pleasing, but the lower part of her voice is less sweet, and when forced beyond its natural strength may be called rather shrill. It is not, in short, a true *voce di petto*, and has not the round, full, mellow tone peculiar almost to the Italians. Her powers of execution are very great, and the facility with which she performs difficult passages has perhaps never been surpassed. There is no appearance of effort or exertion, and no instrument could execute more neatly or correctly. But there is a want of feeling and expression both in the tone of her voice and her manner of singing, which (if the truth be confessed) render her a less satisfactory singer than many who have not her powers or talent. She appears to excel most (as it is natural she should) in the music of her own country in her native language. An air which I have twice heard her sing from the *Freyschutz* with the original words, was very beautiful, and she executed it with a simplicity that made it truly delightful. It may be said to her praise that she is not lavish of ornament for the sake of showing of what she is capable. Of the theatrical performance I witnessed, I am sorry not to be able to speak with equal commendation. The part of Donna Anna does not suit her, and by over exerting her voice, especially in the concerted pieces, the shrillness alluded to was more apparent. As an actress, she is genteel and graceful, and nothing more; she is said to succeed better in lighter and gayer characters.

"On the last occasion on which I heard her, she sang a duet with Pasta, which was most admirably performed, and their voices harmonized better than could have been expected from the difference of their quality. These two great singers ought not to be put into comparison with each other; for while clearness, neatness, and delicacy are the characteristics of Sontag, power, energy and strong expression are those of Pasta, who must still retain her undisputed pre-eminence as the tragic heroine, while the other by her real talent in her own line will secure a continuance of a high degree of favour, though the expectation too highly raised may not have been completely satisfied."

Whether Madame Sontag has preserved her voice untouched by time, or whether her vocal powers have suffered diminution or loss from want of practice, we cannot venture to say. Certainly no voice improves by time, after a certain age, but exertion, especially on the stage, frequently destroys an organ before it is matured; hence, Madame Sontag's voice may still possess much of its ancient freshness.

The return of Madame Sontag to public life has been attributed to her loss of fortune consequent on the recent Continental convulsions. She is now on her way to England, and will appear shortly after her arrival, at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Some difficulty will arise to the management in apportioning characters to Madame Sontag. Alboni has already usurped three of her favorite parts—Rosina, Cenerentola, and Zerlina,—and to surpass Alboni in any of these is out of the power of any singer, young or old. In some of Rossini's comic operas, however,—we would recommend the delicious *Comte Ory*—Madame Sontag would, doubtless, even now be found most charming; and the Countess in the *Nozze di Figaro* would suit her style and voice to perfection. It is decided, we understand, that she will make her *rentrée* as Desdemona, in Rossini's *Otello*. Her promised reappearance on the stage has excited a great sensation in musical circles. D. R.

MADAME STOLZ.

We understand that negociations are in progress to restore this celebrated *artiste* to the French stage, for the purpose of replacing Viardot Garcia in the *Prophète* of Meyerbeer, during the absence of the latter in England. It is with the greatest pleasure that we hear of the *rentrée* of this admirable singer and actress again upon the French stage—the scene of her former triumphs, and of which she was for a length of time almost the whole support. Nobody but a great operatic artist, and what is not so commonly united with it, a great actress, could hope to succeed Viardot in a character that has been pronounced one of her finest. It is with the sincerest pleasure we find that such an offer has been made to, and accepted by, the only artist on the French stage who would be capable of undertaking, and willing to undertake it.

WINCKELMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BOOK III.

ON THE ART OF THE ETRURIANS AND THEIR NEIGHBOURS.

CHAP. II

(*Continued from page* 386.)

VIII. The works, which are to be indicated, consist of figures and statues, reliefs, gems, engravings in brass, and pictures.

IX. Under the name "figure" I here include the small brass images, and the animals. These are not uncommon in the museums, and several are in my possession. Among these may be found specimens of the oldest period of Etruscan art, as will be proved from their form, in the following section. Of the animals, the most important and largest is a brass chimæra, in the Florence Gallery, which is composed of a lion as large as life and a goat. The Etruscan inscription shows that the artist belonged to this nation (*a*).

X. The *statues*, that is to say, the figures of the size of life and below that size, are some of brass and some of marble. Of brass there are two, which are certainly Etruscan, and two which are supposed to be such. The former have unquestionable marks. One, in the Barberini palace, is about four palms high, and probably represents a genius (*b*), on which account it has received the addition of a new cornucopia. The second statue is the one dressed like a Roman senator, and taken for a haruspex (*c*), in the gallery at Florence. An Etrurian inscription is engraved on the border of the dress. The former belongs, unquestionably, to the earliest times, but the latter to a later period, as may be conjectured from the smooth chin and the workmanship; for, as this statue is manifestly after the life, and represents a particular person, it would, in older times, have had a beard (*d*), since a beard was then universal among both the Etrurians and the first Romans. The other two statues of brass, with respect to which it is hard to decide whether they belong to Greek or Etruscan art, are a Minerva and a supposed genius, both as large as life. The lower half of the Minerva (*e*) is much damaged, but the head and breast are in thorough preservation, and the form completely resembles that of the Greek. The place where it was found, *viz.*, Arezzo, in Tuscany, gives the only reason for supposing that it is by an Etruscan artist. The genius represents a young man of the size of life, and was found at Pesaro, by the Adriatic Sea, in the year 1530 (*f*). However, we may suppose that Greek rather than Etrurian statues were discovered there, as the city was a Grecian colony. Gori fancies that he can detect an Etruscan artist in the work of the hair, and somewhat infelicitously compares the arrangement of it with that of the scales of a fish, like the hair on some heads in brass and in hard stone at Rome, as well as on some Herculanean busts. The statue, however, is one of the finest specimens in brass which has been preserved to us from antiquity.

Select Variorum Notes.

(*a*) The expression of this chimæra is wild and fierce. The bones and muscles are rendered with much force and a great deal of knowledge, while in the outline there is some hardness, which well accords with the character of the whole. The tail terminates in a snake, which bites the goat's horn. A portion of this tail and the snake are modern additions. On the right fore-paw of the animal are some Etruscan letters, which Buonarotti and Gori read "tinmcuil," but which Passui reads "tinmicuil." As to the meaning of this inscription, the learned have formed different opinions. Which of them has discovered the true signification it would be hard to decide, with our present imperfect knowledge of the Etrurian language.—*Meyer* and *Amoretti*.

(*b*) The Genius of bronze in the Barberini palace is, for weighty reasons, to be deemed one of the oldest works of Greek art, rather than an Etrurian monument. The breadth of the shoulders, as compared with the proportion of the whole,—the flat-formed, but boldly projecting breast, with the nipples not sufficiently carried to the side,—the hair, which lies upon the forehead like a strip composed of single packthreads laid close to each other,—and the thighs, which bear witness to the knowledge of the artist and his endeavours to produce beauty of form,—all these correspond with the Greek works of the old style. The high antiquity of this figure seems also to be revealed by the features, which are far from beautiful, not because the work is a portrait, but on account of the imperfect state of the art.—*Meyer*.

(*c*) This Haruspex, as he is called, is as large as life, standing with his hand and arm raised, as if in the act of addressing an assembly. His hair is cut short; his shoes, or rather half-boots, are tied with thongs up to the calf, in the ordinary fashion. He wears an under-garment with short sleeves, and a cloak thrown over it, covering the left arm, which hangs down straight as far as the hand, the fourth finger of which is adorned with a seal-ring. On the whole, this is evidently an image, most faithfully copied from some actual person, and so thoroughly elaborated, that even the seams of the under-garment seem to be denoted. According to our opinion, the style and taste give no probable reason to suppose the figure older than a period shortly before that of the first Roman Emperors.—*Meyer*.

(*d*) The beard in Etruscan figures is no sure mark of high antiquity, since, as the author himself afterwards acknowledges, Jupiter, Vulcan, and Esculapius are represented without beards in the oldest Etruscan works.

(*e*) This Minerva is one of those charming figures, which were produced by the over-refinement of Greek art at that late period, when earnestness and greatness had vanished, and the graceful had exclusive dominion. Hence the form is most lovely; the helmet sits well, and the dress is thrown round the body and the left hand (which is placed against the side) with the most studied elegance.

(*f*) This bronze genius, as it is called, may be looked upon as some iconic statue,* which was probably erected to a young Greek, as a mark of honour for a victory in the games. A simple position, good proportions, beautiful form, and noble features, give the figure an extraordinary value. From the fact that the locks of hair, which are laid flat upon each other, are somewhat stiff and thread-like, and that the ribs are somewhat thinly indicated, we may infer that it was produced before the introduction of that style of art which chiefly aimed at the beautiful and the pleasing.

* *I. e.*, Portrait.

(*To be continued.*)

SONNET.

NO. CCXLI.

When Christian Mr. Worldly-wiseman met,
The latter sent him almost to the devil;
The gentleman in kindness seem'd to revel,
His counsels in the choicest words were set;
But yet, when Christian had most need to whet
His good resolves, this friend, who seem'd so civil,
Took off the edge, which prov'd a frightful evil,
And Christian certainly had cause to fret,
Being so gravely duped. Oh, Master Bunyan!
We join with you in thinking most unworthy
This counsellor—this Mr. Worldly-wiseman,
And think 'tis better to adore an onion,
Like the Egyptians, than by standard earthy
Measuring to condemn man or to prize man.

N. D.

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(*Continued from page* 387.)

XXXI. As far as a distance of four months' journey by land and water, exclusive of the part in Egypt, the (*course of the*) Nile is known; for one who computes will find that just so many months are occupied by one going from Elephantine to these Automoli. The Nile, too, flows from the west, where the sun sets. But beyond this point no one can speak with certainty, for the land is uninhabited on account of the heat.

XXXII. This, however, I heard from some Cyrenæan men, who said they had been to the oracle of Ammon, and that they had conversed with Etearchus, king of the Ammonians. From other things, they said, they came to talk about the Nile, and how no one knew its source; when Etearchus told them that some Nasamones had once come to him. These are a Libyan people, who inhabit the Syrtis and the country which extends a little way to the east of the Syrtis. The Nasamones, having come to Etearchus, and being asked by him whether they had anything else to say about the deserts of Libya, replied, that in their country there were some reckless youths of powerful family, who, besides other extravagances, decided that lots should be drawn for five of them to visit the deserts of Libya, and penetrate further than had ever been done before.

(The whole coast of Libya, along the Northern Sea,* from Egypt to the promontory of Soloeis (*a*), where Libya leaves off, is inhabited by Libyans, and many nations of the Libyan race, with the exception of the portion held by Greeks and Phœnicians. The portion of Libya which lies close to the sea, and the inhabitants of the sea-coast, abounds in wild beasts. Beyond this portion there is only sand, and the country is fearfully dry, and perfectly a desert.)

These youths, then, being sent by their companions, well-provided with water and food, first (it is said) traversed the inhabited country, and then came to the region infested by beasts. After this, they passed through the desert, journeying towards the wind Zephyr (*i. e.*, the west). When they had passed through a very sandy country, they saw, after many days, some trees growing in a plain. Going up to these trees (*b*), they eat the fruit; but while they were eating, some little men (below the middle stature) took hold of them, and carried them off by force. The Nasamones, and those who had seized them, understood nothing of each other's language. The youths were carried through some enormous marshes, and when they had crossed these, they came to a city (*c*), in which all the inhabitants were of the same height as their captors, and of a black colour. Along the city, from west to sun-rise (east), flowed a huge river, in which there were crocodiles.

XXXIII. So far let me give the narrative of Etearchus, the Ammonian, adding, that he said, according to the Cyrenæans, that the Nasamones returned, and that the people whom they had visited were magicians. The river which flowed along the city was supposed by Etearchus to be the Nile; and this conjecture is in accordance with reason, since the Nile flows from Libya, and cuts it in half. Indeed, as I conjecture, reasoning from known things to those that are unknown, it begins its course in a manner corresponding to the Ister (Danube) (*d*). The Ister is a river, which, beginning from the Celts, and the city Pyrene, cuts Europe in half. The Celts are beyond the Pillars of Hercules, bordering on the Cynesians, who are the most remote people to the west of

* *I.e.*, the Mediterranean, which is north with respect to Libya.

Europe. The Ister leaves off, flowing through all Europe, into the Euxine Sea, where the Milesian colonists inhabit Istria (*c*).

XXXIV. The Ister, flowing through an inhabited region, is known to many, but no one is able to speak with certainty as to the sources of the Nile, Libya, through which it flows, being desert and uninhabited. With respect to its course, I have said all that I could learn, by the most extended inquiries. It flows into Egypt, which is as nearly opposite as possible to the mountainous Cilicia, from whence to Sinope, on the Euxine, it is a straight journey of twenty days to a well-girded man. Sinope lies opposite to the mouth of the Ister. Thus, I think, that the Nile, which flows through the whole of Libya, may be compared to the Ister. With respect to the Nile, let this much suffice.

NOTES.

(*a*) According to Rennel, Cape Canton; according to Ritter, Cape Spartel.

(*b*) Conjectured to be what are called butter-trees.

(*c*) Probably Timbuctoo; in which case the river would be the Niger.

(*d*) That is to say, according to Bæhr's interpretation, the Nile took its course from a southern point, corresponding to the northern point where the Danube began. Pyrene probably means some city in the Pyrenees, where Herodotus wrongly supposed the Danube took its source.

(*e*) Where, it is said, Chiustange or Kara-hirmen is now.

(*To be continued.*)

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE *Lucrezia Borgia* was repeated on Saturday and Tuesday, to excellent houses.

The Lucrezia of Madlle. Parodi vastly improves on acquaintance. There is real tragic genius in it. In each of the great scenes there are some points worthy of any dramatic artist. In the finale to the first act she receives the insults and reproaches of the young Italian noblemen with a dignity well assumed, mingled with a horror purposely ill-concealed, which shows how little they would have affected her but for the presence of Gennaro. In the second act, her bye-play, when Alphonso gives the poison to Gennaro, was highly intelligent; her joy at finding the antidote about her person, and the passionate impetuosity with which she forces it upon her ill-starred son, were admirably expressed. In the last scene there were also some very striking points, and nothing could be more touching than her grief over the body of the dying Gennaro. Madlle. Parodi sings the music of Lucrezia better than anything she has yet attempted. It is very unlucky that this charming and promising young artist should have damaged her voice, like so many of her compatriots, by screaming in the operas of Verdi. She began her career at Bergamo and Verona, with the *Due Foscari*, and other operas of the vapid-bombast school, and in a short time (as was inevitable) seriously injured one of the most beautiful voices with which a dramatic singer was ever gifted, even in Italy, where fine voices are a natural endowment. We have strong hopes, however, that at Mr. Lumley's theatre Madlle. Parodi will be allowed to confine her exertions to operas where singing is preferred to bellowing and screaming, and where the exquisite tones of the human voice are not incessantly drowned in the vociferous howling of trombones and the keen shrieking of those very unmusical instruments (as employed by some of the modern French and Italian composers) the cornets-à-piston. In this case there are great hopes that Madlle. Parodi's voice may recover all the strength, sweetness, and freshness it formerly possessed, and of which evidences even now are constantly given. At any rate, Madlle. Parodi's Lucrezia has made a very great impression, and has raised her a step higher in the opinion of the English public.

Moriani's Gennaro does not improve on acquaintance. It is over-elaborated to such an excess that before the end of the last scene it becomes little short of unpleasant. The dying scene is a grotesque absurdity. Nothing like it ever existed on this earth. Vivier's criticism on it is excellent. "Il faut reanimer un mort," says the witty Frenchman, "pour qu'il vienne voir Moriani. Les moribonds ont tort; ils ne savant pas leur metier; ils se trompent au dernier moment; ils ne meurent pas bien." Vivier is right. No death from poison or steel, from accident or natural decay, ever bore a resemblance to that of Gennaro, as acted by Moriani.

As on the first night, the vocal gem of the opera was the "Segreto per esser felice," the *Brindisi* of Alboni, who never sang this sparkling song with more brilliant gaiety, or more irresistible animation. The triple encore, which Alboni first gained for the air at the Royal Italian Opera, in 1847, has become in her respect a thing inevitable, and never was it accorded with more warmth and unanimity than on this occasion.

Of Lablache's Alphonso nothing more need be said than that it was equal to itself. The other characters were well supported, and the orchestra and chorus, under the indefatigable Balfe, were in the highest degree competent and effective.

On Thursday, the benefit of Signor Puzzi, Donizetti's comic opera, *Don Pasquale*, was revived, with the novelty of Alboni in the *soprano* part of Norina.

Every new character assumed by Alboni helps to show her histrionic ability (which we never ourselves doubted) in a more striking light. It is utterly impossible to give more archness and vivacity to the playful part of Norina, or to sing the music with more exquisite taste. Her scenes with Don Pasquale were admirably acted. Her assumed bashfulness, before the veil is withdrawn, was winningly innocent; and the retiring coquetry of her demeanour, previous to signing the marriage contract, was equally dramatic and effective. In the after scenes, when, having thrown off the veil, she acts the part agreed upon by Malatesta and herself, and becomes the plague, instead of the delight, of the mystified Don Pasquale, her acting was overflowing with spirit, and impregnated with fun and humour, which were the more to be admired from the absence of exaggeration, and their entire legitimacy. Every look, gesture, smile, and laugh, was nature itself.

Of Alboni's singing in *Don Pasquale* we have the same story to tell which it has been our duty and our pleasure to relate of every part this great and accomplished artist has hitherto attempted in England. There are no very striking solos for Norina, but there are many snatches of melody which the delicious voice and perfect execution of Alboni brought out with admirable effect. Her *aria* in the first act, "So anch' io la virtu magica," when Norina gives an agreeable *resumé* of her own character, was sung to admiration. In the long acting duet with Don Pasquale (Act III.), she gave the richest expression and the most captivating roguishness to the popular phrase, "Via caro sposo," when she banters the old gentleman on his age, and tells him to go to bed until she comes to awake him in the morning. This duet was an unsurpassable display of singing and acting on the part of Lablache and Alboni, and completely delighted the audience, who were as untiring as they were warm and unanimous in their applause.

But the grand vocal triumph of the evening was the *rondo finale* from Balfe's *Maid of Artois*, which (in accordance with the prevailing habit) Alboni introduced in place of the original *morceau*. This highly effective and animated air was com-

posed by Balfe expressly for Madame Malibran, and used nightly to excite a *furore* during the run of the *Maid of Artois* at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1836. We need not make any comparison between Malibran and Alboni as singers; each can stand upon her own merits, as unrivalled in her particular style. It is enough to say, that the effect produced by Alboni was in every respect as great as that produced by her gifted predecessor. A more enchanting piece of vocalisation we never listened to. It is in every way as surprising, and quite as pleasing, as the "Non piu mesta," which Alboni has so incontestably made her own. The notes of her magnificent voice were displayed to the utmost advantage throughout its entire register, the *contralto* and *soprano* tones, as it were, rivalling each other in honourable contest for supremacy, and both coming off victorious. The final cadence, in which a novel *trait de bravoure* takes in almost the whole range of the voice, was a prodigious flight of executive power, and the ease with which it was accomplished, the full power and richness of the voice being retained throughout, was as delightful as the passage itself was astonishing. The audience, who did not expect this great vocal treat, were roused to the utmost enthusiasm, and before the curtain had half-way descended, it was, by unanimous command, re-lifted for the splendid singer to repeat the air. As if emboldened by triumph, Alboni sang the air the second time with even more power and brilliancy than the first. The enthusiasm excited was unbounded, and Alboni was compelled once more to appear amidst the cheers and applause of the whole house.

Lablache's Don Pasquale has long been pronounced inimitable. No praise of ours could affect it. We must then be content to echo the unanimous verdict, adding, that, both vocally and histrionically, it was as incomparable as ever.

Belletti is the best singing Malatesta we have for many years heard upon the stage. He was of important service in the concerted music, and admirably supported Lablache in the famous duet, "Cheti cheti immantinente," where Don Pasquale unburdens his afflictions to Dr. Malatesta. In the celebrated quaatet, "Sogno soglio," with Alboni, Lablache, and Calzolari, which obtained an encore, he was also most efficient.

Calzolari's Ernesto was very good. The popular serenade, "Com' è gentil," sung with much grace, was encored, and great applause was awarded to the duet in the last scene, with Alboni, "Tornami a dir che m' ami."

The general *ensemble* of the opera was as effective as could have been wished. Balfe again had shown his zeal and his ability in training the chorus and orchestra, which have more than an average share of importance in the music of *Don Pasquale*. The opera was received throughout with great applause, and the principal performers were recalled after every act. The house was very full.

Don Pasquale will be repeated to-night. We strongly recommend all the lovers of good singing to seize the occasion and hear Alboni in the brilliant *rondo* of Balfe.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Persiani having accepted a re-engagement of three more last nights, the *Matrimonio Segreto* was given, for the second time, on Saturday. We have already spoken of the performance. We may simply add, taking it in its entirety and completeness, we never witnessed a more perfect representation of a comedy on any stage. We have seen nothing to surpass Persiani for liveliness, intelligence, and *esprit*. Her acting, in fact, is superlative; and the more we hear and see of this splendid artist, the more we are convinced that the operatic stage, in being deprived of her, will lose one of the brightest ornaments that ever adorned it. Madame Persiani is, we are informed, positively about to quit the stage, her last appearance being announced for Tuesday next; but we hope and trust the great artist will see good reasons to alter her opinion. When she departs, she will leave a vacuum which there is not, at present, the slightest prospect of seeing filled up. She is still young enough, and time has left her vocal powers untouched.*

In our last week's notice we forgot to name Tagliafico. This was an oversight, as that very clever artist deserved a word of strong praise for his excellent acting and singing in Count Robinson.

The *Don Giovanni* was repeated on Tuesday, for the last time; and the *Huguenots* on Thursday, for the seventh time. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, with a large assembly of the nobility, were present.

The *Prophète* is in active rehearsal, and it is expected that the Directors will be able to produce it by Thursday week. It is probable, as rivalry seems the order of the day, that Mr. Lumley will bring out Madame Sontag the same evening.

By-the-by, talking of the *Prophète*, an advertisement from the Royal Italian Opera managers appeared in the *Times*, some day this week, to the effect that, having seen the announcement of the performance of the *Pas des Patineurs*, as danced at the *Académie Royale* at Paris, about to be given at another house, and there being no such dance, excepting that with M. Meyerbeer's music in the *Prophète*, which music was copyright, they begged to state that any infringement would be visited by an appeal to the law. To this, M. Paul Taglioni, of Her Majesty's Theatre, responded in another advertisement, in the same paper, affirming that to him, M. Paul Taglioni, belonged the *Pas des Patineurs*, and that it was his own composition. We can hardly make out M. Taglioni's meaning, who writes English, it may be supposed, in rather a loose way. He says, "From a regard to M. Meyerbeer, I agreed to go to Paris, on my way to London, and there I furnished, gratuitously, all details, models, and instructions necessary for the introduction of the *Pas des Patineurs* into the *Prophète*." It appears that M. Paul Taglioni scarcely deems it worth his while to name the fact that the music was written by Meyerbeer. His defence is, however, explanatory and satisfactory. The *Pas des Patineurs* will be produced at Her Majesty's Theatre with the national Hungarian airs. The Covent Garden Directors have, therefore, nothing to complain of; their copyright will not be infringed upon. M. Taglioni adds that he has received positive instructions to leave the music of the *Prophète* to its own merits. How kind of the advisers of the talented ballet-master! We have no doubt the music of the *Prophète* can take care of itself.

* Despite what some journals attempted to establish three seasons since. By the way, what will our acute cotemporaries say of Sontag? Are they still of the same opinion respecting the ages of *cantatrici*? We fancy their pens are silenced on this subject, and for ever.—Ed.

GERMAN OPERA.

Spohr's grand opera, *Faust*, was produced on Monday week, but in so ineffective a manner as not to entitle it to serious criticism. Not only were most of the principal singers imperfect, but the band and chorus were unsatisfactory in the extreme, and, in short, we have seldom, if ever, sat out a performance so feeble and slovenly. Herr Formes alone deserves praise for his powerful and vigorous impersonation of Mephistopheles; and had the other characters reached but one half of his excellence, the performance would have merited our eulogy in the same proportion as it now merits our censure. But one

great feature could not redeem the inefficiency of a whole performance. The Faust of Herr Stepan, who, we were grieved to find, was substituted for Pischek, was as indifferent as it possibly could be. The tenor, Bahrdt, was equally abroad, and seemed neither to understand the music nor to know how to give it effect. Both singers were tolerated by the audience in the most good-humoured manner possible.

Madlles. Romani and Oswald, who played respectively Cunigunda and Rosa, were much better than the gentlemen we have named, though that is expressing the least measure of praise in their favour. The former lady acquitted herself creditably in the earlier portion of the opera, but towards the end she was completely at fault. She did not, or could not, sing a single phrase of the finale. Madlle. Oswald was very pleasing in the pathetic air, "Durst ich mich nennen." Her acting would have been much improved by a little more meaning infused into it.

We have not heard the band and chorus go indifferently at any previous performance, and cannot account for the sudden change in their performance. The overture was played without the least effect, and did not obtain a single hand of applause at the end. Both band and chorus seemed diminished in numerical force—they were certainly woefully so in power.

The house was but thinly attended, and this was much to be regretted, as the performance was for the benefit of the chorus, who, up to this night, at all events, had worked hard and earned honours for the German company.

It did not display the best policy on the part of the Directors to bring out such a work as *Faust* with such weak resources. *Faust* is a work of great magnitude, elaboration, and difficulty, and is entirely beyond the means and powers of the present German company.

The German Company has left Drury Lane, and gone to the Princess's Theatre; the size of the house is better adapted to their resources. Herr Formes still belongs to the corps, and has appeared several times with immense effect. He is certainly the mainstay of the company. *Robert the Devil* was produced on Thursday, and played again last evening. We have not space this week to enter into details. Enough to say at present, that Herr Formes was very fine in Bertram.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The programme of the eighth and last concert of the present season, which took place on Monday evening, in presence of a very crowded audience, was as follows:—

PART I.

Sinfonia in E flat, No. 5, Op. 58	*Mozart.*
Air—"It is enough, O Lord" (*Elijah*), Herr Pischek	*Mendelssohn Bartholdy.*
Trio—Pianoforte, Clarionet, and Tenor—Messrs. Lindsay Sloper, Williams, and Hill	*Mozart.*
Aria—"Come per me sereno (*La Sonnambula*), Madame Persiani	*Bellini.*
Overture, MS.—Ruy Blas	*Mendelssohn Bartholdy.*

PART II.

Sinfonia in C Minor	*Beethoven.*
Recit. "Camilla hier" / Arie—"Du die mit holder" (*Zampa*), Herr Pischek.	*Herold.*
Concerto in A minor, Op. 5—Violoncello, Mr. Hancock	*Kraft.*
Cavatina—"Una voce poco fa" (*Il Barbière di Siviglia*), Madame Persiani	*Rossini.*
Overture—*Jubilee*	*Weber.*

Conductor—Mr. Costa.

The symphonies, old and long-established favourites, fine specimens of the two great masters of the orchestra, and admirably contrasted as to style, about which scarcely a word could be said that has not already been said again and again, were played in such a manner as left little or nothing for criticism to animadvert upon. Some complained that the *minuet* in Mozart's symphony was taken too slow; but we entirely concurred with Mr. Costa's reading, which was in good keeping with the square old-fashioned character of the movement, the only one in the four of this most finished and beautiful work upon which the finger of Time can be traced. The large majority of the audience must have entertained the same opinion, to judge by the loud *encore* with which the *minuet* was honoured. The trio of the *scherzo* in Beethoven's symphony used formerly to be taken so fast that it was impossible for the basses, which give out the theme, to produce the notes intelligibly. In rectifying this, which was most desirable, Mr. Costa may have fallen into the other extreme; but the error was on the right side. It is much better to be a little slower than intended by the composer, when the object gained is the distinct articulation of the notes, than to be too quick, at the expense of clearness and decision. The novelty and the feature of the orchestral part of the programme was the spirited overture of Mendelssohn, an account of which was given, some time ago, in a notice of Mrs. Anderson's concert, where it was first publicly played in England. A second hearing more than confirmed the high opinion we then expressed, and a third, which an enthusiastic call for repetition from every part of the room afforded us the advantage of enjoying, fully convinced us that the overture to *Ruy Blas* is one of the most dramatic and splendid pieces of instrumental music that modern art has produced. More decidedly theatrical than any previous effort of the author, it is another proof of Mendelssohn's growing attachment to a style of composition which he had apparently abandoned, since, when still a boy, he produced a comic opera in two acts (*The Wedding of Camacho*—the subject from a well-known episode in *Don Quixote*) at the Grand Opera of Berlin. Besides the overture, we believe, Mendelssohn wrote incidental music to the drama of Victor Hugo; and it is to be hoped that this, as well as others of his unpublished works, may shortly be given to the public. It is now nearly two years since his death, and yet only a few of the manuscripts left behind have been printed, which indicates a strange procrastination on the part of those who hold the copyrights. Not a single phrase that fell from the pen of such a man should be lost; even the earliest compositions should be published, since they possess an interest wholly independent of their intrinsic merit, as throwing a light on the progress and development of a genius so original and brilliant. It is to be hoped that the manuscripts of Mendelssohn may not be laid aside, like those of Mozart, until they only appear in time to have their authenticity disputed.

The appearance, in conjunction, of Messrs. Lindsay Sloper, Williams, and Hill, at the Philharmonic Concerts, was a gratifying circumstance to all who are desirous of upholding our native musicians. Each of these gentlemen ranks high in his individual department. Mr. Hill has perhaps no superior, as a performer on his too rarely cultivated, though highly important, instrument, the viola, and he has been of essential service in forwarding that taste for the classical music of the chamber which of late years has been so remarkable a feature in our musical progress. Few performers on the clarionet can boast of a more beautiful tone, or of a greater executive facility, than Mr. Williams, who has for many years officiated as first clarionet in the Philharmonic band. These gentlemen, however, did not appear for the first time at the concerts, having, on several previous occasions, taken part in concerted pieces, or in *obligato* accompaniments to the voice. The *débûtant* was Mr. Lindsay Sloper, an accomplished musician,

as well as a finished and elegant pianist. It was suggested that the graceful *trio* of Mozart was not fitted for a large room, being essentially destined for the chamber; but the perfect style in which it was rendered fairly overturned this objection. We have seldom heard more genuine applause than was bestowed upon each of the three performers throughout the entire *trio*, which, old and unpretending as it may be, can never fail of being well received from the hands of able and conscientious executants like Messrs. Lindsay Sloper, Williams, and Hill. Mr. Hancock also made a very successful *début*, although the concerto of Herr Kraft, whoever he may be, is lengthy, tiresome, and destitute of musical interest. Mr. Hancock has long held a place among the most skilful violoncellists in this country. His tone might be richer, but his mechanism is excellent, and he masters the greatest difficulties with ease. His reception was highly flattering.

There is little to say about the vocal music which offered nothing new. Madame Persiani was in her happiest mood, and embroidered the cavatinas of Bellini and Rossini with a prodigality astonishing even in one who, as a mistress of florid vocalization, has scarcely had a rival. She was immensely applauded in both her performances. Herr Pischek sang the pathetic air from *Elijah* (surely out of place at an evening concert) with artistic correctness and real feeling; but the common-place air from *Zampa*, however ably rendered, might have easily been spared. The noisy *Jubilee* overture, brilliantly played, brought to a conclusion what may fairly be regarded as one of the most satisfactory of the eight concerts, and the audience were played out of the room to the tune of "God save the Queen," which Weber has somewhat clumsily turned into a *coda*.

On the whole, this season has been a successful one; but the Philharmonic Directors must not go to sleep on the bed of antique prejudices. It is all very well to have Mr. Costa at the head of the orchestra, to insure a generally effective execution; but, unless Mr. Costa's judgment as a musician be consulted, as well as his influence as a conductor, he fulfils only half his mission. The old preparatory trials seem to be altogether abandoned, and at a time, too, when the flourishing condition of the society can best afford them. Thus we have so few works absolutely new at the concerts, and thus no young composer of promise has a chance of being heard. Moreover, if we may trust our memory, not a single orchestral work of an English composer has been given during the season; and yet we are informed that Mr. Macfarren has written a new symphony and a new overture, which at least should have had the advantage of a trial. Meanwhile we are compelled to go to the Wednesday Concerts of Mr. Stammers, if we are desirous of hearing one of the overtures of Mr. Sterndale Bennett. Another decided neglect of duty to the subscribers on the part of the Philharmonic Directors has been their allowing the eight concerts to go by without engaging the services of several continental artists of distinguished eminence who were well known to be in London. It is enough to name Charles Hallé, Thalberg, Dreyschock, and Schuloff, pianists; Signor Bottesini, contrabassist; Herr Cosmann, violoncellist; Joachim, violinist; Vivier, cornist; and M. Alard, acknowledged to be the best of all the French violinists resident in Paris. These gentlemen have been playing at Mr. Ella's Musical Union, at the Concerts Monstres of M. Jullien, and at the Wednesday Concerts; while at the Philharmonic, where the right of entry is purchased at a far higher price, comparatively inferior talent has been employed on several occasions. We are well wishers of the Philharmonic Society, and should regret to see its influence diminish, since, whatever its errors, it stands quite alone among our musical institutions; but march with the times it must, or it will assuredly be carried away by the stream. Even the best entertainments must be cheap now-a-days to attract the public, and what is inferior and dear at the same time, cannot by any means endure. We do not say that the concerts provided by the Philharmonic Society are ever wholly unattractive; but we do say that, at the price, they might often be better.

MUSICAL UNION.

A BRILLIANT audience assembled on Tuesday, at the benefit *matinée* of Mr. Ella, the Director. The following miscellaneous programme was performed:—

Quatuor brillant, in G—MM. Sainton and Deloffre, Mr. Hill, and Signor Piatti	*Mayseder.*
"Wasserfahrt"	*Mendelssohn.*
Air National Hongrois—Quartets en Chœur, sung by the Hungarian Vocalists.	
Trio Concertante, Op. 12, in E flat—Pianoforte, M. De Fontaine—Violin, Herr Ernst—Violoncello, Signor Piatti	*Hummel.*
Quartet, No. 1, in F, Op. 18—Herr Joachim, M. Deloffre, Mr. Hill, and Signor Piatti	*Beethoven.*
Solo—Contra-basso—Signor Bottesini	*Bottesini.*
Waldvöglein—Madlle. Graumann—Violoncello obligato, Signor Piatti	*Lachner.*
Quintet, in A minor, No. 23, Op. 38—Adagio sostenuto, Minuet, and Trio	*Onslow.*
La Chapelle, in C major	*Kreutzer.*
Les Enfans de Paris	*Adam.*
Quartets en Chœur, sung by the Hungarian Vocalists.	

The brilliant and animated playing of Sainton, who was skilfully seconded by Deloffre, Hill, and Piatti, gave an interest to Mayseder's quartet, which it does not intrinsically possess.

Hummel's graceful and elegant trio was very finely executed. Ernst came out with transcendent force in the *andante*. M. Fontaine is a pianist of the best school. He has been celebrated on the Continent for his intimate acquaintance with Beethoven's works. The quartet of Beethoven is one of his most profound and impassioned compositions. The powers of the violinist are tested to the utmost, and Joseph Joachim more than realised all our previous notions as to his excellence. He played gloriously, and produced an effect in the *adagio* not easy to describe. He was admirably seconded by Deloffre, Piatti, and Hill. The solo of Signor Bottesini, owing to the indisposition of the celebrated artist, was omitted. Madlle. Graumann's ballad and Piatti's violoncello *obligato* were perfection.

The quintet of Onslow went well, and it is perhaps one of the composer's best efforts. The slow movement, *adagio sostenuto*, is the finest. Sainton led throughout with immense spirit, and in the *allegro*, his large, full tone was heard to the greatest advantage. Bottesini's bass-playing was superb. The Hungarian Vocalists helped to fill up the interstices between the grand instrumental performances. These singers are really very clever, and are well worth hearing. The concert, in most respects, was one of great interest.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The following six noblemen and gentlemen have accepted the appointment of stewards for the Hereford Musical Festival:—The Earl of Powis, Sir Velters Cornwall, Bart., Sir Thomas Hastings, Knt., the Rev. Canon Musgrave, the Rev. Dr. Ogilvie, and the Rev. Archer Clive.
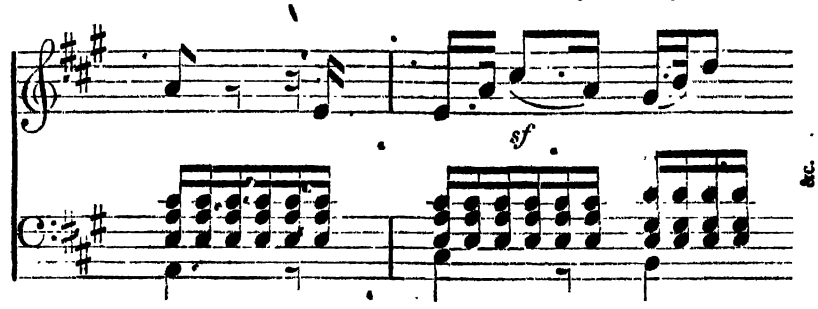
VIARDOT GARCIA will arrive in London about the second week in July. Genius and art will shine out the brighter for her arrival.

BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.

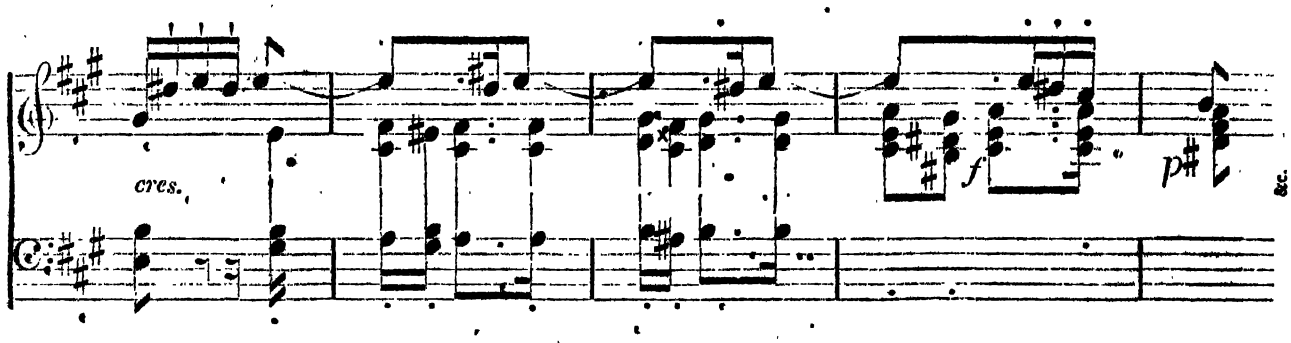
(*Continued from page* 396.)

THE Larghetto of this symphony is one of the most continuously melodious movements that Beethoven ever wrote, and the flow of melody which never ceases throughout the whole is not less varied and not less beautiful than it is continuous. We may observe in this movement what is of the greatest importance for the musical student to consider, and what, I believe, no verbal description, apart from such an illustration, can define—namely, that it is indispensable to have somewhat more than a succession of melodious phrases, how beautiful soever such phrases, if heard separately, may be, to render a lengthened movement interesting or even satisfactory; and that this somewhat is that which most particularly betokens the skill and mastery of the musician, consisting as it does of those links which connect the several phrases together, and which must ever be, as in the piece under notice they most eminently are, the result of the utmost art of the composer. By means of these happily-contrived links of connection, the Larghetto before us is made to appear, not as a succession of melodies, but as one incessant song. The movement opens with what the most uninformed in music, if he have a reasonably good natural organisation, cannot fail to recognise as a clear, rhythmical, and most attractive tune. I use this homeliest term, because that which I would by this term describe, with all its exquisite beauty, appeals to the most natural, therefore the most honely, of our feelings, and never appeals in vain.
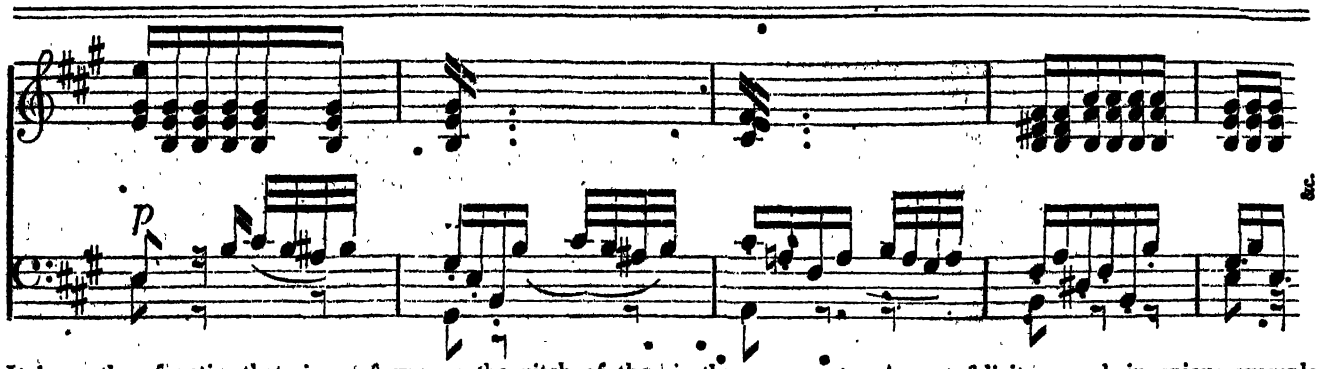
This *tune*, or principal subject, comprises a first and second part, or strain, of eight bars each. Each of these is repeated, the instrumentation be ingeffectively varied at the repetition. Springing out of this melody, or in continuation of it, a new phrase retains, rather than newly excites, the attention —
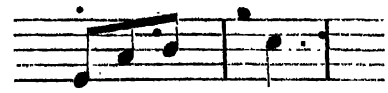


This leads, through the key of A minor, to a half-close on B, the dominant of the key in which the second subject is to be introduced. After a charming phrase of four bars, which is repeated with a most graceful variation, we come to a somewhat remarkable passage of passing notes, in three parts, against one note which is retained throughout; or it may be described as a passage on an inverted pedal. This passage is not more to be noticed as a point of harmony than for the good effect that is produced in it by what may be called the accent being crossed between the first violins and the other instruments:—
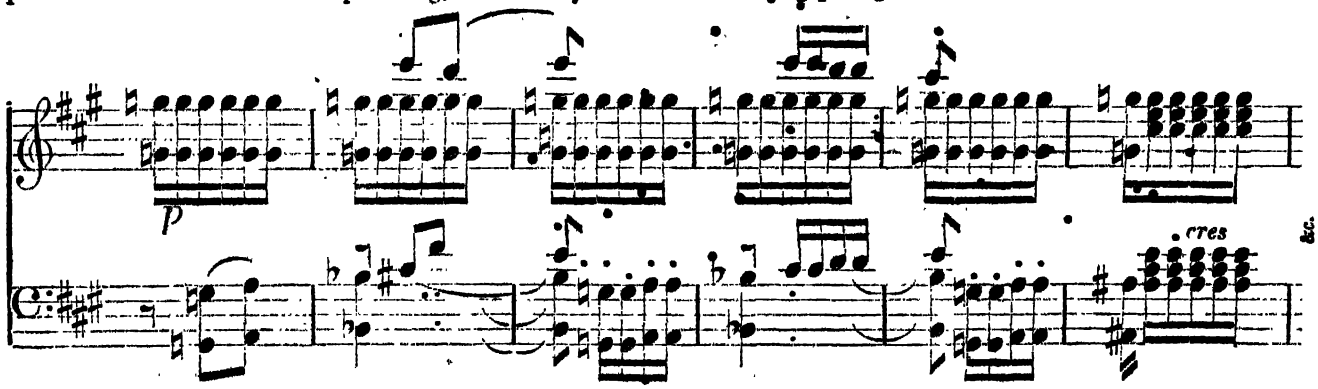


The effect of cross accent is further employed, and the whole idea considerably developed, after a repetition of this passage; we have here an example of that kind of broken rhythm in which Beethoven particularly excels, and which, as he employs it, so wonderfully enhances the effect of the rhythmical passages. There is in this case a cluster of four semiquavers that comprises a curious succession of passing notes in contrary motion, which is repeated thrice in two bars of the $\frac{2}{4}$ measure, alternating the accent, which is always on the first of the four notes of the group between the fourth and second and sixth notes of the bar; the broken effect that this produces is still increased by the group of semiquavers being at first alternated by the wind and the string instruments; these come together as the *crescendo* proceeds, and we have the full force of the orchestra on the two chords, each of a whole bar's duration. This, which was the close of the former melodious division, is the opening of a new one, and out of that grows yet another, the fourth distinct melodic figure that belongs with the previous three to this dominant subject, or, rather, section of the movement; these four phrases or figures might be considered as, and would surely have the effect of being, so many separate subjects, but for the admirable manner in which they are joined together, which gives us the advantage of their various interest, without the tedium that, with less skilful conduct, would have been the consequence of so long a series of, however beautiful, unconnected ideas. This last thought is, perhaps, more striking than either of the other three:—
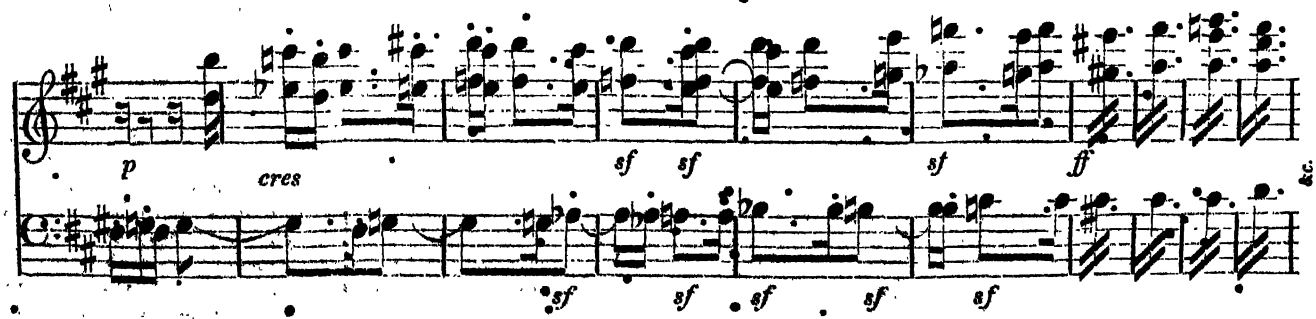


It is worthy of notice that, in performance, the pitch of the second violin, which doubles the melody an octave above the violoncello, is entirely lost to the hearer; this is an apparent anomaly in instrumentation, that, however difficult a problem it may present in the science of acoustics, is a most valuable piece of knowledge to the student of orchestral writing. The acuter part is not lost in the score, without being itself definitely heard; it gives great additional brilliancy to the graver instrument. The prolongation of this passage, and the cadence that grows out of it, bring us to the conclusion of the First Part of the movement; and then, without a repeat, the Second Part, composed of the working of subjects already given out, proceeds in continuation of the preceding, without any break in the movement. A most felicitous and ingenious example of development occurs in the extension of a section of the principal subject in a novel and most unexpected manner, making it to assume the importance of a decided feature in the movement, that affords a most effective contrast to the very subject from which it is derived. The opening of the subject in question—



appears successively in several keys, and these give rise to the following passage:—



This passage is repeated on the harmony of E instead of A, and, by an enharmonic change of surprising effect, leads into the key of F, when the same section of the subject forms the theme of a passage of no less vigorous boldness than was the last of mystery and emphatic earnestness. A natural modulation brings us to a half-close on G, where the passage on an inverted pedal, to which attention has been drawn in the First Part, is given in a new form, the pedal note being now the dominant of a minor key, whereas before it was the tonic of a major. The following ingenious development of this idea—the unexpected enharmonic change in which it breaks off, the superb modulation into D, and the highly effective return to the subject in the original key of A—cannot be too warmly praised, too highly appreciated, too greatly admired:—



There is great art and consequent effect in the orchestral arrangement of this passage; it commences with the string instruments alone on the chord of C sharp the oboes are introduced, sustaining the third and fifth, which give a new colouring to the change of notation; and on the first inversion of the seventh on A, the horns, flutes, and bassoons, are added, which give a powerful prominence to the important modulation that this chord effects, and enforce greatly the climax of

the passage. The subject, on its repetition, is diversified by a more florid figure of accompaniment. The phrase already quoted, which has been described as a continuation of the subject is now considerably extended, and leads through the key of F to a half-close on E; some delay on this, as the dominant of A minor, gives a new freshness to the introduction of the second subject in the major of the same tonic; and from this point we have a recapitulation of the latter portion of the First Part, with a short Coda, which consists simply of a recurrence to the first subject and a cadence that naturally grows out of it. Such is this charming *Larghetto*, throughout which we may observe the impulse of genius and the discretion of art, ceaselessly stimulating and controlling each other,—a goodly sisterhood, the bond of which a work like this best proves, in being the radiant glory generated by their fellowship.

G. A. MACFARREN.

(To be continued.)

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

MARYLEBONE.

SHAKSPERE'S *Much Ado about Nothing* was given here on Monday, for the benefit of Mr. Davenport, to a crowded house, himself and Mrs. Mowatt sustaining the principal parts. Mrs. Mowatt, being essentially a votary of Thalia, was here completely in her element, and delivered the tissue of brilliant conceits, in the early scenes, with sparkling vivacity and humour, her performance rising in excellence as the increasing raciness of the situations gave her more and better opportunities, while her manner throughout was marked by a graceful and polished ease which we should be glad to meet with oftener in some of our fair comedians. Mr. Davenport's reputation is too well established to make it needful to say more than that Mrs. Mowatt found in him a most able and efficient coadjutor. Mr. Herberte's Dogberry was clever, although his famous burst, "Oh, that the sexton were here," &c., would admit a little more fire in the delivery. At the end of the play, after Mrs. Mowatt had been loaded with bouquets enough to fill half-a-dozen market-baskets, Mr. Davenport addressed a few words to the audience, expressing, in his own and his sister's name, his thanks for the uniform courtesy and kindness which they had received from the public and the management. We mention this merely as a proof that the many talented American artists now in England are resolved to miss no opportunity of expressing, directly or indirectly, their disapproval of the late doings at Philadelphia; and we trust that English justice and courtesy will moult no feather from the recollection of such proceeding.

The comedy was followed by an excellent performance of *Rob Roy*, in which Mr. Davenport sustained the principal part.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

IN last week's notice, two mistakes occur in setting up the type; "Ubriaco" is made into "Ubrico," and "Una Parola" into "Una Paola." We could have wished, too, the note about Jenny Lind had been spared; it is one great cause of Jenny Lind's extraordinary success, that she, in so remarkable a manner, identifies herself with the character she represents, and never loses sight of it amidst all the adulation that is showered upon her; this, at least, is our opinion that we can speak to in the parts we have seen her in, *viz.*, Amina, La Figlia, and Lucia.*

The second note, about "Schroeder Devrient," we reply to, by informing your readers that we never had the good fortune to have that great German lyric actress on the Manchester stage. Poor Madame Schodel, as we said before, was the Fidelio here, with the German company, in 1841, to the Rocco of Staudigl, and the Florestan of Tichatzek. What has become of the latter, by the way?—he was a fine promising young *tenore* at that time, and we have not heard of him since.* Thursday, the 21st, was like Thursdays at Her Majesty's Theatre in one respect, that is, it was *not* included in the subscription, but it was like them in being what the *Times* calls a *long* Thursday. As we had simply *Il Barbière*, done for the second time, there was a better house than on the repeat night of *Norma*, but not so good as the subscription nights, the falling off being chiefly amongst the moustachioed gentry in the dress circle. The performance of the *Barbière* was much better than before, and went off with great spirit. Montenegro was again encored in "El Charran," the Spanish song, which she gave with such national character in the singing lesson; and with Santiago and Montelli in the favourite "Zitti, Zitti," which they sang, if possible, better than before; they richly deserved the recall, and very properly gave it from the "Ah, qual colpo." We find that Basilio was not personated by Monsieur Victoire or Signor Vittorio, after all, but by Signor Borsi-Deleurie, the husband of the lady who made her *début* at Ernst and Hallé's last concert in Manchester; we are also told that it was his first appearance on the stage; if so, he deserved still higher praise than we accorded to Signor Vittorio last week by mistake. Bailini's Doctor Bartolo, too, deserves more cordial approval from the fact of his being a *young* man, and yet personating the *old* doctor so well. Montelli was as lively, as active, and bustling as ever in the Barber, and Santiago pleased us better in the Count, but his *forte* is not in the music or the tenor parts of Rossini's operas; the tender and impassioned is what he excels in, not the brilliant and florid. From having seen his Nemorino and Gennaro, we can well imagine that he must be admirable (as "Sigma" in the *Guardian* represented him to be,) in Edgardo.

Saturday, the 23rd, was the best filled house of the series, the pit being quite full, and the dress circle fuller than ever. The opera was *Lucrezia Borgia*, Donizetti's masterpiece, for the first time in Manchester; and most excellent was the performance on all hands, and admirably was the opera put on the stage. The first scene (a moonlight scene in Venice, with the moon shining full and bright on the water, on which, in the distance, gondolas, with lights in the curtained end, are seen passing and repassing,) drew a distinct round of applause. The characters of all the principals (except Bailini's, which was not so prominent) seemed to suit them better than any opera they have heretofore done. Montenegro's Lucrezia was as fine a piece of acting as we could wish to see; and her singing was characterised with all the desperate energy, in the last scene, which so fitly closes her guilty career. Santiago, in the part of her son, Gennaro, was all that could be desired: and in spite of an evident cold, his singing was exquisite in the celebrated trio "Guia sè ti sfugge;" and nothing could be more tender and pathetic than his dying scene, in the arms of his newly-discovered mother. Montelli does not possess the *physique* to embody the part of the stern Duke of Ferrara to perfection. After seeing him jump about as Figaro, and making all the fun in Dr. Dulcamara, we only wondered that he could realise it so well. His singing, as it always is, was carefully correct, and well sustained throughout. At times one might wish him more power and depth of voice, especially in his revenge song, with its full and noisy accompaniments of brass instruments, "E l' ultim' alba;" but he always sings well in tune, and, with a good conception of the music of his part, he really threw more vindictiveness into the character than we could have supposed possible. With his good-humoured face, the scene betwixt the Duke and Lucretia with the duet "Soli, noi siamo," was powerfully acted and sung; but the crowning effort, and effect too, was produced in the trio (which nearly closes the first act) mentioned above. We never listened to anything more impassioned or effective. The applause was spontaneous and lasting; the encore the most general yet demanded; and the recall of the three at the fall of the curtain most enthusiastic. Madlle. Montelli played the important part of Osini,—the chief thing in which is the drinking song, which Alboni has rendered so celebrated; and very nicely she played it, and very well she looked, *petite* though

* We do not agree with our correspondent.—ED.

* He is still on the stage, in one of the German towns.—ED.

she is. She dressed the part admirably, for one thing, and acted as though she were in earnest. It was quite delightful to see her tread the stage and handle her dagger in the quarrelling scene with Gubetta, and afterwards, with her small, though charmingly sweet voice, troll out so rollickingly the "Il segreto," which is intended for a much lower voice (her's being far from a contralto, indeed scarcely a mezzo-soprano); it showed no slight skill to obtain a rapturous encore, which she did, and deserved it richly. There was a slight hitch in the scene directly afterwards. The conductor, prompter, and principals were at fault for a minute or so, but then went on again; and the last scene was so grand and effective as to make up for anything. It was excellently sung and enacted by Madame Montenegro and Santiago, and is worth walking a mile to see! The principals were recalled again and again as the curtain fell.

We trust this opera will be again repeated before the Italian Company leave Manchester. We certainly consider it as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Donizetti, and as good a modern opera-seria as most on the Italian stage. The story is a dismal one, it is true, but the moral retribution which falls on the guilty poisoner redeems it, in our opinion, from objection on that score. The plot is better developed, and worked out to a climax at the close instead of a climax in the middle, which, in our opinion, mars the *Lucia*. The music is highly characteristic, and presents Donizetti's genius to us in a higher light than we had before viewed it. We, perhaps, thought the better of it, from remembering how characteristic yet how different was the music of the same composer's *La Figlia* and *L'Elisir d'Amore*. To-night, Montenegro essays Amina, and Santiago Elvino, for the first time here. On Thursday, *L'Elisir* is to be repeated, with a scene from *La Favorita*. We are glad to see the short season is to be extended a few nights longer.

Wednesday.—Since writing the above, we see, by to-day's *Guardian*, that *Sonnambula* did not go off so well last night, the principals not being so well up in their respective parts; it is, however, to be repeated on Saturday next, when we have no doubt it will go more smoothly. The chorus were better in *Sonnambula* than *Lucrezia Borgia*, because they were more familiar with the music; still, we should like them to be heard in *Lucrezia* again, when, no doubt, they will be more confident, and take up the points with more firmness. The company is not sufficiently numerous to fill all the characters, many of which have little to do, it is true; but, clever as Bailini was at doubling, and even trebling, one singer could not do efficiently what ought to be done by several. This slight filling-up was all that was required to complete what impressed us as being the most perfect picture we have seen on the Manchester stage for some time.

The *Creation* is to be done entire—with organ accompaniment merely—on Saturday next, at the Free Trade Hall, being for the benefit of the Choir who have assisted at Mr. Peacock's experimental "Concerts for the People," which are now brought to a close for the season. They have, on the whole, been well attended, and, if not exceedingly profitable in a pecuniary sense, have been eminently successful in proving that music of a high character will attract numbers, when the price is brought within their means.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Bad times and the cholera have made the present summer one of the dullest I ever recollect in Liverpool, more particularly with reference to musical and dramatic matters; but I think we have got over the worst, for there seems now to be plenty of treats in store, both for the theatre and concert rooms. There has not been a single concert for the last two months, with the exception of one which took place on Monday evening last; at the Concert Hall, for the benefit of the distressed Irish, who have, in more ways than one, nearly drained all the ready money out of Liverpool. The Hall, I am happy to say, was densely crowded, and the audience quite enthusiastic, encoring almost everything. The star of the evening was Miss Anne Romer, who gained an encore in every thing she sung. She gave "Love rules the palace" with much effect, and excited hearty laughter and applause in "Barney O'Toole," and "'Tis really very strange." At the conclusion of one of her songs, several bouquets were thrown to her. Miss Whitnall, by whose praiseworthy exertions the concert had been got up, sang remarkably well—better, in fact, than I ever heard her before; and got a well-deserved encore after singing "The Irish Emigrant" very sweetly.

Mr. Ryalls, who was also in excellent voice, gave "In this old chair," with great taste; and in Lover's "Widow Machree" gained a loud encore in both. Mr. Lawson was effective in a solo on the violin; Mr. Joseph Scates made a successful *début* in a solo on the concertina; he was much applauded and once encored. The concert was altogether successful; and will, I believe, leave upwards of £50 for the Irish.

Now that I have told you what has taken place, I will commence with what is to take place. I mentioned some time ago that the magnificent new Philharmonic Concert Hall would be opened with great splendour in September; but it seems that, for divers reasons, it will really be opened in August. The Committee have published the scheme of the performances, an outline of which I here give you. The interesting event will be celebrated by a series of grand musical performances, which will last for six days, commencing on Monday the 27th of August, and not in September, in order to anticipate the Birmingham festivals, and secure some great singers, who will by that time be at St. Petersburgh, or elsewhere. Jenny Lind, of course, has broken her promise to be present. The Committee offered her £1500 for her services, which, however, she declined—report says, that it is a case of *ne veniat regno*, for fear of an action for breach of promise of marriage; but the Committee will manage very well without her with the following *artistes*, who are certainly *la crême de la crême* of the great talent of the day, viz.:—Grisi Alboni, Catherine Hayes, Jetty de Treffz, Corbari, A. and M. Williams, Viardot Garcia!!! Then, for males, there are Mario, *the* Lablache (who has been with difficulty coaxed for positively the last time into the provinces), Bartolini, Tagliafico, Polonini, Sims Reeves, Lockey, Benson, Whitworth, and Pischek. The instrumentalists are also in wonderful force—Hallé and Benedict, Ernst, Piatti, Bottesini, and perhaps Vivier, who *ought* to be engaged on any terms.* The band will be unusually strong, selected from both Operas, and numbering nearly 100. These are all the engagements at present definitely settled, but others are pending.

So much for the talent; now for the performances, which will take place as follow:—On Monday evening, 27st August, a Grand Miscellaneous Concert; on Tuesday morning, 28th August, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; on Tuesday evening, a Grand Miscellaneous Concert; on Wednesday evening, 29th August, a Grand Miscellaneous Concert; on Thursday morning, 30th August, the *Messiah*; on Friday morning, 31st August, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, with a selection from *Israel in Egypt*, and other esteemed works; and on Friday evening, a Grand Fancy Dress Ball, for which it is whispered Strauss and his celebrated band are engaged. Such a series of magnificent performances have never taken place out of London, and I feel certain that they will be successful. The magnificent Hall is nearly finished, and almost every place is already taken. There will be, in addition to the band, a splendid new organ, at which, I suppose, Mr. W. Sudlow, the indefatigable and polite secretary of the society, will preside. I ought here to mention that all the arrangements have been made by this gentleman, to whose energy and love of music the people of Liverpool are mainly indebted for this and other musical treats which they have lately enjoyed.

So much for music; now for the drama. Our Theatre Royal, one of the finest in the kingdom, which has lately been splendidly re-decorated and embellished by the new lessee, Mr. Copeland, will open with unusual *éclat* on Monday next, with Mr. Macready, who makes his first appearance in Liverpool since his return from America. With reference to his engagement, the lessee says, "From agreements already contracted, Mr. Macready will not be able to perform, during this portion of his engagement here, more than ten nights, leaving five remaining representations to an ulterior period; and it is necessary further to advance, that as in consequence of the limitation of his time, he cannot possibly repeat any performance, the play advertised for each successive representation will announce his last assumption of its chief character." His performances, already announced, are Macbeth, Richelieu, King Lear, Julius Cæsar, Virginius, &c., &c.

* Vivier is engaged.—Ed.

Almost every place in the dress boxes is already taken, and Mr. Macready's reception will, I feel certain, be an era in the dramatic annals of Liverpool. Seriously speaking, the Forrest riots are among the *best hits*, in a pecuniary sense, that our great actor ever made; he would not, perhaps, have proved so great an attraction in England again if it had not been for Mr. Forrest and the "*Bowie bhoys*" who have, by their blackguard proceedings, put at least £2,000 in the pocket of the object of their hatred. But I have already said more than you can well spare room for.—Yours, &c. J. H. N.

Liverpool, June 27th, 1849.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

The last of these popular entertainments for the season was given on Wednesday, and never was the vulgar term, "though last not least," exemplified in a more emphatic manner. Mr. Stammers has wound up his series splendidly, and by his classical termination, has given an important tone to the whole series. It has been said, that "a good beginning is the half of all;" but we affirm that a good conclusion is at least three parts of the whole.

The first part was devoted to Mendelssohn's music in *Antigone*. To render the performance of this great work complete, Mr. Willy's band was strongly reinforced, a numerous and effective body of choristers was engaged, and the whole submitted to the direction of Mr. Sterndale Bennett. Mr. Stammers could have selected no conductor more capable than this admirable musician to enter fully into the feeling of Mendelssohn's music, or better fitted to ensure the most effective development of its numberless beauties. The performance was in almost every respect excellent, and seldom indeed has a more intellectual musical entertainment been offered to the crowds that flock to Exeter Hall.

Mr. Bartholomew's version of Sophocles' play was recited. The undernamed ladies and gentlemen read the various parts in the following order:—Miss Vandenhoff (Antigone), Miss Huddart (Ismene), Mr. Vandenhoff (Creon), Mr. Stuart (Tiresias), Mr. George Bennett (Phocion), Mr. Lloyd (Hœmon), and Mr. Smythson (Chorus-speaker).

The recitations were all given with emphasis and discretion; and Miss Vandenhoff and Messrs. Vandenhoff and Stuart especially acquitted themselves in the declamatory parts.

The overture was played with great spirit and precision. The quaint legend in E minor, "Royal Danaë long lived in a tower," and the splendid hymn to Bacchus, "Fair Semele's high-born son," were given with great effect, and the latter enthusiastically encored. If we were inclined to be hypercritical, we should point to a slight unsteadiness in the wind instruments, a wavering in the intonation of the voices in the fine quartet "Eros, all conquering power." But to notice this further would be really hypercritical. Mr. Sterndale Bennett conducted with admirable decision and clearness; and the musical accompaniments to the dialogues and soliloquies were marked with unhesitating certainty. The elaborate instrumental accompanniments in the two great scenes of Antigone and Creon, with all the intervening choruses, were executed in the most powerful and effective manner.

The performance was listened to throughout with the greatest attention, and the success of the *Antigone* was signal and complete. We have seldom witnessed an audience more rapt and excited, and the feeling that pervaded the great mass of hearers was one of unqualified delight. The Directors must not lose the suggestion thrown out to them by this reception of a work so ambitious and profound, by the popular and crowded audience of the London Wednesday Concerts.

The overture to *Guillaume Tell*, which commenced the second part, was encored, and the march repeated. A selection from *Faust* was given, in which Pischek, Herr Formes, and Miss Lucombe sang solos. Herr Formes, who made his first appearance at Exeter Hall, received a hearty welcome, and sang the fine air of Mephistopheles magnificently. A part of the celebrated trio from *Guillaume Tell* was given by Sims Reeves, Herr Pischek, and Herr Formes, very effectively. Sims Reeves was loudly applauded in a very pretty sea song, called "The Mariners," composed by Hogarth. Miss Poole and Mrs. A. Newton sang several ballads with excellent effect. Mr. Carte accompanied the last named lady in the flute *obligato* to "Lo! here the gentle lark," with his usual brilliancy of execution; and Mdlle. Jetty Treffz was rapturously encored in "Comin' thro' the rye," which she sang with her usual fascinating simplicity. Mr. John Day, and his sister, Miss Ellen Day, performed a *tarantella* of Döhler, for violin and pianoforte, and were greatly applauded.

The 27th and last concert of the season was certainly the best of the series.

LETTERS TO A MUSICAL STUDENT.

No. XIII.

MINOR CHORDS AND THE MINOR SCALE.

(Concluded from page 394.)
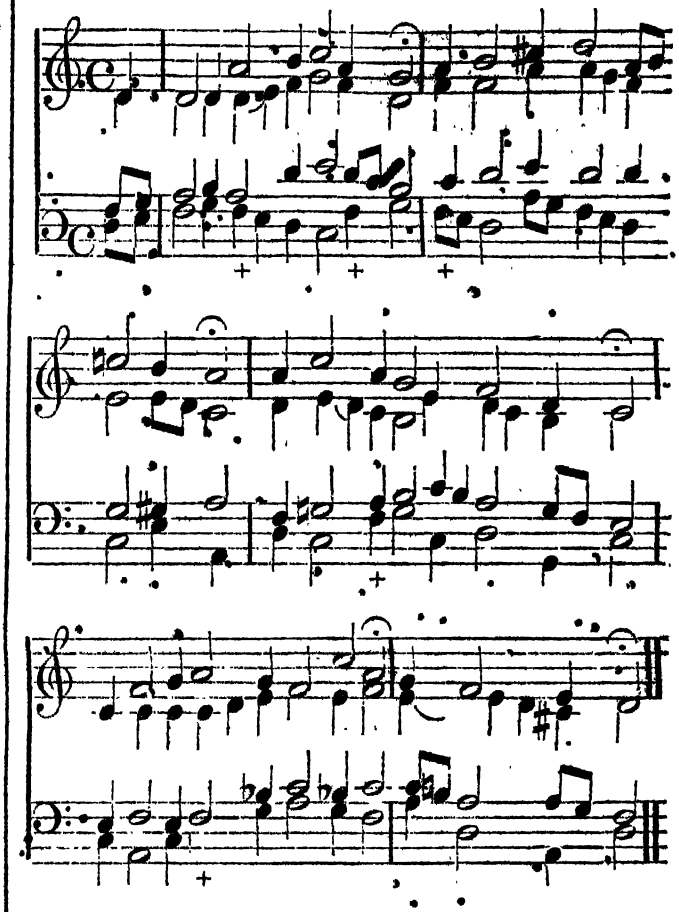
But to return to our minor mode. The fact that it is so prevalent in the music of the northern and eastern Europeans—of the Arabs and the Scottish Highlanders—is a confirmation of what I have described as its fundamental character; for in the character of all these nations a tendency to the romantic is prepondering. In the grim old rocks and silent lakes of Scotland, the dark firs and snow-covered valleys of Scandinavia, the mighty forests of Hungary, and Arabia's endless sand-plains, there is something of a *dolore grandiosa* which seems to speak in nothing but minor; and the very scenery appears to have imparted its character to the people moving in it. Solemn gravity, suspicion, deep-rooted religious prejudices, superstitions—but at the same time honesty and faithfulness—are nowhere more prominent than in these nations. Even their traditions breathe an air of the tragic; and where they relate to events of national joy and glory, the past is invariably contrasted with the present, and the unsatisfactory state of the latter intimated. I have found it so, as well in Norwegia as amongst the Sclavonians; and when I was listening to the legends of *Frythioff* or *Odin*, I could not help thinking how the people, the scenery, the traditions, and the strange music of their ballads, all bore one and the same character of melancholy. And here I find my observations singularly corroborated by Dr. Schilling, the editor of the great German Musical Dictionary. As you may not have access to this work, and as it contains a most valuable and interesting description of the character of the old Norwegian music and poetry, I am induced to give you an extract from its sixth volume:—

"He who ventures into the silence of the Norwegian nature, will find in the mountains and valleys sounds which penetrate to the very bottom of the listener's heart, so as to make him fancy to be at the original source of all poetry and music. In the mouth of the people these sounds, which have escaped the chilling influence of over-civilization, are still alive; they are no dead productions of art handed down from times long gone by; but bloom as the living recollections of great events. It is perhaps only during the last hundred years that they have ceased to be the property of the whole nation; but the more faithful memory of the lower classes still retains them. But as the latter, too, were threatened by the invasion of an artificial culture, and shallow fashionable songs began to usurp the places of the old national lays, two talented and patriotic men, *Geyer* and *Afzelius*, resolved to collect and publish these old popular songs. This collection, which appeared in 1814, comprises three volumes, and a book of melodies, with piano-accompaniment, forms the fourth. Nothing but the dread that these lays might sink entirely into oblivion could induce those men to take them from their living sanctuary—the heart of the people—and confide them to the paper. In truth, the element of their songs is not the paper, but the open air, the forest, the whole of Norwegian's nature. Forming almost the only music of the people, they have for centuries lived in the melodious waves of song; generations after generations have found in their simple, plaintive strains, an expression for their feelings; and their publication in an artistic form, is, properly spiaking, like driving them on shallows. In the popular poetry of Norway, feeling and imagination remain in the back-ground, without, however, therefore being less vivid and effective. Compared with the poetry of other nations, it may therefore appear at first harsh and stern; an impression which reminds us of the feeling of awe which came over Alfieri (see his Memoirs) when he first entered those regions of Norway over which an eternal silence seems to be spread. In the old Nordian poetry, the relation between man and nature is very peculiar. One perceives that man cannot rest on its bosom with child-like confidence and enjoyment, as on the bosom of a kind mother. He takes his place in opposition and defiance to it, as a power against an inimical power, or, rather, as one spirit against another; for the Scandinavian attributes intelligence and purpose to the whole nature, which opposes itself to him in its mute sternness, so that he may be able to fight with it on equal grounds; and the dark forests, the streams, the sea, the mountain-tops, and the metal-abounding depths of the earth, he has peopled with living spiritual beings, because in the north, more than anywhere else, they make their powers felt. Hence the magic power which runs through the Nordian poetry, where it lives in the old *mines* of Odin; hence the particularity that the song of the Scandinavian never stays to describe scenes of nature, except when it

depicts the power which man is able to exercise over it by a sort of poetic omnipresence. Thus we often find the miraculous power of harp-sounds represented in a most beautiful and poetic manner; how they call forth flowers and blossoms from beneath the snow, and how their effect upon animated nature is still more surprising. This is a remarkable singularity, as well in historical as poetical regard, for it is connected with the inward longing for a milder sky and warmer sun, which from times immemorial has driven the northlander towards the south, and which is still all powerful in the modern Scandinavian poets—*Skaldon*—who above others seem to have the gift of creating out of themselves an eternal spring. All what is talked about the contrast between the north and the south is but empty twaddle, if their internal connection is not also perceived. As extremes always meet, so the north stands nearest to the south. On the other hand, the poetry of the Norwegian and Swede presents the most striking contrasts in itself; *it is essentially of a tragic nature, even in its irony and mirth.* The power, depth, and glow of imagination, which are heir-looms from Odin's castle, and which live so audibly in the iron breast of the Skaldes of 'grey antiquity,' are still present in the simple forms of the Norwegian romance, and here produce a greater effect as they are unconscious of their own power. But this original character becomes really charming, where its peculiarities appear subdued and softened by the spirit of Christianity. And the same peculiarity which reveals itself in the poetry of those romances, also, and much more perspicuously and forcibly, makes itself felt in their music; especially those *Omquaden** (refrains) sound, that piercing tragic note, which becomes the more impressive as they form the conclusion to every verse. Chapelmaster Haffner mentions a peculiar scale, which according to his assertion forms the basis of those songs. *It approaches nearest to the old Æolian church mode* (A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A,), with the only difference, that the sixth and seventh sounds are sung a little higher by the people. There is also in the genuine songs no progression through supreme or diminished intervals. To determine this point definitely, will, however, always be a matter of difficulty, as we do not know how far we may rely on the purity of the people's unskilled voice. The Norwegian popular songs do not obey the laws of our modern art; but if we were able to apply them to it, they might well stand the test, as they contain the real fundament of art in themselves. As it is now, they belong to the open air and the scenery in which they originated, and to the people, whose history lives in it, and who, after all, are the only persons who can appreciate them as they deserve."

If thus the social condition of man, his religious and moral constitution, his history and scene of life stand in intimate connection with the general character of his music, and (in regard to our subject) especially to the *mode* he is most inclined to employ, it is at once obvious that one or the other of the two can only be called more artificial or more natural, the more or less its employment manifests itself as an organic necessity—as a consequence of the spiritual and social condition of man. If the major mode were preeminently a natural one, and the minor mode a produce of *scientific* art, the former must have appeared much earlier than the latter. But far from this being the case, we find in history the one wherever we have traces of the other; and, as far as the employment of the minor mode *in harmony* is concerned, it is by far the most predominant in all early harmonized music; only the predilection of some nations for the one or the other, makes it appear in either case more or less natural to themselves.

But as the origin of all music is based upon the symbolic—twofold—condition of man, it follows that if a certain mode, or any other expressive element in music, have a decided tendency, either towards the plaintive or the joyful, it can never occur entirely by itself, to the exclusion of the other. The condition of man is, as I said, a mixed one; he never is full of joy without some plaintive reminiscence stealing in, and never weeps without one of the three stars—hope, love, and faith—smiling through his tears. Hence it follows, that the manifestation of his inward feelings must also partake of this twofold character. Leaving unnoticed the systems entirely different to our modern European music, we observe this twofold character in the two different modes also; and here it is especially the *harmony* which represents it. Neither the harmony of the major, nor that of the minor scale, consists entirely either of major or minor chords; only the prevalence of the one or the other, and that on the most characteristic points of the scale, the tonic and the two dominants, gives a major or minor character to a harmony; but these are mixed with harmonic combinations of a different character. Thus we have minor common chords on the second, third, and sixth degrees of the major scale, and major ones on the fifth and sixth degree. That there is no major chord on the third degree of the minor ascending scale, is owing to the peculiar form which the latter has adopted in modern music, and which I shall explain in my next chapter; but the ancients used it, and with how much effect appears from the following example, one of the most beautiful specimens of Doric harmony, taken from Mortimer's work on the old German chorales.



But, on the other hand, the introduction of the major dominant chord was almost an organic necessity; it shows, that man felt how the minor mode, with its plaintive chords on the tonic and subdominant, was too unsatisfactory to be a truthful language of his heart—that the melancholy, speaking so powerfully out of its sounds, required a mitigatory cheerful chord, and this could only be found on the dominant, the next important interval; hence the introduction of the major seventh, of which I shall speak more fully in my next letter.

It remains now to be shown, that if the character attributed to the two opposite modes be in general such as represented, *what is the cause which produces this difference of character.*

The consideration of this question also I must postpone for another time.—Yours, TEUTONICUS.

P.S. You will have found that some points contained in my last letter (page 347), had already been treated on a previous occasion. This is owing to my having forgotten, during a time of severe illness, how far I had advanced in the examination of the subject. Some important errata in the above-mentioned letter remain also to be corrected. Page 347, line 8th from the bottom, read, "Where then," &c., instead of, "Where there," &c. Page 348, line 9th, read, "Or all art must be unnatural;" line 10th, read, "*The* natural developement. Page 349, line 7th, read, "If harmony *was* to become," &c.; line 23rd, read, "The minor chord is the most important *proof* of the existence of artistic life in our harmony."

* *Onad* is the melody of a song, that which the singer performs. *Omquaden* is what sounds *around* the melody, a sort of chorus or refrain, which is sung by the audience, or a person representing the audience. The Quaden themselves have always a decided rythmical form, but the Omquaden are without rhythm, and their words are for the most part extempore inventions. There is consequently a similarity between these Omquaden and the *Ephymnion* of the ancient Greeks.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMBRIDGE INSTALLATION ODE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—As some explanation is due to the musical public of the reasons that have delayed the appearance of my last Installation Ode until the present time (just two years since the performance), I desire, through the medium of your journal, to state that, from the first I had no intention of publishing it, judging that such compositions presented but little attraction to the musical amateur. But the interest which attended the production having been revived by a very creditable performance of it by the Cambridge Choral Society, in November last, I was entreated by so many members of the University to publish it, that I could not refuse to comply with their wishes.—I remain, dear sir, yours very truly. T. A. WALMISLEY.

P.S.—In a number of your journal, which appeared a few weeks since, you mention a Quartett of mine entitled "Installation Ode," which was performed at one of the concerts of the Classical Harmonists. This Quartett, "Fair is the warrior's mural crown," is the only portion published of the Ode which I composed in 1835, for the Installation of the Marquis of Camden. It is published by Chappell, and the orchestral parts may be had of Mr. Hedgley.

Trinity College, June 27.

REVIEWS.

"*The Voice of Love*;" *the Poetry by* E. L. BLANCHARD: *the Music by* LOVELL PHILLIPS.—DUFF and HODGSON.

MR. LOVELL PHILLIPS' song is exceedingly graceful and flowing, and the subject is peculiarly striking. No theme could have been more felicitously adapted to the words, which are by no means devoid of poetic merit. The accompaniments are in the *arpeggio* form, and are written with the taste and appreciation of a musician. They are, however, abundantly simple; and herein, we think, lies one of the song's chief claims to consideration; a simple air written to words which convey a simple sentiment should not be overloaded with displays of composition. On the whole we are inclined to think the *Voice of Love* one of the best songs of the popular author.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LA FAVORITA.—Many subscribers to the Royal Italian Opera are anxiously enquiring for this opera, in which Grisi and Mario made so great a sensation last year. Will it be revived this season? If not, why not?

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The *Donna del Lago* will be produced on Thursday next, for Mario's benefit. The cast will differ materially from that of last season. Sims Reeves will play Rhoderic Dhu, the character supported by Tamburini last season, and Tamburini, nothing jealous of his young rival, has consented to sing as one of the Bards in the first finale. Angri will, of course, be Malcolm, and Grisi, Mario, and Marini, as before. Let the lovers of Rossini and art hie them to Covent Garden on Thursday.

MADAM CLAIRE HENNELLE'S annual morning concert took place on Thursday week, at the Beethoven rooms, Harley-street, one of the most convenient *locales* in London, by the way, for entertainments of this kind. The concert was of a most pleasing nature, and afforded universal satisfaction. Madame Hennelle sang on several occasions, her most noticeable performances being in Mendelssohn's duet, "I would," with Miss Deakin; in Meyerbeer's "Chanson de Mai;" and a romance by A. Latour, called "Entends tu le Hautbois." These were all much applauded, and indeed most deservedly. The fair vocalist has a *mezzo soprano* voice of good quality, and her singing is musician-like and finished. The Misses Pyne and the Mdlles. Nissen and Vera were the ladies who assisted, and Signori Ciabatta and Bignoli also lent their vocal aid. Mr. G. Osborne performed a *notturno* of his own composition on the piano, with excellent effect, and joined Herr Lidel in a duo concertante, of Mendelssohn, for piano and violoncello. Mr. F. Chatterton played a fantasia on the harp, and Signor Regondi a solo on the concertina. A most elegant and fashionable company attended. Signori Pilotti, Vera, and Kialmark, were the conductors.

Mr. GEORGE A. OSBORNE'S Grand Morning Concert took place on Thursday, the 14th instant, at the Hanover Square Rooms. The vocalists were Miss Catherine Hayes, Madlle. Graumann, Madame G. Macfarren, and Herr Pischek. The instrumentalists were Ernst, violin; Mr. Lucas and Signor Piatti, violoncellos; Mr. Howell, contra-basso; Mr. Pratten, flute; Mr. Nicholson, oboe; Mr. Jarrett, horn; and Mr. G. A. Osborne, piano. The programme was unexceptionable, a great portion being devoted to classical music. Mr. Osborne performed four times. Beethoven's sonata in G, for piano and violin, was admirably executed by himself and Ernst, and elicited immense applause. Mr. Osborne played in his usual bold and dashing style, and Ernst enraptured his listeners by the exquisite grace and delicacy of his performance, and his unrivalled tone. Mr. Osborne also played in a sestet of his own composition with Messrs. Nicholson, Pratten, Lucas, Howell, and Jarrett. The sestet is an ambitious and elaborate work, and was performed very finely. The other two *morceaux* in which Mr. Osborne took part were a trio—called a second trio in A—for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, and a fantasia on airs from the *Gazza Ladra*. The last of these exhibited Mr. Osborne's great manual dexterity and brilliancy of style. Among the vocal performances most worthy of mention we may name Madame Macfarren's "Ah! quel giorno," from *Semiramide*, an aria which requires considerable facility and compass of voice. It was executed with great ease, expression, and intelligence, and was much applauded. Mdlle. Graumann sang a ballad of Lachner, and was accompanied on the violoncello by Mr. Lucas. Both lady and gentleman acquitted themselves admirably. Pischek sang three or four times with his accustomed effect. Catherine Hayes, though last not least, also merits our commendation. She sang the "Casta Diva" from *Norma*, with a power and precision which we did not expect from so high a soprano. She was immensely applauded. The fair artist also joined Pischek in the duet, "La ci darem la mano." The room was filled with an elegant assemblage of rank and fashion.

HERR MAX BOHRER, the violoncellist, gave a concert at Willis's Rooms, on Monday week, in which he was assisted by several of the notorieties of the season. Among others, we may mention Jetty Treffz, Pischek, Piatti, and Madame Dulcken. Herr Max Bohrer performed an *Elegie* by Romberg, a *Morceau Caracteristique* of his own composition, on Mexican airs, and a serenade by one Schwenke. In the last named, he was accompanied by six other violoncellists, Piatti, Lucas, Hausmann, Cosmann, Pollack, and Erben. Herr Max has a firm tone, and plays *cantabiles* with great neatness and finish. Herr Bohrer's system of playing is founded on the school of Romberg, of which, we believe, he is the sole representative. His playing is devoid of the singing like manner which so highly distinguishes Piatti, Cosmann, and others, but he accomplishes great difficulties; his intonation and phrasing are very correct. He was loudly applauded in all his efforts. Herr Henry Bohrer, a son of the concert-giver, figured promisingly, if not surprisingly, as a pianist, in compositions of Beethoven, Thalberg, and one Ebers, as well as in a duet (a brilliant one) of Osborne's, for two pianofortes, with Madame Dulcken. Ernst played his *Elégie*; the Hungarian singers sang; Herr Strauss's band performed; and Jetty Treffz, Pischek, and others, added their vocal mite to the sum of the entertainment. Willis's Rooms were not crammed, but, as it were, respectably attended.

CONCERT AT GROSVENOR HOUSE.—At the grand concert given on Wednesday evening, at the Marquis of Westminster's, at which Her Majesty attended, the following artists were engaged:—Madame Persiani, Mdlle. de Meric, and the Signori Mario, Tamburini, and Lablache. Mr. Costa presided at the piano.

LADY AGNES DUFF gave a select concert at her residence in Hill Street, on Wednesday evening. A distinguished number of guests, including the *élite* of the nobility, were invited to meet her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, who arrived at half-past ten, followed soon after by the Duke of Wellington, &c. The programme consisted entirely of works by English and German writers, and were admirably performed by Miss E. Birch, Mdme. Grandt, Herr Brandt, and Mr. Bodda. Mr. Brinley Richards presided at the pianoforte.

JOSEPH JOACHIM, the celebrated violinist, left London for Leipsic yesterday.

Mr. Macready.—*Birmingham, Wednesday.*—Mr. Macready appeared, for the first time in England since his return from North America, at our theatre last night. The reception of Mr. Macready was most enthusiastic. The house was crowded, and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs greeted his appearance. Mrs. Warner was the Lady Macbeth. [The above paragraph is taken from the *Times*. How enthusiastic!! the same facts might be affirmed of any well-known actor who made his first appearance, under any circumstances.—Ed.]

Drury Lane.—Mr. Bunn took an annual benefit on Monday, and provided so excellent a treat, both dramatic and musical, that a bumper was the result. The entertainments commenced with the *vaudeville* of *Hold your tongue*, in which Madame Vestris and Mr. Charles Matthews appeared; and was followed by the *Belle's Stratagem*, the principal characters of which were supported by Mrs. Nisbett, Mrs. Glover, Messrs. James Wallack, Cooper, and F. Vining. At the end of the comedy, which was admirably acted, Mr. Bunn was called for, and having responded to the call, was received with most distinguished applause. A concert concluded the evening. In this there were more vocalists engaged, and more pieces sung than we have time to specify, or would interest our readers. Mdlle. Parodi and Gardoni, from Her Majesty's Theatre, sang. Mdlle. de Meric, from the Royal Italian Opera, sang a duet with her mother, Madame de Meric, once a highly and popular vocalist and actress at Her Majesty's Theatre, with great effect. Jetty Treffz was encored in Balfe's ballad, "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," and created an immense sensation. Pischek received the same compliment in "The light of other days." Mr. Charles Braham also sang, and with much applause, as did also the Misses Poole, Lucombe, Pine, Eliza Nelson, *cum multis aliis*. The Hungarian vocalists executed a number of *morceaux*, and Mr. Harley delighted the audience with one of his most amusing comic songs. The conductors were the Messrs. Balfe and Benedict, and Signor Schira.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Madame Dulcken's Mdlle. Helen Stapel's and Herr Springer's Concerts and many other notices of importance, are unavoidably deferred till next week.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Programme.—Part I.—Quintetto, No. 13, in B flat, Op. 130 (first time of performance in this country), *Onslow*—Concerto, Violoncello, *Kraft*—Quartett, Op. 13, in E flat, *Mendelssohn*.

Part II.—Quartett, No. 13, in B flat, Op. 130, *Beethoven*—First Grand Trio (Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello), *Spohr*—Quatuor Brillante, Op. 23, in G, *Mayseder*.

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CE QUE FEMME VEUT...

En Deux Actes, par MM. DUVERT et LAUZANNE.

CHAMPIGNEL, PROFESSEUR, ... M. ARNAL
AGATHE DELAUNAY, JEUNE VEUVE, ... MADAME DOCHE.

To conclude with

RICHE ET AMOUR,

Vaudeville, en Un Acte, par MM. XAVIER, DUVERT, et LAUZANNE.

PINGOUIN, EMPLOYÉ, ... M. ARNAL.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Boxes, 6s.; Pit, 3s.; Amphitheatre, 2s.

HANOVER SQUARE.—QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS,

Herr ERNST and Herr HALLE'S

GRAND EVENING CONCERT,

With FULL ORCHESTRA, on MONDAY, JULY 2, 1849, at Eight o'Clock precisely.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS.—Madame MACFARREN, Miss LUCOMBE, Miss DOLBY, Madlle. VERA, and Madlle. NISSEN; Herr DAMCKE, and Herr STIGELLI.

INSTRUMENTALISTS.—Herr HALLE and Herr ERNST.

CONDUCTOR.—Mr. BENEDICT. LEADER.—Mr. WILLY.

PROGRAMME.—PART 1.—Ouverture, (Don Quixote) *G. A. Macfarren*—Aria, "Alexander's Feast," Madlle. NISSEN, *Handel*—Concerto, (in G major) Herr HALLE, *Beethoven*—Lieder, "Als ich von der, Geliebte," "O Susse Mutter," Made. MACFARREN, *G. A. Macfarren*—Songs, "The Savoyard's Song," "The Song of Night," Miss DOLBY, *Mendelssohn*—Grand Concerto (Violin) Herr ERNST, *Mendelssohn*—Serenata (Lied) Herr DAMCKE, *F. Schubert*—Pensées Fugitives, a, "Romance," b, "Lied," c, "Intermezzo," d, "Adieu," Herr HALLE and Herr ERNST, *Stephen Heller* and *Ernst*.

PART 2.—Ouverture (Nozze di Figaro) *Mozart*—Aria, (Aus dem "Freyschutz"), Madlle. NISSEN, *Weber*—Rondo Brillant (in E flat) Herr HALLE, *Mendelssohn*—Trio, "Azor and Zemira," Made. MACFARREN, Miss LUCOMBE, and Miss DOLBY, *Spohr*—Romance (De Nina) Madlle. VERA, *Paisiello*—Sonata (for Pianoforte and Violin) Herr HALLE and Herr ERNST, *Sebastian Bach*—Song, Miss LUCOMBE—Lieder, "Die schönsten Augen," "Mein Engel," Herr STIGELLI, *Stigelli, Esser*—Rondo Papageno, Herr ERNST, *Ernst*.

Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, may be obtained at the principal Musicsellers; Reserved Seats, One Guinea. To be had only of Messrs. CRAMER, BEALE, and Co., 201, Regent Street; at CHAPPELL'S, New Bond Street; of Herr ERNST, 38, Great Marlborough Street; and of Herr HALLE, 2, Argyll Street.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

COVENT GARDEN.

MADAME VIARDOT GARCIA.

The Directors of the Royal Italian Opera have the pleasure to announce to the Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public, that the ENGAGEMENT of MADAME VIARDOT GARCIA will commence forthwith. The FIRST APPEARANCE of this eminent Artist will take place early in JULY, in MEYERBEER'S New Opera of **LE PROPHETE**, which has been for some time in active preparation, with New Scenery, Dresses, and Decorations. This Opera—the exclusive right of representation of which has been secured for the Royal Italian Opera, will be produced, with all the resources of this Establishment, under the superintendence of Mr. COSTA.

The Directors have the honor to announce that **MADAME PERSIANI'S LAST APPEARANCE on the STAGE** will positively be on TUESDAY NEXT, JULY 3rd, in MOZART'S Opera, **LE NOZZE DI FIGARO**, supported by GRISI, PERSIANI, ANGRI, BELLINI, LAVIA, TAMBURINI, TAGLIAFICO, POLONINI, and MARINI.

SIGNOR MARIO'S BENEFIT.

SIGNOR MARIO has the honor to announce to the Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public, that HIS BENEFIT will take place on THURSDAY NEXT, JULY 5, on which occasion will be performed ROSSINI'S celebrated Opera,

LA DONNA DEL LAGO,

WITH THE ANNEXED CAST:—

ELENA, ... MADAME GRISI,
ALBINA, ... MADAME BELLINI,
GIACOMO V., ... SIGNOR MARIO,
RODRIGO DHU (*First Appearance in that Character*), . . . MR. SIMS REEVES,
SERANO, ... SIGNOR LAVIA,
DOUGLAS OF ANGUS, ... SIGNOR MARINI,

AND

MALCOLM GRAEME (*1st Appearance in that Character*), MADLLE. ANGRI.

LADIES OF SCOTLAND, CHIEFS, WARRIORS OF CLAN ALPINE, HUNTERS, ROYAL GUARDS, SHEPHERDS, SHEPHERDESSES, &c., by the CHORUS OF ONE HUNDRED VOICES, and numerous Auxiliaries.

THE GRAND FINALE OF THE FIRST ACT,

Representing the GATHERING OF THE SCOTTISH CLANS, will be executed by **TWO MILITARY BANDS**, in addition to the usual Orchestra.

The Music of the Chief Bards on this occasion will be sung by the following Artists, who have kindly volunteered their services, in order to give additional effect to the *ensemble*.—Signori GRISI, MEI, SOLDI, MASSOL, TAGLIAFICO, POLONINI, and TAMBURINI.

To be followed by OTHER ENTERTAINMENTS.

Conductor—MR. COSTA.

LAST GRAND MORNING CONCERT OF THE SEASON, ON FRIDAY NEXT, JULY 6th,

On which occasion a combination of VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL TALENT will be presented of unprecedented magnitude. *Favorite Morceaux* from the Operas of MOZART, MEYERBEER, ROSSINI, DONIZETTI, BELLINI, &c., by the following eminent Artists:—GRISI, PERSIANI, C. HAYES, DORUS GRAS, CORBARI, DE MERIC, and ANGRI; MARIO, SALVI, LAVIA, TAMBURINI, SIMS REEVES, TAGLIAFICO, POLONINI, MASSOL, and MARINI.

In addition to which, the celebrated Violinist, M. DE KONTSKI, will perform a Grand Fantasia, "CAPRICE ETUDE," and "LA CASCADE." MR. SLOPER and Mr. OSBORNE will perform a Grand Concertante Duo on Two Pianofortes, from "LES HUGUENOTS," composed by G. Osborne. A Grand Fantasia on Airs from "IL BARBIERE," on the Violoncello, by Mons. F. DEMUNCK. The Orchestra will perform Beethoven's Overture to "LEONORA," Cherubini's Overture to "ANACREON," and Weber's Overture to "OBERON."

In the course of the Concert, the popular Concerto Piece, THE BENEDICTION OF THE POIGNARDS, from Meyerbeer's "HUGUENOTS," will be sung, supported by GRISI, MASSOL, MEI, LAVIA, SOLDI, POLONINI, RACHE, TAGLIAFICO, and the CHORUS.

By general desire, the celebrated **DERVISHES' CHORUS**, from Beethoven's "RUINS OF ATHENS," and the **PRAYER** from Auber's "MASANIELLO," will be repeated by a GRAND CHORUS of ONE HUNDRED VOICES.

Conductor—Mr. COSTA.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Boxes, £4 4s., £3 3s., £2 2s., and £1 11s. 6d.; Orchestra Stalls, 15s.; Amphitheatre ditto, 5s.; Pit, 5s., and Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

THE CONCERT WILL COMMENCE AT HALF-PAST ONE.—Tickets, Stalls, and Boxes, to be obtained at the Box Office of the Theatre, Bow Street.

SINGING.

MR. MILLAR (of Bath),

Principal Tenor Singer at Her Majesty's Ancient Concerts, the Royal Society of Musicians, &c., has the honor to announce to his Pupils that he intends giving LESSONS IN LONDON. Terms—Half-a-Guinea the Lesson.

A List of his Vocal Compositions (written expressly for his Schools and Pupils) may be obtained at the principal Musicsellers; at 38, HART STREET, or 13, OLD SYDNEY PLACE, BATH.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press," by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex; where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Purkess, Dean Street, Soho; Strange, Paternoster Row; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, June 30th 1849.

The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.)

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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No. 27.—Vol. XXIV. SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1849. {PRICE THREEPENCE. STAMPED FOURPENCE.

GOETHE'S EPIGRAMS FROM VENICE—(1790.)

IN ELEGIAC VERSE.

Money spent, and time as well—
How—this little book will tell.

POVERTY-STRICKEN and most unadorned, when I woo'd her, this girl was;
Yet she delighted me then,* e'en as she pleases me now. J. O.

* This epigram has been a little *softened* in translation.

VIARDOT GARCIA.

VIARDOT GARCIA is expected in London to-day. The arrival of the great artist is looked forward to with unusual interest. Her recent triumphs at the *Academie*, in the *Prophète*, in the principal character of which she has been so loudly and universally lauded that future praise can add no word which has not been previously iterated over and over again, even though her remarkable talents were unknown in this country, will render her advent the great event of the season at the Royal Italian Opera. Madame Viardot will appear, it is expected, on Thursday week, by which time the rehearsals for the *Prophète* will have been completed. Her temporary secession from the Grand Opera has necessitated the postponement of the performances of the *Prophète* until her return to Paris, in October.

MUSIC AT THE PALACE.

IT gives us sincere pleasure to find that those accomplished and illustrious musical amateurs, Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, possess a taste for the art, equally to be noted for its eclecticism as for its uniform good tendency. We have more than once recorded the fact, that the overtures of Sterndale Bennett, and other English musicians, have been introduced at the royal concerts; and it is with no less pleasure that we reproduce the following programme of the concert of Saturday, the 23rd ult., which took place at Buckingham Palace:—

PART I.

Overture—(Il Direttor della Commedia)	*Mozart.*
Lied—(Die Hermath), Herr Pischek	*Reissiger.*
First Movement and Barcarole, pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett (from 4th concerto)	*W. S. Bennett.*
Aria—(In diesen heiligen Hallen), Herr Formes. Die *Zauberflöte*	*Mozart.*
Fantasie—(Souvenir de la *Sonnambula*), violoncello, Signor Piatti	*Piatti.*

PART II.

Terzetto—"Er starb für die heilige Sache," Herren Rauscher, Pischek, and Formes (*Wilhelm Tell*)	*Rossini.*
Lied—"Des Trostes," Herr Rauscher	*Abenheim.*
Musical Sketches—"The Lake" and "The Fountain," pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett	*W. S. Bennett.*
Ballad—"Das Glockengeläute," Herr Formes	*Holzel.*
National Bohemian Airs.—Herr Pischek	

The pieces performed by our countryman, Sterndale Bennett, were selected, we understand, by the Prince himself—a fact that may be viewed as the dawn of a better time for the art and artists of the three kingdoms.

ERNST AND HALLE.

THE concert of these eminent artists took place on Monday evening, in the Hanover Square Rooms, and was attended by a large concourse of amateurs, professors, and critics, whose presence at once declared that a first-rate entertainment was expected. The programme (which has already appeared in these pages) was, in importance and general interest, equal to that of any previous concert during the present season. The two grand concertos of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, for pianoforte and violin, and the two brilliant rondos of Mendelssohn and Ernst, for the same instruments, standing in lieu of the symphonies and overtures that form the staple attractions of the Philharmonic concerts.

At his first concert this season Ernst restricted his performances entirely to his own writings; but on the present occasion, only one composition from his pen was introduced, the characteristic and animated *Rondo Papageno*, which everybody was delighted to hear again. His grand performance was the concerto in E minor of Mendelssohn, which, besides being one of the most original and masterly efforts of that lamented musician, is perhaps, with the exception of Beethoven's concerto in D, (if indeed, which we doubt, that great inspiration can be excepted,) the most perfect and interesting work for the violin and orchestra that the art possesses. In the execution of music of this lofty kind Ernst most particularly excels; it is true that as a master of the mechanical prodigies of the "romantic" school he has no superior, but his genius is purely intellectual, and in the grand and expressive style he has had few competitors among modern violinists. His reading of Mendelssohn's concerto was admirable throughout. He gave the first *allegro* much faster than we have been accustomed to hear it, and produced a fine effect by strongly contrasting the *traits de bravoure* and the *cantabile* phrases which so gracefully relieve them. The former he played with passionate impetuosity, the latter with a playful tenderness peculiarly his own. In the *cadenza*—marked *ad libitum* in the score—Ernst tripled the difficulties by the introduction of octaves and double notes, which, while preserving its character, materially added to its brilliancy. The slow movement was perfect, attaining the highest possible degree of expression, without a tinge of that exaggerated sentiment, which, being essentially artificial, has nothing to do with nature. The sparkling and delicious *rondo*, a movement in Mendelssohn's happiest manner, was rendered with equal ability; the *staccato* passages were produced with delightful crispness, the phrasing coloured with the finest taste, and the whole finished and rounded off with the most consummate

art. We have seldom listened to a performance more poetically beautiful, or more thoroughly satisfactory as a display of executive skill. Every movement was most enthusiastically applauded. The *Rondo Papageno*, which we have already cited as a composition of the greatest fancy and originality, created the same *furore* as on the last occasion. Ernst was recalled into the orchestra by unanimous assent, and repeated the *rondo* from the *reprise* of the subject.

Hallé's chief performance was the concerto in G by Beethoven, for pianoforte and orchestra—a work which he has more than once played with great success at the *Conservatoire* in Paris. This was one of the glories of Mendelssohn as a pianist, and it required equal courage and talent to obtain a patient hearing, after the ineffaceable impression produced by that extraordinary genius at his last appearance in England, when he executed the concerto at one of the Philharmonic concerts. Hallé, however, showed that he had not overrated his powers. His performance was worthy of the music—pure in style and mechanically faultless. His reception was of the most flattering kind. Hallé also played Mendelssohn's *Rondo Brillant* in E flat, a work of infinite and varied beauty, but much more rarely heard than the high place it holds among the compositions of its gifted author warrants. The character of this *rondo*, as its name implies, is dashing and brilliant, and it served as an excellent medium for displaying the vigorous style and unfailing accuracy of Hallé's execution to advantage. It was immensely applauded.

Besides those pieces, the two accomplished artists played twice together. In the first part they gave the *Romance, Lied, Intermezzo*, and *Adieu*, from the *Pensées Fugitives*, a selection of short and elegant movements, the joint composition of Stephen Heller and Ernst (known in England as the *Gages d'Amitié*); in the second part they introduced the slow movement and *finale* from one of a set of six sonatas for piano and violin by Sebastian Bach. Both were received with the greatest applause, and the *finale* of Bach was loudly redemanded, but the compliment was judiciously declined by the two performers, owing to the lateness of the hour, and the length of the concert.

From the vocal music, which was supported by Misses Dolby and Lucombe, Madame Macfarren, Mademoiselles Nissen and Vera, Herrn Damcke and Stigelli, we must single out, as worthy particular notice, a very graceful ballad by Mr. W. Vincent Wallace, "The Fire-side Song," charmingly sung by Miss Dolby, and unanimously redemanded, and two beautiful *lieder* by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, "Alsich von dir, Geliebte," and "O Süsse Mutter," which were given by Madame Macfarren with perfect musical feeling, and a warmth of manner in unison with their expressive character. Herr Stigelli, one of the best of the German singers who have visited London during the present season, also sang two *lieder*, the former of which, "Die schönsten Augen," a pleasing melody of his own composition, was much applauded. Herr Stigelli has a tenor voice of agreeable quality, and sings with great animation. Herr Damcke may also be mentioned as a singer of considerable promise, with a good voice and unaffected manner. He was most successful in the well-known "Serenade" of Schubert. The orchestra, led by Mr. Willy, was numerous and efficient, and was effectively heard in Macfarren's clever and spirited overture to *Don Quixote*, with which the concert began. Mr. Benedict acted as conductor of the orchestra, and accompanied, in both of which offices he displayed his well-known musician-like ability.

Altogether, the concert was one of the greatest musical treats we have for many a day enjoyed.

ERNST.

THE following glowing and poetical apostrophe to the genius of this great violinist forms part of a notice of the concert of Ernst and Hallé, which appeared in the columns of the *Morning Post*:—

"As a violinist, Herr Ernst has acquired a universal fame. His style is remarkable for its utter absence of trickery or exaggeration, and his execution is perfectly marvellous. The most extraordinary passages are achieved with a facility and a certainty which, to a certain extent, lessens the wonder which would otherwise be elicited, while his exquisite taste and passionate feeling impart a poetry and an elevation of sentiment to subjects which, treated by other violinists, would, by comparison, become the merest common-places. In all Herr Ernst performs, there is evident the master-mind—the inborn genius stands confessed, perfected by that study and patience, without which the rarest genius is but as the tinkling of brass. His violin is to him as a familiar—at his command the wooden instrument becomes a thing of life, uttering tones of deepest grief or sounds of hilgrious joy, "filling the isle with sweet noises." His violin seems endued with a vocal soul, and gives forth, at the will of its master, harmonies which might "create a soul under the ribs of death." The Talmudists tell us that the harp of the Hebrew Monarch was strung with human souls, which responded to the questions of their regal master. The Rabbinical fable would almost cease to be incredible while listening to the playing of Ernst. There is no emotion which he does not truthfully interpret, aided by all that poetry can inspire, combined with the lustrous colouring and delicate shading which the sister art of painting can impart. Passing by the perfection of his mechanism—his leaps—his compassing of tenths—the grace of his bowing—his staccato passages, that fall glittering as sun-lit showers—the distinctness of his arpeggi—the fulness of his double, nay, triple stops, and all the feats of strength, inclusive of bow and finger-board—we would rest his claim to super-eminence upon his delivery of adagio subjects. In these he distances all rivalry. He has the power of sustaining sound until it seems to rest suspended like a dulcet spirit in the air, while the heart-rending and trembling pathos he evokes is as some wizard spell of harmony, so full of delicious transport is it—so pure and entrancing is its effect. Frequently as we have listened to Ernst, never have we felt ourselves so completely enthralled by his mastery as upon this occasion. We shall not attempt to convey to our readers the enthusiasm he elicited, nor the ovations which followed his performance of each fresh essay. In all styles he proved himself a perfect adept; from the glorious concerto of Mendelssohn—the adagio of which was sung with a tenderness the most touching—to the quaint and fairy-like *Rondo Papageno*, with its marvels of finger and bow, he fully sustained his well-earned fame."

To the above we add an equally warm and especially graceful tribute from an accomplished female hand, in which enthusiasm is charmingly tempered by the modest retiredness with which the opinions are urged:—

"Ernst is acknowledged to be the chief of living violinists; but this assertion conveys no impression of his playing, which is a thing not to be imagined or described—only to be enjoyed and remembered. The mechanical difficulties which he has surmounted are insurmountable to other artists; but he has overcome them, only to be the means of expressing the genius which must make itself felt. The listener cannot but be conscious of his all but impossible feats on the instrument, but, instead of being the prominent things to remark, they seem absorbed by the grandeur of the thought they make evident.

"Most commonly art, however afterwards subdivided, may be classed either as the Intellectual or the Emotional; but the triumph of superlative genius is when the two schools are merged in a perfect whole. We find this to be the case very often in Milton's verse, and almost always in Raphael's pictures. Among the moderns the grand poem of "Festus" exemplifies it, and so do many of Tennyson's happiest efforts. In music, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn seem to us the grand exponents of this high school; but we pretend not to erudition in music, and only know what it is that awakens most fully our love of it, and teaches us the mystery of sweet harmonies. Ernst's compositions, interpreted by himself, seem to us the grandest things we know in music. He performed five times during the concert; one of the occasions being a duet with Herr Hallé, who is a pianist of the highest order. It is difficult to give the palm to any one of Ernst's compositions where all are so excellent. His 'Allegro Pathétique' is a wondrous thing—one might dream a human soul were imprisoned in his instrument and struggling to be free. In the elaborate passages of octaves and double notes he was magnificent.

"The '*Rondo Papageno*' was performed for the first time in England, and raised the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. The idea of this *morceau* was suggested by one of the songs of Papageno in Mozart's *Zauberflöte*; but Ernst, with the privilege of genius, has made it his own. We never heard Paganini, but competent judges assure us that Ernst does even more wonderful things than the player of one-string celebrity, and belongs to a much more exalted school."

In the above it is not difficult to recognise the pen of the admirable poetess and elegant essayist whose contributions enrich the pages of the *Belle Assemblée* — Miss Camilla Toulmin (Mrs. Crosland), who on musical subjects exhibits the same purity of taste, correctness of appreciation, and genial warmth of style, that characterise all her literary efforts.

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT.

This great musical entertainment took place on Friday, the 22nd ult., in the concert-room of Her Majesty's Theatre, which was crowded by a brilliant and overflowing audience. As usual, Mr. Benedict had provided a programme of the utmost attraction, including the names of nearly all the vocal and instrumental artists of celebrity now in London. The only fault to be found with this varied and excellent selection was that Mr. Benedict appeared too seldom himself, in his double capacity of composer and pianist. The one solo performance of the accomplished *bénéficiaire* included a couple of short pieces of his own composition—an "Idylle," as it was styled in the bills, and a *Galope Brillant*. The former is neither more nor less than a flowing and melodious *andante*, in the form of a *notturno*, quite a model in its way, and rendered doubly interesting by the finished style in which it was executed by Mr. Benedict, who, although he has never appeared at the Philharmonic concerts, is one of our most admirable resident pianists. The latter, a brilliant and animated *morceau* in the modern school, full of mechanical difficulties, was equally well played, and both pieces encountered the warmest demonstrations of approval. The other performance of Mr. Benedict was in a quartet for four performers, on two pianofortes, in which he was assisted by Messrs. Charles Hallé, Lindsay Sloper, and Sterndale Bennett, all pianists of the first class. The name of this composition, which is from the pen of the celebrated Moscheles, is *Les Contrastes*, from which its design will be readily guessed. As a work of inspiration it presents no great claims to consideration, but as a vehicle for exhibiting to advantage the talents of four dexterous executants it is all that could be desired. The performance was excellent throughout; the *obligato* passages allotted to each pianist were given with striking decision and effect, and the *ensemble* was faultless.

An interesting feature of the concert, was a song, written by Mr. Benedict, expressly for this occasion, for a *contralto* voice, with an *obligato* accompaniment for the horn. The melody is both graceful and original, and the manner in which the voice and instrument are combined, shows the hand of a studied and tasteful musician. It is enough to mention the names of the executants, to show how perfectly this new composition was rendered: Madlle. Alboni sang the voice part, and M. Vivier played the horn *obligato*, Mr. Benedict himself presiding at the pianoforte; its reception was in the highest degree favourable.

A very pretty and characteristic ballad, sung by Sims Reeves, and a duet, by the Misses Williams, a composition of much elegance and originality, were also among the new contributions from Mr. Benedict's pen. Both were ably sung, and greatly admired. But it would have been more satisfactory to Mr. Benedict's numerous admirers if he had favoured them with one of his more extended and important instrumental compositions.

One of the grand instrumental points of the concert was Maurer's quartet for four violins, executed by Molique, Ernst, Joseph Joachim, and Sainton. Such a combination of first-rate violinists has very rarely been heard in a public concert, and while the *ensemble* was invariably perfect, there was an honourable rivalry for individual distinction in the *solo obligato* passages. The *cadenza* introduced was written by the well known violinist M. David, of Leipsic, especially for this quartet, and gave each of the performers an opportunity for displaying his taste and mechanical aptitude. The applause of the audience was bestowed upon all with equal liberality, and the palm of excellence was fairly divided among the four. The *trio* from *Guillaume Tell*, arranged for three violoncellos, and executed by Piatti, Cosmann, and Hausmann, was also a performance of great interest. Perhaps more than all, however, the audience were gratified by Mr. Benedict's ballad, "Scenes of my youth" (from the opera of *The Gipsy's Warning*), performed on the horn, with exquisite feeling, by M. Vivier, and encored with the greatest enthusiasm. No singer could have given a more intense expression to the melody of this one of the most beautiful of modern ballads. Intonation, execution, and expression were alike perfect, while unaffected simplicity of style added another charm to the performance. Never was Vivier more essentially himself. The remaining instrumental piece was a solo on the contra-basso, by Signor Bottesini, of whom we have spoken more than once as a very extraordinary performer.

All the stars of Mr. Lumley's establishment contributed their valuable aid to the vocal programme, together with other singers of repute. Besides Mr. Benedict's song, Madlle. Alboni sang the popular "Brindisi," from *Lucrezia*, as none but herself can sing it, and by unanimous assent was compelled to repeat it. A similar compliment was conferred upon Madlle. Jetty Treffz, in the quaint Scotch ballad, "Comin' thro' the rye," which she sang to perfection. The great Lablache exhibited his superb voice and incomparable humour in the *buffo* duet, "Ah guardate," with Alboni; and a variety of *morceaux*, too numerous to specify, were sung with more or less success by Mesdlles. Catherine Hayes, Parodi, Vera, A. and M. Williams, Mdm. Giuliani, Mdm. Palm Spatzer, Signors Gardoni, Calzolari, Belletti, Mr. Sims Reeves, Herr Formes, and Pischek. Between the parts the Hungarian vocalists gave two of their favourite *morceaux*, with their accustomed talent. The conductors were MM. Pilotti and Vera, Messrs. Benedict and Lindsay Sloper. The concert, in spite of its almost unexampled length, gave entire satisfaction, and the majority of the audience remained till the end.

SONNET.

NO. CCXLII.

ST. STEPHEN.

"And all that sat in the council, looking stedfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."—*Acts*, vi. 15.

Beware the lustre of those large bright eyes;—
Ye fence old structures round with efforts new,
But now there comes a pow'r to break them through,
And that is shining in those large bright eyes!
Unmov'd, undazzled are those large bright eyes—
Serenely do they contemplate the True.
No passing mist or glitter can subdue
The piercing clearness of those large bright eyes.
Let stones on that devoted head be thrown—
Crush the offender—still you cast not down
Th' Idea that animates those large bright eyes.
All obstacles before it shall be strown,
Like chaff, till to its proper growth 'tis grown,
When long ago have clos'd those large bright eyes!

N. D.

WINCKELMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BOOK III.

ON THE ART OF THE ETRURIANS AND THEIR NEIGHBOURS.

CHAP. II

(*Continued from page 403.*)

XI. On the marble statues that seem to be Etrurian, it is impossible to pronounce a decisive judgment, as they might come from the old time of the Greeks, and, indeed, probability is in favour of the latter, rather than the former, hypothesis. Hence an Apollo of this kind in the Capitoline museum, and another statue of this deity in the palace Conti, which was discovered about forty years ago, under the Pope of this family, in a small temple by the promontory Circæum, now called Monte Circello (*a*), between Nettuno and Terracina, can more safely be deemed a very old Greek than an Etruscan work (*b*). These two Apollos are somewhat above the size of life, and are provided with a quiver, which hangs on the trunk of the tree against which they stand. Both are in the same style, with the sole difference, that the first seems older. At any rate, the hair on the forehead, which is worked into small curls in this figure, is executed with greater freedom in the other. In the same manner, I would not venture to affirm that a vestal, as it is wrongly called, in the Giustiniani palace (*c*), which is probably one of the most ancient statues in Rome, or a Diana, in the Herculanean museum, which has all the marks of Etrurian art, have been made by artists of that nation, and not by Greeks. With respect to the vestal, however, it is hardly credible that a figure of the kind, in which not even the feet are visible, was brought from Greece to Rome, since it appears from Pausanias, that in Greece the most ancient figures remained untouched. The Diana of the Herculanean museum, like most figures of this goddess, is represented walking. The corners of the mouth are drawn upward, and the chin is small; but it may be clearly seen, that it is no portrait, or definite person, but an imperfect representation of beauty; in spite of which, the feet are uncommonly elegant, and, indeed, equal in beauty to any really Greek figure. Her hair hangs over her forehead in small curls, and her side-hair in long stripes, down her shoulders, but at the back they are bound down long from the head, and surrounded with a diadem, upon which there are eight red roses in relief. The dress is washed with white. The shirt, or under-garment, has wide sleeves, which are laid in plaits, and the short cloak, as well as the gown, is laid in flattened parallel folds. The border of the garment on the outer edge is inlaid with a yellow gold stripe, and immediately above it is a broader stripe of a like colour, while the border of the garment is painted in the same manner. The thong of the quiver, on the shoulder, which goes from the right shoulder over the breast, is red, like the thongs of the sandals. This statue once stood in a small temple belonging to a villa in the old ruined city of Pompeii.

XIII. A statue of a priest, in the Villa Albani (*d*), larger than life, and ten palms high, may, with most probability, be deemed an Etruscan work. This statue is completely uninjured, with the exception of the arms, which have been restored. It stands quite upright, with feet close to each other. The folds of the sleeveless gown are all parallel, and lie upon each other as if they were plaited, while the sleeves of the under-garment are laid in pressed plaits; upon which style of costume I shall make some further remarks at the end of the following portion, while discoursing of female dress. The hair on the forehead lies in small curls, shaped like snail-shells, as they are generally fashioned on heads of Hermæ; while in front, on the shoulders, there are hanging down on each side four long twisted stripes of hair. Behind them are also stripes, cut off quite straight, and bound down long from the head under the band, in five long curls, which lie close together, and make, in some manner, the form of a hair-purse, a palm and a half long. Much in the same style as this so-called priest, is a statue in the Villa Mattei, which represents a woman in an advanced state of pregnancy, probably a protectress of child-bearing, like Juno. It stands with the feet placed parallel in a straight line, and holds the stomach, with the hands laid over each other. The folds of the garment are perpendicular, and are not hollowed out as in the Vestal above, but are merely indicated by incisions.

SELECT VARIORUM NOTES.

(*a*) Even in the time of the kings this promontory belonged to the Romans; for Tarquinius Superbus sent a colony thither, and in the first alliance between Rome and Carthage, which was concluded under the first consuls, L. Junius Brutus and Marcus Horatius, the Circæans are named among the four maritime cities of Rome, who did not wish to have them disturbed by the Cartheginians. This fact is repeated in the self-same words in a subsequent alliance between the same parties. Cluverius, Cellarius, and others, have passed over this circumstance. The first alliance was concluded eight and twenty years before the expedition of Xerxes against the Greeks, and the statue above-mentioned, if it is a Greek work at all, must have been made through the knowledge of Grecian art, before that time. But the Promontory Circæum, which was inhabited by the Volscians, had no communication or intercourse with the Greeks, especially at that time, while it had intercourse with the neighbouring Etrurians, so that even from considerations of time and place, this Apollo may be deemed an Etruscan work.—*Winckelmann.*

In this note Winckelmann, unless I have misunderstood the whole passage, seems to put forth an opinion contrary to that in the text.—*Translator.*

(*b*) This statue was discovered in a small temple on the banks of a lake called the Lago di Soressa. This lake, which belonged to the house of Prince Gaetani, once flowed in through a canal, which became stopped up, and the water in the lake was consequently for some time at a much higher level. To make it convenient for fishing, it was necessary to let the water off, so the old canal was cleared out. In the mud of this canal were discovered some ancient boats, fastened together with metal nails, and when the water in the lake itself had sunk, the temple appeared in which the Apollo was found. The marble niche, in which the statue formerly stood, and which is covered with highly elaborate ornaments, is now to be seen.—*Winckelmann.*

(*c*) The Guistiniani statue, which is known as the Vestal, has something square, severe, and defined in all its parts, with little that is agreeable, so that it is open to the reproach of stiffness. The folds of the gown are drawn in perpendicular lines, and the old Greek style appears throughout. It is, however, worthy of notice, that this monument is smoothly and accurately finished, with every appearance of great carefulness.—*Meyer.*

(*d*) Fea, on account of the workmanship and the fact that the marble is Grecian, is inclined to regard this as a Greek work. We ourselves shall not pass any judgment on the matter, but shall leave it to itself, as there is something unpleasant about the work, which has prevented us from giving it that attention we have frequently intended. We think, however, we may affirm with safety, that it is scarcely of such high antiquity as Winckelmann seems to assume, when he reckons it among the Etruscan monuments of the oldest time and the earliest style.

(*To be continued.*)

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(*Continued from page 404.*)

XXXV. I speak at this length about Egypt, because it contains more wonders than any other country, and exhibits things which are beyond the power of words. For this reason, more is to be said concerning it. The Egyptians, besides

having a climate different from any other climate, and a river of a nature different from that of any other river, also differ from the rest of mankind with respect to their laws and customs. Among them, the women go to market and carry on trade, while the men remain at home to weave. Other nations, when they weave, send the woof upwards, but Egyptians send it downwards. The men in Egypt carry burdens on their heads, while the women carry them on their shoulders. * * * * A woman cannot be priestess of any deity, male or female, but the men are priests of both. Sons are not compelled to support the parents if they do not like, but daughters are compelled to do so, even if they do not like it.

XXXVI. In other countries the priests let their hair grow, but in Egypt they shave it off. With other men it is a law for those who mourn for a near relative to shave their heads, but the Egyptians let their hair grow on both the head and the chin, on the occasion of deaths, although they have been previously shaven. The rest of mankind lie apart from beasts, but the Egyptians lie with beasts. Other men live on wheat and barley, but with the Egyptians one who lives on these is considered extremely infamous, and they make use of *olyra* *, which some call *zea*. They knead the dough with their feet, but they carry mud and dung in their hands. No other nations, except the Egyptians, and such as have learned from them, practise circumcision. The Egyptian men have each two garments, but the women only one a-piece. Other nations fasten the rings and ropes of their sails outside, but the Egyptians on the inside. The Greeks, when writing and calculating with counters, move the hand from left to right, but the Egyptians from right to left. The Egyptians say, nevertheless, that they proceed to the right, and the Greeks to the left. They make use of two (*a*) sorts of characters, the sacred and the popular (demotic).

XXXVII. Being excessively religious—indeed, more so than the rest of mankind—they have the following regulations: they drink from brazen cups, which they wash out every day. This is a custom, not of a few particular individuals, but is universal. They wear linen garments, always newly washed . . . esteeming cleanliness rather than beauty. The priests completely shave themselves every third day, that they may be free from vermin and everything unclean, when they serve the gods. They wear nothing but a linen garment and shoes of byblus, these alone being lawful for them to use. Twice a-day and twice a-night they wash themselves with cold water; and there are ten thousand other religious acts, which, so to speak, they practise. The advantages enjoyed by the priests are not a few. They make no expenditure, and consume no part of their property; but they have the sacred meat for the temple, and there is, besides, to each of them, a daily allowance of beef and goose. They also have wine made from the grape (*b*), while it is unlawful for them to taste fish (*c*). The Egyptians never sow beans (*d*) on their land, and should these chance to spring up, they will not eat them, either raw or boiled. The priests cannot even endure the sight of them, deeming that they are an impure vegetable. There are to each god several priests, of whom one is the high-priest. If one of them dies, he is succeeded by his son (*e*).

NOTES.

(*a*) It is to be observed, that Herodotus, and with him Diodorus Siculus, represents the Egyptians as making use of only two kinds of characters, whereas three are named by Clement of Alexandria and Porphyry—the epistolary, the hieroglyphic, and the symbolic. The discrepancy is easily reconciled by supposing that the hieroglyphic and symbolic (hieratic?) of Clement are both comprised under the "sacred" of Herodotus and Diodorus.

(*b*) As distinguished from beer, which was common in Egypt.

(*c*) According to Clement, a fish was a symbol of hatred to the Egyptians, because the body of Osiris was said to have been torn by fishes when he was slain by Typhon, and cast into the Nile. The Pythagoreans are said to have their hatred of fish from the Egyptians.

(*d*) This aversion from beans was likewise shared by the Pythagoreans, and also by persons initiated into the Greek mysteries; for it was thought that Ceres, when she gave mankind the other fruits of the earth, omitted beans, and considered them impure.

(*e*) A priestly *caste* is here plainly indicated.

(*To be continued.*)

* Say "spelt."

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE *Don Pasquale* was repeated on Saturday. Whatever opinions we may have formed respecting the excellence of Alboni's acting, and the perfection of her singing in Norina, were more than confirmed by the second representation. In truth, Alboni is not only a charming and intelligent artist in comedy, but she is possessed of the true *vis comica*, which is betokened in her arch look and rich smile, no less than in her buoyant spirits and admirable self-possession. Her bye-play, too, is all excellent; and in short, the great contralto-soprano's performance in the *Don Pasquale*, must be rated as one but too rarely seen on the modern stage. To her singing no words can do justice. Her execution of Balfe's brilliant cavatina is a perfect marvel of vocalisation, and such as we never heard surpassed, and but very seldom equalled.

On Tuesday the *Lucrezia Borgia* was repeated, and on Thursday the *Matrimonio Segreto*. It would appear that Alboni's faith in the last-named opera is not very strong. She omitted her only aria, well knowing that even her singing could not render it palatable. No quantity of honey could sweeten salt. We cannot blame Alboni for this. As we said on a former occasion, the part of Fidalma is utterly unworthy of her great powers, and as she has neither music to sing, nor much that might be termed "significant" to do in the acting, we see no reason why she should "waste her sweetness on the desert air." Her playing the character at all was an act of condescension. But Malibran and Viardot set the example.

The new *divertissement*, entitled *Les Plaisirs de L'Hiver, ou Les Patineurs*, was produced on Thursday. It is a most brilliant and novel affair, and was as eminently successful as any *divertissement* could be. It is thus described in the printed box circulars:—

"The 'Ice Ballet'—*Les Plaisirs de l'Hiver*, presents the most curious and novel features. It offers the contrast of the flowery scenes of the tropical with the pastimes of the hyperborean regions, together with the employment of electricity in one of its most striking forms. This Ballet was first performed at the Court Theatre of Berlin, in 1840, under the title of *Lieb.eshændel*. It is composed by Paul Taglioni, the *maître de ballet* of the King of Prussia. It was at first reserved for the precincts of the Court Theatre, but last year it was yielded up to the wishes of the old warrior, Marshal Prince Paskewitch, the greatest amateur and patron of Ballets in Europe. At his pet Theatre (the Imperial) at Warsaw, although there are no Taglionis or Rosatis, there is a Polish *Corps de Ballet*, which, for beauty, agility, and mimic power, is equal to any in Europe; and, of course, to such an establishment, the second *tableau* was highly suited. Here the Ballet had immense success, and all the great Theatres in Germany imitated it. Such was the effect, that Meyerbeer—who is composer to the same theatre of which P. Taglioni is ballet master—about to produce in Paris the *Prophète*, asked the latter, on his way to London, to furnish the suggestions, plans, and models necessary to introduce some of the principal features in his opera. This Paul Taglioni most cheerfully accomplished, from regard for Meyerbeer, and the *Pas des Patineurs* had the same success in Paris as in Germany. So many attestations of its merits naturally led to its production by the Author at Her Majesty's Theatre.

"The first *tableau* represents the celebration of a Polish marriage, amidst flowers in a *Jardin d'Hiver*—one of those new luxuries, by means of which the richer noblemen of the North console themselves for the rigor of their climate. In this *tableau* Rosati and the other chief dancers of the *troupe* display their grace and spiriting in novel and piquant steps. There is a "*grand Pas de Deux, à la Hongroise*," by Mdlle. Rosati and M. Charles. In this *tableau* likewise occurs the "*Introduction à la Fête*," by Mdlles. Marra, Thomassini, Julien, Aussandon, Lamoreux, and Pascales. Having disported themselves within, the gay votaries join the country people without in another pastime of their own. This occurs in the second *tableau*. You behold the Danube, crowds of skaters throng the frozen waters, attended by venders of every species of ornament and refreshment. On one side are seen ladies driven along on sledges; in another direction the men are enjoying the *Montagne Russe*. Presently, room is made for the dances of the skaters. First comes the "*Pas des Frileux*." The laughing but shivering crowd, by the execution of a peculiar Hungarian step, dance themselves into warmth. Then comes "*Le pas à la Hussarde*," a curious, lively, and varied step, performed by Madlle. C. Rosati and M. P. Taglioni, Mesdames Petit, Marra, Thomassini, Aussandon, Julien, and Lamoreux. This is followed by the most remarkable and characteristic step of all, the grand quadrille "*Des Patineurs*." Of this prolonged, varied, and marvellous intricate *pas*, every detail is executed by skaters with the most remarkable effect. Betwixt each figure there are solos of mimic action—spirited episodes of the life of the North, represented by M. Charles. But at last the hour is come when the feast within must follow the sports without; the sun's setting marks the hour of retiring to the hospitable fire-side; and the curtain descends amidst the fall of snow."

The above will give all the description that is required. It will be observed that there is no pretension to plot or story, and that the *divertissement* depends for its effects on the realisation of a winter scene and its contingencies on the stage. Nothing could be more striking or effective than the manner in which all this is done; and Mr. Charles Marshall, the painter, demands as much praise for his share of the production as M. Paul Taglioni for the composition, or Signor Pugni for the music. Nor must the dresses, nor the *mise en scene* be over-looked, which were so splendid and appropriate.

In the first *tableau* Rosati danced to perfection in the *pas de deux* with M. Charles, and exhibited all her delightful *abandon* and neat execution. The music of this *pas* is very pretty.

The curtain fell amid a shower of plaudits, which were as thick as the snow-shower that heralded the close of the ballet. To-night the famous Sontag will probably make Jenuy Lind's worshippers look pale.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The *Huguenots* was repeated on Saturday and Thursday, and the *Nozze di Figaro* on Tuesday, for Persiani's farewell appearance. The performances demand little or no remarks. Her Majesty and Prince Albert attended again on Saturday, it being the second time during the week, attracted, no doubt, by the magnificent representation of the *Huguenots* on the previous Thursday. The house was, as is usual on the *Huguenots* nights, crowded to inconvenience.

On Tuesday, as we are informed by the bills, Madame Persiani appeared for the last time on the stage. We have a vague suspicion that the announcement stands on a frail foundation, and hope, next year, to have the pleasure of again listening to one of the greatest artists of the lyric drama.

The range of characters assigned to Madame Persiani during her brief engagement at the Royal Italian Opera, with one exception, was not selected with the best judgment to exhibit her extraordinary talents to advantage. The exception was the *Sonnambula*. In such operas as *Don Giovanni*, the *Nozze di Figaro*, and the *Matrimonio Segreto*, Madame Persiani's dazzling flights of vocalisation and brilliant powers of *fioriture* were entirely lost; and every body knows it was by means of these she gained her immense celebrity as an artist. That she produced a great effect in Zerlina, in *Don Giovanni*, and in Carolina, in the *Matrimonio Segreto*, must be referred as much to her delightful acting as to her clever singing; and that she occasionally produced a powerful sensation by her singing alone in these parts, must be conceded, and will be readily believed; but that she excited the same enthusiasm as she did in *Sonnambula*, or would have done in the *Barbière*, *Lucia*, and other of her favorite operas, cannot be imagined for one moment. The management pursued its straight-forward course. It did not make use of one star to the annihilation of all the others, but chose an opera in which the greatest number of the principal singers might be brought together, and the *ensemble* thereby rendered perfect. Against this we have nothing to urge in objection; we are inclined to fancy, however, that Persiani might have been permitted to take leave of the stage in one of her own characters. But all this leads us to the belief that we have not heard the last of the charming and gifted artist on the boards of the Royal Italian Opera.

On Thursday the *Donna del Lago* was announced, but in consequence of Mr. Sims Reeves' illness, the *Huguenots* was given instead. The lovers of Rossini were greatly disappointed, while, on the other hand, the admirers of Meyerbeer were delighted. Grisi created a more powerful sensation than ever by her transcendent singing and acting. At the end of the third act, when she and Mario were called for, the entire audience cheered her for several minutes, the orchestra joining in the applause. Grisi takes her benefit next Thursday. She has chosen, and most judiciously, the *Huguenots*.

The *Prophète* is in active preparation. The choruses have been in rehearsal for some weeks, and the skaters in the "Pas de Patineurs" scene have been making good use of their legs. How the skaters get on, and how they manage their skates, and from whence the ice is procured, and how it is kept in a state of refrigeration, and by what means, whether by bribing the thermometers or the weather, shall all be told in good time. Meanwhile we are given to understand that the production of Meyerbeer's grand work will surpass in magnificence, novelty, and completeness, all that has hitherto been done at the Royal Italian Opera. Leyden, the Prophet, will be sustained by Mario, Bertha by Miss Catherine Hayes, the three Anabaptists by Marini, Luigi Mei, and Polonini, Count d'Oberthal by Tagliafico, and Fides, her original part, by Pauline Garcia. Massol will also prove of very essential service, and Mesdemoiselles Corbari and De Meric will lead the choir of boys in the *finale* to the fourth act. The choral department, as in the case of the *Donna del Lago* and *Lucrezia Borgia*, will be strengthened by the co-operation of some of the principal artists of the establishment.

The *Prophète*, and the manner in which it will be placed upon the stage at Covent Garden, and the effect it is likely to produce on the public, judging from the *Huguenots*, and Mario, and Pauline Garcia, whom Fame has taken under her wing, and Puise affiliated, with all the etceteras speculation lets loose in the hour of expectancy, are the leading topics in all musical circles in London. For our part, we feel no doubt as to the result, and believe that the "Prophet" will prove no loss to the Directors of the Royal Italian Opera.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

ADELPHI.

The *comédie vaudeville* of *L'Almanach des 25,000 Adresses*, which was played last year at the St. James's, has been turned into an English extravaganza, and under the title of *Webster's Royal Red-book*, was brought out on Thursday night at the Adelphi.

The French piece is one of those thorough-going specimens of practical fun spread over three acts which are less a type of the Gallic drama in general than of the Palais Royal in particular. In works like *L'Almanach* and *Une Fièvre Brulante*, the invention of the author is constantly on the stretch to produce a series of odd and surprising incidents. Rules of probability do not belong to the school. Idiosyncracies totally foreign to all we have known of human nature may be introduced; the mode by which thoughts are expressed may be at variance with all the ordinances of all ranks of social life; the adventures, while seeming to depict every-day existence, may wander almost into the sphere of the physically impossible;—but yet the author has accomplished his task, if he does not let the merriment drop.

The difficulties into which a countryman is led in trying to find a person with a common name, and whose address he has lost, in a large metropolis, form the foundation of *L'Almanach*. The victim comes to Paris as the recognised suitor of a lady; but she has a favourite lover of her own, and that lover has a knot of gay friends, who amuse themselves in sending the novice in every direction but the right. Lefebvre is the name he wants, but this is a very common name. The "Almanach des 25,000 Adresses," *Anglicè* the "Post-office Directory," can supply the persecutors with diversions *usque ad nauseam*, and the difficulty is increased by the fact that the real Lefebvre, the man he wants, finds an interest in concealing his name, and is the constant associate of the victim under an assumed appellation. Far be it from us to attempt to detail the adventures of the unhappy provincial, who is brought into all sorts of odd positions in his search for the right Lefebvre, and who, when he is at last awakened to a sense of his wrongs, brings a whole armoury of weapons under his arms as instruments of vengeance. In the Adelphi version of the piece, Paris is changed to London, and everything is fitted to the English soil, though the adapter has found a difficulty, when he comes to an hotel with its *locataires*, and endeavours to fashion it into a Bermondsey domicile. The victim is personated by Mr. Wright, who finds a good vehicle for all his eccentricities in the strange situations of the piece, and Mr. Bedford, as the erring husband, the real Lefebvre (here, Briggs), is, as usual, his companion-picture. At the fall of the curtain, the audience, who had been in convulsions throughout, called for both with the most rapturous applause.

About three years ago, the same piece was cleverly adapted by Mr. Angus Reach, for the Lyceum Theatre, under the title of *Which Mr. Smith?* He did not follow the original closely, but passed over the more extravagant incidents, and gave a rustic character to the victim, who, at the Adelphi, is a Cockney, though he nominally comes from Winchester.

NEW STRAND.

The comic opera of *Polichinelle*, which was played at the St. James's Theatre during the operatic season, has been, according to common custom, stripped of its music, and produced with much success as an English piece, under the title of *Punch in Italy*. The chief character, it will be remembered, is that of an honorable man who gains a splendid income by following the profession of a Neapolitan buffoon, and takes the greatest pains to conceal his occupation from his aristocratic wife and her father, who wonder at the source of his wealth. The high-spirited "Punch" is acted in good manly style by Mr. Leigh Murray, and he represents in an amusing manner the embarrassments occasioned by the scrapes into which his concealed position leads him. The wife, severe towards her husband when she suspects him of infidelity or of crime, but forgiving when she finds that he has only sinned against a conventional prejudice, is played with much feeling by Mrs. Compton. This lady acts everything she undertakes in a very nice unaffected style, and is an acquisition to a theatre where domestic drama is performed.

In the bills the piece is called "new and original." To "new" we do not object, as it simply means "new" to the English stage; but the word "original" should not be applied to an adaptation from a foreign language. We make this remark without the slightest feeling of bigotry as to the principle of adapting, firmly believing that a good piece translated is better than a bad original. But there is no occasion to make words swerve from their original meaning.

ST. JAMES'S.

French Plays.—The season of the Opera Comique terminated on Saturday last, with a morning performance for the benefit of Mr. Hansens, the conductor; and, the theatre re-opened on Monday with a *vaudeville* company, of which Mdme. Doche and M. Arnal are the stars. Both these artists are known to the British public, so that they were received as old friends, and welcomed most warmly. Mdme. Doche is a most lady-like person, and, in parts where great exertions of sentiment are not called for, she is perfectly at home and universally pleasing. As regards M. Arnal, we can but repeat what we have frequently said before, that he is the perfection of *niaiserie*—the most sincere simpleton we ever witnessed; combining the quiet, placid stolidity of Keeley with the vivacity of Buckstone. The first piece, *Ce que Femme veut*, played last year during the engagement of M. Achard, displays to great perfection the peculiar characteristics of both the lady and gentleman; it is of the serio-comic genus, and turns on the unceasing endeavours of a young widow to prove her gratitude to her benefactor. The latter shuns the lady's advances, and the fair widow's persistance eventually assumes the proportions of downright persecution, which gives rise to a variety of scenes alternately pathetic and burlesque, or rather serio-grotesque, which force the audience to shed tears of sorrow with one eye and of laughter with the other. The aim of the authors, Messrs. Duvert and Lauzanne, is evidently to bring these two feelings into forced contrast; and in the scene where Agathe relates to Champignel the history of her life, the effect is peculiarly striking, when, on her relating how she led her blind father, Champignel compares her to Bélisaire. The piece abounds in puns, some of which are very good, and M. Arnal created considerable merriment in the relation of his journey from Paris to Orleans by railroad. The part of Agathe was well filled by Mdme. Doche; Mdme. Mancini was also very good in the part of an old maiden aunt on the look-out for a husband; Madlle. Flore, and Messrs. Josset and Lucien, contributed to the success of the piece.

Riche d'Amour is the original of the farce *Lend me Five Shillings*, played at the Haymarket; the scrapes into which the unfortunate *Pinquoin* is led by the want of five shillings, were most humorously depicted by M. Arnal, and kept the house in convulsions of laughter; Mr. St Marie contributing thereto by his excellent impersonation of a jealous husband. The other parts were ably sustained by Mesdames Buguet and Girandon, and M. Chatillon. We perceive that an entirely new and *original* play, entitled *Punch in Italy*, has been brought out at the Strand Theatre. M. Scribe will be somewhat astonished to understand that he has been guilty of piracy in his libretto of *Punchinello*, from which the above is taken.
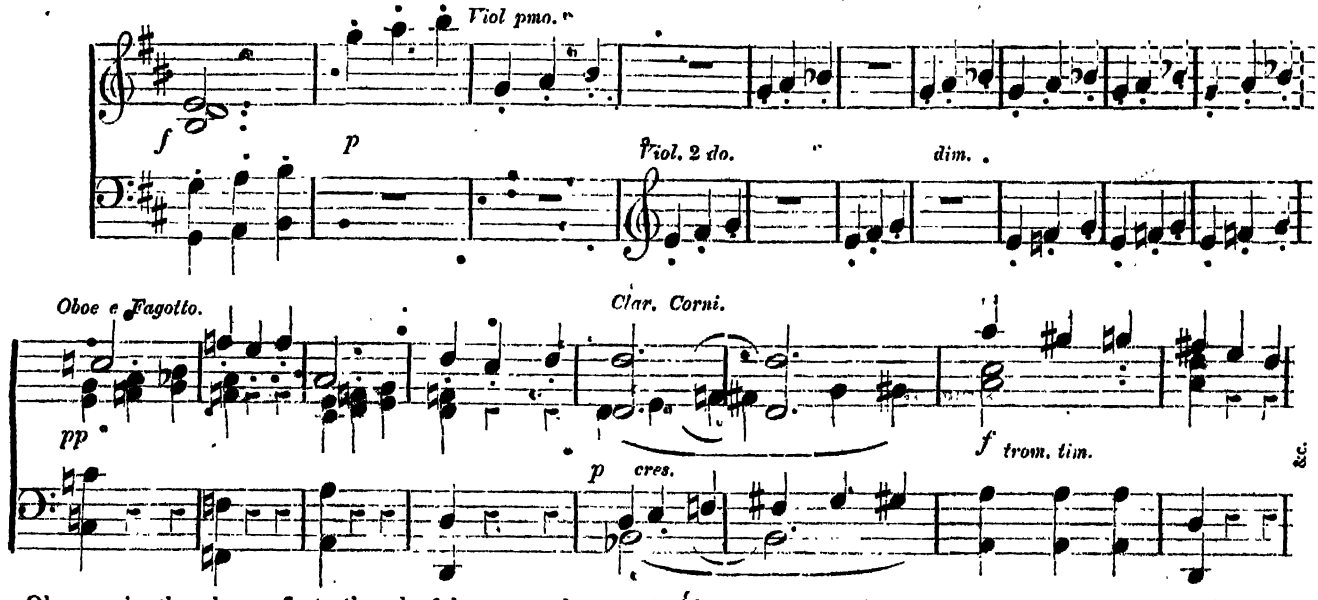
J. DE C——.

BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.

(*Continued from page* 410.)
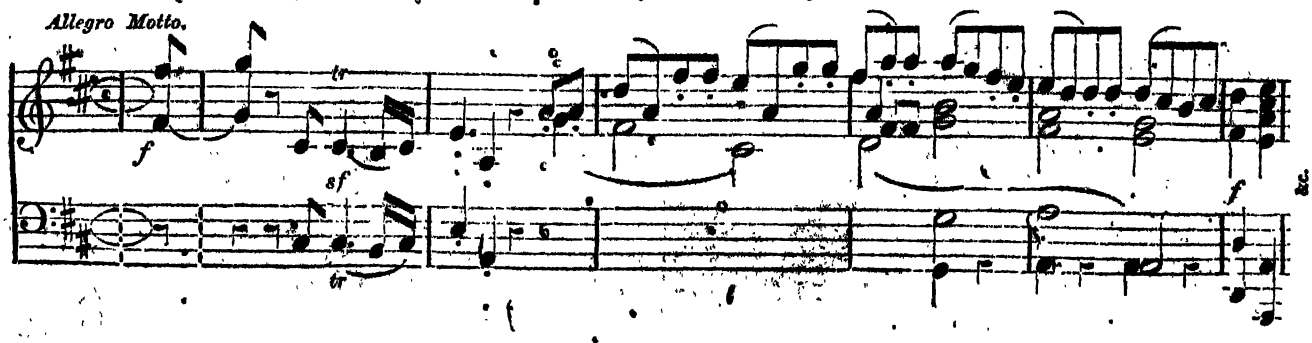
THE Scherzo has already been adduced as the most Beethovenish portion of the symphony in D—that is, more in the spirit of what, in our composer's subsequent compositions, we recognise as his individuality or peculiar style—than either of the other movements in the present work.

It is not to be inferred, from this distinction, that the writer gives to this Scherzo a precedence in point of merit before the rest of the symphony, but it certainly has a considerable precedence in point of interest, insomuch as we find in it characteristics that chain our attention particularly to the author as an individual genius, not as one of a galaxy equally sharing in and adding to the splendour of his circle. One can rarely describe in words the peculiarities of style in music; when they can best be defined they consist less in individuality of thought than in speciality of expression, and this is a lower order of excellence more correctly classed as mannerism than as style. With regard to the movement under notice, the reader must know it, and must judge for himself, and if he fail to discern in it that general character which distinctly identifies it with its author no analysis of mine can elucidate what I would convey; the movement itself is the only technical illustration I can offer of what I advance. The plan of this Scherzo is extremely simple; the marked character of the subject influences, not only the style, but the construction of the whole. The first part consists of a phrase of eight bars with a full close in D, which is repeated with a modulation into A. The second part opens with a novel sequence of modulation that brings us into B flat, where there is a bold passage on the pedal bass, and we are then led by a familiar progression to a half-close on A; this introduces a recapitulation of the First Part, which breaks off in a truly unexpected manner, into a Coda that forms, perhaps, the most exciting portion of the movement.
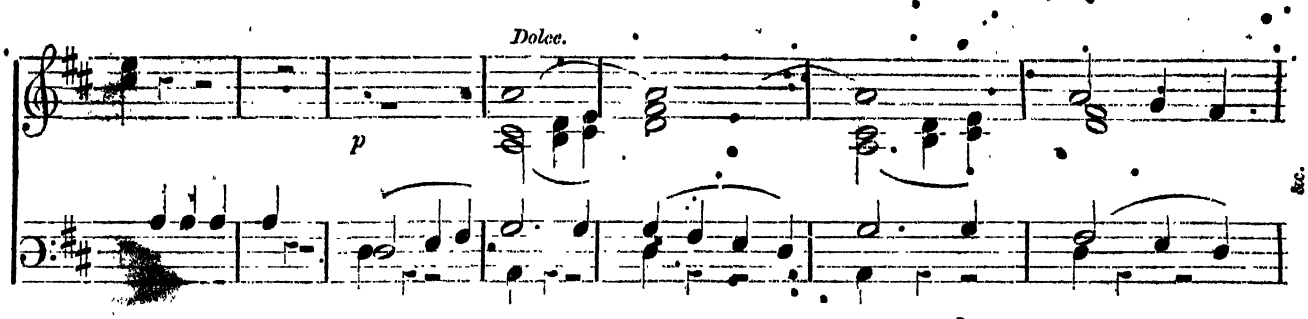


Observe, in the above, first, the playful response between the first and second violins; next, the gradual and yet surprising introduction of the key of F; next, the original subject worked through a short sequence, that leads to the chord of B flat; lastly, the very exciting, the never-failing, the irresistible effect of the ascending scale upon this chord, and the wonderful burst upon A, that brings us back to the original key. The Trio consists of a most simple melody of eight bars, assigned to wind instruments; then there is a passage for the string instruments, in unison, on a chord of F sharp major, which, itself a surprise, gives rise to a startling effect—the return to the original key; then comes the first melody with an accompaniment of crotchets in the bass, that gives a new effect to it, and it is now somewhat prolonged. After this, there is the Da Capo of the Scherzo, which completes the whole—a movement that seems as if it had been composed in less time than has been occupied in this description of it, so irrestrainably spontaneous is the effect, which, once known, leaves its impression for ever on the memory.
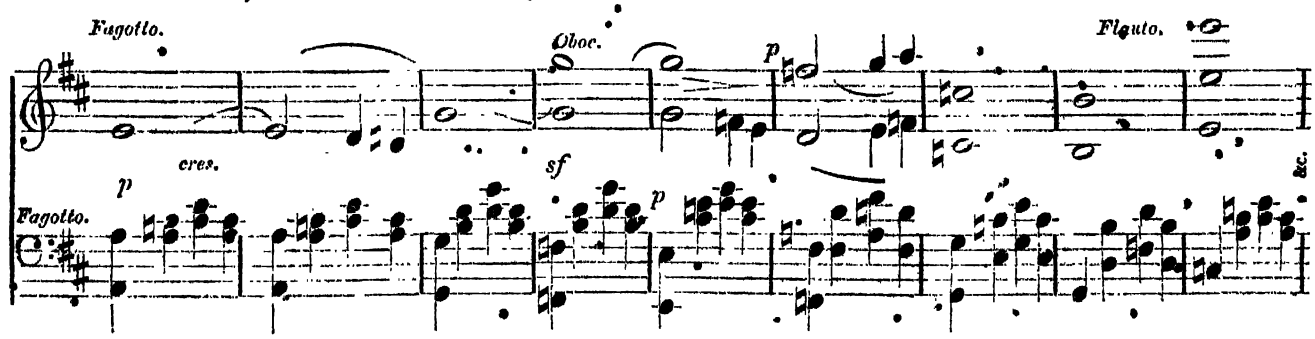
The Finale is particularly to be noticed for the marked character of its subjects, for some peculiarity in its plan, and for the extent, the intrinsic beauty, and the obvious effect of its Coda.



Such is the spirited and very bold commencement; and this character of vigor, of determination, of energy, never sleeps throughout the movement. The repetition of this phrase brings us to a full close in D, and we have then a passage in two-part harmony, through which the horns sustain a tonic pedal, and which leads to a half-close on A. Here occurs an important feature in the plan, that distinguishes this from the movements already described in this and in the preceding Symphony. It will have been observed, that the first half-close has always been the period for the introduction of the second, or dominant subject; in the movements of the shorter plan the half-close has been upon the dominant of the original key, and this dominant has been changed into a key note by the entry of the new subject in the key of the fifth above the opening of the movement; in the more extended movements the half-close has been upon the dominant of the dominant, making, in some sort, a preparation for the new key; but in the other plan, the new key, however closely related to the original, occasions a surprise to the hearer; the second of these forms, it has been remarked, is the more prevalent among later composers; in the example under notice the construction is quite different, the first half-close on A being employed as a resting place, from which enters a second important phrase in D—important by reason of the interest itself possesses, and of the use that is subsequently made of it in the further development of the movement, and we are led from this to a half-close on E, which is the medium for the introduction of the dominant subject.
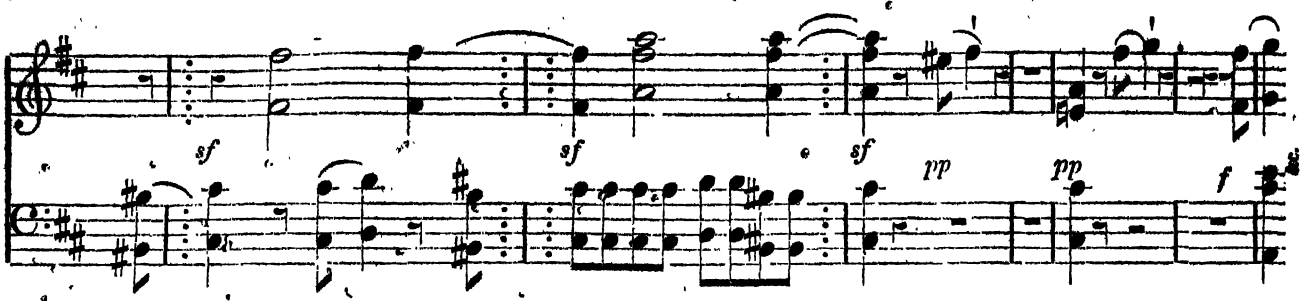


This second subject in the original key is so far reposeful as to form an effective relief to the principal theme, but at the same time it interferes not with the vigorous character of the movement, which, as has been observed, never sleeps throughout. The dominant subject is again a great relief to this, being unlike to it as the complete difference of accent, of rhythm, of accompaniment, and of instrumentation can make it; yet while it powerfully relieves the figure and the phrasing of the other subjects, it no less satisfactorily and entirely accords with their general character. This subject consists of a much more prolonged and continuous song than we generally find in the quiet movements of Beethoven; not that it is to be supposed he is, in any respect, deficient in melody, but that, in this instance, the rhythm is more than usually extended, and the episode is complete and satisfactory in itself, whereas, in most cases, the phrases seem as fragments only, if separated from the context. After sixteen bars in A major, the first phrase of this subject is given in the minor of the same tonic, and this leads to the following modulation into C, and the return to the original key—one of those exquisitely beautiful points that always distinguish the man of genius from the mere schoolman, however deeply studied, and which never fail to excite the hearer, like the glow of sunset bursting through a stormy sky, the memory of early joys suggested by the unexpected appearance of a familiar object among strangers, or the voice of one beloved heard anywhere and allwhere.



A bold passage for the basses, formed of an arpeggio, concludes the First Part, but without coming to a decided close; on the contrary, the passage stops on the second inversion of a chord of the seventh on A, and is continued in the bassoon part as a kind of counter-theme to a small section of the principal subject, the return to which is brought about somewhat after the playful manner which Haydn originated and made so peculiarly his own. We now come to another important feature of the plan; it appears to have been the idea of the composer that the chief theme of his movement should be well impressed upon the hearer before he proceeded to its elaborate development in the Second Part, to carry out which, without the customary repetition of the whole of the First Part, he has, at this stage of the movement, made a return to the subject; he breaks away from this, however, after the first six bars, giving the second phrase in the minor of the original key, and from this point commences the working of the Second Part. The first and the second sections of the principal subject are successively elaborated with much musicianship until a very grand unison passage, first for the string instruments

only, and afterwards for the whole orchestra excepting the brass, which commences from C sharp, the dominant of F sharp minor, is introduced to form a new and most effective point of relief. This leads to a cadence in F sharp minor, and the fine passage of which it is formed, built of a fragment of the original subject, is repeated with considerable extension, and finally introduces the following felicitous return to the key :—



After this we have a recapitulation of the First Part, in which the modification of the second subject, so as to lead to a half-close upon A instead of E, for the introduction of what was before the dominant subject, is well worthy the careful attention of the student. I must remark also upon the manner in which this subject is now treated, it being slightly altered to accommodate the peculiarities of those instruments among which it is dispersed, so as to produce from the combination of them effects similar to those that characterised the corresponding points when the subject was given in the key of A, employing equally prominent notes in the same important situations. The conclusion of this recapitulation of the First Part introduces another reprise of the principal subject, which is this time prolonged, in a natural but quite unexpected manner, and commences a very extensive Coda, which equals in interest and in musicianly contrivance any other portion of the movement. The continuation of the first subject, just noticed, leads to a half-close on A, when a new and effective development of the second principal theme takes place on a dominant pedal; this passage is repeated on a tonic pedal, and then somewhat extended, until we come to a pause on the first inversion of a chord of the seventh on A. The train of thought is here suddenly checked; we feel that the mind of the musician passes from the contemplation of the present, and dreams itself away into the consciousness of some other time, whether belonging to the certain, the endearing treasures of memory, or to the questionable, the possibly improbable speculations of hope, it must always be for the hearer—according to the particular tone or temper, to the personal influence, that is to say, under which he may witness a performance—to suppose. Certainly at this period an entire, though a transient change, comes over the feeling of the music; one might imagine here the question "Can it be?" of all that has induced such state or such condition of the mind as this whole movement expresses; one might imagine the earnest look back into, when this was not to prove by contrast that now it is; and one may well imagine the gradual assumption of the chain of thought that has been broken stealing upon the mind as conviction enters the heart. The pause on the first inversion of the chord of F sharp major, the sequence of modulations with the holding notes successively for the horns, the clarionet, and bassoon, and the oboe, that brings us back to the key of D, the expected full-close in which is interrupted by the recurrence of the harmony of F sharp major and the repetition of the second passage, intermixed with a section of the original subject that is this time carried all through it; the extension of the passage upon this repetition, and particularly the extraordinary prolonging of the rhythm and the doubling of the time as we approach the long-sustained harmony of G; the extraordinary combination (extraordinary with reference to the key in which it occurs), and its still more extraordinary resolution that leads us this time home to the original key, and that increases the feeling of suspense which has so long prevailed into a momentary anguish, and the satisfactory effect of the return to the key upon the A bass, will, I hope, justify to the reader the chain of ideas I have attempted to describe. This admirable passage is too long for quotation, and no extract from it would give any idea of the much besides musical expression which it conveys; I must, therefore, beg those who may be interested, and who remember it not, to refer to the whole. A passage that has been noticed in the Second Part, as formed out of the first subject, occurring there in F sharp minor, is now introduced, and leads to a chord of the seventh upon D, with the C natural in the bass, which is most powerfully instrumented, and this leads to what would be a full close in the key of D, but that it is interrupted by a recurrence of this C natural bass, which induces a repetition of the foregoing cadence, that ultimately brings us most satisfactorily and unmistakeably to the key note. We have then an effective tonic and dominant passage built entirely upon the principal subject, that would seem to be conclusive, but that again an unexpected interruption surprises us. We have again a long pause on F sharp, and a brief recurrence to the idea to which attention has been already so earnestly excited;—the old doubt is still unexercised; the vigorous character that the music has assumed might seem as the strong effort of will to repel an influence which in thus re-appearing one may think too powerful. Still one might imagine "Can it be?" when a decided, positive, assured, and satisfied "It is!" declares the happy consciousness of full conviction in the great passage of unisons for the whole orchestra, that gives to the opening phrase of the principal subject, by its noble prolongation, a new dignity, and a greater than it has yet borne throughout the whole; and thus the Symphony concludes. This remarkably fine movement might be said to belong to that form of composition known as the Rondo, by reason of the very frequent return to the original subject, but that we find that this subject is never given entire excepting at the commencement and in the recapitulation of the First Part, and that it recurs not after each of the episodical subjects, but only partially and in particular places, with the intention, it is reasonable to suppose, to supply in the plan that important impression of the first principal subject upon the mind of the hearer, which in other movements is effected by the repetition of the First Part; also by the obvious fact to all who have analysed it, that this Finale fails in no part of the construction and development of a two-part movement—the grandest and completest form of musical composition.

It is impossible to know this great work and want in admi-

ration of any part of it; whether with the grandeur of the first movement, the loveliness of the Larghetto, the excitement of the Scherzo, or the vigor of the Finale, no intelligent hearer can listen to an adequate performance and fail to be successively moved and moved with rapture; but however we may admire the whole, and however those who know of the work equally may delight in the interchange of their expressions of admiration, all must feel that, in particular, as an example of the most powerful imagination and of the most consummate mastery, the Coda of the last movement is above praise and equal to the very highest appreciation. G. A. Macfarren.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

There was but a moderate attendance on the night of the repeat of *L' Elisir d'Amore* (Thursday, the 28th), although there was thereto superadded the last act of *La Favorita*, by way of attraction. The first-named opera went better than on the first representation. Bailini sang the part of Belcore more correctly in tune. Madame Montenegro was as arch and as piquant as ever as Adina, and sang brilliantly. Santiago was tender and impassioned, as usual: he got applauded for his "Una furtiva lagrima," which was ably accompanied by the cornet-a-piston. Montelli was vastly amusing again as Doctor Dulcamara, and got encored in the "Io son ricco." The band and chorus all acquitted themselves in a praiseworthy manner, and the four principals were recalled at the end of the opera. We do not much like to see *a part* of an opera (not even at Her Majesty's Theatre on a long Thursday), so we were not predisposed to be delighted with the last act of *La Favorita*. We would rather witness one opera entire, and done well, than a more faultless performance of fragments of operas. We like to have our feelings excited and enlisted in behalf of the story; consequently, never having seen Donizetti's *Favorita*, what could we (without libretto) make out of a number of monks singing near a cross standing in the midst of a cloistered space, two dimly seen through a Gothic archway at the back of the stage, apparently digging a grave; an organ is heard, as if in the cloistered chapel (a seraphine behind the scenes); a solemn dirge is chaunted. Fernando (Santiago) makes his appearance also in monkish robes, sings very mournfully and pathetically (*in French!*), then departs through the cloisters with the rest. Leonora (Madame Montenegro), we presume at one time *La Favorita*, then makes her appearance as a novice, or about to become one of the holy sisterhood; she is very full of trouble, hears sacred music in the conventual building; amongst the voices recognises that of Fernando; he reappears, and certainly an effective scene, both musically and dramatically, occurs betwixt the two. We know of none on the lyric stage which calls for higher histrionic or vocal power in the soprano as heroine, and tenor as hero. There is a duet in unison, allowing for the difference of voices. But to judge of the merit of Donizetti's work, we should hear it *whole*, and not the mere fragment of it. We fear, however, the story is too extravagant—too *French*—to please our taste. Of Madame Montenegro and Santiago, however, we must speak in high terms, (and Montelli, too, although his part, Balthazar, was not so important), for their performance of this trying scene—no doubt selected to show their talent in it.

We are glad to find that we are to have another week of Italian Opera here; Tuesday, *Lucia* is announced, for the benefit of the Choir; and Wednesday, *Lucrezia Borgia*, once more, for Santiago's benefit. We shall attend, and report every performance that we can. Meantime, we have a word or two to say about last week's article. We *meant* to say, that although Thursday was like a London long Thursday in one respect, that is, in being a *non*-subscription night, it was *not* like, in another sense, as we had merely *Il Barbière*. At Her Majesty's Theatre, besides a whole opera, and a whole ballet, on a Thursday night, scenes out of other operas, and portions of other ballets are frequently given, making them *long* Thursdays indeed. The paragraph we allude to in our last, reads badly, for want of the little word *not*. Then, in speaking of Montelli, and his throwing so much vindictiveness into the part of the Duke of Ferrara, which we did not suppose possible, with his good-humoured face," the sentence is made to stop at "possible;" and "with his good-humoured face." is tagged to the next, which it makes downright nonsense. Again, we spoke of the *un*important part of Orsini, which is made into *im*portant—directly the reverse of what we said, and what is notoriously the fact.

Wednesday.—*Sonnambula* was repeated on Saturday, the 30th ult., and *Lucia* last night, the 3rd inst. The *Guardian* speaks highly again of Montenegro in the latter; and declares Santiago's Edgardo to be decidedly the best on the stage.* The *Sonnambula* too, was a great improvement on its first performance last week, both in acting and singing. Montenegro, in the "Ah, non giunge," was loudly applauded; and Santiago equally successful in "Tutto e sciolto," We were not able to attend either performance. Santiago's benefit is postponed till to-morrow, (Thursday, the 5th,) when *Lucrezia Borgia* is to be repeated, Saturday winds up the short season with the same opera that commenced it, *viz.*, *Norma*; for the benefit of the energetic and indefatigable *prima donna*, Montenegro; we hope both may be bumpers.

We learn that the German Opera company, from Drury Lane, is next to appear here with band, chorus, and all complete. We look forward to a high treat in operas of another school—*Don Giovanni*, *Faust*, *Der Freyschutz*, and last, not least, *Fidelio*, Beethoven's only opera—from the vivid recollection we have of the German company here eight years ago.

There was a first rate concert at our Concert Hall, on Monday the 2nd instant. Jetty Treffz, Angri, Rommi, Bottesini, all made their first appearance in Manchester on the occasion, and Salvi was the tenor of the party. Your correspondent is unfortunately not on the subscriber's list of this exclusive establishment, more exclusive even than your Philharmonic Society in London, for *there* one may get admitted by purchasing a ticket! Here they are not to be bought, and the Directors have not the politeness of your friend Hallé towards the reporter for the *Musical World*, or we believe any other paper. Sigma, who reports for the *Guardian*, is a subscriber; he gives a glowing account of the concert of Monday. In the programme, he remarks, that neither Bellini nor Verdi's names appear, and Donizetti but once; and that there was less pianoforte accompaniment and more orchestral—all evidence of improvement. Angri is spoken immensely of, though not quite so great as her great rival Alboni: and Jetty Treffz seems to have delighted everybody, and was encored in one of her German *lied*. Salvi was great in the tomb scene from *Lucia*, and Rommi, a barytone, appeared to advantage in the concerted music. Bottesini excited every one's astonishment by his florid and correct execution on his heretofore-considered unwieldy instrument; he was encored in the "Carnival." The overtures to *Don Juan* and *Oberon* were well played, and *Tancredi* served to play out the company, which Sigma says was a most brilliant one, the ladies forming by far the majority. We see that two grand concerts are already announced at the same Hall, to come off after both Operas are closed, with no less than a party of *seven* first rate vocalists, on the 27th and 30th August, viz. Grisi, Alboni, Corbari, Mario, Polonini, Tagliafico, and *the* Lablache! Who can say that Manchester is not musical?

Jullien—the great—is coming, with Madame Persiani, on the 24th, to the Free Trade Hall. It will be Madame Persiani's farewell appearance in Manchester. Oh! rare Jullien! inimitable Jullien! thy tactics deserve all their great success!

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Our Theatre Royal opened on Monday, under the management of the new and spirited lessee, Mr. W. R. Copeland, whose energetic and successful management of the Amphitheatre has shown that he knows not only how to deserve, but how to command success. During a short recess, the theatre has been thoroughly cleansed and re-embellished, and it may now be safely pronounced to be the handsomest theatre in the kingdom, with but

* Then has the *Guardian* seen neither Mario, Salvi, nor Sims Reeves.—Ed.

two or three exceptions. A new and magnificent proscenium is in keeping with the other decorations of the house, while the drop-scene, machinery, &c., display great taste and ingenuity. The company collected by Mr. Copeland to support Mr. Macready is unusually strong, and equal to the performance of any tragedy; in fact, I doubt if so good a tragic company exists at any single theatre in the metropolis. You will believe me, when I mention the names of Mr. Barry Sullivan (who has been pronounced, by the Manchester press, to be the best Hamlet on the stage), Mr. George Bennett, Mr. James Bennett, Mr. Cathcart, Mrs. Warner, Miss Cooper, &c. On Monday evening, the performances consisted of *Macbeth* and a farce. Long before the time of performance, the approaches to the theatre were crowded, and immediately after the doors were opened, the theatre was completely crammed by a most respectable audience, who at first vented their delight by giving way to their feelings at the beauty of the house. On the curtain rising, Mr. Barry Sullivan was received with great enthusiasm; but on Mr. Macready's presenting himself, the applause was absolutely terrific; the audience rose *en masse*, waving hats, handkerchiefs, &c, and cheering for nearly three minutes. One excited individual in the gallery shouted out, with stentorian lungs, "England against the world!" Of Mr. Macready's Macbeth there are, of course, diversities of opinion, as there are of all great performances. I myself do not like it so well as his King Lear, Iago, Coriolanus, Cassius, &c. His mannerisms in it are, perhaps, too apparent; and in fact it is so elaborated and full of point-making, that you plainly see that his is not the *ars cælare artem*. Still his performance abounds with so many beauties and real strokes of genius, that you overlook his faults. I may particularly mention his soliloquy after the murder of Duncan, and the acting in the banquet scene, in which he brought down, to use a common phrase, "thunders of applause." His last scene, too, is wonderfully striking and powerful. Nothing could be more real. At the conclusion of the tragedy, he was loudly called for, and cheered to the echo, retiring visibly affected. Mrs. Warner was a good Lady Macbeth, bringing out the vindictiveness of the character with strong effect; her pathos in the last scenes was also subdued and natural, but we did not think she made as much as she ought to have done of the letter scene. Mr. Barry Sullivan played Macduff with cafe and taste; and Mr. George Bennett was admirable as Banquo, acting with much rugged earnestness. The musical portion was not quite so good as the acting, but the three witches and Hecate were well personified by Messrs. Baker, Corri, &c. Mr. Macready has since appeared in several of his favorite parts, and next Monday plays *Hamlet*, in which play Miss Anne Romer will be the Ophelia. Mr. Copeland has given us an opportunity of witnessing performances superior to anything that we have seen in Liverpool for years, and it is to be hoped that he will be as liberally supported as he ought to be, for his attempt to produce the drama in a proper manner? to elevate the theatre to the place it ought to occupy amongst the amusements of a large town like Liverpool.

In musical matters there is little new. The Philharmonic Society has engaged Herr Karl Formes *in loco* Pischek, and Mr. Best will preside at the organ instead of Mr. Sudlow. Jullien pays one of his welcome visits on the 25th, bringing with him Persiani, who is a comparative stranger here, not having been heard in Liverpool for the last four years. She will be sure to be a great attraction, independently of the *gran maestro's* instrumental attractions, including selections from the *Prophète*, numerous new valses, &c. Several of our concert-goers are thinking of Sontag; and it is rumored that one of our principal female vocalists has gone to London to try and engage her; that she may be successful is the hearty wish of yours, &c., J. I. N.

July 5, 1849.

REVIEW.

"The Cuckoo's Call." Duet for Soprano and Contralto; the Music composed by G. A. Macfarren.—Addison and Co.

This is a most charming duo, and delightfully written, for two female voices. It is an *Allegro Pastorale*, in 6-8, and is exceedingly lively, and full of character. The melody is joyous and sparkling, and goes on roundly to the last bar. The cuckoo's call and response is very prettily imagined, and if even tolerably warbled by a soprano and contralto, must have an excellent effect in the singing. The soprano part goes no higher than G, while the contralto is well disposed to set off the low notes to advantage. These, though independent of any musical merits, belong to the tactics of the composer, and exhibit his skill in writing for particular voices. Alboni and Angri have rendered the contralto voice more popular than ever; and young ladies who cannot roam into the empyrean of the soprano skies, now no longer attempt to fly beyond their native limits, but content themselves in the mid-heavens, and float onwards, not upwards, in the deep azure. The contralto will find her music in the Cuckoo Duet not only highly pleasing, but well adapted for practising the lower register of the voice. We cordially recommend the duo to our soprano and contralto acquaintances, confident that they will acquiesce in the praise we have bestowed on it.

An error crept into our last review. In noticing Lovell Phillips' song, "The Voice of Song," it was printed "The Voice of Love."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Madlle. Corbari.—This accomplished vocalist is engaged by Mr. Beale for one of his provincial tours in the autumn. Madlle. Corbari will return to St. Petersburg in the winter season, being engaged by Signor Tamburini for the Imperial Italian Opera. The charming Adalgisa, who excels all the Adalgisas past and present, has as many warm admirers in the Russian capital as in the metropolis of Great Britain.

Jetty Treffz.—The Manchester amateurs have been enthusiastic in their appreciation of the merits of this popular vocalist, who sang at the last of the Gentlemen's Concerts, with Angri, Salvi, Rolumi, and other artists. A long letter from a correspondent has arrived too late for insertion this week, but shall appear in our next.

Tagliafico.—This excellent and popular singer has signed a new engagement for St. Petersburgh, where his success last winter was such as his sterling artistic merits richly deserved. Tagliafico is of the greatest value in an operatic company, his *repertoire* being as varied as his talents are distinguished. Previous to starting for St. Petersburgh, Tagliafico will accompany Alboni and others in a dramatic tour in some of the provinces of Great Britain, undertaken by the untiring Mr. Beale.

Barroihlet.—We understand that Mr. Lumley has made a very liberal offer to this celebrated barytone, who was so long one of the chief supporters of the *Académie Royale de Musique* in Paris. M. Barroihlet has been on a short unprofessional visit to London. His engagements, however, in the French provinces, will prevent his immediately accepting Mr. Lumley's handsome proposal, but there are some hopes that about the middle of the season we may have the chance of hearing M. Barroihlet at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Mario.—An incident occurred at the Royal Italian Opera a few days since, which places the great tenor in so truly amiable a light, that we could not forbear from recording it, although we feel assured, from his well known affability and generosity, no act of good feeling or benevolence on the part of Signor Mario could create surprise or astonishment. On the representation of the *Huguenots* on Tuesday week, Mr. Bologna, a dancer, received by accident a wound in the hand from the sword of Mario. At the termination of the opera, on inquiring where was the gentleman he had unintentionally injured, and being informed he had gone to a surgeon, that his hand might be dressed, he came next morning, when, not meeting Mr. Bologna, he called one of his fellow-dancers, Mr. ——, and said, "Do me the favour to give Mr. Bologna this (a note for £10); and express my regrets for the accident—say that I will pay his doctor's bill also; and desire him not to come to the theatre until his hand is quite well, as I will pay his salary myself." This circumstance affords a grateful contrast to the indifference shown generally to the humbler theatrical brethren by the foreign artists at our lyrical theatres. How such

an anecdote as this would have emblazoned the forehead of certain journals, had Jenny Lind been the heroine, our readers may haply surmise.

MARCHESI.—The name of this vocalist was printed Manchusi, by mistake, in our notice of Miss Anichini's concert.

THE HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL will take place on the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th of September. Messrs. Willy and Blagrove are engaged as leaders, and the vocalists will be Madame Castellan, the Misses A. and M. Williams, Messrs. H. Phillips, Machin, Lockey, Simms Reeves, and Hobbs. Mr. G. Townshend Smith, the cathedral organist, will conduct the performances.

AMATEUR PERFORMANCE.—A second grand amateur performance of dramatic music has taken place at the residence of the Right Hon. Sir George Clerk, Bart., under the direction of Mr. Ella. The selection of pieces on this occasion was extremely interesting, comprising the overture and introduction of the first and second acts of *Jessonda*. Several fine *morceaux d'ensemble* from *L'Assedio di Corinto*, *Les Huguenots*, and a march and duet from *Le Prophète*. The principals, chorus, and band, consisted of about forty amateurs.

HERR COSMANN.—This admirable violoncellist has left London for Baden Baden, where he will probably give some concerts.

MADAME DULCKEN'S GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT was held on the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre on Friday, the 15th ultimo. As usual, it was a monster affair, the programme containing no less than twenty-eight pieces, besides a selection from Felicien David's *Ode Symphony*, given between the parts of the concert. Nearly all the principal artists of Her Majesty's Theatre were engaged, and sang. Pischek, Formes, and Madame Marlow, were drafted from the German company, and Jetty Treffz was added to the list of vocal attractions. In addition to Madame Dulcken, we had for instrumentalists, M. Schulhoff (pianist) and M. Kontski (violinist). Balfe presided over his band in the orchestra, and Vincent Wallace accompanied some of the pieces, vocal and instrumental, at the piano. Such is the outline of the concert; to enter into particulars is hardly necessary. Madame Dulcken distinguished herself four times on the piano. Her performances were in Mendelssohn's grand concerto for pianoforte and full orchestra; in Schulhoff's fantasia, "Carnaval de Venise;" in a duet of Osborne, for two pianofortes, in which she was assisted by M. Schulhoff; and in Wallace's popular "Cracovienne." In each and all of these the fair artist acquitted herself with her usual brilliancy and effect, and was loudly applauded. The duet with Schulhoff was admirably performed; the gentleman's fire, energy, and force, most happily amalgamating with the lady's grace, delicacy, and neatness. Perhaps Madame Dulcken's most effective display was in Wallace's "Cracovienne." She was accompanied with full orchestra, conducted by the composer. It was in every respect a capital performance, and was very generally and deservedly applauded. Of the vocal performances we were much pleased, in the first part, with Jetty Treffz's lied, "Liebchen, wo bist du?" a most expressive and touching specimen of ballad singing, which was encored, and with Alboni's cavatina, "In questa semplice," from *Betly*, of which it is enough to say, we never heard the divine contralto-soprano sing it more delightfully. Madame Marlow also deserves mention for the pleasing and intelligent manner in which she rendered a Styrish song, called "Die Blümeln im Wald." In the selections from the *Ode Symphony* of David, Gardoni took the solos, which he gave with excellent taste and feeling. The extracts were well performed by the band and chorus, but the symphony entirely lost what little sympathy it had for us by the fragmentary shape in which it was presented to us. We did not, however, experience any violent loss. In the second part, we cannot call to mind many pieces which made an extraordinary impression on us. Pischek sang a very pleasing ballad of Reissiger, called "Die Reimatt," in which he used his falsetto voice with nice effect; and Formes introduced two somewhat sombre ditties, which his splendid voice and fine style could hardly redeem from insignificance. The other vocal *morceaux* of the concert were made up of the old conventionalities, and were handed over to Lablache, F. Lablache, Coletti, Belletti, Gardoni, Calzolari, with Mesdames Parodi, Alboni, and Giuliani. A M. Apollinaire de Kontski, a Polish violinist, made his first public appearance in London. As M. Kontski played his own compositions, and as these are of a very peculiar character, being apparently written with no other intention than to set off the powers of the violinist over mechanical difficulties, we cannot speak as to his legitimate claims to be called a violin player. As an executant on his instrument he is really original, and, as it appears to us, effects in a peculiar way what no other violinist of the present day would accomplish. His *pizzicato* playing with the finger of the bow-hand is, perhaps, the most singular thing he does. His bowing is good, and his intonation generally correct; but his tone is thin and small, and gives you the idea of one playing on a very little fiddle. He has written some extraordinary passages for the violin, and his compositions, although divested of musical interest, are not devoid of a certain effect. In his second performance on the "monochord"—an instrument nothing more than a violin with one string—he quite astonished the audience by the novelty and singularity of his playing. His harmonics were clear and generally in tune, his intonation throughout almost faultless, while the variations were executed with a rapidity and facility that could easily be surpassed. But with all these extraordinary effects, which are certainly worth hearing once in a way, we doubt if M. Apollinaire de Kontski can hold a place amongst legitimate violinists in this country. There is too much of evident quackery in his playing, and, however extraordinary his executive powers may be, depending on themselves alone, they are certain to fail in upholding his name, while we have such players as many we could specify, who unite the greatest capabilities of execution with every other qualification necessary to constitute the true violinist. As a curiosity, however, M. de Kontski should be heard; and, to such as feel delight and admiration for executive trickery and the surmounting of apparent impossibilities, his performance cannot fail in affording amusement. It is but just to say that M. de Kontski's efforts were warmly seconded by the audience, who encored him in his second piece. The theatre was fashionably attended: it could hardly be other than fashionably filled, seeing that the concert was under the immediate patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, the Queen Adelaide, H. R. H. Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS MONSTRES.—The third Concert Monstre will take place at the Surrey Gardens on Friday, the 20th inst. In addition to most of the performances already given at Exeter Hall, M. Jullien has provided other entertainments, some of which are of a most startling nature. A new and original Grand March, descriptive of the passage of Hannibal and his troops across the Alps, what time, as Livy says, he softened his way with vinegar—we manage it better with sugar now-a-days—will be performed by four distinct military bands, stationed at different points of the garden, to give reality of effect to the echoes. The March is composed by M. Bender, director of the music, or band-master of the Guards of the King of the Belgians. A still more brilliant and novel performance, perhaps, will be the grand Triumphal March of Julius Cæsar, for double orchestra, four military bands, chorus, and twenty Roman trumpets. These trumpets, we understand, are about three yards in length, and are of that kind which were used at the public funeral of Napoleon, and which were said to produce a most extraordinary effect. Altogether, the affair of the 20th inst. at the Surrey Gardens promises to be attractive in the highest degree. It would be unusual, indeed, if Jullien did not surpass himself in his last undertaking, and we accordingly find the present programme, in extent, novelty, and importance, outdoing all his previous efforts. May Jullien never die until the fertility of his imagination be exhausted—could we wish him longer lived!

MISS COLLINS' CONCERT came off at Blagrove's Room, on the 22nd ultimo. The room was full, and the selection good. Besides the fair *bénéficiaire*, Misses Bassano, Messent, Thornton, Ellen Lyon, and Kate Loder, lent the aid of their talents. Miss Bassano sang a cavatina of Donizetti's, and an English ballad, with her usual taste and feeling. There is no English singer who more happily unites the dramatic and the ballad style than this lady. Miss Kate Loder played a *fantasia* on the pianoforte, with that digital brilliancy, precision, and gracefulness, which she must certainly have inherited from some elf or fairy. Miss Messent was encored in Linley's song, "Maiden, gay," and the well-known duet, which she sung with Mr. Wotherbee, "The Syren and the

Friar." Miss Thornton was loudly applauded in Balfe's "Merry Zingara," and Miss Ellen Lyon, with equal success, contributed to the entertainments of the evening, in several pieces. Miss Collins has a very pleasing contralto voice, which will improve by cultivation. Her style is that of the native ballad, in which, when habit has given her the needful confidence, she will, we have no doubt, become an accomplished artist.

Mr. H. C. Cooper and Mr. T. W. Hancock have announced their intention of giving a solo and quartet concert at Mr. Hancock's new rooms, 41, Gerrard Street, Soho, on Wednesday evening next. Mr. Sterndale Bennett is engaged, as are also Mr. Hill, the tenor, Mr. E. W. Thomas, violin, and Mr. Howell, contra-basso. The lovers of classical chamber music may expect a treat of no ordinary character.

Madame Sontag.—His Excellency Count Rossi, Sardinian Minister to the Prussian Court, had an audience to take leave, on his retirement, on the 20th ult. The King likewise received Count and Countess Rossi (Madame Sontag) in private audience, on the 25th ult., after which they quitted Berlin, and reached Dover on Saturday last.

Rubini and Jenny Lind.—*Le Menestrel*, of Paris, says that Rubini is expected at London, and that he and Jenny Lind are both engaged at Her Majesty's Theatre, to close the present season. We should not be surprised at anything Mr. Lumley could effect in his musical arrangements; but we fancy this managerial move is somewhat beyond the enterprising manager's powers, or even his desires. The same journal stoutly avers that Madame Stoltz's appearance at the same theatre is awaited with impatience. How largely must the writer draw upon his imagination!

Mozart.—During the period the immortal Mozart was engaged at Vienna, superintending the production of his opera, which was rendered into Italian (*la bella lingua*) by Da Ponte, from the celebrated *Mariage de Figaro* of Beaumarchais, two other composers were preparing operas for representation, one named Righini, the other Salieri, whose work was called *La Grotta di Trophonio*. The struggle between these two inferior composers was that they should complete their scores about the same time as Mozart, in order to obtain a prior representation. They did contrive to complete their respective works a few days before Mozart finished his opera. Each musician claimed the right of producing his opera before the others. The contest excited much discord, and a species of partizanship was formed, which espoused the cause of one or the other of the rivals. The characters of the three composers were singularly unlike. Mozart, as touchy and dangerous as Professor Schönbein's gun-cotton, vowed that if his work were not produced first he would throw the score into the flames—his claim was advocated by a very strong party. But while Righini, who, possessing but little interest, was secretly working to undermine the enemy's strength, Salieri, capellmeister to the court, and withal, a shrewd, clever man, possessed of "crooked wisdom," as Bacon calls it, was backed by three of the principal artists, who formed a cabal, to extinguish which in those days, even as now, was no easy task. Every one took side in this important feud, till his Imperial Majesty put an end to the mighty contest, which might almost have merited the pen of Homer or the Thea, whose aid he invoked to narrate, by issuing a mandate that Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro* should take precedence, and it was accordingly put in rehearsal forthwith. At the first dress rehearsal, with complete orchestra, the immortal composer jumped about the stage in an ecstacy—or agony, which?—of excitement, now giving the *tempo* to the orchestra, and then snatching the book from some singer's hand, endeavouring to sing his part, to show the effect he intended. While Benucci, who was the Figaro, was singing the "Non più andrai farfallone amoroso," Mozart repeatedly cried out "Bravo, bravo, Benucci," as that singer rendered the world-famous aria with the greatest animation and *tours de force*; but when Benucci arrived at the passage, "Cherubino! alla vittoria! alla gloria militar!" which he sang with all the wonderful power of voice he possessed, the effect was electrical, for the whole of the performers on the stage and in the orchestra, besides the audience admitted to witness the rehearsal, as if actuated by one simultaneous feeling of rapture, vociferated "Bravo, bravo! Maestro! Viva, viva! grande Mozart!" And the little body with the great soul acknowledged, by repeated obeisances, its thanks for these enthusiastic signs of applause with which they distinguished him. At the finale to the first act the same meed of their delight was bestowed on him; and so was it at the termination of the first public performance of the opera, for the auditory appeared as if they would never cease applauding and calling for its composer,—almost every piece was re-demanded, which prolonged it to the length of well nigh two operas, and induced the Emperor to issue a command on the second representation that no part should be encored. Never were success and triumph more complete or more striking than on the occasion of Mozart's opera, and the numerous and overflowing audiences which have, since that time, hailed its performance, amply prove how greatly they held in estimation *Le Nozze di Figaro*.—*Memoranda of a Musicim.*

The Distins in America.—These distinguished artists received a most flattering testimonial, in the shape of a complimentary concert, in which all the best resident professional artists voluntarily tendered their valuable services. The Tabernacle was crowded in every part—twenty-five hundred persons must have been within the walls on that occasion. We cannot enter into the particulars of the programme—we will only state that it gave unqualified satisfaction, and that the Distins received the most unbounded admiration and applause. The artists who assisted were Mrs. Edward Loder, whose singing of "Let the bright seraphim" was most brilliant and effective, Mrs. Jones, Madlle. Lovurney. Miss M. O'Connor, Messrs. Timm, Loder, Maretzek, Stoepel, Jones, Kyle, Greatorex, Burke, Hoffman, Ikelhiemer, and the Dodworths. This was one of the finest concerts of the season, in point of variety of attraction and the number of persons present.—*New York Sunday Courier, June* 3.

Music of Old.—The ancient Egyptian flute was only a cow's horn with three or four holes in it, and their harp or lyre had only three strings; the Jewish trumpets that made the walls of Jericho fall down, were only rams' horns; the psaltery was a small triangular harp or lyre with wire strings, and struck with an iron needle or stick; their sacbut resembled the "zagg" used at Malta in the present day—a species of bagpipe; the timbrel was a tambourine, and the dulcimer a horizontal harp with wire strings, and struck with a stick, like the psaltery—such as are seen about the streets of London in the present day. Imagine the discord produced by 200,000 of such instruments, while playing at the dedication of Solomon's Temple.—*Medical Times.*

Vauxhall Gardens.—These favourite gardens offered great attractions on Monday week, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. The musical department on this occasion comprised three bands, and consisted of 150 performers; 400 supernumeraries, in military costume, were engaged, under the command of "real Waterloo men," to represent the battle-field of that auspicious day. They were aided by Mr. Darby, the pyrotechnist, whose "splendid representations from the regions of light and fire" were of the most perfect description. The display of fireworks terminated with a transparency of the "Duke of Wellington at Waterloo," and with a display of the electric light thrown on the manœuvres of the 400 supernumeraries, who, with their military bands, were paraded in various groups, so as to represent troops engaged in action. The effect was very good, and the *fête* proved greatly attractive.

Guernsey.—At the late performances at this theatre, under the immediate patronage of the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Catherine Bell, a numerous audience was drawn together. In the first piece, *Not a 'bad Judge*, Mr. Newcombe, the lessee and manager of the theatre, represented the character of Lavater, the physiognomist, in a manner which did the highest credit to his talents. There was a tone of nature in his style which we too often look for in vain on the stage, where even the best performers at times adopt conventional forms of action and intonation entirely foreign to every-day life. Mr. Newcombe spoke and acted the character as we might suppose the original would have done, placed in the circumstances of the drama; we beheld not the actor, but Lavater. The other parts were well sustained. In the *Young Widow*, Mr. Newcombe appeared in a bustling character, requiring talent of an opposite description, and in this also proved himself a most amusing actor. Mrs. R. Gordon, as the Young Widow, displayed a graceful and lady-like bearing; Miss Aldridge was an excellent *soubrette*, and Mr. Davis a spirited and humorous

lover. The performances were really good throughout—an opinion the audience repeatedly manifested by their hearty applause and laughter.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Correspondent, whose signature we have forgotten, is informed that the Haymarket Theatre has not been open a twelvemonth during the last three years consecutively; but in 1846 it was.

Madlle. Helene Stoepel's and Herr Dreyschock's concerts are unavoidably omitted till our next.

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PART II.—Quartett, No. 13, in B flat, Op. 130, *Beethoven*—First Grand Trio (Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello), *Spohr*—Quatuor Brillante, Op. 23, in G, *Mayseder*.

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The Directors of the Royal Italian Opera have the pleasure to announce to the Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public, that the ENGAGEMENT of MADAME VIARDOT GARCIA will commence forthwith. The FIRST APPEARANCE of this eminent Artist will take place early in JULY, in MEYERBEER'S New Opera of **LE PROPHETE**, which has been for some time in active preparation, with New Scenery, Dresses, and Decorations. This Opera—the exclusive right of representation of which has been secured to the Royal Italian Opera—will be produced, with all the resources of this Establishment, under the superintendence of Mr. COSTA.

The Directors have the honor to announce that on TUESDAY NEXT, JULY 10, will be performed, for the First Time this Season, ROSSINI'S celebrated Opera, in Two Acts,

LA DONNA DEL LAGO,

WITH THE ANNEXED CAST:—

ELENA,	MADAME GRISI,
ALBINA,	MADAME BELLINI,
GIACOMO V.,	SIGNOR MARIO,
RODRIGO DHU (*First Appearance in that Character*),	MR. SIMS REEVES,
SERANO,	SIGNOR LAVIA,
DOUGLAS OF ANGUS,	SIGNOR MARINI,
AND	
MALCOLM GRÆME (*1st Appearance in that Character*),	MADLLE. ANGRI.

Tenth Representation of "LES HUGUENOTS," for the BENEFIT of MADAME GRISI.

MADAME GRISI has the honor to announce to the Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public, that HER BENEFIT will take place on THURSDAY NEXT, JULY 12, on which occasion will be performed MEYERBEER'S Grand Opera, **LES HUGUENOTS**, supported by Madame GRISI, Madame DORUS GRAS, Madlle. ANGRI, Signor MARIO, Mr. SIMS REEVES, Signor TAGLIAFICO, M. MASSOL, Signor LUIGI MEI, Signor LAVIA, Signor POLONINI, and Signor MARINI.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor—Mr. COSTA.

MUSICAL UNION.

TUESDAY NEXT, JULY 10, EIGHTH and LAST MEETING.

Quartet, E Flat, No. 2, Op. 12, *Mendelssohn*—Solo (Contra-Basso), Signor Bottesini—Sonata in F Minor, Op. 57, *Beethoven*, C. Hallé—Quintet in C, No. 5, *Onslow*—Quartets, sung by the Hungarian Vocalists.

ARTISTS—SAINTON, DELOFFRE, HILL, PIATTI, BOTTESINI, and CHARLES HALLE (his last performance in London this Season).

Strangers' Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had, on early application, at CRAMER and Co.'s, Regent Street.

Members are requested to pay their Subscriptions yet due, and to retain their Tickets until March, 1850.

J. ELLA, Director.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS MONSTRES.

AT the general request of his Friends and Patrons, M. JULLIEN has the honor to announce that his THIRD CONCERT MONSTRE and CONGRES MUSICAL will take place at the ROYAL SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS on FRIDAY, JULY 20, when FELICIEN DAVID'S ODE SYMPHONY, **THE DESERT**, will be performed for the LAST TIME. Meyerbeer's Music from **THE PROPHETE** will be executed, also for the last time; and the other portions of the Programme entirely changed, including M. JULLIEN'S First Arrangement of GOD SAVE THE QUEEN, each bar being marked by the report of an 18-pounder cannon, as performed at M. JULLIEN'S first Concert Monstre at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, in 1845, before an audience of 12,000 persons.

MEYERBEER'S Music from **THE CAMP OF SILESIA**, First Time in England. Among other Novelties, the Grand Triumphal March of "JULIUS CÆSAR," for Double Orchestra; Four Military Bands; Chorus; and Twenty Roman Trumpets, made on the model of the Roman bas-relief, by Messrs. PASK and KOENIG, Strand, and performed by MM. Koenig, A. Koenig, Arban, Davis, T. Davis, Cioffi, Antoine, T. Harper, Smithers, Scheffer; and Ten of the best Trumpets, from the Horse Guards.—In order to give to this magnificent *morceaux* all the effect which it made on the Continent, the practices will be under the direction of Herr KOENIG, and several careful Rehearsals will be directed by M. JULLIEN.

Tickets, price 2s. 6d., if taken before the 20th of July, or 5s. on the day of the Concert, may be obtained of JULLIEN & Co., 214, Regent Street.

Gardens open at 4, commence at 5, and terminate before 10. With the magnificent addition of Fireworks, the Storming of Badajoz, &c.

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The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.)

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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NOTICE.

Our Subscribers are respectfully requested to pay up their subscriptions to Midsummer to Mr. William Spencer Johnson, *the Publisher, at the "Musical World" Office, 60, St. Martin's Lane.*

GOETHE'S EPIGRAMS FROM VENICE—(1790.)

IN ELEGIAC VERSE.

Money spent, and time as well—
How—this little book will tell.

XCIX.

Many a time have I wander'd, and always my path have recover'd;
But never better than now—now is this damsel my joy!
Is this also an error? Then spare me, ye gods! who are wiser;
Till I reach yon cold shore, waken me not to the truth. J. O.

ERNST.

This celebrated violinist has lately received the Order of the *Faucon Blanc* (the Grand Falcon) from the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar. This is the third decoration with which Ernst has been honoured. The other two are—the Order of the *Dannebrog*, from the King of Denmark, and the Grand Golden Medal for the Arts and Sciences, from the King of Hanover. If orders could ennoble talent, Ernst has enough of them; but in this instance it is the talent that ennobles the orders.

VIARDOT GARCIA.

Pauline Viardot Garcia arrived in London on Saturday last. She was at Her Majesty's Theatre on Thursday evening, looking in excellent health and spirits. After Sontag sang the "Una voce," she left and went to Covent Garden, to hear Grisi in the *Huguenots*. Next week we shall have the pleasure of recording her first appearance this season, and we have no doubt, one of her greatest triumphs at the Royal Italian Opera. The *Prophète* is now in active rehearsal, and will be ready by Thursday, or Saturday at farthest. We look forward to the production of Meyerbeer's work with the more pleasure, since it will afford us an opportunity of seeing and hearing one of the greatest artists of modern times.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Saturday evening, July the 7th, 1849, will be long memorable in the annals of Her Majesty's Theatre, for the re-appearance of Sontag, after a secession of nearly twenty years from the stage. We cannot call to mind any parallel event in the history of the Drama or the Opera. We could point to several cases, where an actor or a singer had returned, after a retirement of several years, to the theatre of former glories; but these were under very peculiar circumstances, and totally distinct from those under which the celebrated *cantatrice* has come back to the scene of her early triumphs. Sontag withdrew from the stage in the very meridian blaze of her fame, and the zenith of her powers—nay, not in the zenith of her powers, for she was then at an age when no artist on record had ever reached the culminating point of excellence, witness Pasta, Catalani, Malibran, Grisi, or Pauline Garcia*—and retired into private life at a period when many other singers of celebrity were but beginning to make themselves known to fame. Whether, with her powers and abilities, Sontag would have surpassed the accomplishments of her younger days, it is not easy to determine. If, as we are informed, her singing was at that time nothing short of perfection, she must have arrived at the highest point of excellence in her style; but as perfection does not necessarily imply greatness, it must still remain a question beyond the possibility of solution, whether, had Sontag remained on the stage, she would ever have reached the supremacy which some of the favoured few have attained.

But it is not with what Sontag might have accomplished, had she remained on the stage, that we have to do, for we deem all such speculation idle and useless; nor is it with what she has been that we feel called upon to employ our critical pen, for our memory of her previous performances is faint at the best; but simply with the occurrences of last Saturday night, when the fair artist appeared before an anxious and expectant audience, many of whom must have remembered her in the heyday of her glory, some of whom had heard her, but had retained feeble recollections, and others, among the junior visitors, were yet unborn when her voice last resounded in Her Majesty's Theatre.

The character Madame Sontag chose for her first appearance was Linda, in Donizetti's opera of *Linda di Chamouni*, one of the least interesting of all that composer's numerous works. It is a part, which, in a musical, or at least a vocal point of view, offers but few features of interest to the artist. The introduced cavatina, "O luce di quest' anima," exhibits the florid powers of the singer, and the duet with the Count requires energy and dramatic feeling; but in all the remaining portion of Linda's music we find nothing that is not feeble, or, at least, trite and common-place. That Madame Sontag should have selected a part for her *début* so musically uninteresting, and one in which she had never previously appeared, was a matter of no small surprise, the more especially as it was confidently anticipated she would have made her *entrée* as Desdemona in Rossini's *Otello*, which, as we are given to understand, is one of the celebrated artist's most effective parts. But the *rôle* of Linda, dramatically speaking, is not devoid of interest, and is excellently adapted for displaying the talents of an actress in the domestic line. It was, perhaps, for this reason, that Madame Sontag made choice of the character of Linda for her appearance on Saturday evening.

Madame Sontag's reception was one of the most enthusiastic

* Alboni alone can be cited as an example.—Ed.

ever awarded to an artist at Her Majesty's Theatre, and was perhaps more general than any conferred on the Swedish Nightingale herself. There was not a single hand which did not applaud, nor a solitary voice which did not uplift itself in welcome, as the fair and gracious artist stepped forward on the stage. Indeed it could not be otherwise. Independent of Madame Sontag's great reputation as a singer, her character in every phase of life has been the universal theme of admiration. Nor was this derived from the hedge-firing puffs of journals, which blazoned forth her acts of benevolence, and made every *denier* she gave away the subject of hyperbolical eulogy, but from the relation of eye-witnesses, who saw, and could not help seeing, the sweetest charities of life dispensed with a gentle and munificent hand, and emanating from a heart that looked for nothing beyond self-gratification. Then, too, the circumstances which brought back Madame Sontag to the stage, could not fail to throw around her the deepest interest. The feeling in the audience on Saturday night, consequently, amounted to unusual excitement, and the fair artist herself was overwhelmed with her reception, even to tears. Her first notes were listened to with breathless attention, and a burst of genuine applause followed her first cadence in the recitative. Throughout the entire performance Madame Sontag elicited unbounded applause, till at the end she created a perfect *furore*. She was called for twice after each act, and each time she appeared the stage was covered with bouquets.

Madame Sontag's voice is of a peculiar character. It is neither rich nor brilliant, nor does it possess that openness of sound so peculiar to the Italian singers. In the lower register the notes are somewhat throaty, but not so much so as those of the Swedish Nightingale. The middle notes are clear and pure, and deliciously in tune. In compass and power of voice, though a real *soprano*, Madame Sontag cannot be compared either to Persiani or Jenny Lind; of course we speak of what her voice now is, without any reference to by-gone times. But whatever deficiency may attach to these essentials is more than made amends for by the exquisite grace, delicacy, and purity of her style, of which the most prominent characteristics are simplicity, expressiveness, and an ease which the *Times* has very aptly designated as "bird-like." In the choice of *cadenzas*, Madame Sontag did not, on this occasion, exhibit that profuseness of invention which we had anticipated; but what she attempted was accomplished to the highest perfection, and the one *cadenza* at the conclusion of the recitative of the *cavatina*, although not strikingly new, was irresistible, from the liquid freshness of the voice and the unaffected grace with which it was executed. The *cavatina* was quite enough to satisfy the audience that nearly twenty years' absence from the stage had not succeeded in robbing her voice of its beauty, or her talent of its refinement and facility. Madame Sontag was too much overcome, however, to accept the unanimous encore that followed the *cabaletta*, and contented herself with saluting the audience. The duet with Carlo (Sig. Gardoni), "A consolarmi," was very ably executed by both artists, Madame Sontag's performance shining more for its grace and tenderness than for energy or intense feeling.

The second act is less favorable to the particular talent of Madame Sontag. It requires a dramatic power which we have never noticed in any representative of Linda, from Madame Persiani (the original) down to Miss Catherine Hayes, who made her successful *début*, this season, in the part, at the Royal Italian Opera. The two duets with Pierotto, (Mdlle. Casaloni), and Antonio (Sig. Coletti), are purely acting duets, and these is little occasion for the display of vocal fluency. The duet with Carlo was judiciously omitted. The final air, "No non e ver," (when Linda has lost her reason) requires immense physical power as well as great dramatic fervency, and these were never a part of Madame Sontag's delicious talent. Moreover, the ascending scales *di bravoure* go up too high for the present register of her voice; but this was skilfully remedied in the orchestra by Mr. Balfe, ever alive to the interest of his artists, and anxious to make them display their abilities to the fullest and most brilliant advantage—an invaluable quality in a *chef d'orchestre*.

The third act was faultless in all that regarded vocalisation. The return to reason was acted with grace and nature, and the final *rondo* (an air, we believe by Mercadante, interpolated), a sparkling though not very striking composition, was vocalised with the most delicate neatness and a fluency that has rarely been equalled. The cheering and applause with which this was received were enthusiastic and general. Madame Sontag was forced to repeat the *rondo*, and this put the seal upon one of the most successful *rentrées* (*début* is not the word) in our memory of operatic affairs.

The cast of the other parts was excellent. Coletti's Antonio is one of the best we ever saw upon the stage. He sang the opening air, "Ambo nati," superbly, displaying his fine voice to infinite advantage; expression and execution were equally irreproachable. The great scene of the second act, where Antonio rejects Linda and visits her with his malediction, was forcibly acted by Coletti, and the phrase which accompanies the throwing down the purse of money sung with great power and feeling.

Gardoni sang the aria of Carlo delightfully, and gave an ideal grace to the part which robbed it of all its insipidity. The voice of this admirable young tenor is one of the sweetest and most capable that exists, and appears to be gaining still more power and volume than it formerly had. Nothing could be more touching and expressive than Gardoni's acting in the last scene, when Linda, restored to her native village, gradually recovers her wandering senses.

Madlle. Casaloni, who played Pierotto, has a nice voice of the purest *contralto* quality, and sings with feeling and intelligence. She has yet much to acquire as a vocalist, but being evidently very young, we have no doubt will be diligent and zealous enough to acquire it.

On Tuesday Madame Sontag repeated Linda, with confirmed success, and on Thursday appeared as Rosina, in the *Barbiere*, the part in which she first appealed to a London audience, and to which, according to tradition, she was in no small degree indebted for her very great reputation. Since Sontag left the stage the character of Rosina has been assumed by various artists, with different degrees of success. Malibran, Grisi, Persiani, and, more lately, Alboni and Angri, have all achieved laurels as the heroine of the *Barbiere*. Rossini wrote the part for a *mezzo-soprano*, and the music must of course suffer by transposition when assigned to a *soprano*. Malibran, Alboni, and Angri alone left the score as the composer wrote it. Grisi transposed the "Una voce" a note higher than the original key, but sang the rest of the music as it is written. Persiani was compelled to supply the composer's intentions from the resources of her own imagination. It will readily be granted that Rossini must suffer to a certain extent when his music is meddled with; and therefore, when a high *soprano* like Persiani or Sontag essays the part of Rosina, the lover of the *Maestro* is not so entirely pleased as when his score is rendered in its integrity. The duet "Dunque io son," the *tersetto* "Zitti, zitti," and, still more, the trio

"Ah! qual colpo," suffer materially by modifications and alterations of the original. Madame Sontag, like Grisi, sings the "Una voce" in F instead of E, and, like Persiani, is compelled to alter all the passages in the duet and trio above named. In the "Una voce," a song which stands apart from the score, as it were, the transposition is hardly felt as an alteration; but in the other portions of the opera, any infringement on the composer is of consequence. We have entered upon these remarks merely to show why Madame Sontag cannot possibly produce the same sustained effect throughout the music of the *Barbiere* which she is capable of doing in operas written for her peculiar character of voice.

Madame Sontag sang the "Una voce" with infinite grace and delicacy, and although the cadences—original and ingenious as they were, and executed with singular fluency—were scattered so profusely as completely to bury the melody of Rossini, brilliant as it is as he wrote it, she produced a marked sensation. The duet with Figaro, "Dunque Io son," in which Rossini's score was treated with no less indiscriminate independence, was so sweetly warbled, and the passages so neatly articulated and staccato'd, that it was loudly encored. We must pass by the remainder of the first act, in which nothing presented itself which calls for particular remark.

It was not, however, to Rossini that Madame Sontag was indebted for her triumph of Thursday night. The lesson song at the piano has always afforded the interpreter of Rosina an opportunity of introducing a vocal *morceau* which will best display her artistic powers to advantage; and certainly Madame Sontag, in selecting Rode's air and variations, found one wonderfully suited to exhibit the charms and peculiar beauties of her style to perfection. The theme was given much slower than usual, but with a suavity not easy to be surpassed; and the variations, especially the last (that with the *arpeggio* and chromatic scales) were executed with extraordinary facility and precision. Madame Sontag in this variation excited a perfect *furore*. She was encored twice, and a large section of the audience appeared so delighted that they would have gone on encoring the fair actress *ad infinitum*, were it not for the interference of the more feeling and less selfish of her hearers. The execution of this variation we have *never* heard excelled in neatness, delicacy, and precision, and it was the more grateful to the ear, since, in the scale passages, Madame Sontag indulged in those gradations of colouring and intensity, without which the most perfect *mezza voce* singing is liable to become monotonous. Since Alboni first sang the "Brindisi," from *Lucrezia*, in London, we can recollect no single song having produced such a true *furore* as Rode's air with variations, executed by Madame Sontag on Thursday night. Moreover, the sensation created was quite as hearty, real, and unanimous, as that excited by Madame Sontag's accomplished cotemporary.

In her acting, Madame Sontag, as the *Times* justly observes, discards the mischievous side of Rosina's character, and developes the gentle and graceful. But this seems to be the nature of the woman, no less than of the artist, and why should we object to it?

Madame Sontag wore a splendid white satin robe, or skirt, trimmed with scarlet silk net or trellice work, forming two deep flounces. The body was a stomacher of scarlet cloth and white satin, trimmed with gold, elegantly and elaborately braided. The fair artist had white satin shoes. The dress, which was worn low, was exceedingly splendid and becoming to the person, but scarcely appropriate for a young lady circumstanced like Rosina, who was kept under such strict *surveillance* by a jealous and watchful guardian; nor indeed for any young lady, unless she was bound for a *fête* or a carnival ball.

Madame Sontag's Rosina has entirely confirmed the success of her Linda, and that is saying not a little.

Of Lablache's Bartalo, irresistible, genuine, and incomparable, —of Gardoni's natural and sparkling Almaviva,—of Belletti's Figaro, and of F. Lablache's Basilio, we have spoken over and over again. Each was more than himself on this occasion, and Balfe and his orchestra seemed to be inspired with new energy.

The house was again crowded with aristocrats of every coronet. Madame Sontag repeats Rosina to-night.

The ballet has been invariably the new production of M. Taglioni, *Les plaisirs de L'Hiver, ou Les Patineurs*, in which Rosati and Charles dance well, M. Taglioni skates well, and the chorographs and supernumeraries throw about the snow-balls with admirable confusion.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday the *Lucrezia Borgia* was repeated; on Tuesday the *Lucia*, with Catherine Hayes, Mario, and Tamburini; and on Thursday the *Huguenots*, for the tenth time, being for Grisi's benefit. These performances demand no remarks. Thursday night was one of the most brilliant of the season, and Grisi was feted in the most enthusiastic manner. When she and Mario were re-called at the end of the third act, after the grand duet, the quantity of bouquets thrown on the stage was so great, that Mario, who picked them up, found much difficulty in carrying them off. He looked like a perambulating flower garden. The only drawback to the performance of the *Huguenots* was the absence of Madame Dorus Gras, which necessitated the omission of all the Queen's music. This was a serious loss. The usual encores were awarded to Angri in her Cavalier song, and to the last movement of the blessing of the Poignards chorus.

On Friday morning (yesterday week) the fourth and last grand concert took place, and was attended by a large crowd of fashionables. Several of the vocalists were hindered from appearing by illness, and the programme was weakened in consequence. Among the vocal *morceaux* which were most favorably received, we may notice the duet, "Scendi nel picol," from the *Donna del Lago*, by Grisi and Mario; the duet from the *Nozze di Figaro*, "Sull' aria," for Grisi and Persiani; (by the way, we were delighted to see the charming Persiani after her last appearance on the stage, and hope we may have the pleasure of seeing numerous more such last appearances); the quartet from *Puritani*, "A te o cara," sung by Grisi, Mario, Tagliafico, and Ciabatta; Angri's "Ah! quel giorno," from *Semiramide*; Persiani's cavatina, "Perche non ho," from the *Lucia*; Madlle. de Meric's "Deh non voler," from *Anna Bolena*; Tamburini's "Vi raviso," from *Sonnambula*; and Vincent Wallace's new ballad—a most graceful and tender one, by the way—"Why do I weep for thee?" by Miss Catherine Hayes. All these were greatly applauded, and the two duets and Wallace's ballad encored. The vocal absentees were Madlle. Corbari, and the Signori Salvi and Marini, Sims Reeves, and Massol.

The instrumental section provided some novelties. An instrumental duet for two pianofortes, composed by Mr. G. Osborne, on airs from the *Huguenots*, was capitally performed by Messrs. Lindsay Sloper and Osborne. It was received with much applause. M. de Munck, a violoncellist of high repute from Brussels, played a fantasia founded on themes from the *Barbiere*. He is an exceedingly clever performer; and, although scarcely remarkable for sweetness or power of

tone, his execution is peculiarly neat and finished, and his style thoroughly artistic. He was loudly applauded in several very difficult passages, which he mastered with the utmost ease and precision. The performance, however, would have proved infinitely more interesting had it been much shorter.

M. Apollonaire de Kontski, the Prussian violinist, of whom we made mention in our notice of Madame Dulcken's concert, played twice in his own peculiar and decidedly original style. We have nothing particular to add to our former expressions of the new violinist's pretensions. His playing is entirely *sui generis*, and can be referred to no earthly standard.

Two chœuses were sung: the Invocation of the Dervishes, from Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens*, a marvellous and mystic inspiration, and the Prayer from *Masaniello*. Both were splendidly executed. The band played three overtures—the *Oberon*, *Leonora*, and *Men of Prometheus*—with immense effect.

These concerts, if continued, will tend to create and foster a taste for instrumental music among the general mass of concert-goers, for which reason, we trust, they will not be let die. With the magnificent resources of the Royal Italian Opera company, the morning concerts may be made features scarcely less attractive than the evening entertainments. Nevertheless they are not as good as they might be.

SIGNORI MARCHESI AND TESEO.

These gentlemen, Italian professors of the vocal art, the former a barytone and the latter a tenor, both artists of talent, gave a musical *matinée* on Tuesday, at the Beethoven Rooms, in Harley Street, which were filled with a fashionable and distinguished audience; among whom were Mrs. Milner-Gibson, Madlle. Anichini, and other well-known amateurs of high life. The programme was well selected, and, though the music was almost entirely from the Italian *repertoire*, varied in such a manner as to be really interesting.

Signor Teseo demands the first notice in his capacity of *tenore*, since the *tenore*, like the *soprano* in the female voice, takes precedence among male organs. Signor Teseo has a voice which in tone is original, in power remarkable, and in compass considerable. It has both sweetness and force, and the one does not deteriorate from the other. Signor Teseo having the art of combining the effects deducible from either quality with the most felicitous result. Added to a method of vocalising which may reasonably be traced to the renowned school of Crescentini the teacher, and Pacchierotti the disciple, (whence have sprung up a hundred notables from the Land of Song,) Signor Teseo possesses a vigor of style that may be pronounced instinctive, and a manner of phrasing no less large and open than it is rounded and finished. *Bref*, he is a singer of whom, though hitherto from lack of opportunity we have heard little, we are likely hereafter to hear much more. The pieces chosen by Signor Teseo to display his accomplishments were well adapted for that purpose, and it was difficult to say whether he produced most effect in the *romanza*, "All 'eta dell' innocenza," from Mercadante's opera *Il Bravo*, or in the duet, "Quando dl' sangue", from Donizetti's *Belisario*, (with Signor Marchesi,) with so much zeal did he interpret both, and with so much warmth was he applauded in either. To conclude, Signor Teseo, who shortly leaves for Milan, may, without egotism, recount to his friends that his pretensions were fully appreciated by the London connoisseurs, at his *matinée* in M. Jullien's elegant and aristocratic music-rooms.

Signor Marchesi was also highly successful. This gentleman's voice is not merely a barytone, but a barytone of vigor and agreeable quality. He sings openly, from the chest, and expresses both his words and his music with emphasis, distinctness, and appropriate feeling. Signor Marchesi also chose an air, "Dell' vita nel sentiero," from the *Bravo*, of which opera so much has not been heard for some period, as well as a duet with Mdlle. L. Corbari, (sister of *the* Corbari,) and the duet with Signor Teseo, of which we have already spoken. Besides these, Signor Marchesi took part with Mdlle. Vera, Signori Cellini and Ciabatta, in the quartet "Chi mi frena," from *Lucia*, distinguishing himself prominently, and receiving well-directed plaudits in every *morceau*.

Of the rest of the programme our limits compel us to speak shortly. Among the lady artists we heard with pleasure Mdlle. L. Corbari, who has a beautiful *mezzo soprano* voice, with much of the richness of the *contralto*. Mdlle. L. Corbari sang an air by Mercadante, "Ah s' estinto," from Mercadante's *Donna Caritea*, with a genial warmth of expression and considerable vocal fluency. She has all the promise of becoming an excellent singer, and was encouraged by the warm approval of her hearers. The other vocalists were Mdlle. Angri, who sang twice, with her usual fire and brilliancy; Mdlle. Vera, who gave an air from *La Favorita* with great feeling; Signor Cellini and Ciabatta, who were of essential service in the concerted music. Signor Bottesini executed one of his marvellous solos on the double-bass; and the clever, *spirituelle*, and charming Hélène Stöpel played a brilliant duet on the pianoforte, by Vincent Wallace, in which she was accompanied by the composer, both artists exhibiting a talent equally remarkable for brilliancy and style. The accompanists were Signori Torrente, Bellini, Biletta, Pinsuti, and Vera, who exhibited various degrees of accomplishment.

Altogether, the concert of Signori Marchesi and Teseo gave entire satisfaction to their friends.

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(*Continued from page* 421.)

XXXVIII.—They consider that bulls belong to Epaphus (*a*), and on this account they examine them thus: if only as much as one black hair is found upon it, it is not considered pure. One of the priests, who is appointed for this very purpose, makes the examination. The beast is examined upright and on its back, and its tongue is drawn out to see if it is free from the prescribed signs, as I shall describe in another place. He also inspects the hair of the tail to see if they grow naturally. If the bull is found to be pure in all these respects, the priest marks it by twisting byblus round the horns. Then, sticking on a piece of the earth used for sealing, he presses it with his finger (*b*). When the bull is thus marked it is led to the altar. The sacrifice of one without a mark is prohibited, under penalty of death. Such is the manner in which these animals are examined.

XXXIX. Their sacrifices are performed in this way:—Leading the marked animal to the altar, where they sacrifice, they kindle a fire. Then, pouring wine upon it and over the victim, they put the victim to death, after invoking the god. Having killed it, they cut off the head, and flay the body. Calling down many imprecations upon this head, they carry it to the market, if they have one, and there are any Greek merchants among them, and sell it to these; where there are no Greeks, they throw it into the river. In cursing the heads, those who sacrifice pray that any evil which might fall either on themselves or on Egypt generally may be averted and fall upon this head (*c*). As far as concerns the heads of the animals and the libation of wine, all the Egyptians use the same regulations for all their sacrifices, and it is in consequence of this usage that no Egyptian ever tastes the head of any animal whatever.

XL. However, the examination of the entrails and the mode of burning the victim vary, according to the nature of the sacrifice.

I am now going to speak of the goddess they deem the greatest, and of the greatest feast which they celebrate. When they flay the bull, having prayed, they clear out the abdomen, but leave the entrails and the fat in the body. The thighs, the upper part of the haunches, the shoulders, and the neck,

they cut off, and when they have done this, they fill the rest of the body with pure (unleavened ?) bread, honey, raisins, and figs, besides frankincense, myrrh, and other odoriferous substances. Having filled the body with these, they burn it, pouring upon it a great quantity of oil. They prepare themselves for sacrifice by fasting. While the victim is burning, they all strike themselves, and when they have ceased striking themselves, they serve up what remains of the sacrifice as a feast.

NOTES.

(*a*) Epaphus was the son of Io, and the Greeks, with their wonted predilection for finding their own deities everywhere, pretended he was the same as Apis, the divine bull of the Egyptians. However, the Egyptians themselves did not recognise this interpretation, but considered Apis much more ancient than Epaphus. Apis was a young bull, whose mother could not bear another, and was considered to be engendered by a flash of lightning. His hide was black; he had a white triangle on his forehead, the figure of an eagle on his back, and that of a beetle under his tongue.

(*b*) According to Plutarch, the earth was impressed with a seal, on which was engraved the figure of a man, with his hands tied behind him, and a sword suspended over his throat. The "other place" in which Herodotus describes the marks of the bull is supposed to be Book III., chap. 28; and, in that case, it is anticipated in the preceding note. The Egyptians, it is supposed, sacrificed none but red bulls; partly because the evil deity, Typhon, was red, partly because Apis was not. The examination of the tongue, if the reference here is to the passage in Book III., was to find out that the beast was not *too* holy to be immolated. A curious logic prevails in the law of sacrifice. Sometimes holiness, and sometimes the reverse, seems to direct the choice of the victim. By the way, we may recollect how the senses of "sacred" and "cursed" come together in the French word "*sacré*."

(*c*) Compare the scape goat of the Israelites. Also, observe how the Greek is the Gentile to the Egyptian. Selling the cursed head to a Greek was equivalent to pitching it into a river.

(*To be continued.*)

*** *Winckelmann's "History of Ancient Art" has been interrupted by an unavoidable accident, but will be continued in our next.*

SONNET.

NO. CCXLIII.

Sole type of heav'n! thou sacred Indolence!
For a short while thine arms about me close,
And let me on thy bosom taste repose,
Till actuality shall pluck me thence;
Let me lose all discriminating sense,
Just vaguely feeling something o'er me glows—
Just vaguely feeling life around me grows—
Not asking or reflecting where or whence.
Oh, it is hard the senses thus to steep
In the soft Lethe, till their force is drown'd,
And keep tranquillity secure within!
The mind that sleeps without the body's sleep
Is ever keen to catch the slightest sound
That comes to warn it ation should begin. N. D.

CATHEDRAL TRUSTS AND THEIR FULFILMENT.

By the Rev. ROBERT WHISTON, M.A., *Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Head Master of the Cathedral Grammar School, Rochester. London:* JOHN OLLIVIER, 59, *Pall Mall.*

ECCLESIASTICAL and Educational questions are not generally within our province, but the present one is. The work placed at the head of our article shews in detail the mal-administration, the *non-fulfilment*, of cathedral trusts. It points out that the superior members of cathedral bodies have taken unfair advantage of the increased value of property, and decreased value of money; and that, whereas they have augmented their own stipends to a very large amount, they have either not augmented at all, or, at any rate, not in anything like the same proportion, the stipends of the inferior members of their own body. Leaving, as not being *our* business, the rest, we will proceed to shew the effect of this dishonesty on the music of the cathedrals.

That which was once a maintenance to the minor canon or lay clerk, sufficient to give his position that dignity and comfort which the Christian church has always thought due to the position of the ministers of religion in a wealthy Christian land, is now so no longer, in consequence of the decreased value of money. Both reason and justice would demand that an increase should be made in their stipends—an increase proportioned to that made in the stipends of the deans and canons. But the damning array of facts brought forward by Mr. Whiston, proves that such has not been the case. Offices have been suppressed, and charges not paid; and all the money has been turned into the pockets of the superior members. As for the inferior, to make up for the want of proper stipends, they have been allowed to undertake other duties, to the manifest neglect of their only *real* duties. The minor canons have been allowed to hold livings, (it is a gross abuse for *any* of the members of cathedrals, superior or inferior, to hold livings) the lay clerks, to follow all sorts of extraneous pursuits, from singing at secular concerts, down to cobbling shoes! And the choristers, aye! even those tender-aged, but neglected and despised boys called choristers, ministers of the church in their degree every whit as much as the dignified prebendary, have been sold—we say it advisedly—by their brethren—sold, to iniquity and destruction. Yes! it is not only neglect of their temporal welfare which must be charged upon deans and chapters, but too often to these dignitaries must be laid the far more heavy charge of actively promoting the destruction, *in body and soul*, of the children committed to their care.

For, to increase the stipend of the singing-master (generally the organist), instead of supplying from their own funds a sum of money sufficient to support him in proper comfort and dignity, and to enable him cheerfully and conscientiously to give his best exertions to the training of his pupils, he has been in many cases allowed to use the vocal powers of the poor boys in promoting the after dinner dissipations of societies and corporations, himself receiving half their engagement. Independently of the meanness and injustice of the proceeding with reference to the master, it is fraught with incalculable danger to the moral welfare of the boys, and to send them out for such purposes, is a heinous sin against their souls. We quote a passage much to the purpose from a very excellent writer on this subject:—

"The evils are many and most serious, which arise from the custom of suffering choristers to prostitute their musical power to secular or convivial purposes. Not only does it teach them to forget the religious nature of the office for which they are set apart, and the claims of the society to which their talents are due, but also exposes them to temptations and corruptions which must make parents and true guardians tremble for their charge. At dinners and evening parties they meet with solicitations to excess, and opportunities of sensual indulgence, which are the more difficult to resist, because only occasionally offered, and which often lay the foundation of evil habits not easily shaken off in after life. At concerts they are in danger from society of which the morality is sometimes far from strict, and whose influence is rendered more seductive by their very similarity of gifts and sympathy of taste. And, as the best, the recollection of the circumstances and conversation of the previous evening is likely to induce a frame of mind by no means suited to the part they have to bear in the morning's service, besides the langour and inattention which follow from unusual stress on the vocal and bodily powers. It is a matter of experience, that after such occasions, boys are often disorderly and indisposed to exertion in school, and, of course, still less in tune for church. Lastly, their passage home at

night must often lead them through streets which can hardly fail to bear some impure lesson to an unprotected boy." *

—But the writer from whom we quote does not even now show all the evil; he might have added, that the morality of after-dinner conversation is too often (especially at public dinners) fearfully lax, interspersed with oaths and loose jests. Such conversation is never tolerated in the presence of ladies, and is it not a heinous sin to expose young boys to the contaminating influence?

"It ought," says the before-quoted writer, "to wring the heart of some in authority, if they be living and chance to read these words, when they are reminded how one, not very long ago, as he lay on his early death-bed, 'wearing the white robe still,' (for he died a chorister), made it the theme of his daily lamentations that he had ever been a chorister, that he had been suffered to heap up wrath against the day of wrath, but having advantages thrust upon him, with no directions for their use, by irreverence in the compulsory, and, to the undisciplined, distasteful task of joining in the daily service of the Church."

Such a tale requires no comment. We are not ashamed to confess that we read it now, as we first read it a year ago, with involuntary tears in our eyes.

If it be urged that the parents of choristers can, if they see fit, interfere, we answer that such is, for the most part, the degraded state of the class, that none but those in very humble life will send their children to be choristers; and they, poor and ignorant, are too happy if the boys bring home a half-crown, or guinea, or whatever the case may be, to ask much about the character of the "gentlemen" who make such pleasant and profitable engagements. We have often asked the question of several of our most eminent musicians, our cathedral organists, and our cathedral clergy:—"Why don't you make your boys choristers?" The uniform answer has been that "they dared not." Aye! from the cathedral clergy themselves, and those of the highest cathedral rank responsible for their tender charge, we have had the answer that "they dared not make their own sons choristers in their own cathedrals!"

We gratefully acknowledge that recently there has been much improvement in the care of choristers in many places, but not a tithe has yet been done of what ought to be done. We, however, hope that many boys will be trained up to the musical and to other professions, to be virtuous and honourable men, in those places to which we allude. We are perfectly aware, having the happiness of personal friendship with several, that there are not a few good and truly Christian gentlemen, who have been educated as choristers, even under the system we have described; but we say of such that little thanks are due to their guardians, the deans and chapters. We are grieved to add, truth requiring it, that, according to our own experience, gained by most attentive and anxious enquiry into the subject, a large number of choristers, as they grow up, turn out badly; and this is the more fearful when we bear in mind that they are brought up with the praises of God constantly on their lips; they are the servants of the Sanctuary, and the especial children of the Lord.

Now this neglect of the choristers of cathedrals is, as it appears to us, only a necessary result of the dishonesty of deans and chapters in pecuniary matters (of course it is in itself a crying injustice); for they can only reconcile their misappropriations to their consciences by making those whom they so defraud of absolutely no account, despicable and beneath notice. The injury to the Church, to the country, to the musical profession, is great, but to the souls of the poor boys—O! how fearful.

* Rev. J. E. Millard's "Historical Notices of Choristers," p. 5.

With respect to the present state of the lay-clerks, a late writer has said:—

"The functions of a lay vicar are such that no man could be dishonored by discharging them. Our Church offers but few invitations to those of her sons who have little relish for the smoke and stir of the world, to come out of it. The station of lay vicar is one which men of this stamp, properly fitted for it, might accept with joy of heart, whereas it is now only worthy the notice of a pauper. In some places, (especially at the universities) the choirmen are permitted, in order to live, to be members of several different choirs. If they run about from one to another, it is easy to guess how the duty must be performed by overtasked men; if it be partly entrusted to deputies, those persons should have the full appointments." *

The state of cathedrals, as respects their music, is notorious; so is the cause; but the cause must be more known still before a remedy can be hoped for. We have said enough to give our readers an idea of it, and we earnestly recommend the subject to their attentive consideration. We forbear quoting from Mr. Whiston, as his work is but a short pamphlet, easy to be procured and to be read; but we call upon all to endeavour, each in his proper place, to remove this blot upon our character, no less as a Christian people than as a musical nation.

* "An Apology for Cathedral Service," p. 43.

THE MUSICAL UNION.

The programme of the eighth and last meeting of the fifth season was an attractive one, and the attendance was the fullest of the season. The large pieces were Mendelssohn's quartet in E flat, Op. 12; Beethoven's pianoforte sonata in F minor, Op. 57; and Onslow's quintet in D, No. 5. The quartet of Mendelssohn, although one of his earliest efforts, is marked by all the peculiarities of his manner, and ranks among his most beautiful works for the chamber. It was admirably played by Messrs. Sainton, Deloffre, Hill, and Piatti. Few modern violinists enter more heartily into the spirit of this refined class of music than M. Sainton, who, though a Frenchman, unites the fire and depth of the German players with the glowing expression of the Italians. The quartet was warmly received, and the *canzonetta* in G minor, a movement which may be regarded as the germ of many of those highly original and poetic *scherzos* which are to be found in the later works of Mendelssohn, and more than anything else are his exclusive property, was encored. The charming point for the tenor, at the end of the first phrase, was given by Mr. Hill with the greatest delicacy, and did not escape the marked approval of the connoisseurs.

The *Sonata Apassionata* is one of Beethoven's most profound inspirations, and is a good example of how the brilliant and *bravura* styles may be made subservient to the loftiest musical ends. One more thoroughly competent than Charles Hallé to conquer its difficulties with ease, and to give the utmost expression to its many and varied beauties of melody and harmony, could not readily be named. M. Hallé's performance was throughout masterly and finished, and was received with the applause it merited.

The quintet of Onslow, a work of great ingenuity, but, like the generality of this composer's efforts, destitute of character, laborious, and dry, was executed with admirable precision, and a happy attention to light and shade, by MM. Sainton, Deloffre, Hill, Piatti, and Bottesini. Highly as we are disposed to rate the talents of the last-named gentleman as a soloist, we can praise him still more unreservedly as an executant of concerted music, in which, though his remarkable mechanical dexterity may not have the same opportunity of displaying itself, his solid acquirements as a musician and a

legitimate performer on his instrument, are incontestably demonstrated. Piatti's violoncello playing was, as usual, perfect, both in the quartet and quintet. A solo on the *contrabasso*, by Signor Bottesini, and two choral quartets of Braun and Mendelssohn, by the Hungarian vocalists, the first very dull, and the last ("Jagers Abschied") very spirited and clever, effectively varied the concert.

Our *resumé* of the season will appear next week. We have much to say on the subject.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

The unpleasant little fact in worldly wisdom, that friends are abundant in prosperity and rare in adversity, has often been recorded, from the days of "Timon of Athens" inclusive; but it can bear to be told again, if in a form so pleasant as that of a little farce which is called *An Alarming Sacrifice*, and which was produced on Thursday night with well-merited success. Most likely it is derived from a French source, but it is written with a great deal of English humour, and the very slight admixture of pathos comes in as a pleasant qualification. A young shopman, of rather "fast" morals, has come to take possession of some property as heir-at-law of his deceased uncle, and resolving to lead a *distingué* sort of life, has invited a party of fair *modistes* to dinner. When he has taken possession, and Susan, the housemaid, has given up the keys, he accidentally finds a will, by which all the property is bequeathed to the said Susan. At first the dark thought of destroying the intrusive document crosses his mind; but conscience gets the better of interest, and he shows the will and surrenders the premises to the housemaid. As he is now in desperate circumstances, Susan takes him into her service as man of all work. In this condition he makes profound meditations on the uncertainty of human affairs, reflecting that he has just come out of town to be a fine gentleman, and that he is now polishing the tongs and poker for his own housemaid. The arrival of the dashing milliners, who find him in his menial position, does not at all add to his happiness. At last, Susan magnanimously destroys the will, and he, with equal magnanimity, bestows his hand upon her, now his rights as heir-at-law are revived. It should be observed that the youth was in former days a kind of sweetheart to Susan, and that the humiliations through which he has passed were intended by her as a wholesome discipline. The misguided *beau* is made to see the falseness of his gay female friends, and Susan is able to test the fidelity of another lover, who has vowed that he would marry her without a farthing, but who backs out when the will is destroyed. The undercurrent of kindness in Susan was very beautifully represented by Mrs. Fitzwilliam; and her character contrasted well with that of the coarser shopman, played by Mr. Buckstone with all his eccentric and irresistible humour. Mrs. Humby, as the chief of the *modistes*, was in admirable pomp, and Susan's friend, the cook of the establishment, was played in a good downright style by Mrs. Stanley.

The repeated applause at the fall of the curtain crowned the incessant laughter which had been kept up during the progress of the piece.

ST. JAMES'S.

French Plays.—*Le Mari de la Dame de Chœurs*, such is the title of the new piece produced on Monday last. We frankly confess that we were puzzled at the orthography of the above, and are so still; as spelt on the programme we should suppose it to mean chorus, but the heroine is a dancer, and we cannot imagine what she can have to do with the mysteries of the vocal art: it must be a pun—an ignoble pun; as Arnal would style it, *une atroce mystification de la langue française*. However that may be, it is amusing, and keeps the house in perpetual convulsions of laughter from beginning to end. Fancy Arnal in love with his wife, and obliged to defend her from the innumerable seductions which surround the young and pretty opera *danseuse*! Himself devoted to that mysterious art which consists in repairing the defects of Nature, he is most irresistibly droll when he unveils the secrets of his craft, and lays bare a whole list of deformities which it is his peculiar province to rectify. This scene is the perfection of the ludicrous; less perhaps from what he actually states than from what he suggests by his shrugs, whispers, and inuendos, accompanied by the most expressive of pantomimes, and that self-complacent, drawling, sheepish delivery, which makes his hearers laugh even when they do not understand, and enjoy the joke *de confiance*. Madame Doche played the part of the ballet-girl with much archness, and looked, as she always does, excessively pretty. Madame Mancini was very successful in her personification of the lady's mother, box-opener at the theatre, and *ci-devant* sylphide at the *Académie* during the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire; she gives her daughter a specimen of her talents, and goes through a grotesque dance with so much spirit as to elicit a unanimous encore. The other parts were filled by Messrs. Frank, Martial, and Lucien.

Monsieur et Madame Galochard is another of those pieces, the canvass of which is adapted to the peculiarities of M. Arnal. It abounds in puns and *double ententes*, most of which were understood and well received by the audience; the piquancy of the story consisting in the numerous *quiproquos* which arise from Galochard's supposing that the King, Louis XIV. has fallen in love with Madame Galochard. His delight is great when he discovers that it is all a false alarm, and his honor is safe; his wife is still more pleased at having succeeded in reclaiming a faithless husband. This is one of Arnal's best parts: his physiognomy is never at rest for a single moment, except when he is listening to the admonitions of his wife, and then he falls fast asleep. Madame Doche was very good in the part of Madame Galochard, and was warmly applauded in the scene where she makes the discovery of the King's passion for herself, and assumed in advance all the airs and importance of a favorite. The piece was eminently successful, and M. Arnal may rest assured of having gained the suffrages of the audience, if the loud and frequent bursts of hilarity which greeted his efforts be any test of merit. The house was crowded.

J. de C——.

"ENGLISH DILETTANTISM."

(From Ella's Musical Record.)

Were the imaginative faculty of our young men of rank and wealth directed to the moral and social advantages of esthetical studies, the example of our English Court in fostering Art would find more imitators in the splendid mansions of our nobility, and both music and musicians would be listened to with genial sympathy. If it were inconsistent with manly and other pursuits to acquire a right appreciation of an art which, in our forms of public worship, and most of our public places of innocent relaxation, engages so much of our attention, and appeals so frequently to our judgment, there might be some plausibility in the oft expressed objection of young men of shallow understanding to the study of the divine muse, which is chiefly cultivated and supported by the female sex and clergy in England. Happily the brutal sports and feudal pastimes of barbarous ages are now changed for more rational recreation, and the people generally begin to acquire a

liking for good music. Were it necessary, however, to prove to the youth of the higher classes that a taste for music and art-acquirements are not incompatible with severe mental occupation and masculine pursuits, we need only point to the names of the eminent divines, distinguished men of science, literature, statesmen, and soldiers, which adorn the list of the members of the Musical Union. Did music, as a *science*, form part of a gentleman's polite education, as illustrated among the various accomplishments of our royal patron and vice-president, and students in German universities, there would be fewer dupes among English patrons of art in general, and the instructed professor would enjoy that position in the society of the educated English *dilettante* which makes his continental life so much preferable to a residence in London.

Indeed, the English have yet to learn that *En toute relation, sociale entre l'artiste et l'amateur, l'avantage en resulte à l'amateur.* This extract reminds us of the custom of a late baronet's family, greatly distinguished as musicians and linguists, who never left town for their country mansion without a musician for their guest. "There is more got out of a musician in one day in the country, than during a whole season of bustle and excitement in London," was the worthy baronet's observation to us, and of the accuracy of the remark we have often borne testimony. Female Dilettantism, however, is greatly in the ascendancy in England, and within the last few weeks we have heard most gratifying displays of amateur vocal and instrumental music; nor must we omit to mention that, to a pleasing combination of voices, a band of amateurs assisted in the performance of selections from *Moïse, Robert le Diable, Il Conte Ory, Zelmira, Jessonda, Huguenots, Assedio de Corinto,* and *Le Prophète.*

In a friendly discussion with Rossini at Bologna, in 1843, the maestro humorously apostrophized Albion and her female sex thus—"Bel Paese! Belle Donne! Bellissimi Soprani!" Here the courteous maestro paused; but we have a perfect recollection of his alleged criticism on English professional singers during his visit to this country in 1824, which ended with "*Cattivissimi cantatrici*"! as the antithesis of the compliment paid to our beautiful women and soprano voices. Music, however, has made rapid strides in England since Rossini, Fétis, Prince Puckler, or Von Raumer, published observations on English manners and tastes; although private concerts, where the most eminent artists are engaged, are still often concocted for no other object than that of assembling crowds of persons, totally irrespective of their taste for what they are invited to enjoy; but there is now evidently a desire on the part of amateurs to aim at something beyond the mere exhibition of hackneyed *roulades* and threadbare *ditties*, to engage the sympathies of those who love to listen and can appreciate really beautiful concerted music. The Italian saying, "*Buon dilettante non fa buon professore,*" is perfectly true; but *en revanche*, it may be said, that whatever amount of art-acquirement is modestly displayed by the amateur, it never partakes of the vulgarity which is common to uneducated and presumptuous professors!

BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.

(*Continued from page 427.*)

No. III.—Op. 55.

"*Sinfonia Eroica composta per celebrare la morte d' un Eroe,*" is the title that distinguishes this immortal work in the printed copies which I have seen. Beethoven commenced the composition of it in the autumn of 1802, and completed it in 1804, the thirty-fourth year of his life. We are not to suppose that this one labour occupied exclusively his mind for the whole period, some other lighter pieces having been produced in the course of the time, but we may well believe that the colossal plan of this true masterpiece required thus long to ripen into the perfect maturity in which it has been given to the world; and that the subject can never have been entirely out of the author's thoughts from the first conception till the final completion of the work. The composition is stated, on the authority of Count Moritz Lichnowsky, to have been undertaken at the suggestion of General Bernadotte, then the French ambassador to Vienna, at whose house Beethoven was a frequent visitor, and it was designed as a tribute of homage to Buonaparte, who was at that time First Consul. There was much more than the suggestion of his patron, the ambassador, to induce our great composer to enter with the highest enthusiasm upon the fulfilment of this design; there was the powerful excitement of his own feelings, which were of the highest pride and exultation in the great hero of the age; and the world is indebted to Bernadotte, not for the stimulation of these feelings, but for the suggestion only of the expression of them, which led to the production of the present work. Beethoven appears to have been a staunch republican in principle, and it was as the champion of republicanism, still more than as the hero of Marengo, that he regarded Napoleon—as such, revered him. Apart from the consideration of the soundness of such principles—apart from the estimation of him upon whom Beethoven supposed their promulgation depended, let us observe the fact of a great man, who could not but have been conscious of his own excellence, yearning for the welfare of his race, believing that one whose brilliant career had rivetted the attention and raised the wonder of the whole of Europe, was capable of, and active in, promoting that universal weal, which, through various mediums, it is the duty, the province, and, we may hope, the ambition of every human being whose superior powers exalt him above his fellows, to extend; let us observe the great artist, not paying unworthy adoration to, nor seeking meretricious encouragement from, a patron, but offering his true heart-homage to the representative of his ideal excellence, and who can but admire at, and exult in, such emulation of greatness as is such tribute to it,—of greatness which, if non-existent, only greatness can conceive; which, if in being, kindred greatness can only duly appreciate. It is for philosophers to resolve whether the great hero who does, and leaves the iron traces of his deeds through all the lands his arms have tracked, or the great artist who thinks, and plants the seeds of his thoughts in the mind of man, to produce fruit and flowers for the nourishment and for the illustration of eternal generations, is more the world-betterer. Dare we ask, of which of these will the works have the greater influence upon those future ages, when the arms and the arts of our own time shall have little but their record? and dare we answer with another question—who influence more the present age, the ancient Grecian poets, or the heroes? It is happy for all time to come that Napoleon has lived, in that Beethoven has made himself immortal, by giving deathlessness to this hero's memory. The *Sinfonia Eroica* was completed, and prepared with a dedication to the First Consul, to be sent through the French embassy to the great man whom it was meant to honour, when the news reached the composer that Napoleon had assumed the title and the power of Emperor. The indignation of Beethoven now equalled all his long-fostered and fervently-expressed reverence and hero-worship; in a storm of anger he tore his dedication, and, throwing his score upon the ground, with a torrent of execrations against the founder and the falsifier of his fondest fancies, would allow no one to touch it. This scene may well suggest to us, more forcibly indeed than any speculations that can be offered, or even any personal history of the process of the composition, how powerful, how ardent, how sincere must have been the feeling that inspired the composition; and the work itself proves to us how effectively this inspiration influenced the composer. It was not until

some time after this that Beethoven would allow this offspring of his hopes, and record of his disappointment, to be brought before the public; it was at length produced, under the title of "*Sinfonia Eroica per festeggiare il souvenire d' un gran uomo.*" Our composer never became reconciled to his once idol, until the melancholy termination of the captivity on St. Helena; upon hearing of which he is reported to have said, that the event had been musically predicted seventeen years before, in allusion, probably, to the *Marcia Funebre* that forms the slow movement of the Eroica Symphony. It will be remarked that the title, or description, or motto, with which the work is at present printed, differs from that with which it was originally produced: it may, possibly, have been after the death of Napoleon that the inscription was changed; if otherwise—if, namely, it was changed when the work was originally *printed* (I have not seen the first edition of the score), we may regard it, in connection with Beethoven's subsequent recurrence to his "musical prediction," as a coincidence with the result, which might make us believe that exalted minds, when under forcible excitement, may be endued, in respect of those who have effected such condition of their being, with the sublime power of prophecy. Another reading that might be given to the present title of the Symphony, and one that would be quite in accordance with what we may suppose to have been the feelings of the author under such excitement, would be to suppose that Beethoven considered the funeral of the hero to have been solemnised in the coronation of the emperor; that the "great man" died in the birth of the "new tyrant;" and thus the first impulse of his disappointment to "*festeggiare il souvenire d' un gran uomo,*" modified itself into the intention to "*celebrare la morte d' un Eroe.*"

Such, so far as I can ascertain, is the history of the superb Symphony we are about to examine; and the examination must satisfy all that the work presents the strongest intrinsic evidence of the engrossing influence under which it must have been composed. As a whole, this is much longer, larger, grander, than any instrumental work that had ever, at the period it was written, been produced; it is not in its positive length, however, so much as in its largeness of construction, its extraordinary multiplicity of ideas, and the wonderful symmetry of their arrangement and completeness of development, in its entire originality of phraseology, and, perhaps more than all, in its entire identification, from first to last, with what is now recognised as the style of Beethoven, that the *Eroica* is distinguished from all the compositions that had preceded it; and it is these characteristics which give to it the largeness, the grandeur, that make it now, that will keep it so long as the art which it glorifies continues to exist, no less remarkable, no less individual, no less new in effect, fresh in feeling, young in ardour, and exciting in influence, than it was when it was first composed. Like the sublime choruses of *Israel in Egypt*, it can never become out of date or old-fashioned; and like them, it unfolds new beauties to us at every repeated hearing, and it becomes better understood, in proportion to the increase of our musical knowledge and experience. I have spoken of the internal evidence in the work itself of the influence under which it must have been produced by the composer; this evidence is to be discovered, first, in the extraordinary largeness of the plan, which has no precedent in the whole range of the art, and which has been emulated with more or less success in subsequent works; secondly, in the unexceptionable perfection to which this plan is brought—a perfection that we have every reason to believe could not have been the effect of an unbroken spontaneous train of thought in a mind, however well organised and well educated, but can only have resulted from a long and careful and elaborate course of study, not of the art in general, but of the subject-matter of this particular composition, which is hence so admirably disposed, and has so entirely the effect of having been written without hesitation, as to form a model for all time to come; third, in the great freedom and general purity of the counterpoint throughout, and of the very great particular application of the profoundest resources of this intricate art, especially in the second and fourth movements, which we nowhere find so successfully, nor indeed so extensively employed in any of his other works; fourth, in the exquisite beauty of every one of the very many subjects with which the work abounds,—beauty so great and so unexceptionable, that it is hardly possible to believe but that the successive phrases must have been selected from among many more which had been from time to time rejected as unworthy the important design of the composition, since it seems beyond the scope of human power to have conceived in fotation as they appear so great and so various an assemblage of transcendent beauties; last, in the instrumentation, which, from many tokens, may be supposed to have been the result of long and mature digestion. I cannot but believe that the work underwent much modification in its progress to completion, and certainly that the whole of it must have been first written in some short-hand kind of sketch (perhaps in two lines, as if for the pianoforte, but as to what form is wholly unimportant,) and afterwards transcribed into the full score. My reasons for this supposition will be better explained after we shall have gone through our analysis of the several movements. To conclude these general, and, in some sort, introductory remarks, I think this Symphony possesses, independently of its abstract merits, a very important interest in the history of the art beyond either of those which preceded it, in respect of its being completely in a style which, so far as I am able to judge, is only indicated, and, except in the lightest movement of each, wholly unfulfilled in these works. The two previous Symphonies are interesting as music; the second wonderfully so; but the *Eroica* is interesting as Beethoven's music throughout, and it has thence a charm which the others, even the noble Symphony in D, can never exert over us.

G. A. Macfarren.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

It was with shame and sorrow that we saw the Theatre Royal so wretchedly attended on Thursday, the 5th inst., on the occasion of the second performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*. The dress circle was all but empty, and pit not half filled. This is not the way to encourage Mr. Knowles in providing so elegant and refined an entertainment at such a moderate price; and the talents of Montenegro, Santiago, and Montelli and his sister, are deserving of better support. The piece was announced for Santiago's benefit—we question if he would not be out of pocket by it. Of the second performance of *Lucrezia* we can speak more highly than we did of the first; the chorus were more at home, and had greater confidence; the long scene with them and Gubetta was given very effectively; there was the same dearth of subordinates, to fill up the numerous unimportant parts, and the same doubling by Bailini and M. Victoire; but the acting and singing of the four principals was very good. The "Guai se ti sfugge"—which is a splendid trio—was again encored most enthusiastically, and the four principals were called before the curtain at the end of every act. "Il segreto" was again encored, and the last scene was as good as before. Nothing could be more effective than Santiago as the dying son, in the arms of his newly-found mother; and nothing

more energetic than Montenegro's impassioned singing, after his death. We repeat, that *Lucrezia Borgia* is the finest opera written by Donizetti, and the performance of it by the present company has been the best effort of the Italians here. In looking back to the short season, when Montenegro was *prima donna*, we shall always think of her and the company, as they appeared in *Lucrezia Borgia*.

On Saturday, the season terminated with *Norma*, for Montenegro's benefit, when the opera was given much more efficiently than before, Santiago undertaking the part of Pollio. We are sorry to say the house was again but a thin one.

We are obliged by your corrections of the mistakes pointed out. There is another omission in last week's number. Speaking of the duet from *Favorita*, sung by Montenegro and Santiago, we said "there was a duet in unison, allowing for the difference of voices, *quite a 'suoni la tromba' affair*." The words in italics being omitted, left the sentence unfinished and pointless.

As a whole, the short season of Italian Opera in Manchester—fourteen representations in all, and seven different operas—has been highly creditable to the spirit of Mr. Knowles. The company might have been more complete in subordinates, especially in such operas as *Lucrezia Borgia*, but that was no fault of his: he engaged the entire *troupe* as they came from the Continent, and did his utmost to render the performance complete, by engaging as efficient a band and chorus as Manchester could furnish. Mr. Charles F. Anthony was appointed chorus-master; and, considering the difficulties he had to contend with, he really did wonders,—often, only a day or two before its performance, the music of an opera entirely new to the singers was placed in his hands, to get up the chorus! Another time, we would suggest that better care be taken to be supplied with the music in time, and that the chorus should be familiar with it, if not perfect, before an opera is advertised. It was not fair either to the singers themselves, or to their talented and painstaking instructor, to appear at all under such disadvantageous circumstances. The Opera has not been successful in a pecuniary sense, which is deeply to be regretted, as it will tend to prevent Mr. Knowles from again embarking in such a speculation. Then, the apathy of the Manchester public deprives all true lovers of the lyric drama, in its most refined form, of the gratification to be derived from Italian opera. The second experiment of Mr. Knowles for the ungrateful public here is likely to be frustrated by the German company themselves. *Don Juan* was fully announced, in Saturday's papers, for Tuesday, the 10th; Pischek as the Don, and Formes as Leporello. Monday came—Tuesday came; but no German Opera company, band, or chorus, made their appearance—every lover of music and Mozart was doomed to disappointment—there was no "Opera." The cause, it appears, in the first instance, is Herr Roeder's getting into difficulties in London, and, after getting to prison, refusing to furnish the music for the company to fulfil their Manchester engagement. Whether they will yet be able to do so, remains a problem; we trust that they will see the necessity of redeeming their promises to Mr. Knowles, whose engagement, we believe, precluded the possibility of any loss to *them*, he having engaged to convey them all to Manchester free of expense, and, whatever the receipts, to pay them nightly a certain sum. The prospect was a good one for the first night, many places having been taken; the money for which had to be returned. There are a very considerable number of German families in Manchester, to say nothing of Greeks, and other patrons of the Opera; so that there was every probability of the company being well received here. On every account we shall regret the circumstance, should the German company, after all, by their internal disagreements amongst themselves, be prevented appearing at our Theatre Royal this time. There was a strong feeling in their favour, from the impression made by the company that was here in 1841, and again, amongst the true lovers of music, there are many passionate admirers of Mozart, Weber, and Beethoven, to say nothing of Spohr (whose operas were promised to be given), who have so seldom an opportunity, unless on a stray visit to the metropolis, of hearing their great works done at all.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Since my last, Mr. Macready has appeared in a variety of his favourite characters, and been nightly received with enthusiasm, his appearance creating a perfect *furore*. I have only seen him since my last in *Henry VIII.*, the *Jealous Wife*, and *Othello*. His Wolsey is so well known, and has been so much lauded and spoken of by the first critics in the world, that any further eulogy from me will be needless; suffice it to say, that it was as artistic and as splendid a performance as ever, and that he was well supported by Mrs. Warner as Queen Katharine. In the *Jealous Wife*, his acting as the henpecked husband was perfectly astonishing to the audience; he played with such vivacity and gentlemanly ease, causing frequent laughter. Fancy Macready making people laugh! he did, however. Mrs. Warner was unusually good as the Jealous Wife—fainting, bullying, and wheedling in the most natural manner possible. Miss Baker was a pretty Harriet; but the Sir Harry Beagle of Mr. Newton, and the Lord Trinket of Mr. H. Chester, were intolerably bad. Both of these gentlemen *can* act well, but we never saw them to less advantage than on this occasion. The costumes were also incongruous. Mr. Oakley was dressed in a modern suit, and Lord Trinket in a dress of the year in which the comedy was written. I was somewhat disappointed with Macready's Othello;—he did not give the speech in the Senate House with proper soldierly bluntness; it was artificial throughout, and his performance in general wanted repose. In some instances, however, he was transcendently great. Some of his scenes were powerful and life-like in the extreme, and the pathetic scenes after the murder of Desdemona were beautifully and feelingly given, and were deservedly, even extravagantly, applauded. Mr. Barry Sullivan's Iago was a fine piece of acting—natural and easy in his bearing and speech—the thorough villain and the man of the world—cunning, lying, and treacherous, and yet with a most deceptive appearance of honesty. He was loudly and frequently applauded, and shewed himself to be an accomplished artist; in fact, I have not seen his superior in this character; *but* I have *not* seen Macready's Iago. Miss Cooper made a good stage version of Desdemona; careful and neat, but calling for no particular remark. Mrs. Warner was the best Emilia I ever saw; in the last scene, her splendid acting was unexceptionable; in fact, I never saw her do anything better. The play was well put upon the stage; the scenery, dresses, and properties were beautiful and appropriate; and the tragedy was performed as it was written, by which the story was much more clearly developed;—in fact, it was the best performance of a Shakspearian play that has been seen in Liverpool for years. Mr. Copeland seems to spare no trouble and expense, in order to give the Liverpool public dramatic performances of the highest order; and I hope that such unusual and praiseworthy conduct will meet with the energetic support of the public and the lovers of the drama of every description. I see that the Italian Opera Company who have been performing in Manchester make their *début* in Liverpool next Monday. From the enthusiastic notices of the Manchester press and "Your own Correspondent," I expect great things from them; but next week, if I hear them, you shall have a full report from—

Yours, &c., J. H. N.

Liverpool, July 11, 1849.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—Pray permit me, through the medium of your journal, to ask your numerous readers the following questions, *viz.*, What has become of the late William M. Rooke's unpublished opera? and, secondly, Who has received the amount of subscriptions, so kindly promoted by the great publishers of London, for the benefit of the widow and children of the lamented composer of *Amelie?*—I am, sir, yours obediently, Clement White.

7, Pickering Place, Bayswater.
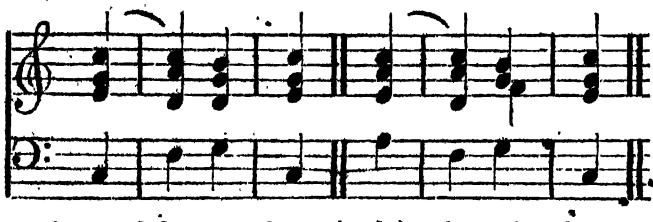
THE ADDED SIXTH OR HYPODOMINANT CHORD.

Dear Sir,—In reply to the letter of Teutonius, in your paper for June 16, I beg to say that I do not consider the added sixth as an *independent* chord, but simply as a complete chord of the subdominant; neither is it put down as such in the system of Mr.

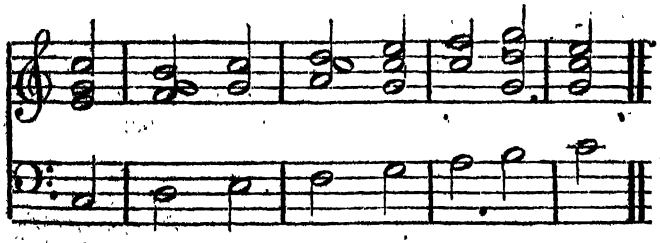
Molyneux, but is there spoken of as the sub-dominant chord added sixth. As to the necessity for the preparation of the discordant sixth, I beg to remind Teutonius, that neither of the fundamental discords, of which I consider this is one, requires preparation. The fifth in the chord, as the example quoted from Beethoven went to show, does not necessarily remain stationary, but may pass to any note to which it can proceed without a breach of the laws which regulate the progression of parts.

Teutonius must surely be mistaken in saying that the second chord, in the example from Dr. Callcott, is followed by *the dominant*; as, though the Glee is in C, the passage quoted is certainly in G, and the third chord is in one case $\frac{B}{D}$, and in the other $\frac{D}{G}$. This passage is also spoken of as a kind of organ-point, and the notes A and C as transition tones; but this is no answer to the matter in question, though it is undoubtedly an easy mode of getting over the difficulty of explaining the harmony used, on the supposition that there is no such chord as that for which I contend.

As to the preparation of the fifth in Mozart's Arietta, no one would have dreamed of styling it so, had not the sixth appeared in the following chord, and it only forms one of the links in the chain of sounds which is always apparent in the succession of the tonic, subdominant, tonic, and dominant chords. Surely Teutonius will not say that the progression from the simple seventh to the dominant seventh is abrupt and harsh, without the intervention of the chord of the 6-4; as, if so, much of the music of the best composers must be charged with those faults, seeing that few progressions are more frequent than such as these :—
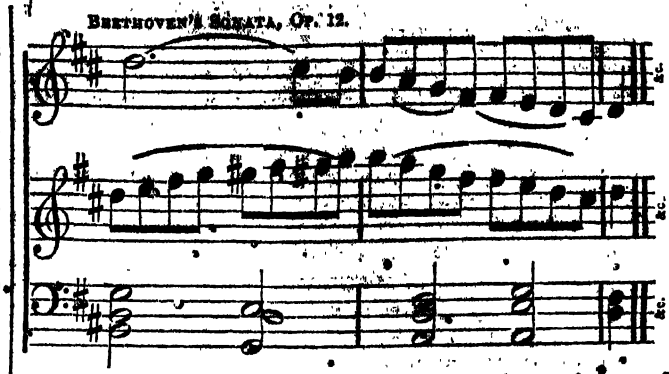


Of course I demur to the truth of the observation, that "the fifth proves to be the seventh of a dominant chord, which not at once dissolves into the third," &c.; for here again, supposing the sixth did not appear, the chord would be considered, even by Teutonius, that of the subdominant, and the progression a regular one of subdominant, tonic, dominant, and tonic. Besides, how is it to be taken, when the proper resolution of the seventh does not appear at all, as in this accompaniment of the scale? which I deem much preferable to that in which the chord of the dominant is clumsily enough followed by a chord of the sixth on the sixth degree.



The quotation given from Handel gives me the opportunity of remarking that Teutonius seems to have overlooked one thing; which is, that the subdominant or added sixth chord appears with great frequency on the unaccented part of the bar; whereas the simple seventh and its inversions, according to the code of harmony which prevailed when Handel, Haydn, and Mozart wrote, if not in the days of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, should be prepared on the unaccented part of the bar, appear on the accented, and be resolved on the next unaccented part. When used in triple time, the chord in question undoubtedly presents the appearance of a regular preparation of the fifth, though not of a regular resolution; but when used in common time, in nine cases out of ten the reverse is the case, and the chord is placed on the unaccented part of the bar.
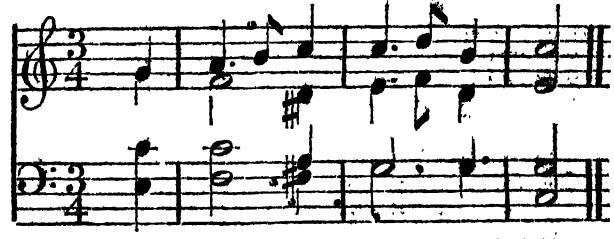
Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 12.



I do not see that much is gained by the examples at the top of page 379; both of them being, in my opinion, the subdominant chord in an incomplete state. The first of them, also, is not exactly what I meant, when speaking of the unsatisfactory nature of the chord without the fifth; and its use may have arisen from my not giving an example of what I disliked, which I did not do, because the observation upon that point was merely by the way, and had little or nothing to do with the real question.

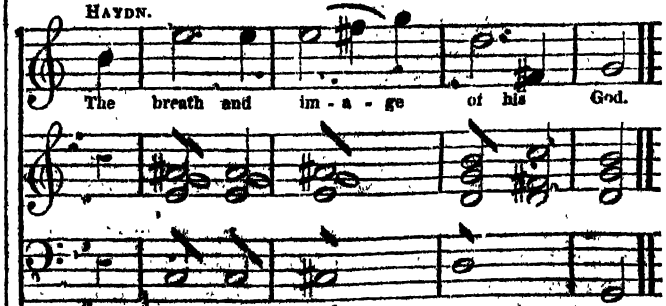
I should undoubtedly object to such a progression as is made in the quotation from Beethoven, by inverting only the C and B with the notes that follow, because this produces a very agreeable succession of consecutive fifths; but if the passage is inverted entire, saving the consecutive fifths which would occur in the alto, I do not see any objection to it.

I cannot see that, in contending for the difference of this chord, and its inversions from the simple seventh and its inversions, that I am uselessly increasing the nomenclature of harmony, and embarrassing the musical student, as it is, I firmly believe, the subdominant chord in a complete state; and as I believe that its progressions, combined with the alteration and exaggeration of one or more of its intervals, afford an easy and satisfactory explanation of certain successions of harmony, which I have never seen satisfactorily explained in any other way. For instance :—



The D sharp in this example is commonly, but, I think, incorrectly written E flat, as it is to me evidently an instance of the chord of the subdominant with the fundamental and the sixth sharpened. The following, also, is a beautiful instance of the use of this chord :—

Haydn.



After what has already been said, this will probably need no explanation; but I may remark, before concluding, that the notation adopted by the modern English composers has a tendency to confuse these altered subdominant chords with the diminished seventh, or minor seventh—whichever Teutonius will—which they

really do not resemble, either in effect or progression. Several instances of this may be found in the published copies of the songs in Macfarren's *Don Quixote*.

Hoping that I have disentangled the Gordian knot which your correspondent Teutonius has endeavoured to cut, I remain, yours truly,

C. OLDERSHAW.

[If Mr. Oldershaw had read Mr. Macfarren's explanation of Dr. Alfred Day's system of notation, he would probably have a clearer notion of the subject.—ED. *M. W.*]

MENDELSSOHN'S YOUTH AND MAIDEN, AND MOLIQUE'S FIRST TRIO.

(From the Daily News.)

The Youth and the Maiden; Twelve German Lieder. By FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

THIS set of songs was one of the lamented Mendelssohn's early works, and has long been known in Germany. The English public, however, have been hitherto unacquainted with it; and, by the present republication, with the addition of an elegant English version adapted to the music along with the original words, Mr. Wessel has presented the admirers of Mendelssohn (and what lover of music is not an admirer of Mendelssohn?) with a most interesting novelty. The title of "The Youth and the Maiden" does not indicate any dramatic unity in the design of the work: the songs are quite unconnected in subject, though they are all expressive of feelings belonging to the tender passion, some of them in the heart of a youth, and others in that of a maiden. The publication is simply a collection of love songs, suited to singers of both sexes. They are short and simple, graceful and natural in melody, and full of expression. They are wholly free from the besetting sin of modern German vocal composition—a laborious attempt to be original and *recherché*, and to cover meagreness of melody by fulness and complexity of accompaniment. They are pure effusions of feeling, and, to produce their effect, they demand only congenial feeling on the part of the performer, as they are quite easy to execute, having no crabbed intervals or crude modulations in the voice part, and no cramp and scrambling passages for the pianoforte. Every musician who opens the book will be struck with the happy expression given to the interjectional phrase, "Can it be?" in the opening of the very first song. The little complaint, "Ah! how fast the days are flying," in F sharp minor, is a perfect gem; it breathes the very soul of tender melancholy. "Swift glides the skiff," in which the course of human life is compared to the motion of a skiff over the sea of Time, is a charming melody, enriched by a graceful undulating accompaniment. The last of the series, "Within the convent garden," shows what intensity of feeling can be thrown by the inspiration of genius into the simplest succession of notes. But it is hardly possible to specify beauties in a work where we find them in every line.

First Grand Trio Concertante, for the pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, composed and dedicated to MR. STERNDALE BENNETT, *by* B. MOLIQUE.

HERR MOLIQUE is well known to the English musical public, not only as a violinist of the highest excellence, but as a pure and classical composer. In the instrumental music of the present day, the exhibition of mechanical dexterity is so prevalent above all other considerations, that we very rarely find a new composition at all fitted for the use of amateurs, though in this country they are daily increasing in number and ability. When modern pianists, violinists, &c., compose, their productions are almost always calculated for their own playing, or that of a professional performer of their own calibre, and are consequently sealed books to those who cultivate music as an accomplishment. Many of these artists, to be sure, do this because they cannot do otherwise; for it is much easier to string together showy passages suggested by the contact of the fingers with the keys of the pianoforte or the strings of the violin, than to compose original and beautiful music, the produce of genius and learning. But there are others who could do better; and they ought to consider that difficulty of execution is by no means an essential feature of the very highest order of music. They ought to consider that the chamber compositions—the sonatas, trios, and quartets—of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Hummel, though abounding in every kind of beauty, are comparatively easy of execution, and are in daily use in numberless private and domestic musical circles, not only in the metropolis, but in every part of the country. Why do not the best composers of the day employ their talents in contributing to the enjoyment of these amateurs, instead of publishing impracticable pieces for which there is no demand? We are glad to see such an artist as Herr Molique take a proper view of this matter. The new trio before us is certainly by no means easy for any of the instruments; but those amateurs who are familiar with the works of the older masters will not find its difficulties insurmountable, while they will be charmed with its clearness of design, its flowing and expressive melodies, its solid and masterly counterpoint, and the rich effects produced by the happy combination of the three instruments. The quaint and imaginative *scherzo*, and the grand and stately *adagio* (which opens so strikingly with the startling chord of the diminished seventh leading to the beautiful strain given to the violoncello), will be found peculiarly delightful. Such a work will be most welcome to amateurs, among whom the want of new music fit for their use is a subject of daily complaint.—*Daily News, 6th July*, 1849.

SKETCH OF THE LATE MARIA EDGEWORTH.

(From the "Home Circle.")

A FEW weeks since the newspapers announced the death of this venerable and venerated lady, full of years and full of honors, having completed her eighty-third year, and lived long enough—as it was said with less truth of Miss Burney—to know herself a classic. A mere chronicle of the event is not a sufficient tribute of respect to one whose name has been a household word for at least two generations, and whose charming works are at this hour, in many instances, delighting the grandchildren of those whom she first amused and instructed.

We cannot duly estimate Miss Edgeworth's genius, without looking back at the miserable style of literature which was popular at the time, when, uncorrupted by evil example, her fresh and vigorous mind opened a new path in the field of fiction. It has been observed, that clever men have generally been blessed with superior mothers; but with equal truth there might be noted many remarkable women, whose close intimacy with fathers of more than ordinary endowments, must have developed those natural powers which distinguished them. The relation between Mr. Richard Lovell Edgeworth and his eldest daughter Maria, was a case exactly in point. She was the child of the first of his four wives, and was born to him early in life. Her rare genius, while excelling, was sympathetic to, his own, and was for this reason capable of being strengthened and assisted by him.

The family of the Edgeworths was originally English; but settling in Ireland in the time of Elizabeth, became Irish in habit, nationality of feeling, and, it is to be presumed, in all respects, save that very important one, entirety of race. But Mr. Edgeworth's immediate ancestors seem to have been gay, extravagant, and reckless of providing for the morrow, like their countrymen in general; and it is well understood that for many of the striking incidents in "Castle Rackrent," and her other works of that class, Miss Edgeworth was indebted to family traditions. She was born in England, and had reached the age of thirteen when she became an Irish resident. Loving the people among whom, with slight interruptions, the remainder of her long life was to be passed, she was not blind to their faults—faults which have brought them to be at the present moment a nation of paupers and mendicants—and she was among the first, if not the very first, to lay bare, as with a surgeon's probe, the cankers of the national character. It seems to us worthy of remark, that neither in memoirs nor published correspondence, nor from private anecdote, so far as we have discovered, is there any mention made of precocious "hothouse" development about Maria Edgeworth. No "Lines to a faded Primrose—written at fifteen," are preserved; no "Monody on the death of a Canary" or similar puerility, bears witness to early vanity rather than to early powers. This gifted lady must have been nearly thirty, when, with steady purpose and matured intellect, she came before the world as an authoress, and almost immediately took that high station in the world of letters, which she has not for a moment lost. Her genius was essentially the genius of common sense, but enriched with all the graces of fancy and imagination; common sense, which had been well nigh stifled by the vapid productions of the Minerva press, or *inanities of literature*, which, if less hurtful, were yet more stupid: and we can fancy that the publication of her early novels must have appeared like the awakening of a long dormant giant, who shook apart the crowd of pigmies by which he had lain surrounded.

Miss Edgeworth was, in one sense of the word, a teacher of teachers; she was the first of a new and healthy school; and we have Sir Walter Scott's own authority for stating, "that he should never, in all likelihood, have thought of a Scotch novel, had he not read Maria Edgeworth's exquisite pieces of Irish character." In Lockhart's "Life of Scott," there is preserved a very interesting letter from Ballantyne to Miss Edgeworth, in reply to one from her acknowledging the present of "Waverley" from the then nameless novelist. The mask of the anonymous was very loosely worn when turned towards such valued friends as Miss Edgeworth, and it slips aside more than once in Ballantyne's letter. He alludes to the intercourse which had taken place between himself and the "Author of Waverley" while the work was at press, and represents the latter to have said, "If I could but hit Miss Edgeworth's wonderful power of vivifying all her persons, and making them live as *beings* in your mind, I should not be afraid." And the mystifying printer continues, "Often has he used such language to me; and I knew that I gratified him most when I could say, 'Positively this is equal to Miss Edgeworth.'"

Having alluded to Miss Edgeworth's father, it is right that we should state that he was a man of literary tastes and habits, philosophic mind, and possessing a good deal of mechanical genius. The easy position of a country gentleman gave to him the luxury of leisure, which he devoted to intellectual pursuits, among which may very properly be classed the education of his children. In the "Memoirs" commenced by himself, and continued by his daughter, we find some reminiscences which, presuming they had reference to her own education, are not unimportant. In early life he was a little Utopian on this, as well as on other subjects, and he lived to acknowledge how many errors experience had rectified; but the following recollections from her pen seem to us worth preserving:—

"When he was building or carrying on experiments, or work of any sort, he constantly explained to his children whatever was doing or to be done; and by questions adapted to their several ages and capacities, exercised their powers of observation, reasoning, and invention. It often happened that trivial circumstances, by which the curiosity of the children had been excited, or experiments obvious to the senses, by which they had been interested, led afterwards to deeper reflection or to philosophical enquiries, suited to others in the family of more advanced age and knowledge. The animation spread through the house by connecting them with all that was going on, and allowing them to join in thought or conversation with the grown-up people of the family, was highly useful; and thus both sympathy and emulation excited mental exertion in the most agreeable manner. In trying experiments, he always showed that he was intent upon learning the truth, not upon supporting his opinion."

We learn, also, that Mr. Edgeworth, so far back as 1767, "conceived or revived" the notion of the telegraph, now so wonderfully superseded by the electric wires; and if we have dwelt thus fully on the merits of the father, it is to show the probable advantages which accrued to the daughter, from his early influence and instructions.

Her best monument is to be found in her writings, familiar to the reading world, and too numerous to be entirely chronicled here. Her powers were comprehensive, no less than sterling; in her tales of fashionable life she painted manners as well as men and women; in her moral tales she entered on a wider sphere, and at the same time aimed at terse simplicity; her *Helen* is a standard novel, and a beautiful love-story too; and her works on education, and for the young, have given the tone to many a thinking mind. Her pathos is always legitimate and direct, and she never chills the heart, while she strives to regulate the mind and govern the feelings. If it ever seem otherwise, we believe the fault rests with the reader; though it may be, had Miss Edgeworth lived fifty years later, she would have been a different writer. There has been a reaction from the bathos and mock sentimentality which she arose to oppose; and perhaps prudence, a cardinal virtue which she loves to teach and illustrate, may not be the one which in this struggling, money-loving age, people are most deficient in. The Irish, however, need her lessons as much as ever; and for their sakes alone it is well that she has never lent herself to palliate the faults to which her countrymen are specially prone.

Speaking of Miss Edgeworth, Sir James Mackintosh says, with equal truth and terseness, "Her extraordinary merit, both as a moralist and as a woman of genius, consists in her having selected a class of virtues far more difficult to treat as the subject of fiction than others, and which had therefore been left by former writers to her."

Of all the anecdotes of Maria Edgeworth immortalised by the magic of print, or floating on the breath of society, there is but one we know that savours of selfishness—she never would consent to have her portrait painted! Verbal description is a poor substitute for the artist's pencil, and it must always be a matter of regret that no likeness of her exists. By those who had the privilege of knowing her, she is described as very small in stature, wearing gloves and shoes too small for any other hand or foot; full of genuine fun, loving neatness and order, and remarkably attentive to personal appearance. Essentially amiable—and the soul of hospitality and courtesy to her guests. Her guests! Of those she must have numbered

some of the most celebrated men and women, of many countries, and of different creeds, who have lived during the present century; for with hundreds whose own name and position were a passport to her presence, a pilgrimage to Edgeworthstown was a labour of love. It is delightful to contemplate such a life as that of Maria Edgeworth—a high mission nobly fulfilled in the meridian of her powers; and a life, protracted beyond the ordinary limits of humanity, serene at its close, and solaced throughout by warm friendships and family affection, and made brilliant by the halo of the world's well-earned applause!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mdlle. Corbari.—If the *Nozze di Figaro*, or *Don Giovanni* be played again this season, who will be the Countess, and who Zerlina? A correspondent has hinted to us that Mdlle. Corbari, who appears much too rarely, would be quite capable of sustaining either of these characters. She is an accomplished musician, as well as a graceful singer, and moreover, is a very great favorite with the subscribers and the public.

Mdlle. Jetty Treffz leaves London to-day for Norwich, where she is engaged for a series of six concerts, to take place next week in St. Andrew's Hall.

M. Jullien has engaged Signor Bottesini, the contrabassist, for his forthcoming provincial tour with Persiani.

Drury Lane.—Mr. Kenney, the talented and popular author, has announced a benefit for Wednesday evening, July 25, on which occasion a series of entertainments will be given, which will employ the services of some of our best vocal and dramatic talent in London. Mr. Kenney is the well-known author of *Sweethearts and Wives*, *Raising the Wind*, *The Irish Ambassador*, *Spring and Autumn*, *Matrimony*, and many other sterling minor pieces. He has also adapted *Masaniello* and several musical works to the English stage. His dramas have been for years before the public, instructing and delighting his audiences, and now, when he comes forward courting their favor, we trust his talents and exertions will not be allowed to pass by unheeded and neglected. That the public will enter cordially into the wishes of Mr. Kenney we fully anticipate, and that he will have a bumper benefit we feel no less assured. No individual has more legitimate claims to the support of the public than the dramatist who has devoted a whole life to its service, and whom years, or other causes, may have hindered from attending his former occupations. We refer the reader to advertisement for full particulars.

Madlle. Henriette Nissen, the vocalist, has left London for the Continent.

French Plays.—The performances on Monday, for the benefit of that popular and excellent comedian, M. Arnal, will include three interesting vaudevilles, among which *Un Bal du Grande Monde* will be played for the first time. The charming Madame Doche takes her benefit on Wednesday, the last night but one of the season. We trust that both the talented artists will have bumpers.

Birmingham Musical Festival.—Mr. Costa, who is indefatigable in his preparations for the forthcoming event, was in Birmingham on Monday, and expressed himself greatly pleased with the manner in which the new orchestra has been constructed. We learn also that the training of the local choir, under Mr. Stimpson, goes on favourably. We may add, that the first day of the Festival will be signalised by the inauguration of the "Mendelssohn Memorial;" that day, whereon his great work of *Elijah* is performed, has been appropriately selected for the inauguration of the bust of the great composer, now being executed by Mr. P. Hollins.

Herr Sprenger's Concert took place last week at the Hanover Rooms. The *beneficiaire* was aided by Misses Messent, Bassano, and the Messrs. Bodda, Herberte, Marras, and Pischek, as vocalists, and by Herr Deichman (violin), and Herr Hausmann (violoncello), as instrumentalists. Herr Sprenger is a pianist of undoubted pretensions, and performed several times with excellent effect, and was especially applauded in a piece called "La Danse des Sylphides," which proved that Herr Sprenger the composer was no less entitled to consideration than Herr Sprenger the pianist.

Madlle. Fanny Garrique, who has played with success in several of the vaudevilles with which Mr. Mitchell has agreeably diversified the performances of the *Opera Comique* this season, leaves for Paris to-morrow.

The Dowager Countess of Charleville gave a *Soirée Musicale*, at her residence in Cavendish Square, on Monday the 9th inst., which was attended by the *élite* of the nobility. The programme consisted entirely of glees and madrigals, by the most celebrated English composers; and from the excellent manner in which they were sung by Miss Pyne, Miss L. Pyne, Messrs. Bodda, Land, Pyne, and Hobbs, gave the greatest satisfaction. Mr. Land presided at the pianoforte.

The Birmingham Festival.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The committee of management have concluded their engagements for the approaching Grand Musical Festival at Birmingham, the particulars of which are in our advertisement columns. These engagements, both vocal and instrumental, have been made with admirable judgment. Madame Castellan; Mademoiselle Jetty de Treffz, whose réputation, acquired on the Continent, for beauty of voice and peculiar sweetness of expression, has been more than maintained since her arrival in this country; Miss A. Williams; our charming young countrywoman, Miss Hayes (*soprani*); the Alboni (in herself a host of attraction); Mdlle. De Meric; and Miss M. Williams (*contralti*,) are the female vocalists. Among the tenors announced will be seen the names of Mario and Sims Reeves. The basses are Mr. Machin and Lablache. An engagement with Herr Pischek has been offered, and accepted, provided his Majesty, the King of Würtemberg will permit his return from Stutgardt within the given time.* The choir, although unprecedentedly numerous, has, for this occasion, been selected from two places—London and Birmingham. This will prevent the annoyance arising from the diversity of manner acquired in training, so often experienced when the vocal corps is assembled from many various parts, and will ensure that uniformity of style so essential to the perfect development of great musical effects. One of the chief features in the forthcoming harmonic meeting will be the extraordinary numerical force and excellence of the instrumental band, the list of which displays an assemblage of executive talent which we do not hesitate to say will be superior to any yet brought together. No mediocrity, for the sake of filling up, will be found in its ranks,—none but first-rate talent in every department will be employed; to ensure which, the bands of the rival Metropolitan Italian Opera Houses, and that of the Philharmonic Society, will form the basis, around which will be rallied the remaining available talent of London; and some idea of its numerical strength may be formed, when we state, that the stringed instruments alone will amount to within one or two of a hundred. With such an orchestra, conducted too by Mr. Costa, under whose guidance instrumental music has arrived at an unparalleled pitch of excellence in this country, the production of such works as Beethoven's *Pastoral* and C minor symphonies, the symphony in A minor, by Mendelssohn, the overtures to *Leonora*, by Beethoven, *William Tell*, by Rossini, and *Oberon*, by Weber, the whole of Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*, as well as a manuscript overture by him, entitled *Ruy Blas*, and selections from the *Huguenots*, and *Le Prophète*, by Meyerbeer, (all of which will be given in the evenings' performances,) will form a grand attraction for the amateur of instrumental music. The performances will be held in our noble Hall, which, in consequence of the alterations recently made, is not only one of the largest, but is also, probably, now the best adapted music room in the world. The great works for the morning performances, and upon which the entire force of the vocal and instrumental *ensemble* will be employed, are arranged as follows:—First day, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; second day, Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, and selections from the works of other eminent composers; third day, *The Messiah*; and fourth day, the *Israel in Egypt*, and grand selection. Mr. Costa, whose judgment in making arrangements for perfecting the forthcoming performances, and whose attention in carrying those arrangements out, entitle him to the best thanks of every person interested in the success of the Festival, expressed himself (on his visit to Birmingham, on Monday last) highly delighted with the manner in which his views had been furthered by the alterations in the Town Hall, and in the construction of the new orchestra.

* This is impossible. Herr Formes will, perhaps, supply his loss.—Ed.

HERR DREYSCHOCK.—This celebrated pianist leaves London to-day for Prague.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The members of the orchestra presented to Mr. Reed, on Saturday last, a handsome ring, as a memorial of their respect and attachment, on his quitting the theatre for St. Philip, after a service of thirty years. Mr. Reed originally entered the Haymarket theatre in a subordinate capacity, during the management of the late Mr. Morris, whose discerning mind soon discovered his more than ordinary merits, and he was soon promoted to the post of director of music. In this position Mr. Reed has invariably consulted him on any new points of management, and has placed considerable reliance on his judgment. When Mr. Webster undertook the management of the theatre, Mr. Reed's large and increasing connexion induced him to surrender the directorship into the hands of his son, Mr. T. German Reed, and, conjointly, they have succeeded in procuring for the Haymarket orchestra its present efficiency. Mr. Reed, having now secured for his large family a suitable position in the world, has decided to visit our Australian colonies, where we feel persuaded his merits will be immediately recognised.

MDLLE. VERA gave a *Matinée Musicale* at 17, Hertford-street, May Fair, on Monday last. The fair vocalist was assisted by Grisi, Madame Ronconi, Miss Bassano, Mario, Lablache, F. Lablache, Ronconi, Signor Ciabatta, Signor Brignoli, and Signor Marchesi. Mdlle. Vera sang several *morceaux* with her usual taste and intelligence. Charles Hallé played a solo on the piano with immense effect. The concert was very fashionably attended. The conductors were Messrs. Benedict, Vera, and Billetta.

WORCESTER.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—Miss Haywood gave a grand evening concert, at the New Music Hall, on Wednesday. The vocal performers were Miss Haywood, Miss Deakin, Miss Bassano, and Signor F. Lablache. The instrumentalists were Kate Loder (piano), Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton (harp), and Mr. A. Wheeler (piano). The concert opened with Bennett's Madrigal, "The lover to his mistress," which was so well sung by the principals as to obtain an encore. The Misses Bassano and Deakin followed in Mendelssohn's beautiful duet, "I would that my love could silently flow." Miss Deakin, who sang very prettily all the evening, was encored in a somewhat pleasing ballad by Mr. Charles Harding. Miss Haywood and Signor F. Lablache were also encored in the duet from the *Nozze di Figaro*, "Crudel perche finora;" and Miss Haywood received the same compliment in Bishop's "Bid me discourse." The second part opened with the hacknied trio from the *Matrimonio Segreto*, which was carefully sung by the Misses Haywood, Deakin, and Bassano, and repeated. Kate Loder produced an immense sensation in Wallace's "Cracovienne." She played with a facility, a brilliancy, and a precision, that took her hearers completely by surprise, and created an enthusiam but rarely witnessed within the Music Hall of our city. She was rapturously applauded, and encored from all parts of the room. She joined Balsir Chatterton in a concertante duet for pianoforte and harp by Herz, and acquitted herself no less admirably than in the solo. Kate Loder is, indeed, an artist of rare endowments, and is one of the acknowledged favorites of England. Mr. Balsir Chatterton played a *fantasia* of his own composition, and was loudly applauded. He has great command over his instrument, and plays with excellent taste and feeling. F. Lablache was encored in "Largo al factotum," which he gave with a fund of animal spirits quite paternal. The concert terminated with the national anthem. Mr. E. Rogers conducted.

MELODISTS' CLUB.—The sixth meeting took place at the Freemason's Tavern, on Thursday, the 28th ult., and was attended by a large section of the nobility and gentry. Dinner was on the table at six precisely, and turtle was given without any extra charge. An excellent concert was provided, and a capital selection of instrumental music helped to enliven the feast. Mr. F. B. Jewson, the talented pianist, and Mr. Horatio Chipp, violoncellist of the Queen's private band, received special invitations. Mr. Jewson performed several compositions of his own, which were received with an unusual degree of applause, and which elicited complimentary tokens from all the *dilettanti* present. The hilarities were kept up to a seasonable hour, and, according to the custom prescribed, the meeting broke up when the chairman retired. Every thing passed off with the greatest *éclat*.

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Kathinka Polkas, 2s. ... let
Ball Waltzes, 3s. each; ... Queen."

HERR STRAUSS.—Messrs. ...
ity, Gentry, and the Public, that ...
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glish Airs, three books, 5s. each; Bluette Ron...
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First Military Rondo, each 2s., 3s., and 4s.; C...

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graved and printed on fine paper, folio size, newly arra...
Handel's Messiah (from Mozart's score), 15s.; Israel ...
Galatea, 12s.; the Coronation Anthems, 12s.; and his ...
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Rossini's Stabat Mater, by Warren, 12s.; Haydn's S...
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Dr. BOYCE'S CATHEDRAL MUSIC. A New Edition, with an Organ or Piano Accompaniment, by Joseph Warren. Price only £6 6s.

HERR SCHULHOFF'S NEW MUSIC for the PIANOFORTE. Carnaval de Venise, 4s.; 2. Nocturne, 3s.; 2. Valse, 3s.; Deux Pensées Fugitives, 3s.; Capriccio Apassionato, 5s.; four Mazurkas, 2s. each; two Styriennes and Mazurka, 2s. each; Galop di Bravura, 4s.; the same, arranged by Czerny as a duet, 5s.; Le Valse, 4s.; the same, as a duet, 5s.; Chanson des Paysans, 3s.; and Trois Idylles, 5s.

NEW FLUTE MUSIC, by Signor Briccialdi, with Pianoforte Accompaniment; as performed by this distinguished artist at the various London Concerts. Fantasias, Lucrezia, Macbeth, La Figlia del Reggimento, I Masnadieri, Sogno d'Amore, I Capuletti, and Fantasia on Scotch Airs, 5s. each; and his Daily Exercises for the Flute, 3s.

London; Published only by Her Majesty's Music Sellers, Messrs. R. Cocks and Co., 6, New Burlington Street.

CATALOGUE OF FLUTE MUSIC, GRATIS.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS MONSTRES.

At the general request of his Friends and Patrons, M. JULLIEN has the honor to announce that his THIRD CONCERT MONSTRE and CONGRES MUSICAL will take place at the ROYAL SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS on FRIDAY NEXT, when FELICIEN DAVID'S ODE-SYMPHONY, **THE DESERT**, will be performed for the LAST TIME. Meyerbeer's Music from **THE PROPHETE** will be executed, also for the last time: and the other portions of the Programme entirely changed, including M. JULLIEN'S First Arrangement of GOD SAVE THE QUEEN, each bar being marked by the report of an 18-pounder cannon, as performed at M. JULLIEN'S First Concert Monstre at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, in 1845, before an audience of 12,000 persons.

MEYERBEER'S Music from **THE CAMP OF SILESIA**, First Time in England. Among other Novelties, the Grand Triumphal March of "JULIUS CESAR," for Double Orchestra; Four Military Bands; Chorus; and Twenty Roman Trumpets, made on the model of the Roman bas-relief, by Messrs. PARE and KŒNIG, Sevaud, and performed by MM. Kœnig, A. Kœnig, Arban, Davis, T. Davis, Cioffi, Antoine, T. Harper, Smithers, Scheffer; and Ten of the best Trumpets, from the Horse Guards.—In order to give to this magnificent *morceaux* all the effect which is made on the Continent, the practices will be under the direction of Herr KŒNIG, and several careful Rehearsals will be directed by M. JULLIEN.

Tickets, price 2s. 6d., if taken before the 20th of July, or 5s. on the day of the Concert, may be obtained of JULLIEN & Co., 214, Regent-Street.

Gardens open at 4, commence at 5, and terminate before 10. With the magnificent addition of Fireworks, the Storming of Badajos, &c.

some of the most celebrated men and women, of many countries, and of different creeds, who have lived during the present century; for with hundreds whose own name and position were a passport to her presence, a pilgrimage to Edgeworthstown was a labour of love. It is delightful to contemplate such a life as that of Maria Edgeworth—a high mission nobly fulfilled in the meridian of her powers; and a life, protracted beyond the ordinary limits of humanity, serene at its close, and solaced throughout by warm friendships and family affection, and made brilliant by the halo of the world's well-earned applause!

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Y LANE.

[illegible] LANE.—Mr. Kenney,

(*Author of "Raising the Wind," "Sweethearts and Wives," "Matrimony," "Spring and Autumn," "The Irish Ambassador," "The World," &c.*)

Begs to announce that several of the most popular Members of the Theatrical Profession having kindly offered to unite in a Performance for his **BENEFIT**, such Performance will take place at this Theatre on WEDNESDAY, July 25th, and will consist of A CURIOUS CASE, by Messrs. Charles Mathews and Selby, and Mrs. Stirling. THE BEGGARS' OPERA, by Messrs. Sims Reeves, F. Matthews, G. Cooke, and Wilkinson; Mesdames Vestris, Fitzwilliam, and Taylbur[illegible]. After which, Mr. Kenney's Farce of LOVE, LAW, AND PHYSIC, by Messrs. Wilkinson, Meadows, G. Cooke, and Miss Woolgar. To conclude with BOX AND COX, by Mr. Frank Matthews and Mr. Buckstone.

Tickets and Private Boxes to be had at Mr. Kenney's, 23, South Street, Brompton; Mr. Mitchell's Library, Old Bond Street; and at the Box-office, after Saturday.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

FRENCH PLAYS & OPERA COMIQUE.

LAST WEEK OF THE SEASON. M. ARNAL AND MADAME DOCHE IN TWO AMUSING VAUDEVILLES.

M. ARNAL respectfully announces that his BENEFIT will take place on MONDAY, July 16th, when the Performances will commence at Half-past Seven o'Clock precisely, with

LES DEUX DIVORCES.

After which, the amusing Vaudeville of

MONSR. ET MADE. GALOCHARD.

Galochard (Jardinier du Chateau de Fontainebleau) . M. ARNAL.
Madame Galochard Madame DOCHE.

Which will be followed by the Vaudeville of

UN BAL DU GRAND MONDE.

Narcisse Bichonneau (Coiffeur) M. ARNAL.

To conclude with the admired Vaudeville of

LA MANSARDE DU CRIME.

Amilear M. ARNAL.
Louise (Femme d'Amilear) Madame DOCHE.

WEDNESDAY NEXT, July 18th, Madame DOCHE'S BENEFIT, on which occasion she will have the honor of appearing (for that Night only) in the popular Vaudevilles of L'IMAGE, UN CAPRICE, and (by desire, and for the last time) CE QUE FEMME VEUT . . . with other attractive Entertainments, in which M. ARNAL will perform, being positively the Last Night but One of the Company's performing this Season.

Boxes, 6s.; Pit, 3s.; Amphitheatre, 2s.

Boxes and Stalls may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street; and at the Box-Office of the Theatre, which is open Daily, from 11 till 5 o'Clock.

SINGING.

MR. MILLAR (of Bath),

Principal Tenor Singer at Her Majesty's Ancient Concerts, the Royal Society of Musicians, &c., has the honor to announce to his Pupils that he intends giving LESSONS IN LONDON. Terms—Half-a-Guinea the Lesson.

A List of his Vocal Compositions (written expressly for his Schools and Pupils) may be obtained at the principal Musicsellers; at 26, Hart Street, or 13, Old Sydney Place, Bath.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

IN AID OF

The Funds of the General Hospital,

THE Second, 5th, 6th, and 7th DAYS of SEPTEMBER Next.

UNDER THE ESPECIAL PATRONAGE OF

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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE ALBERT.
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.
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MADEMOISELLE JETTY DE TREFFZ,
MISS A. WILLIAMS,
MISS CATHERINE HAYES.

TENORI.

SIGNOR MARIO,
MR. WILLIAMS,
MR. SIMS REEVES.

CONTRALTI.

MADEMOISELLE ALBONI,
MISS M. WILLIAMS,
MADEMOISELLE DE MERIC.

BASSI.

SIGNOR LABLACHE,
MR. MACHIN.

Conductor Mr. COSTA.

OUTLINE OF PERFORMANCES.

Tuesday Morning.—ORATORIO—(*Elijah*).
Wednesday Morning.—ORATORIO—(*Athalie*)—and SELECTION.
Thursday Morning.—ORATORIO—(*Messiah*).
Friday Morning.—ORATORIO—(*Israel in Egypt*)—and SELECTION.

Tuesday Evening.—GRAND CONCERT, comprising—

SYM. PASTORALE		*Beethoven.*
MARCH and CHORUS	(*Ruins of Athens*)	*Beethoven.*
OVERTURE	(*Ruy Blas*) MS.	*Mendelssohn.*
SELECTIONS FROM OPERAS, &c.		

Wednesday Evening.—GRAND CONCERT, comprising—

SYM. A MINOR		*Mendelssohn.*
OVERTURE	(*Oberon*)	*Weber.*
OVERTURE	(*Leonora*)	*Beethoven.*
SELECTIONS from *Huguenots*, &c.		

Thursday Evening.—GRAND CONCERT, comprising—

SYM. C MINOR		*Beethoven.*
Walpurgis Night		*Mendelssohn.*
OVERTURE	(*William Tell*)	*Rossini.*
SELECTIONS from *Le Prophete*, &c.		

Friday Evening.—A FULL DRESS BALL.

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NOTICE.

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GOETHE'S EPIGRAMS FROM VENICE—(1790.)

IN ELEGIAC VERSE.

Money spent, and time as well—
How—this little book will tell.

C.

Wretched indeed was thy destiny, Midas; thy hands, as they trembled,
Felt, thou famish'd old man, nourishment chang'd into gold.
Mine is a merrier lot, though similar; what I lay hands on,
Soon as I touch, is changed into a neat little verse,
Muses, I do not object, but I beg, include not my mistress;
When she is lock'd in my arms, let her not change to a song. J. O.

JETTY TREFFZ.

A series of six grand concerts has taken place at Norwich during the present week, at which this popular singer has been the chief attraction. At the first concert, on Monday, a correspondent (who promises us an account of all the six concerts in time for next week) informs us that the success of Jetty Treffz was immense, and that she was unanimously encored in several pieces. A Norwich paper (forwarded to us by the same correspondent) has the following, which though we do not entirely understand, we copy with pleasure, since it renders justice to the talent of the clever German songstress.

"Jetry Treffz is the reverse of Angri in general characteristics. She has a soprano voice of full tone; her style is neat, chaste, and unsophisticated; forming a striking contrast with the impassioned force and voluptuousness of the splendid Anglo-Italian. She has a charming face, and quiet, pleasing manner. She sang Zerlina's song, 'Vedrai, carino,' in German; and was loudly encored in the German songs, which she sang with exquisite delicacy and archness."

Without inquiring why Jetty Treffz is the reverse of Angri, we subscribe to the above panegyric as richly deserved. The following is the entire programme of the first concert, of which next week we hope to be able to speak more in detail:—

PART I.

Overture—*Der Freyschutz*	*Weber.*
Trio—"The Magic wove Scarf"—The Misses Emma and Victoria Collins and Ellen Vining	*Barnett.*
Aria—"Mauriaches Standchen"—Madlle. Jetty Treffz	*Kücken.*
Solo Violin—Souvenir d'Amérique—Miss Rosina Collins	*Vieuxtemps.*
Aria—"Liebe ist die zarte Blüthe," from *Faust*—Herr Pischek	*Spohr.*
Duet—"Come to the Forest"—Misses Emma and Victoria Collins	*S. Glover.*
Song—"Altes Liebeslied"—Madlle Jetty Treffz	*Kücken.*
Solo Violoncello—"Nel cor piu"—Miss Victoria Collins	*Farmer.*
Aria—"Rhein-Sehnsucht"—Herr Pischek	*Wilhelm Speyer.*

PART II.

Overture—*The Bronze Horse*	*Auber.*
Trio—"Turn on, old Time," from *Maritana*—Misses Emma and Victoria Collins and Ellen Vining	*Wallace.*
Cavatinetta—"I'm a merry Zingara"—Madlle. Jetty Treffz	*Balfe.*
Solo Violin—"Carnival de Venise"—Miss Rosina Collins	*Sivori.*
Song—"Die Fahnenwacht"—Herr Pischek	*Lindpaintner.*
Ballad—"Land of my Dearest"—Miss Victoria Collins	*Rhing.*
Aria—"Sweet bird," Contertina Obligata—Misses Emma and Victoria Collins	*S. Glover.*
Duetto—"La ci darem la mano," from *Il Don Giovanni*—Madlle. Jetty Treffz and Herr Pischek	*Mozart.*
Finale—"God save the Queen."	

For the present, however, we must take leave both of Jetty Treffz and the Norwich concerts.

"THE PROPHET."

A rumour, within the past week, was industriously spread abroad in Paris by certain journals, to the end that the recent closing of the *Academie Royale*, or, as it is now named, the *Theatre de la Nation*, took place in consequence of the partial success of the *Prophète*. To this report the *Journal des Débats* gives a decided contradiction, and shows that the temporary shutting-up of the theatre was necessitated by Madame Garcia's departure, and the continued indisposition of Carlotta Grisi, which prevented the immediate production of the new ballet now in active preparation, of which the directors took advantage to put the theatre into repair, and make some important alterations. The same journal states that the nightly receipts of the *Prophète*, for twenty-five performances, averaged 10,000 francs (a large sum when it is considered that the admission charges are so far below those of our own operatic houses), and adds, that the success of the new work of M. Meyerbeer has been unparalleled in the annals of the Royal Academy since the brilliant days of the *Huguenots*. Who the well-meaning persons were with whom originated so unfounded a report, it is hard to conceive. There are, no doubt, many to whom the immense success of the *Prophète* must prove a hard pill to swallow.

OPERATIC STARS.

NO. XV.

CORBARI.

Amalia Corbari, the fair and talented artist who forms the subject of our present sketch, first appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre four years ago, and made a very favorable impression in Fenena, in Verdi's *Nino*, by the purity of her voice and the delicacy of her style. A certain timidity, however, somewhat marred her first efforts, and it was not until she had become accustomed to her audience, and had appeared in a second part, that her decided merits were fully acknow-

ledged. It is more than probable, nevertheless, that Madlle. Corbari, with her sympathetic and pure voice, would never have created a great sensation in Verdi's boisterous music; and she may congratulate herself for the immense improvement in the quality of her voice and the confirmed legitimacy of her style, on having eschewed altogether the throat-rending strains of the "juvenile" *Maestro*. Her first great success was made in Adelgisa, in *Norma*, which she played with Grisi for several nights, and in which she at once established herself as a favorite with the public. When the company at Her Majesty's Theatre seceded from Mr. Lumley, Madlle. Corbari was one of the first artists engaged by the managers of the Royal Italian Opera, who have renewed her engagement every season up to the present. The success Madlle. Corbari achieved at Her Majesty's Theatre, was more than confirmed at the Royal Italian Opera. The fair artist was very young when she first appeared in London, and it could hardly be expected that at such an age her voice would have attained its highest cultivation and its utmost power, or that her art would make no progress as she gained knowledge and experience from time. The improvement made by Madlle. Corbari every year since her engagement at the Royal Italian Opera has indeed been remarkable, and could not escape the most inattentive observer. Her voice has become richer in quality, and more mellow, and has gained more power and more decision. In her acting, Madlle. Corbari has also made a very great advance within the last few years. Her timidity has yielded to the delicacy and feminine grace which are peculiar to her, and a great amount of energy and self-possession are manifested. In fine, Madlle. Corbari, who, in 1845, was a most promising vocalist, has now become, in every respect, an accomplished artist.

Madlle. Corbari's voice is a *mezzo soprano* of considerable compass and agreeable quality; clear and ringing in the upper notes, and full and round in the middle and lower. Her middle voice is certainly one of the most beautiful on the operatic stage, while the lower register partakes somewhat of the *contralto* character. Perhaps the natural quality of Madlle. Corbari's voice may be said to belong to the *contralto* rather than the *soprano*, and we can fancy the higher notes having been greatly strengthened, if not altogether formed, by education and practice.

When she was first engaged at the Royal Italian Opera, Madlle. Corbari was announced among the *contralti*, but as she has played nothing but *soprano* parts, we must take for granted that the management has found out that her real strength lies in that direction. That the directors of the theatre consider Corbari not merely a *soprano*, but a high *soprano*, is demonstrated by the fact, that in casting *Robert le Diable*, they assigned her the part of the Princess, the music of which was written expressly for Cinti-Damoreau, the most flexible, and one of the highest *soprani* of the French Opera. We are, however, inclined to think that Madlle. Corbari would be far more advantageously heard were her delicious middle and lower notes brought more into requisition. The music of Adelgisa in *Norma* suits her admirably, as does also that of Elvira in *Don Giovanni*. In both of these parts she has created a highly favourable impression with the English public. Madlle. Corbari has been universally acknowledged the best Adelgisa the stage has produced; and, notwithstanding the many great artists who have assumed the part of Don Giovanni's rejected mistress, from Heinefetter to Sophie Löwe, decidedly one of the best Elviras. Her singing the cavatina, "Ah! che dice mai," one of the most elaborate and difficult bravura songs of Mozart, is an effort of the very highest talent and accomplishment. The Princess, in *Robert le Diable*, although out of her special line, gave Madlle. Corbari occasion to display the variety as well as the excellence of her style. The two popular songs, "Idol de ma vie," and "Robert, toi que j'aime," were sung, the one with remarkable facility, and the other with intense and passionate feeling. In every character she has essayed, either at Her Majesty's Theatre, or at the Royal Italian Opera, Madlle. Corbari has acquitted herself as a skilful musician, a graceful singer, and, as an artist thoroughly at home in the business of the stage.

As a vocal artist, Madlle. Corbari must be rated very highly. Few singers are possessed of so much musical knowledge; and this manifests itself in all her performances. She reads at sight the most difficult music with wonderful readiness and facility—a consequence which not always follows from Italian musical education—and is an excellent pianist. It is on this account that she is so correct and admirable an interpreter of the music of Mozart, which she never disfigures by alterations or misapplied ornaments, and never spoils by exaggerated expression. Expression and feeling are among the prominent characteristics of Madlle. Corbari's singing, and these are accompanied by a pensive earnestness which gives it a real individuality. Her voice seems, at times, as it were, touched with a gentle sorrow, and her singing developes all the softening character of her tones.

As an actress, Madlle. Corbari may be said to possess feeling and passion, truthfulness and power, intensity and dramatic energy, but the first characteristics more strongly than the last. Her action is graceful and natural, and she treads the board with perfect ease and self-possession. Her delicacy, which is a chief characteristic of the woman, sometimes assumes the aspect of timidity; but this, so far from deteriorating from the actress, lends her efforts a newer and more truly feminine attraction. We have hinted that Madlle. Corbari possesses more intensity than dramatic energy; but it must not, therefore, be assumed that she is devoid of energy. Her acting as Adelgisa, in the two duets in *Norma*, offers abundant evidence to the contrary. But Corbari's *forte* is assuredly the tender and pathetic. Her looks, her demeanour, her voice and singing, are all suited to the exhibition of the softer and more delicate emotions of the female character.

A more interesting face and form than Madlle. Corbari's are seldom found united in one person on the stage. Her features are regular and pleasing, and the general expression of her countenance is highly intelligent; while her figure is well developed and particularly lady-like. Her deportment—though Italian like, her gestures are occasionally redundant—is always graceful and agreeable. With such talents and accomplishments, such personal qualifications, and such decided popularity with the public, few artists on the stage can be said to have a more brilliant future in store than Amalia Corbari.

In conclusion, we must premise that, neither at Her Majesty's Theatre, nor at the Royal Italian Opera, has Madlle. Corbari had a fair chance of displaying her talents and accomplishments to advantage. While many artists, her inferiors, have been constantly brought forward in undue prominence, she has been as constantly kept in the background. Her time will come, however. Meanwhile, she must continue to study with ardour, and endeavour, to the best of her ability, to perfect and, bring entirely under her command, the great natural gifts with which she is endowed.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Madame Sontag's success with the public continues unabated. The *Barbiere di Siviglia* was repeated on Saturday, and the same enthusiastic demonstrations attended the second as the first performance. The interest of Mr. Lumley's aristocratic subscribers was never so warmly demonstrated for any artist as for the accomplished *Comtesse*, for whom the fellow feeling of *caste* joins with that of admiration for her artistic qualities, in paying homage to her person.

On Tuesday, Madame Sontag was allowed a holiday, and the name of Alboni once more stood at the head of the programmes. We need hardly add that, Alboni present, the absence of no other artist could be felt; nor in listening to the flood of rich melody that gushed from the lips of the magnificent *contralto-soprano* (or *soprano-contralto*, if you please) in the glowing strains of the "Di piacer," did we think either of Jenny Lind, or of Sontag, or of any other singer that ever made the Opera House ring with enthusiastic plaudits. This was, indeed, a rare specimen of vocalisation. The *cavatina* was sung as a *cavatina* should be sung, and by a singer, who, in her style—a most winning and genial and beautiful style—is matchless among the songstresses of Europe. Alboni, as is usual with her, gave the melody of the *largo* in all its purity, and the theme of the *cabaletta* without any alteration, emendation, ornament, grace, or elaboration, and thereby proved that her great *maestro*, Rossini, was a better judge of effect than all the vocalists of the globe put together. But then, what a voice is Alboni's! What a treasure of rich sound! What a store of oil and honey in those tones that surpass the nightingale's in sweetness, the lark's in brilliancy, the thrush's in mellowness, and the blackbird's in melodious fulness. The poet Shelley must have had a foreshadowing of Alboni in his mind's eye, when he addressed his magnificent stanzas to the skylark, which, if we had at hand, we could quote as profusely as appropriately. But some one has made away with our copy of Shelley, and we shall not presume to mar the burning verses of the mighty poet by confiding to the treacherous bosom of memory.

We have already spoken at length of Alboni's impersonation of Ninetta, the first part which afforded her an opportunity to prove herself a great actress as well as a great singer. A more natural and touching performance we have rarely witnessed, and on each new occasion, as she grows familiar with the part, Alboni gives fresh proofs of her dramatic talent. We do not say that Alboni sang better than ever on Tuesday night, but as well as ever; and this is saying as much as can reasonably be said of any singer under the sun. She was in glorious voice. A few days' repose had done no harm, and Alboni, like a giant refreshed, arose and sang down all competition.

At the end of each act there was an ovation in honour of the great artist, and all the fine points of her acting and singing throughout the opera were warmly appreciated and applauded by the intelligent and discriminating audience of Mr. Lumley's theatre.

Coletti was impressive and admirable as Fernando, Calzolari excellent as Gianetto, Casaloni promising as Pippo, Arnoldi pains-taking as Fabrisio, and Lablache inimitable as the Podesta. Balfe, at the head of his orchestra and chorus, was as vigorous, energetic, and decided as ever. The overture was capitally played.

On Thursday the house was crowded to the ceiling with a brilliant and aristocratic audience. The occasion was an interesting one. The opera was *La Sonnambula*, with Madame Sontag for Amina. Expectation was on tiptoe. Would the accomplished *Comtesse* surpass Persiani?—would she out-sing the "Nightingale?"—would she excel Viardot Garcia?—would she efface the memory of Malibran? These were the questions asked, and unanswered, by the anxious and eager auditors as they sat, closely and inconveniently packed together, with the elbows of either in the sides of other, previous to drawing up the curtain. Seldom has an operatic event been more strongly endowed with interest.

"To make short tale," as *Morte Arthure* has it, Madame Sontag nor surpassed Persiani, nor outsang the "Nightingale," nor excelled Pauline Viardot, nor effaced the memory of Malibran. Nothing of the sort, but something quite as satisfactory and acceptable to her admirers; as the *Times* justly says, she "achieved her greatest triumph." For if to triumph be to captivate an entire audience, and cause a thousand pair of hands to clap incessantly, and a thousand throats to swell with gratulatory ejaculations, never was triumph more real than that of Madame Sontag on Thursday night. The cavatina, "Come per me sereno," brilliantly and elaborately sung, was followed by a storm of plaudits, and was perhaps the most striking example of vocal accomplishment during the entire performance. The *finale* to the first act, where Amina agonizingly appeals to Elvino and is rejected, acted with unusual intensity, was the signal for two recalls in immediate succession. But the enthusiasm created by the last scene is not to be described. The *largo*, executed *mezza voce* throughout, the *rondo*, in which ornaments and *fioriture* were abundantly lavished, were equally successful and equally applauded. Three times was Madame Sontag recalled, amidst tremendous cheering and showers of bouquets. As a piece of acting, Madame Sontag's Amina is quiet and passionate by turns, as the exigencies of the scene demand, always lady-like, and never exaggerated.

Madame Sontag sustained the duet in the first scene, which Jenny Lind restored to the stage, and her simple and earnest demeanour in the quarrel, making up, and eternal leave-taking with Elvino, made it one of the best points of her performance.

To sum up, Madame Sontag's Amina has the merit (rare enough now-a-days) of being no one else's, but her own entire property. There is not a single point that can be said to be copied from any other artist who has been conspicuous in the part.

The Elvino of Calzolari, the Rodolpho of Belletti, and the Lisa of Miss Howson, have already been criticised in these columns. We have only therefore to add, that Belletti, who was in fine voice, was encored unanimously in the *largo* of "Vi ravviso," and that Calzolari was similarly complimented in the last movement of "Tutto e sciolto."

We hear that Madame Sontag's next part is to be Elvira, in the *Puritani*, and that the season will wind up with an opera in which she and Alboni will appear together. *Tant mieux pour Alboni.*

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Norma was reproduced on Saturday for the second time this season. Grisi was in splendid force, and astonished even her most ardent admirers. She seemed to gather new strength and fire from the fact that Pauline Garcia had arrived in London, and that Sontag was supplying Jenny Lind's place at Her Majesty's Theatre. She was in glorious voice, and sang the "Casta Diva" as finely as ever. She created the usual *furore* in the trio with Adelgisa and Pollio, the first *morceau* being encored amid a storm of applause. How Grisi sings and acts in *Norma* needs not now be told. The name of the artist is identified so thoroughly with that of the

Druidess, that one cannot be recalled to the mind without the other. As a piece of acting, the operatic stage can boast of nothing which has surpassed Grisi's Norma, and but very few which has equalled it.

Corbari was more charming than ever in Adelgisa. As frequently as we have had occasion to direct attention to this performance, we were never so deeply impressed with its excellence before. It is equally remarkable for truthful conception and musical accomplishment. Corbari's singing has a mingled earnestness and grace which is peculiar to herself, and her acting evidences the utmost refinement and feeling. In the first scene with Pollio, the energy demonstrated by the fair artist was more than we were led to expect from her previous performances. She seemed to throw her whole soul into her words, and sang in the most impassioned manner, without having recourse to the least exaggeration of style or sentiment. The two duets with Norma were no less striking and dramatic. Nothing could be more touching than her appeal to Norma in the well known duo, "Mira, Norma," or more correct and expressive than her singing throughout.

Salvi's Pollio is one of his best parts. He was in fine voice, and sang and acted with immense energy. In the last scene with Norma he was really admirable.

Tagliafico played Oroveso, and supplied the place of Marini, who was absent from indisposition. Tagliafico acquitted himself like a true artist, and by his bold and graphic singing aided in gaining the encore for the chorus in the first scene.

Grisi was recalled twice after each act, and had numberless bouquets thrown to her on each occasion.

A somewhat unsatisfactory performance of the first act of the *Barbiere* followed; unsatisfactory, because the music was given in a most fragmentary shape, and shorn of half its beauties. Tamburini was the Figaro, and never did a more lively, bustling, restless, and mercurial barber adorn the stage. Angri was hardly in as good voice as we have heard her. Her Rosina is certainly one of the best we have seen on the stage; she enters into the character with immense spirit, and sings with indomitable energy. The magnificent finale played the audience out. What would Rossini have thought of an English musical audience, had he beheld them scattered in all directions, like crows by a gun-shot, by the first notes of his finale to the first act of *Il Barbiere*.

The *Huguenots* was repeated for the eleventh time on Tuesday. Grisi and Mario achieved the usual enthusiastic honors, Angri the customary encore in Alboni's song, and the entire opera passed off with immense *eclat*.

On Thursday, the first performance of the *Donna del Lago* attracted a crowded audience. The opera, in two of the principal characters, was cast differently from last season, Angri supplying Alboni's place in Malcolm Greme, and Sims Reeves taking the part of Rhoderick Dhu, *vice* Tamburini. The cast, in other respects, was the same as last year.

The performance in general was admirable. We must, however, point out one defect, *viz.*, the tendency of the military band on the stage to flatten, which went but too far to spoil the effect of the first finale. We are grieved to be compelled to record the falling off in excellence of the band, whose praises we have so often sounded, but as the defect may be so easily remedied, we thought it but right to notice it.

Of Grisi's Elena it is unnecessary to say more than that it was sung as brilliantly as ever, and acted with as much charming *naivete* and grace. The character is not one which exhibits the grandeur and power of her style, but Grisi can descend from her tragic sphere, and perambulate the level earth with no less effect than she can soar above the highest altitudes.]

The character of Malcolm Græme has hardly mettle enough in it for the boldness of style and indomitable energy of Angri. The fair contralto, however, sings the music with great brilliancy, and at times infuses a quantum of her own vehemence into the part, which lends it a dramatic seeming beyond its own intrinsic worth. She gave the first cavatina, "Elena, O tu," in splendid style, and was immensely applauded. She also sang the duet with Grisi, "Ciel! qual destin terribile," most admirably. Perhaps the best effort of the great contralto was the "Ah! si pera," in the second act, the florid passages of which were executed with wonderful facility and velocity. It was her first performance of the part, and we have no doubt will improve on repetition.

Mr. Sims Reeves essayed Roderick Dhu for the first time. The music is well suited to his forcible and energetic style, and, as we expected, our admirable English tenor produced a great effect in the part. He introduced the grand air from *Otello*, "Ah! si per voi," which he sang with considerable power and fluency. In the opening phrase of the delicious quartet, "Cielo al mio labbro," his pure tenor notes displayed their quality to perfection; and in the concerted music in the first act he assisted largely in giving completeness to the *ensemble*. Mr. Sims Reeves was repeatedly and loudly applauded.

Marini's Douglas deserves a word of strong praise. He gave the fine song, "Taci, lo voglio," with manly expression and fire, and was of unusual importance in the concerted *morceaux*, more especially the first finale.

Of Mario we have to speak last, though, undoubtedly, not least. The magnificent tenor was in superb voice, and created a perfect *furore* in the introduced air in the second act. If even tenor singing might be truly denominated "wonderful," most assuredly this effort of Mario's on Thursday night deserves to be so called. We know not which to praise most, the power and richness of the chest notes, or the delicious purity and fascinating quality of the falsetto. Mario seemed to produce new effects, and to awaken new sensations, by alternating the chest with the head voice—by contrasting power and sweetness, fire and expression, boldness and grace together. Now he revelled in all the prodigality of florid execution in his falsetto, and anon he threw out chest-notes sublime in their very simplicity. Reader, if you doubt what we write about Mario, go yourself, this evening, to the Royal Italian Opera—the *Donna del Lago* will be repeated—and, after hearing the tenor sing the interpolated aria of Paccini, in the second act, you will own that we have not said half enough in his praise. The *cabaletta* was followed by a gush of enthusiastic applause, which almost rent the house asunder, and was repeated only to be followed by a second similar hurricane. Mario was compelled to come forward at the end of the encore, and was received with another tornado.

All the principals were called for at the end, and bouquets were thrown on the stage to Grisi and Angri, for the distribution of which there went forward some pretty, friendly bickering.

The chorus of bards was strengthened by the powerful aid of Tamburini, Salvi, Massol, Tagliafico, Luigi Mei, Polonini, and Soldi. The chorus went magnificently in consequence but the flatness of the band on the stage was disadvantageously felt, when the Chorus of Bards and the Clan Alpine March, were played together.

The *Prophète* is announced for Tuesday. The greatest excitement prevails in all musical circles respecting this long-talked-of event. Public expectation will be soon gratified. It is probable that the opera will run to the end of the season.

WINCKELMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BOOK III.

ON THE ART OF THE ETRURIANS AND THEIR NEIGHBOURS.

CHAP. II

(*Continued from page 430.*)

XIII. Of works in relief, I shall only select and describe four, which follow each other in regular succession, according to years. The first, and the oldest, not only of the Etruscan, but of all the works in relief at Rome, stands in the Villa Albani, and may be seen engraven on copper in the "Ancient Monuments," which were first published by me. This work in five figures, represents the Goddess Leucothea, who, before her apotheosis was called Ino, and who was one of the three daughters of Cadmus, king of Thebes. The two sisters were Semele and Agave. Semele, as is well known, was the mother of Bacchus, whose education Ino, as his mother's sister, took upon herself. In this work she holds him standing upon her lap. She is sitting in an arm chair, to which the appellation "*ευθρονος*" (well-seated), which Pindar gives to the daughters of Cadmus, might refer. Over the forehead she has a kind of fillet (diadem), in the form of a sling, that is to say, the band in front of the head is three fingers broad, and is tied round the hair by two narrow ribbons, one on each side, by which the word *σφενδυη*, used by Aristophanes to denote a species of head-band, is explained. The hair is laid over the forehead and along the temples in crisped ringlets, which hang straight down the shoulders and back. Opposite to her stand three nymphs, who have brought up Bacchus, all of different ages. The foremost and tallest of these holds the young Bacchus by his leading-strings. The heads of all the five figures greatly resemble the Egyptian forms, in consequence of their flat, drawn-up eyes, and the mouth, which is likewise drawn up. Their dress is surrounded with straight parallel folds, indicated by nothing but an incision, so that two lines constantly approach each other (*a*).

XIV. The second relief, belonging to Etruscan art, and which may also be seen in my "Ancient Monuments," is a round altar in the Capitoline Museum, and represents Mercury, accompanied by Apollo and Diana. Here the drawing of the figures, and especially the form of Mercury, seem to leave no doubt as to Etruscan style. For it is only in Etruscan remains that the deity has a beard, which is of the kind that we commonly call a "Pantaloon's beard," because the character of that name in our comedies has a projecting beard of this shape. Moreover, in the earliest Greek works, Mercury must have been not only bearded, but must have had a beard similar to that upon our altars (*b*), as may be inferred from the appellation *σφηνοπωγων*, found in Pollux, which signifies a hatchet-shaped beard, not a twisted one, as the interpreters understand it (*c*). From this primitive shape of a Greek Mercury, the works with a beard of the kind seem to have been called *ερμαικειον* (*d*). If any one is inclined to doubt whether this altar belongs to the Etruscan or the earliest Greek style, my notion on the subject will not prove erroneous, and a knowledge of the Etruscan style may, nevertheless, be derived from it, since, as I have already shown, the earliest Greek design is similar to the Etruscan (*e*). Attention should be paid to the shape of the bow; it is only curved at the ends, and is, in other respects, nearly straight. A bow fashioned in the same way is to be found in Greek works, where Apollo and Hercules are each armed with a bow—that is to say, where the latter is bearing the tripod to Delphos. Generally, Hercules is represented with a Scythian bow, which is strongly bent, like the oldest Greek sigma.

SELECT VARIORUM NOTES.

(*a*) The bas-relief in the Villa Albani here described, and representing the education of Bacchus by Leucothea, is doubtless very ancient, and one of the most remarkable monuments for the History of Art. But it has no similarity to any work known to be Etruscan. It is made of coarse-grained Greek marble, and may so aptly [illegible] with the monuments known to be old Greek, that we have no hesitation in setting it down among the earliest of this class.—*Meyer.*

(*b*) Eustathius remarks, that it was usual with the Pelasgi to represent Mercury with a beard. Thus he may be seen upon different monuments, some Roman. Pausanias informs us that there was a Mercury with a beard in the middle of the market-place at Pharæ, in Achaia.—*Fea.*

(*c*) Thus it is interpreted by Scaliger. Moreover, Pollux, in the passages referred to, assigns the beard not to Mercury, but to tragic masks. The epithet *σφηνοπωγων* is applied to Mercury in Artemidorus.

(*d*) More correctly explained in the Etymologicon Magnum:—"Masks of this sort are so called from Hermon, who first made them."—*Sickler.*

(*e*) Greek, and not Etrurian, is the round altar in the Capitoline Museum, with the figures of Mercury, Apollo, and Diana. However, it is not old Greek, but a later imitation of the old Greek style, as we had an opportunity of convincing ourselves by repeated observation. In the features of Apollo we may discern the perfectly elaborated ideal of this God. There is nothing of the upward drawn mouth, the lengthened eyes slanting towards the nose, or of the slender corporeal forms by which the really primitive works are always distinguished. On the contrary, the body and limbs in this Apollo are distinguished by youthful fulness, are not without grandeur, and there is a soft transition from one part to another. The ear is placed somewhat lower than its proper position, while in authentic monuments of the highest antiquity it is generally placed too high. The workmanship of the hair also leads us to suspect a later origin of this work, since they are not so wiry as they would be according to the ancient manner. The manipulation of the marble likewise indicates a greater degree of freedom and facility. Hence we can no further agree with the author's opinion about this monument, than by the concession that it is indeed made in the *old* style, but by a recent artist; just as we have seen that, in the times of the Ptolemies and of Hadrian, works were produced in the old Egyptian style. It is also possible that the three figures of this Capitoline altar are actual imitations of an early work, with improvements in character and form. This last conjecture gains more probability from the circumstance that in the Villa Albani there was an old monument upon which the figures of Minerva, Apollo, Diana, and Mercury were represented, the last three of these being nearly similar to those on the Capitoline altar. Mercury is very far removed from the youthful grace, the lightness, activity, and refinement in form and feature—in short, from those qualities with which the images of this god are endowed by the beautiful style of art. Winckelmann himself reminds us, that in remote antiquity he was probably represented ever with a beard. Consequently, it is no wonder that the same should be the case in a work imitating the primitive style. Moreover, in our Mercury we may see no less of that ideal treatment, which deviates from the really old style, than in our Apollo. The Pancratiast's ear also is not to be overlooked, partly because it has been introduced by the artist with apt signification, partly because it has never been observed. On account of the position in which the monument is now placed in the Capitoline Museum, it is now less conveniently seen than any of the other figures. But she also is ideally treated, with a grand—almost "Junonian" character, and seems to have been most elaborately finished.

(*To be continued.*)

SONNET.

NO. CCXLIV.

Laugh, loudly laugh, whene'er a bitter throe
Shakes thy heart's fibres!—thou must ne'er reveal
Thine anguish to a world that cannot feel,—
Only thy mocking triumph let it know.
Laugh, laugh aloud!—thy face must wear a glow
Of buoyant mirth, which thou must freely steal
From any source thou can'st.—Conceal, conceal,
At any cost,—there's no regard for woe.
Laugh, laugh!—thy grief will give thy laugh a zest;
The mirth that draws its nutriment from pain,
Is louder far than that derived from gladness.
Laugh, safely laugh!—thy woe will ne'er be guessed.
Pleasure appears most potently to reign
Within a heart that's almost lash'd to madness. N. D.

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(*Continued from page 437.*)

XLI. The pure male cattle and calves all the Egyptians sacrifice, but it is unlawful to sacrifice the females, because these are sacred to Isis. For the statue of Isis is that of a woman with a cow's horns, such as the Greeks represent Io; consistently with this all the Egyptians honour female cattle far more than any other animals. For this reason no Egyptian man or woman would willingly kiss the mouth of a Greek, or will use the knife of a Greek man, or his spits, or his kettle, or taste the flesh of a pure ox carved with a Greek knife. The oxen that die they bury in this wise. The females they cast into the river (Nile), but the males they inter in the suburbs, with one or both of the horns projecting above ground, as a monument. When the body has decayed, and the prescribed time has elapsed, a boat (baris) comes to each city from the island called Prosopitis. This is in the Delta, and is nine schœni in circumference. In this island of Prosopitis there are many other cities, but the one from which the boats came to take away the bones of the bulls is called Atarbechis. A temple, sacred to Aphrodite, is built in it. From this city many persons go about into the other cities, and when they have dug up the bones they take them off and bury them all in one place. Other animals, also, that have died, they bury in the same manner as the oxen, for thus they are commanded by law, and never put any of them to death.

XLII. Those who have built the temple of the Thebaic Zeus, or belong to the Thebaic house, refrain from offering sheep, and sacrifice goats. All the Egyptians do not worship the same gods in the same manner, excepting Isis and Osiris, which, they say, is Bacchus. These they all worship in the same manner. Those who hold the temple of Mendes, or belong to the Mendenian house, abstain from goats and sacrifice sheep. The Thebans, and all who through them abstain from sheep, say that the law was imposed upon them on this account:—Hercules, they say, was most desirous to see Zeus, but Zeus did not wish to be seen by him. At last, Hercules still persisting in his prayers, Zeus adopted the expedient of flaying a ram, and holding the head, which he had cut off, before him, and putting on the skin, showed himself in this position to Hercules. On this account the Egyptians represent Zeus with the face of a ram, and through the Egyptians, the Ammonians, who are colonists of the Egyptians and Ethiopians, and speak a language between that of both these nations. It seems to me that the Ammonians call themselves by this name, because the Egyptians call Zeus, Ammon. The Thebans do not sacrifice rams, which are sacred to them for the same reason, except on one day in the year, which is the festival of Zeus, when having slaughtered and flayed a ram, they clothe the statue of Zeus in the manner described, and then bring up to it another statue representing Hercules. Having done this, all who are about the temple, strike themselves, by way of mourning for the ram, and then bury him in a sacred chest.

(*To be continued.*)

MR. KENNEY'S BENEFIT.

The benefit of Mr. Kenney, the dramatist, to which we briefly alluded last week, is announced to take place on Wednesday next. The Queen and Prince Albert have most graciously extended their patronage on the occasion. This is as it should be; yet why should not her most gracious Majesty, who is capable of the most noble acts, extend her hand a little farther—just a tiny space—and write Mr. Kenney's name on the Pension List. We know many names written down in that golden lottery book of the treasury, which shines not a whit brighter, sounds not a jot more euphonious, and looks not an iota more worthy of the public money; and several to whom Mr. Kenney has far superior claims on the general sympathy, which should be the only guide to the distribution of the Pension Fund. If a long series of years employed in active service, for the amusement and instruction of the public; if unmistakeable talents, never perverted, but always righteously used; if a private life, unblemished in every phase that shows the husband, father, and the man, could entitle an individual to the fostering care of the Government, then should we not have had our oldest living dramatist stepping forward, and asking a boon under the present circumstances. It is with some pain that we write this. It is pitiable, that in a country like England, there is no fund from which authors, who have been disappointed in their fortunes, could be provided for. We hope, from the forthcoming receipts of the benefit, a sum may be derived sufficient to purchase an annuity for the grey-haired dramatist, to enable him to slide smoothly down the remainder of life's descent.

The performances are exceedingly attractive. Indeed, a better bill of fare we have not seen for years. The entertainments open with the comedietta of *A Curious Case*; this will be followed by the *Beggars' Opera*, in which Mr. Sims Reeves will perform Captain Macheath for the first time; after which, a musical *intermezzo* will take place; the whole to conclude with Mr. Kenny's popular farce of *Love, Law, and Physic*.

In the *Beggars' Opera* Mr. Sims Reeves will be assisted by Madame Vestris, who will personate Lucy, Miss Fitzwilliam (Polly), Mr. Webster (Filch), Mr. Frank Matthews, (Peachum,) &c., &c.

The interposing concert has some striking features. Ernst and Vivier will both play solos, Mr. Benedict will perform on the piano, and Massol and other popular artists will assist.

The musical portion of the programme is in itself a great feature of attraction.

In the farce, Messrs. Wright, A. Wigan, Meadows, and Miss Woolgar will appear.

If this entertainment prove not attractive, under the circumstances, we have no faith in public taste or public feeling.

SIR HENRY BISHOP'S CONCERT.

A fashionable audience attended this entertainment, which took place on Wednesday morning, in the Hanover Square Rooms. The programme, in regard to the works of the *beneficiaire*, disappointed general expectation. It is true there were no less than twelve pieces from his pen, but these were all selected from his minor vocal compositions, and there was not a single *morceau* of length and importance. A very favourable opportunity of giving the public a general notion of Sir Henry Bishop's merits as a composer was thus thrown away, and in its place we had a concert made up, with some exceptions, of the usual miscellaneous insipidities. A highly interesting programme might surely have been made from the operas and other essays of one of the most voluminous and original, if not one of the most accomplished musicians who have contributed towards the progress of the art in this country. The overtures to the *Doom Kiss* and *Aladdin*, se-

lections from the finales and concerted music of those operas, specimens from the *Law of Java*, the *Maniac*, and other almost forgotten, though meritorious, dramatic efforts, would have been heard with pleasure and profit; and it is surprising that those who projected the concert, and appealed to the public in Sir Henry's behalf, should have so oddly misapplied the occasion.

The concert, such as it was, went off with great spirit, and there were several first-rate exhibitions of vocal skill. From a selection of thirty-five or forty pieces we cannot be expected to specialize more than a few prominent features, and these were not so numerous as to cause much pains in singling them out from the rest. From among the compositions of Sir Henry Bishop, which were executed while we were present, we may specify, as most worthy of notice, the sestet from *The Miller and his Men*, "Stay, prithee, stay," and the quintet from the *Slave*, "Blow gentle gales," both simple, though beautiful examples of vocal writing, in a style now almost abandoned. These were ably executed, the first by the Misses Williams, Miss Bassano, Messrs. Millar, T. Williams, and J. A. Novello; the second by Misses Eliza Birch and M. Williams, Messrs. Millar, J. A. Novello, and Stretton. "My pretty Jane." and "In the silence of night," good specimens of the pure English style, the former a ballad, the latter a kind of canzonet, were also interesting as exemplifications of vocal composition in a school now laid aside for something more ambitious, and perhaps less natural. These were most effectively rendered, the first by Mr. Sims Reeves, the last by Miss Dolby. "Tell me my heart," from *Henri Quatre* (by Miss Birch), "Come live with me and be my love," from the *Comedy of Errors* (by Miss Rainforth), and the unprecedentedly popular duet, "My pretty Page," from *Henri Quatre* (by Miss Rainforth and Master Sloman), were also in the programme, and, intrusted to such competent hands, could not fail to gratify the audience.

In the miscellaneous vocal part of the concert the most brilliant *morceaux* were the duet from *Semiramide*, "Serbami ognor," which was superbly executed by Grisi and Alboni, and produced quite a *furore*, the whole of the *cabaletta* being repeated; the florid and graceful *rondo* from *L'Italiana in Algieri*, sung to perfection by Alboni; the *romanza*, "Deh non voler," from *Anna Bolena*, rendered with great warmth of feeling by Madlle. de Meric, whose voice is sensibly progressing in quality and strength; and the recitative and air, "Sempre all' alba ed alle sera," from Verdi's *Giovanni d'Arco*, which owed all its charm to the clever and intelligent delivery of Madlle. Parodi. A *débutant*, M. Jules Stackhausen, a relation, we believe, of the celebrated Madame Stackhausen, made a very favourable impression in the *aria*, "Lieti voci," from Mercadante's *Zaira*. This gentleman has a voice of very agreeable quality, and sings with good style. He might, however, have selected a less difficult *morceau* with advantage. Mario, Lablache, Tamburini, Miss Catherine Hayes, Mr. H. Phillips, Miss Lucombe, Miss Alicia Nunn, Mr. Lockey, and other well known vocalists, were also named in the programme for various popular *morceaux*.

The instrumental pieces consisted of Weber's "Concert Stück" for piano and orchestra, played by Mr. J. F. Burrowes, jun., very creditably for a *débutant*; the "Cascade," and "Pizzi-arco," of M. de Koniski, the new violinist of whom we have twice spoken, and the overtures to *Fidelio* and *Zauberflöte*, executed by a numerous band, under the able direction of Mr. Costa. Sir Henry Bishop, who was warmly received, superintended the performance of his own compositions.

HELENE STÖPEL'S CONCERT.

A grand morning concert was given by this interesting young pianist, on Thursday, the 28th ult., at the Hanover Square Rooms. The programme comprised many attractive features, and the executants, vocal and instrumental, were selected from among the notabilities of the season. We have but to mention the names of Ernst and Piatti among the instrumentalists, and Herr Pischek, Miss Wallace, and the Misses Williams among the singers, to demonstrate what we have asserted. Jarrett on the horn, and Vincent Wallace on the piano, added largely to the completeness of the instrumental force.

The concert commenced with a very pleasing trio, composed by W. Williams, and named, "Tho' sweet is the zephyr," most spiritedly sung by the Misses Williams and Mr. Lockey. Hobbs' ballad, "Farewell to the fragrance of morn," was given by Mr. Lockey with great taste and expression.

The grand feature of the concert was decidedly Beethoven's sonata in F, for piano and violin, the performers being Miss Helene Stöpel and Ernst. It was no unambitious effort of the charming *beneficiaire*, who has appeared so seldom in public, to take a part in one of Beethoven's sonatas with so great an artist as Ernst; but Helene Stöpel came off with more than flying colours; for, in her performance, she displayed not merely the executive powers of an artist, but the feeling of a musician. Ernst, who played with his usual perfection of expression and of *entrain*, supported her by his admirable tact, and, by giving her more confidence, drew forth her powers. The sonata was listened to with the utmost attention, each movement being received with immense applause.

Miss Helene Stöpel also joined Vincent Wallace in a pianoforte duet of that gentleman's composing, which exhibited the fair artist's talent in another kind of performance. Mr. Wallace's duet is remarkable for its brilliancy and striking effects, and produced a decided impression. It is one of the most brilliant compositions we have heard of the talented author of *Maritana*.

Ernst played his *Air Hongrois* superbly, and created the utmost enthusiasm. We never heard him play with more effect.

Pischek sang a national Bohemian air and a German *Lied*, and was highly successful in both.

The Misses Williams, in addition to their share in the trio with which the concert commenced, sang Wallace's new and very pretty pastoral duo, "May morning," most delightfully.

Miss Wallace gave a brilliant and dramatic version of the "Non più mesta," and sang a ballad of Lachner with taste and much simplicity of feeling, and was admirably accompanied on the horn by Jarrett.

Fraulein Graumann sang an aria of Rossini's in a very clever and artistic manner. Herr Stigelli introduced a ballad from *Maritana*, a *Lied* of his own composition, and a song of Esser. Herr Mengis, the popular barytone, late of the Princess's theatre, assisted in the concert, and, among other pieces, sang W. Maynard's "Leonora," a very pleasing ballad, in a very spirited manner.

Signor Piatti played a *fantasia* in magnificent style, and created the sensation he never fails to elicit by his performance on the violoncello.

Signor Paglieri sang an air from Mercadante's *Il Bravo*, and another from the *Favorita*.

Vincent Wallace and Herr Stöpel conducted.
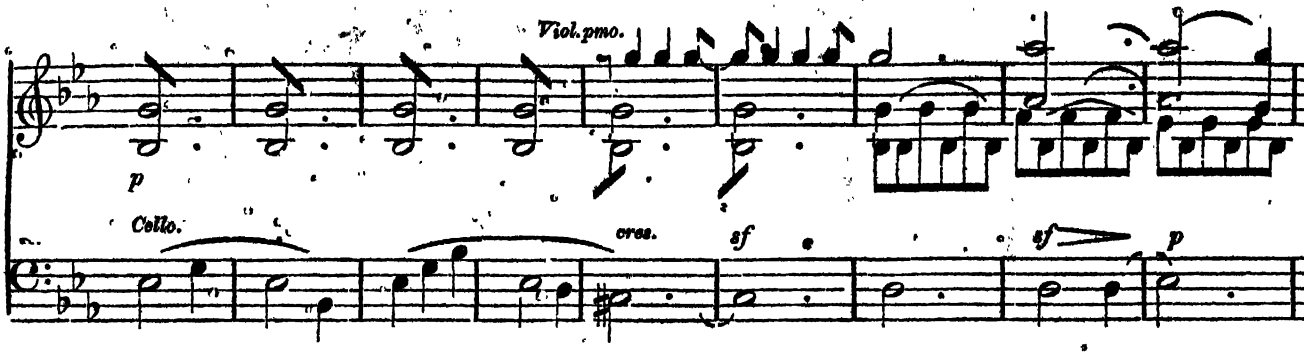
The Rooms were filled with a select and fashionable audience, and the concert gave unequivocal satisfaction.

BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.

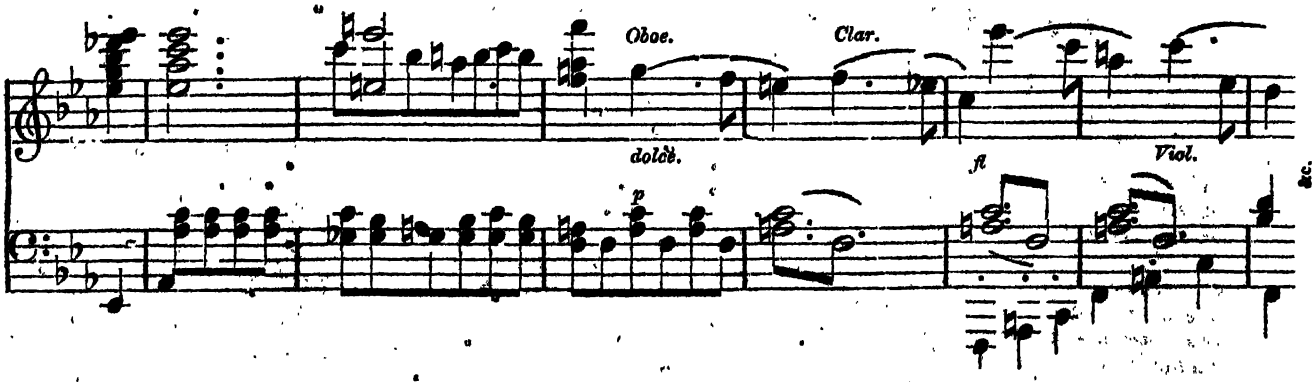
No. III.—Op. 55.

(*Continued from page 441.*)

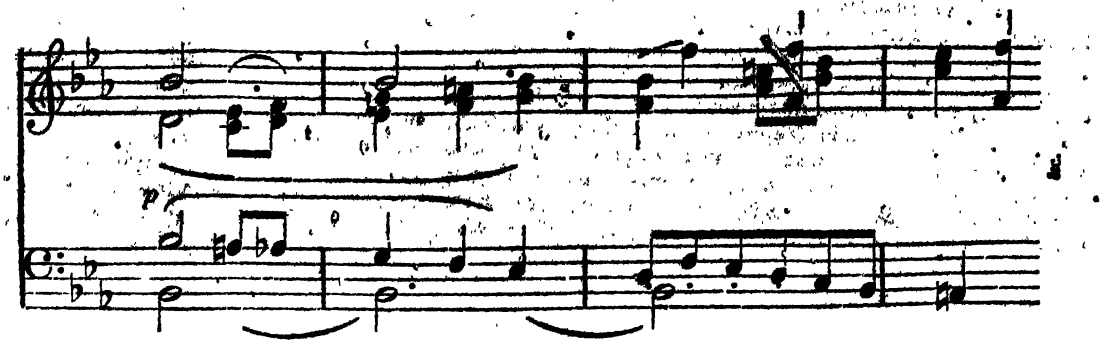
The *Eroica* Symphony commences at once upon the principal movement, without any preludial introduction. This first movement, Allegro con Brio, opens with two chords for the whole orchestra, seemingly intended to arrest the attention of the audience, and then proceeds with the chief subject :—
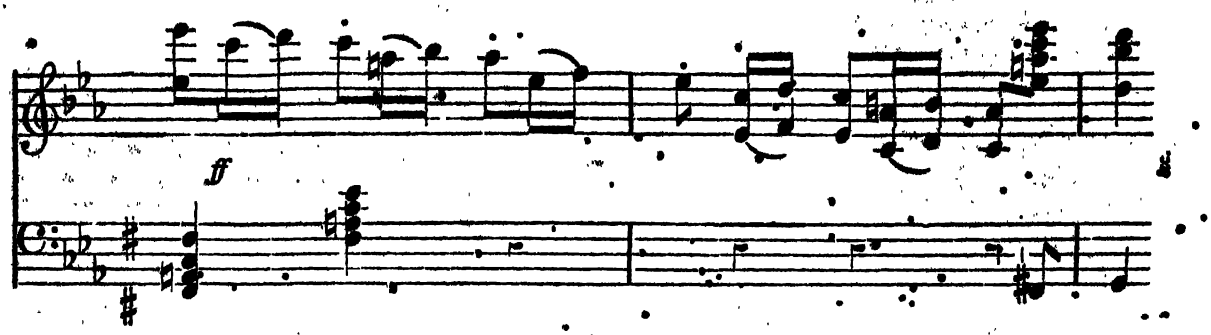


One is less struck with the beauty than with the extreme simplicity of this theme, which renders it, in the highest degree, susceptible of elaborate treatment in the future development of the movement, and makes it always prominent and immediately recognisable, throughout all its various and intricate ramifications. Simple as is this subject in itself, it is remarkable for the many exquisite beauties that grow out of it; one of these, by no means the least worthy of notice, is the feint of a modulation into G minor, commencing at the fifth bar, which is interrupted by the immediate very felicitous return to the key at the eighth. We have here a prolonged rhythm of twelve bars, that leads to a full close; upon this the subject is resumed, and being differently carried on, leads to a half close on B flat, from which a passage that obviously grows out of the original subject introduces a third time this principal theme, and this is now given, for the first time, with the entire force of the orchestra. We are brought, suddenly, and with proportionate effect, to a half close on F, preparatory to the introduction of the dominant subject, or rather, in this instance, series of subjects or distinct, though admirably connected, ideas. The progression of harmony that introduces this half-close is so very frequently employed in similar situations by Mozart, as in some respect irresistibly to associate, if not to identify, the modulation with the idea of this composer.
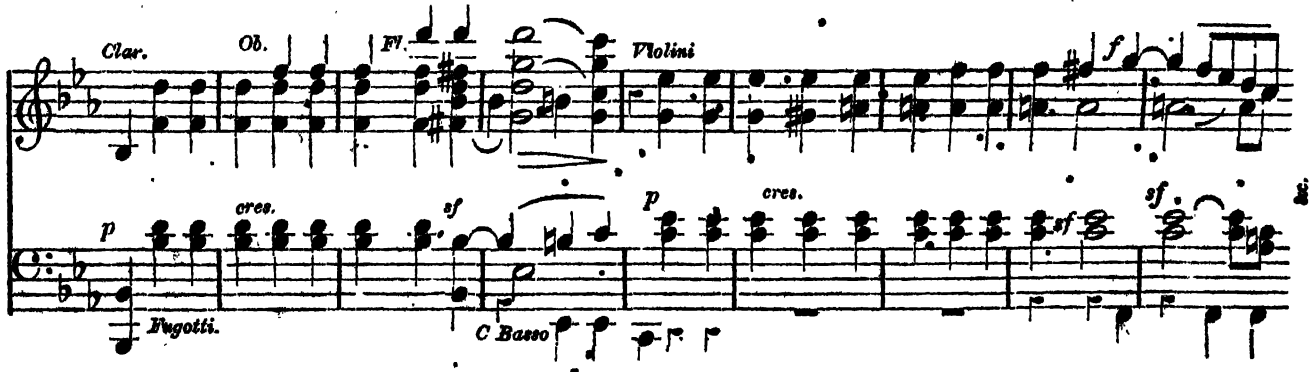


We must not fail to observe this phrase upon the dominant of B flat, which, hardly of sufficient completeness to be called a separate subject, forms a decided feature from its marked character, and is of great importance in the future conduct of the movement. A very bold passage of unisons for the rest of the orchestra, while the bass instruments repeat the dominant note, F, brings us at last to the second subject.



This is interrupted after a few by-bars by the following figure, which is to be recognised subsequently as a counterpoint to the principal subject, and as otherwise highly important in the general design; it is particularly to be distinguished by the marked contrast it presents to all the other phrases of the movement, by reason of the more rapid succession of notes comprised in it than appears anywhere else throughout the whole.
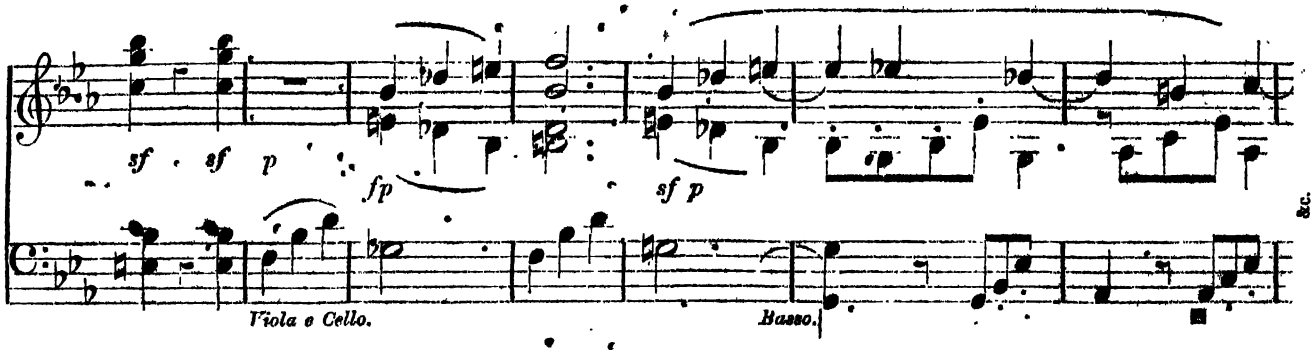


This figure is carried on to some considerable length, until a passage of the greatest brilliancy arises out of it, which introduces another entirely distinct idea or subject, that, from its surpassing in extreme beauty even all the exquisite thoughts with which this wonderful composition is studded, impresses itself more earnestly upon the hearer than any other phrase in the inseparable chain, and makes itself be felt as, virtually, *the second subject*, of which what precedes and follows it is as the costly setting of a jewel, that, though it add not to its value, enhances, perhaps creates its effect; from all such setting that surrounds it, this passionate heartful of melodious emotion stands distinguished as the moon from out the stars of heaven—as the fond hope of a lover from all former joys.



How entirely human is this extraordinary passage—how entirely *of* us who hear it!—a knot that ties all hearts in one general sympathy, by expressing a feeling that must have been felt by all, and thus awakening an emotion that to all is common. One's bosom heaves, one's heart dwells in unison with this rhythmic passion—this long-drawn sigh, which breathes of the tenderest, the sincerest, and the proudest emotion that stimulates and so elevates us. The passionate expression is wonderfully carried on with ever growing intensity in the continuation of this idea, in the key of B flat minor, in its unexpected and always surprising interruption, in the panting, throbbing, breathless anxiety that follows; and in the powerful climax of the whole, produced by a most exciting passage, that leads, by a gradual admirably contrived *crescendo*, to a magnificent burst of the full orchestra. We may suppose that in this *fortissimo* passage the composer must have had a different intention, as to the relative power of the wind and the string instruments, to that which directs the balance of numbers in the orchestras of the present day, or else we must admit, that in the examples before us he made an error in judgment, since, certainly, the idea that is indicated in the score is not realised in the performance. Here we have a passage first assigned to the violins in octaves, with the accompaniment of a moving base, and a separate figure for the tenors, while the whole of the wind choir is employed to mark the accent, but by no means to cover or obscure the passage; the effect of this is forcible, clear, and brilliant. The same is then repeated, with the slight modification of a dot to the principally accented note, which is the second crotchet in each bar. But with this variety in the instrumentation, namely, the flutes, the clarionets, and the first bassoon have the passage before assigned to the two violins, the drums only now assist to mark the false accent, the oboes, horns, and trumpets alternately sustain or repeat the harmony, wholly without regard to the accent of the principal passage; the motion of the base is strengthened by the second bassoon, which takes away from the individuality of the first bassoon upon the principal passage, besides adding to the power of the accompanying part. The figure for the tenors is now doubled with the second violins an octave higher, and enforced by the iteration of the notes; and more than all, and above all, the first violins iterate the dominant note, F, *above* the flutes, and so complete the entire concealment of the principal passage, which is here more particularly felt as unsatisfactory, in consequence of the great prominence that is given to it in the arrangement first described. The error in judgment, which we cannot but esteem this orchestral distribution, is the more remarkable, as at the recurrence of the passage in the key of E flat, in the Second Part of the movement, the part intended to be prominent is assigned [to the

three horns, in addition to the *whole choir* of wood instruments; and the flutes, in this case, play *above* the repeated note of the first violins; and here the principal passage is no less distinctly heard, than in the previous instance it is entirely lost. The continuation of this passage is in the highest degree vigorous and effective; and the climax, where the first crotchet in each bar is silent, and the two chords given with the utmost force of the orchestra, is wonderfully exciting; and this wonderful excitement still continues, and still increases with its continuance, until one might suppose that, to produce its overpowering effect, the last resource of the artist had been exhausted, when, the breaking off suddenly from this, the introduction of yet another new and unspeakably beautiful phrase, and the giving thus an entirely new impetus to the imagination of the hearer—a new current to his feelings, show the transcendency of the genius and the skill of the musician, even more than all that has gone before.



One may suppose an almost ferocious sternness in the effect of the cross accent on the repetition of the chord of the supertonic seventh, the interruption of which, the exquisite thought that intercepts it, irradiating the whole like the feeling of love, or the memory of innocence, in the breast of a tyrant, or the struggle of hope to gladden with comforting spirits the desolation of despair, above all the gradual resumption of the original feeling, with the approach and final return to the original key of B flat, complete a chain of beauty that defies description alike of the impulse that must have called it into being, and of the transport it creates in the hearer. We now approach the end of the First Part, equally remarkable and extraordinary for its unusual length, the great number and variety of the subjects of which it is composed, for its perfect symmetry of construction, and for its wholly unsurpassable beauty. There is yet for the student to notice one extraordinary point of harmony and of instrumentation; this is, the distribution of a chord of the dominant minor ninth upon a tonic pedal, the peculiarity of which lies in the pedal being inverted or rather doubled with the bass, not only in the trumpets, but also in the first violin, and even in the flute, while the remainder of the wind instruments, with the second violins and tenors, play the harmony. This forms an almost singular and a very curious example of the full extent to which the application of the inverted pedal can be carried, and it proves to us that with proper treatment of the other parts, the pedal note may be introduced in any position of the score, and that we require not always the different quality of tone of the brass instruments, to which it is mostly exclusively assigned, to make such inverted pedal tolerable above the harmony through which it is carried.

At the opening of the Second Part, a simple enharmonic change of C flat into B natural brings us easily and naturally into the key of C. Here we find the importance of the first phrase in B flat in the First Part, that which appears immediately upon the half-close on F that introduces this key; this phrase is now made the theme for some ingenious contrapuntal treatment, and in its playful and graceful character affords a happy and well-timed relief to the passionate excitement that precedes it. This subject, with the same counterpoint, is subsequently resumed in the key of A flat, and the treatment of it is then much more extensively developed, it being, after a time, broken into fragments and carried through a long series of modulations. In the interim, the first subject is presented in a variety of forms, that render it particularly interesting; first, we must follow a curious yet perfectly simple and highly effective train of modulations by ascending semitones, through C minor, C sharp minor, and D minor; next, observe the well-contrasted counterpoint, formed of a figure to which attention has already been drawn, in the First Part; and lastly, notice what in a fugue would be called the episode or codetta that grows out of it, and leads to a reprise of the same passage in the key of G minor.

G. A. Macfarren.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LATE WILLIAM M. ROOKE'S OPERAS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—From the several communications I have received from your subscribers, I find that the unpublished operas of the late William M. Rooke, *viz.*, *Henrique, or the Love Pilgrim* (the book by the late Thos. James Haines), and *Count Cagliostro, or Nineteen To-morrow* (the book by G. J. H. Reynoldson), are in the possession of Mr. James E. Wilson, son of the popular vocalist, Mr. John Wilson. I remain, Sir, your obliged,

Clement White.

7, Pickering Place, Bayswater.

SIGNOR BILETTA'S CONCERT.

Signor Biletta is a professor of the vocal art, much esteemed in fashionable circles, a skilful accompanist, and a good musician. On Wednesday, the 10th inst., he invited his friends and patrons to a *matinée musicale*, and his friends and patrons readily and in good numbers responded to the invitation. As the programme, which was placed in our hands, was not followed out by anything approaching to literal accomplishment, we can only speak of a few of the particulars of the performance, which proved highly satisfactory to the brilliant company present, among whom were Lady Morgan, Mrs. Milner Gibson, Miss Anichini, and divers Turkish satraps.

As we entered the rooms (the superb salons in Argyle Place—we forget the number) Signor Briccialdi, the facile flautist, was playing upon his instrument (the flute), a music at once lively and brilliant, a fantasy of his own composition, on airs of his own choosing. The next thing to which our attention was drawn was Schubert's romance "Adieu," which was sweetly warbled by a beautiful voice, which we easily recognised as that of Madlle. de Meric, the promising *contralto* of the Royal Italian Opera. In a duet with the clever and vivacious Madlle. Vera, Madlle. de Meric was heard to equal advantage. Among the vocalists announced in the programme we observed that Marini, and Mario, and Coletti, did not answer to their names. But there was amends for this in the fact that the superb Grisi arrived and sang several pieces instead of one, to the infinite delight of all the company. In the favorite duet from *La Donna del Lago*, the "Diva" was assisted by the accomplished tenor, Signor Brizzi, who much too rarely appears in public of late.

Several songs and romances of Sig. Biletta gave a highly favourable idea of his ability as a composer. His music is refined and melodious, artistic without pedantry, and genial without hyperbole. "The Shepherdess of the Alps," a romance delightfully sung by Miss Dolby, was an excellent specimen of Sig. Biletta's musical invention and talent. It is calculated to become a great favourite in fashionable salons.

We must not conclude our notice without adding a word about Madlle. Luigia Corbari, who, in Mercadante's "Ah s'estinto," completely ratified the favourable opinion we gave of her performance at the concert of Signori Marchesi and Tolbecco. The young lady has a beautiful voice, and has already acquired a method of phrasing which shows that her notion of vocalisation is in the pure Italian school, in other words, the best school in the world. The Misses Pyne, by the way, sang a very graceful duet by Sig. Biletta, "O come è bello vicino al mare," in the most graceful manner.

The accompanists were the zealous Sig. Vera, the *spirituel* Jules de Glimes, and the concert-giver himself. Altogether, in spite of mishaps, the *matinée* gave entire satisfaction to all who attended.

HERR DREYSCHOCK'S CONCERT.

The concert of this celebrated pianist took place at the Hanover Rooms, and was attended by a large concourse, which included nearly all the amateur and professional pianists in London. The following was the programme:—

German Lieder—"Die Schönsten Augen," "Mein Engel"—Herr Stigelli	*Stigelli.* *Esser.*
Pianoforte—"Sonata quasi Fantasia" (C flat minor)—Herr Dreyschock.	*Beethoven.*
German Lied—"Die süsse Belle"—Herr Pischek	*Krebs.*
German Lied—Mdlle. Bühring (Elève de Signor Garcia)	*Truhn.*
Pianoforte—*a*, "Prelude et Fugue," *b*. "Lied ohne Worte," *c*. "Rhapsodie"—Herr Dreyschock	*Dreyschock.* *Mendelssohn.* *Dreyschock.*
"La Veneziana," expressly composed for and sung by Mdlle. Jetty de Treffz	*H. Panofka.*
Bohemian Lieder—Herr Pischek	*National.*
Pianoforte—"L'Inquiétude"—Herr Dreyschock	*Dreyschock.*
German Lied—Mdlle. Bühring	*Gumbert.*
Pianoforte—*a*. "Deuxième Nocturne quasi Introduction de," *b*. L'Allegro con brio"—Herr Dreyschock	*Dreyschock.*
Scotch Ballad—Mdlle. Jetty de Treffz	*National.*
Pianoforte—*a*. "Bluette," *b*. "Saltarelle," *c*. "God save the Queen," Variations for the left hand only—Herr Dreyschock	*Dreyschock.*

Dreyschock, as a master of difficulties, has hardly a superior. He is not merely a great executant; he has immense power, and a finish all but perfect. His left hand is tremendous. Of the various pieces he played, we preferred the two last, as they tended to exhibit his peculiar style to more advantage. In the "L'Inquiétude," his execution was quite marvellous, his octave playing being especially surprising. Herr Dreyschock was loudly, nay, enthusiastically applauded in all his performances, and elicited the admiration of all his hearers.

Jetty Treffz achieved her usual honours in both her songs; and the rest of the artists acquitted themselves in a satisfactory manner. Panofka's serenade was quite a gem, and the charming singing of Madlle. Treffz secured it a unanimously favourable impression. Mr. Benedict conducted.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

ST. JAMES'S.

French Plays.—The performances for the present season terminated last night, M. Arnal and Madame Doche appearing in three pieces. Monday and Wednesday last were taken up with the respective benefits of these two artistes: as is usual on such circumstances, the bill of fare was of the most attractive character, and the public responded to the appeal by filling the house on both occasions. On Monday, *Monsieur et Madame Galochard* kept the house in convulsions of laughter for upwards of an hour, and the excitement was continued by a new vaudeville, entitled, *Un Bal du grand Monde*. In this piece, M. Arnal plays the part of a hair-dresser, whom enthusiasm for his art betrays into various scrapes and difficulties. In the first instance, he rushes into a ball room to admire a lady's head-dress; here he gets involved in numerous perplexities by a certain Blaveau, who, in the absence of the master of the house, has undertaken to do the honours, and who, not knowing any of the guests, dubs our hair-dresser by turns a lawyer, a sous-prefet, and a banker. Here, also, he quarrels with a certain baron, who invites him to fight a duel, and discovers a former flame in the shape of the baron's wife. Arnal rides triumphantly through his numerous difficulties, and at the end appeals to the public for protection; of course he gets a unanimous verdict. The piece is full of bustle, and was well acted by all the parties. Madame Buguet was very good in the part of the baron's wife; M. Arnal excellent as the hair-dresser; M. Châteaufort, whom we have not seen since his performance in the Opera Comique, and of whom we have on several occasions spoken favourably, more especially for his excellent impersonation of Englishmen, played the part of a German baron with infinite humour.

La Mansarde du Crime is an admirable burlesque, combining every necessary requisite to keep alive the attention of the audience—no easy matter, when we consider that three pieces had already been played, constituting three hours of uninterrupted laughter, and such laughter as Arnal, assisted by Châteaufort, could alone provoke. It is full of incident, extravagant situations, grotesque characters, and a running fire of puns is kept up from beginning to end—some of very good quality. There was one most excellent scene, in which Arnal, who played the part of a commercial traveller, and his wife, mutually suspect each other of murder. We have seldom laughed so much as during this scene, which was admirably done by Arnal and Madame Doche. M. Châteaufort again calls for our warmest approbation for his excellent impersonation of an old exquisite; his horror in the midst of the terrific disclosures which surround him on all sides was ludicrous in the extreme. On Wednesday, Madame Doche was warmly greeted on her appearance, and loudly called for at the end of

the performance. She played in three pieces, and was particularly effective in the very amusing vaudeville of *Ce que femme veut*. Madame Doche is deservedly a favourite with the public, whom she captivates by her unaffected and lady-like manners. Want of space prevents our giving our usual recapitulation of the season, which we defer to next week.

J. DE C——.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE Italian Opera company made their *début* before a Liverpool audience on Monday last, in Bellini's *Norma*—Montenegro being Norma; Santiago, Pollio; Montelli, Adelgisa; and Bailini, Oroveso. Of Madame Montenegro, I can bear out the laudatory expressions of your Plymouth and Manchester correspondents. She has a fine voice and figure, and abundance of dramatic power. Her Norma was, throughout, an admirable performance, though not free from blemishes. She sang the "Casta Diva" indifferently, advancing to the footlights and giving the most beautiful invocation as if it were a bravura air, instead of the quiet religious address to the deity she worshipped. The second movement, "A bella a me ritorno," was given with great feeling, and elicited loud applause. The second act was a fine piece of singing and acting; her energetic denunciation of the faithless Pollio being given with great power, and creating a perfect *furore*. The trio which closes the act was also very finely sung, and the curtain fell amidst a perfect storm of applause—Montenegro being summoned from all parts of the theatre. The duets "Deh con te" and "Qual cor tradista," and the air "Deh non voler," in the last act, were admirable specimens of dramatic vocalisation of the highest class, and were worthy of any singer we ever heard in the character in Liverpool—always, of course, excepting the mighty Grisi, who stands free from all comparison. Montenegro's voice is of a fine quality and extensive compass; her high notes are clear, sweet, and pleasing, but some of her low ones are hard and grating; she manages it with much skill, and displa s considerable execution. Her shake in the "Casta Diva" was remarkably fine.

Montelli was rather out of her element as Adelgisa. Her voice is a sweet and mellow contralto, scarcely fitted to the music. She sang, however, with quiet ease and gracefulness her share in the duets, being frequently deserving of praise. I didn't think much of Santiago, but as the part is a poor one for a tenor, I shall speak more fully of him next week:—he appears to possess a fine, even, and sweet tenor voice, but on this occasion he once or twice sang out of tune. Bailini was a good Oroveso, but I sadly missed the sonorous tones of Labluche and Marini. The choruses were, on the whole, excellent, though sometimes unsteady, but they will improve with practice—it is no joke singing in a foreign language with but one rehearsal. The scenery, with the exception of Norma's dwelling (which the stage-manager made to be a portion of a baronial castle) was also good and appropriate—the druidical forest, with the lighted altars stretching to the horizon, was remarkably good—better, in fact, than the same scene at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Lucia di Lammermoor was played last night, but circumstances hindered me from being present. I hear from friends that the opera was carefully and well performed, and that the vocalists were loudly applauded and called before the curtain between the acts—a novel custom at Liverpool, and at the same time a very stupid one. The attendance, I am sorry to say, has not been so good; in fact, it was very bad, and won't pay the manager, who certainly deserves to be well supported. The Philharmonic Committee have finished their engagements, and I am happy to say that almost every place is taken. Among the latest engagements are two very good ones—Madame Macfarren and Vivier, both of whom, if your judgment is worth anything, will be well worthy of an attentive hearing. The band include the following names, being the *élite* of our local instrumentalists, with picked hands from the operas, &c.:—

First Violins—Sainton, Blagrove, Principals; Cooper, Cusins, Dando, Griesbach, Goffrie, Mellon, Nadaud, Seymour, Tolbecque, Thomas, Thirlwall, Willy, Eyton, Adelsburg, Gribbin, Van Gruizen, Hirst, and Hall.

Second Violins—Watkins, Loder, Principals; Anderson, Bradley, Barnett Blagrove, Jay, Kelly, Mori, Newsham, Payton, Watson, Wilkins, C. B. Herrmann, Litler, Lawson, Burrowes, and Sorge.

Viola—Hill, Principal; Alsept, Boileau, Calkin, Glanvill, Hughes, Lyon, Thompson, Trust, Rice, Weslake, Stubbs, and Sharpe.

Violoncellos—Lucas, Piatti, Principals; Guest, Hatton, Hausman, Hancock, Lidel, Phillips, Haddock, Davies, Tivendell, and Saunders.

Double Basses—Howell, Principal; Bottesini, Cioolari, T. Edgar, Flower, Griffiths, L'Anglois, Rowland, Severn, Cottler, Hiles, and Duke.

Flutes—Pratten and King.

Oboes—Barrett and Nicholson.

Clarionets—Lazarus and Maycock.

Bassoons—Baumann and Larkin.

Horns—H. Jarrett, Harper, Jarrett, and Rae.

Trumpets—T. Harper, jun., and Handley.

Trombones—Alto, Cioffi; Tenor, Smithies; Bass, Healey.

Ophicleide—Prospere.

Drums—Chipp.

Bass Drum and Cymbals—Seymour.

Messrs. Benedict and J. Zeugheer Hermann are to be conductors.

The choruses will be unusually effective, consisting of 220 performers; and we understand that in their elections as members the society has used due care in regard to talent.

A new organ is being built, designed by the architect, which, it is said, will be a very fine one. I give you a few words about the concerts from one of our local journals:—

"There can be but one opinion as to the success of the festival. The committee have gone to enormous expense in their engagements, but it is an outlay which the public will reimburse. Taking all things into account, we may conclude that a series of musical performances will be laid before the inhabitants of Liverpool such as has never been presented to them before, and such as could not be excelled, if equalled, out of this town. Other places might engage the same amount of talent, but no town or city possesses such a room as that afforded by the new Philharmonic Hall. On this point the testimony of all who have been in the interior of the hall is unanimous, whether the visitor has been an inhabitant of the town, an architect, a professional musician, or a mere tourist. So universal an approval must be well grounded. Hitherto we have thought of the concert-room at the Town-hall in Birmingham with the wish that we had such an one, but the time has come when in the possession of a fine concert-room Liverpool stands unrivalled."

Next week I hope to send you more about the Opera Company, and anything else that is stirring. J. H. N.

Liverpool, July 19, 1849.

BOMBARDMENT AT THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL.

(From Punch).

JULLIEN is about to bombard the Surrey Zoological. He is to conduct a park of artillery on Friday. His bâton, we suppose, will be a lighted fusee. He should be appointed Musical Master (or rather Maestro,) of the Ordnance Office. We subjoin part of his programme:—

Battle of Prague, played with ten 8-pounders, and six thousand muskets. The solos will be kindly undertaken, on this occasion, by Queen Elizabeth's pocket-pistol. No less than ten thousand pounds of powder, from the Dartmouth Mills, will be let off during the performance of the Battle.

Beethoven's Grand Symphony in Gun Cotton.

The Hailstone Chorus. The hailstones will be given with the aid of paving-stones, discharged from four hundred carts, by an eminent Turnpike Road Commissioner.

The Lullaby Quadrilles, with Cracker Accompaniments. Forty children in arms have been engaged to give the loudest effect to the *forte* passages. The eldest is only four months old.

"Wilt thou love me when my hair is gone?" A new ballad sung by Miss Rowland, accompanied by M. Jullien on the railway whistle.

"I'm not the fool you take me for!" Being an answer to the above, with an explosive finale of Roman candles, rockets, and Congreve lights. The prelude will be played by Kœnig, on a pair of American revolvers.

"There's a good time coming, boys." A Polka composed expressly by M. Jullien for this concert, and played by twenty-four officers of the City Artillery Company, who have

generously consented to bring their own pop-guns and discharge them with real powder on this occasion only.

The above will give a faint notion of what this "stunning concert" is to be. What effect the musical bombardment will have upon the Gardens or the houses adjoining, we cannot tell, but we hear that as the hour of the concert draws near, persons are rushing in thousands over Blackfriars Bridge, and in fact, all the bridges, evidently terrified out of their lives at the immense amount of artillery Field Marshal Jullien has brought into the field.

A short piece or two was rehearsed on Wednesday, and it has been rumoured that the monkeys felt the shock very severely. A Blue-nosed baboon died this morning, and yet the instruments of the heaviest calibre were only half primed. What it will be when they are put upon their full metal we tremble in advance to know. We hope the glass cage for the reptiles is perfectly sound. As a proof of the fear that reigns everywhere, we may mention that every sparrow has emigrated from the Gardens.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

(*From the Athenæum.*)

It is asserted by foreign journals that Madlle. Alboni and Signor Salvi have accepted engagements at the Havana for the coming winter. Further, the gossips say (but we are far from believing all that they say) that Mr. Lumley will be henceforth associated in the management of the Italian Opera at Paris.—I he is to gain a footing in the French metropolis, it must be by a system totally different to the one pursued by him in the Haymarket. Most curious of all reports is the report that Mr. Bunn is to manage a winter series of English Operas at Her Majesty's Theatre.—We have long known that no theatrical feud or antipathy is to be counted upon as lasting; but should the above coalition be accomplished, we shall expect among probabilities of 1849-50, the apparition of Madlle. Lind at Covent Garden to sing in English!—A contemporary, meanwhile, says that she will possibly visit America before her next retirement after the present one takes place.

It is with satisfaction that we again note an important result of our Opera rivalry, namely, the abolition of what may be called "*cast* prejudice." We find Mr. Lumley's first-class singers co-operating to swell the chorus in *Lucrezia*, while we perceive that Mr. Beale's *Prophète* is to be strengthened by Madlle. Corbari and Madlle. Meric—we presume to lead the chorus of *soprani* in the Cathedral scene. The opera will be performed, we believe, in the course of the coming week. The cast announced is stronger than the Parisian one.

We again notice that the wretchedly-managed German operatic performances have closed in utter failure and discord, merely because we have heard anew from more than one source of the misery endured by the chorus—the members of which are said to have latterly gone through their exhausting duties in a state approaching to starvation. Can no remedy be provided for distress so painful and unmerited? Late in the season though it be, we commend the case to the opulent and liberal German artists now in London, as one to be relieved by a little timely co-operation. Such a work as Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*, if sung in the original German by the chorus, with the solos efficiently taken (why not by Herr Pischek, Herr Formes, and a good tenor?) must, we think, yield profit enough to suffice for the extrication of these unfortunate people from their desolate situation in a strange metropolis.

A preposterous story is going about, not wholly to be overlooked,—even if it be merely an awkward pleasantry. Some of the subscribers to the Philharmonic Concerts have been assured that the Directors did not engage certain first-class performers merely because "they would not submit to the dictation of the Press which had recommended such measures." Monstrous though this absurdity be, it has been repeated on no bad authority; and is by some credited,—not, however, by ourselves. It is inconceivable that a Committee thus virtually bowing to the superiority of critical discrimination should damage its own institution out of blind spite and arrogant contradiction. We do not suspect, for an instant, that if praise by the column had been lavished upon —— and —— and —— such "dictation" would have led to the exclusion of the mediocrities recommended!

THE SEASON.

(NOT TO BE CONFOUNDED WITH ANY OF THOMSON'S.)

To be sung (as soon as the weather gets cool enough) to the tune of "THE GROVES OF BLARNEY."

Oh, the London Season! What is the reason
That they make it happen in the hot July?
When the glass keeps rising to a height surprising,
And the air 's like blankets—all so hot and dry.
When the dust is choking, and the flies provoking,
And the dog go hanging out their tongues to cool;
And you feel a loathing for the slightest clothing,
Which you'd go without—but for established rule.

Oh! to see a party!—that should be so hearty,
So full of rollicking, and larks, and fun—
With the dancers toiling through the steps, and broiling
Like pounds of butter in the noon-day sun.
With the men all blowing, on the couches throwing
Their lazy bodies; and the darling girls,
Too warm for flirting, with the heat converting
To snaky streamers all their lovely curls.

And the folks all flustered, round the windows clustered
And the doorways, praying for the least cool breath;
And the Ma's all raving at the bad behaving
Of their daughters "standing there to get their death."
With the conversation at a dead stagnation,
And the ices going off like *Number One*
Of our present series (*Note*—the object here is
Some advertising—with the duty done.)

Oh, it's altogether the wrong sort of weather
For such like doings in the stifling town;
But we'll launch our thunder at the monstrous blunder,
Which must effectually put it down;
With agitation we'll excite the nation—
But—Phew!—it's quite impossible to write!—
Throw up the windows!—it's as hot as cinders!
I won't attempt another line to-night.

Man in the Moon.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Jullien's Third Monster Concert took place last evening, at the Surrey Gardens. Full particulars in our next.

Lola Montez, the celebrated *ex-danseuse*, was married on Thursday, to Captain Heald, we believe that is the name.

Musical and Dramatic Gossip.—The provisional programme of the Birmingham Festival to be held on the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th of September has appeared, and runs as follows. The "principal singers already engaged" are Madame Castellan, Madlle. de Treffz, Miss A. Williams, Miss Hayes, Mdlle. Alboni, Miss M. Williams, and Mdlle. de Meric—Sig. Mario, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Williams, Signor Lablache, and Mr. Machin. In addition to these, rumour adds the possibility of Herr Pischek's appearance. The "outline of the performances" promises *Elijah*—*Athalie* and selection—*Messiah*—*Israel* and selection, for the mornings; and for the evenings three concerts of greater orchestral importance than we recollect on any former occasion. We hope that the original idea of engaging Mr. Wesley to make the grand organ in the Town Hall "speak" has not been laid aside; and we should be glad in addition to the above list to read the name of some great *solo* player, by way of giving a last lustre to the evening entertainments. To the list of artists engaged for the coming Philharmonic Festival in Liverpool may be added the names of Madame Viardot Garcia, Signori Piatti and Bottesini, and M. Vivier. The Hereford Festival is fixed to commence on the 11th of September. Among the engagements already announced are those of Madame Castellan, the Misses Williams, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lockey, and Phillips.

Miss Wheatley's Concert.—The concert of this clever young artiste took place some time since, in the Lower Room of Exeter Hall. Press of matter has deferred our notice till the present time. The fair *bénéficiaire* appeared in the duplex character of pianist and violinist, and acquitted herself admirably in both capacities. Miss Wheatley's rendering of Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto, in G minor, in which she was well supported by the orchestra, was marked by much intelligence and considerable fluency of execution. In the *nocturne*, "Souvenir d'un bal," the composition of Jaques Herz—a talented professor who has recently fixed his residence in London, and brother to the popular Henri Herz—Miss Wheatley proved herself an equally competent interpreter of another school of music. This piece—a favourable example of M. Herz's composition—was unanimously encored. As a violinist, Miss Wheatley also deserves commendation. The pieces chosen by her were De Beriot's *Tremolo* and Ernst's *Elegie*, in both of which she received and merited applause. A duet, by Osborne and De Beriot, for violin and piano, in which Miss Wheatley, as pianist, was assisted by Mr. Henry Wheatley, was also much admired. The vocalists were Miss Bassano, Miss Stewart, Mr. Bodda, and Mr. Travers, who exerted themselves to the entire satisfaction of the audience. An efficient orchestra performed the overtures to *Le Cheval de Bronze*, *The Men of Prometheus*, and *La Dame Blanche*. Mr. Henry Wheatley was the conductor, and proved himself well qualified for the office.

Haymarket Theatre.—Mr. Webster takes his benefit on Monday, it being the last night of the season. The performances will consist of *As You Like It*, *Flying Colours*, with the Adelphi cast, and *An Alarming Sacrifice*. Mr. Webster will deliver the usual Farewell Address.

Miss Cushman is about to leave England. On Wednesday she commenced a series of four performances in her celebrated character of *Meg Merrilies*, at the Lyceum. These are to be her last appearances, it is said, previous to her departure.

Madame Schwiesso's morning concert was held at Willis's Rooms on Monday last. The vocalists were the Misses A. and M. Williams, Annie Taylor, Cubitt, Greenwood, Kate Miely, Leslie, Mademoiselle Van Schwieso, Master Barratt, Messrs. W. Frederick Miller, H. Percy, J. H. Cave, and Duseil. The instrumental force comprised Madame Schwieso (piano), Mr. Augustus Eames and Master J. Watson (violins). Mr. C. Coule attended with his accordion band; and the "Infant Marie" played a piece of Herz on the piano, and sang the "Little Red Riding Hood" of Jefferys. Mr. Augustus H. Eames acted as managing director, and Mr. James C. F. Beresford presided at the piano.

M. Liszt appears to be turning his present residence at Weimar to account, by resuming what may be called his literary habits. His last contribution is a paper in *La France Musicale*, recommending the compositions of two young Germans, Herr Reinecke and Herr Groll,—and containing some general remarks on the present position of the musical artist, so subtle and sensible, that, opportunity permitting, we may return to them for extract and paraphrase.—*Athenæum*.

Kalkbrenner.—Every genuine trait of character is welcome. The late M. Kalkbrenner, speaking to some friend of his position and prospects, long before his death—"In a few years," said the pianist, "I shall be the Voltaire of music."

Signor Marliani.—Signor Marliani was shot some weeks ago, at Bologna, in the struggle between the Legitimists and the "Provincials." He had been lost sight of in the musical world for many years—and this at a period when the Italian stage stood in utmost need of active and worthy composers. Among the latter he might have enrolled himself, had his energy kept pace with his education. But this was not so. Disheartened it would seem, by the limited success of his Italian operas, *Il Bravo* and *Ildegonda*, and of his French *operetta La Xacarilla* written for *L'Académie*,—and forgetting that only after reiterated trials have the generality of stage composers discovered their individuality and achieved their success,—Signor Marliani failed to work out his career. He has been most widely known, and will be longest remembered by the brilliant and effective *scena* "Stanca di piu combattere," introduced by Madame Grisi in *Otello* as the *sortita* of Desdemona.

Madlle. Emma Barnicg gave a *soirée musicale* on Friday, the 9th inst., at the residence of Madame Launitz Tipping, 11, Charles Street, Manchester Square.

Signora Garcia de Torres and Monsieur Demunck gave a *matinée musicale* on Monday, the 9th inst., at the Hanover Rooms. Signora Garcia de Torres has a rich soprano voice, and vocalises with considerable fluency. She sang Donizetti's aria, "Nel Tasso," and Rode's air with variations, the latter with great brilliancy, and produced a corresponding effect. We have had occasion more than once to allude to M. Demunck's brilliant and finished violoncello playing. He performed a fantasia on airs from the *Barbiere*, which was received with great applause, and also well deserving all the applause it obtained. M. Demunck also played a fantasia on airs from *Guillaume Tell*, and a solo called, "Le Lac de Come," a very pleasing and musician-like composition, by Signor Alari. Herr Dreyschock performed two pieces of his own composition; the first called "L'Inquietude," and the latter, "Bluette et Salterello." He played with immense effect, each *morceau* being received with loud plaudits. Miss Sara Flower, Signor Tagliafico, and Herr Mengis, supplied the remainder of the programme by sundry vocal displays. M. Jules de Glimes and Signor Alari conducted.

London Sacred Harmonists.—Handel's Oratoria, "Esther," will be immediately put into rehearsal by this society, with a view to its production at the opening of the season. This will be the first performance of the work for 120 years.

Surrey Theatre.—A new operatic company has been formed at this theatre, under the direction of Mr. Edward J. Loder, and various popular performances have been given to the manifest delight of the lovers of music on the other side of the water. The operatic *corps* comprise, among other vocalists, Misses Romer, Poole, Isaacs, Mrs. Weiss, and the Messrs. Travers, Loffler, &c. The *Somnambula*, *Bohemian Girl*, and the *Favourite*, have been produced with great *eclat*. It is reported that the *Huguenots* is in contemplation.

Mr. Spicer, it is stated, has retired from the management of the Olympic. The foundation stone of the new theatre was laid on Saturday last.

Dublin.—The first of Mr. Levey's Annual Promenade Concerts took place on Thursday evening, at the Rotunda. An additional attraction was given to those entertainments, by the announcement of the first appearance of Miss Anna Romer, *Prima Donna* of the Princess's Theatre, London. The success of Miss Romer's late engagement in Liverpool gave her a highly favorable *prestige*. Her voice is of excellent quality, clear, full, and powerful. Every note of the music is delivered with a distinctness and effect, indicating a taste and judgment, that, combined with the natural gift of a highly pleasing voice, and a pure intonation, must ere long secure a place in the highest rank of her profession. Signor Cavallini's *fantasia* on the clarionet, from the *Somnambula*, was most effective, as was also a duet by the same performer, and Mr. Powell on the flute. It is needless to criticise Mr. Blewitt's "Little Fat Grey Man." Miss De La Vega's rendering of the pretty melody, "As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow," was indistinct, but her intonation in the second song, "O Erin, my country," was much better. Miss Romer's second song, "'Tis really very strange," a pleasing production of Herold, was admirably given, and gave her a somewhat better opportunity than the former of exhibiting her power of giving expression to the words. It was loudly encored. One of the most beautiful of our melodies, "Rich and rare," expressly harmonised by Mr. Levey, received warm and merited applause. Misses Romer and De La Vega, Mr. Stewart, and Mr. H. Corri, were the vocalists. Miss Isaacs was encored in Donizetti's cavatina, "Search through the wide world," but the gem of the performance was the trio from Cimarosa's *Secret Marriage*, in which Miss Romer and Miss Isaacs took the principal parts. In this Miss Romer's acting was in itself sufficient to ensure success. Every look, tone, and gesture, were given with unexaggerated effect, and she never for a moment forgot the maintenance of the character—a fault but too common with many singers. Mr. Levey's solos on the violin were, as usual, excellent. The performance of Master William Levey on the pianoforte was very creditable. Miss Romer's last song, "Barney O'Toole," was decidedly the best.—*Commercial Journal*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

A MUSICAL FRIEND.—*After the opera and concert season we shall have room for reviews. At present our columns are full.*

P. L. M.—*We cannot state what was the last character in which Madame Sontag appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre in* 1829, *when she took her farewell of London. She first performed with Malibran in the* Nozze di Figaro.

CREDO.—*Our fair correspondent asks us rather a difficult question. Perhaps next season may solve the problem satisfactorily.*

J. W.—*Mr. G. A. Macfarren is the Editor of* Balshazzar, *the last work, we believe, issued by the Handel Society. Beale, Cramer, & Co., are the Publishers.*

DOCTUS.—*We have no inclination for further controversies on the subject. Any essays connected with musical matters we shall gladly receive.*

INSTRUCTOR.—*The communication of our correspondent might have been made available some weeks since. At present it comes too late.*

RHYMER.—*The verses are inadmissible. The feeling is not bad, but the execution is indifferent. Our correspondent must have a Cockney ear to fancy "war" rhymes to "law." We own many London writers, and some of note, have admitted such rhymes in their versicles; but no delicate ear could receive them. The "R" is the principal sounding letter in the ending word.*

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The celebrated Horn-Player, M. VIVIER, M. BENEDICT, M. MASSOL, and other eminent Artists, will also appear.

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Thursday Morning.—ORATORIO—(*Messiah*).
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Tuesday Evening.—GRAND CONCERT, comprising—

SYM. PASTORALE		*Beethoven.*
MARCH and CHORUS	(*Ruins of Athens*)	*Beethoven.*
OVERTURE	(*Ruy Blas*) MS.	*Mendelssohn.*
SELECTIONS FROM OPERAS, &c.		

Wednesday Evening.—GRAND CONCERT, comprising—

SYM. A MINOR		*Mendelssohn.*
OVERTURE	(*Oberon*)	*Weber.*
OVERTURE	(*Leonora*)	*Beethoven.*
SELECTIONS from *Huguenots*, &c.		

Thursday Evening.—GRAND CONCERT, comprising—

SYM. C MINOR		*Beethoven.*
Walpurg's Night		*Mendelssohn.*
OVERTURE	(*William Tell*)	*Rossini.*
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How—this little book will tell.

CIII., AND LAST.*

Thus, far away from my friends, did I live in the city of Neptune;
Gaily my hours and my days, thus did I fritter away.
All I experienc'd then I have season'd with spice of remembrance—
Season'd with spice, too, of hope;—there are no spices like these.

J. O.

* The place of these Epigrams will be supplied by Epigrams from the Greek Anthology.

ALBONI.

The forthcoming tour of this great artist, under the auspices of Mr. Beale, is likely to be one of peculiar interest. After the Liverpool and Birmingham festivals, Alboni is to play for a fortnight at Dublin, and will then visit Edinburgh and Glasgow. Besides the *Cenerentola* and other of her favourite parts, she will add several new characters to her already extensive *repertoire*; among others, we understand, *La Sonnambula*, and *La Figlia del Reggimento*. Had the London managers been alive to their own interests, Alboni would, long ere this, have appeared in the last-named opera in the metropolis. It is admirably adapted to her style of singing, and the music suits her voice, without any alteration. The clever and popular Corbari accompanies Alboni in her tour, and Benedict is appointed the conductor.

CORBARI.

This accomplished singer has received highly advantageous offers to perform at the Italian Operas of Warsaw, Berlin, Vienna, and Dresden, after the winter season of St. Petersburg. We trust, however, for the sake of the Royal Italian Opera, of which Madlle. Corbari is one of the greatest ornaments, and of the London public, with whom she is so deserved a favourite, that she may decline them all, and have substantial reasons for preferring to return to "Old England," which, as it was the country that first acknowledged and appreciated her talents, should have the advantage of seeing it grow into maturity. Madlle. Corbari has been applied to for the ensuing season at Paris, but her engagement at St. Petersburgh renders her presence at the *Italiens*, this winter, impracticable.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday we went to see the second representation of the *Donna del Lago*. On arriving at the Theatre we were informed that Grisi was taken suddenly ill, and that the *Donna del Lago* could not be given, and that the *Barbiere* would be performed instead, with Mario as the Count, and Marini as Basilio. Now, although we desired much to hear the *Donna del Lago** a second time, we were right well pleased to have as a substitute our old friend the *Barbiere*, especially when Mario was the Count Almaviva, whose Count we always reckoned as the very best of modern times, at least of all we have seen and heard. Marini's Basilio also was a welcome novelty, as our readers may readily imagine from the favourable manner in which we reviewed it when it first came under our notice two years ago. The *Barbiere* in consequence was in every respect a first-rate performance. Mario sang enchantingly, and looked every inch a lover and a count. We never heard the divine aria, "Ecco ridente il Cielo," so deliciously sung, at all events not since we heard Mario before; and the running passages in the duet, "All' idea di quel metallo," were given with surprising ease and facility. Then, too, Mario's acting is so graceful and elegant, and his comedy tells so much more of the gentleman than the actor, that you forget Mario himself in the part he plays. Thus, on Saturday evening he was Count Almaviva and not Mario—but Mario is a Count after all, we forgot that.

Marini, in Basilio, sang the famous air, "La Calunnia," magnificently, and played the part with excellent comic effect. Nothing could be better: both Beaumarchais and Rossini were respected and truthfully illustrated.

Of Angri's Rosina and Tamburini's Figaro we have spoken in our last number. Angri was in better voice than she has been lately, and sang with unusual brilliancy and fire; while her acting betokened all the raciness and *espieglerie* to which we have directed attention in former notices.

Tamburini's Figaro is the very essence of comedy. A more striking or unflagging performance it would be impossible to find. Tamburini's singing in the first duet with the Count is alone a model of comic singing and acting.

The performance passed off with immense spirit.

The last act of the *Lucia* followed, supported by Catherine Hayes, Tamburini, and Mario. This, too, was a splendid performance, and won for the accomplished artists immense applause. Mario never sang more divinely.

But we are precluded from entering into further details by the length to which our notice on the *Prophète* will be likely to extend. We must, therefore, make room, as well as way,

* By the way, a contemporary of a daily journal dubs the music of the *Donna del Lago* "light and insignificant." Poor Rossini and his admirers! how mistaken they must have been—the one thinking he had written a *chef-d'œuvre*, the others eternally lauding the exquisite grace and freshness, the delicious melodies, and occasional grandeur of the opera. But the English critic knows best. Henceforth all who hear must set down the "scendi nel piccolo," the "Elena, O tu," the "Cielo, al mio labbro," the grand finale, as "light and insignificant."

for the double great event of the season, *viz.*, the first performance of the *Prophète*, and the first appearance of Viardot Garcia this season.

The excitement which prevailed throughout the metropolis respecting the *Prophète* has been already told. The announcement of the first performance for Tuesday stirred up all musical London as with a magic wand or an electric touch. The doors were assailed long before the usual time of opening, and expectation was rampant in every visage. Even the renters, who, on common occasions, appear to have no consideration beyond their own comforts, looked flushed with anxiety and hope. All mouths were busy with speculation and conjecture.

At last the doors were opened, and in rushed the mighty human tide, crowding, in less than five minutes, all the natural gates and alleys of the house, *viz.*, the pit and galleries, while the boxes and stalls were filled in every part before the rising of the curtain.

At eight o'clock precisely, Costa entered the orchestra, and was received with three distinct rounds of applause. The admirable conductor turned round, and bowed repeatedly in compliment to the enthusiastic demonstration of the audience. At length Costa raised his baton, silence reigned paramount for an instant, and the *Prophète* commenced. Before entering upon the performance, it is necessary to describe the plot, which is as follows:—

The hero of the story is John of Leyden, the famous impostor—a creature of the Anabaptist sect—who was executed in Munster, after his defeat by the bishop of that city, in 1536. Scribe, the author of the *libretto*, has taken part of his materials from history, and invented the rest. Altogether he has made a musical drama, which, in dramatic interest and variety of incident, has scarcely been surpassed even by himself. The opera, as played on Tuesday, is divided into four acts. The first act is subdivided into two parts, between which the curtain does not drop. In the first part we find three delegates of the sect of Anabaptists, Zachariah, Jonas, and Mathisen, endeavouring to persuade the inhabitants of the town of Dordrecht to revolt against their feudal sovereign, the Count d'Oberthal. The vassals, excited by the eloquence of these men—whom they believe to be sent from Heaven—grasp their arms, and are proceeding to the castle, when the Count appears, accompanied by soldiers, and speedily quells the tumult. Bertha, a vassal of Oberthal, is betrothed to Jean, an innkeeper of Leyden, and accompanied by Fides, the mother of Jean, demands the Count's consent for the marriage; but Oberthal, touched by the beauty of Bertha, refuses his permission, and orders his soldiers to convey her to the castle. The three Anabaptists take advantage of the confusion to renew their incitements to revolt. The second part of the first act opens at the inn belonging to Jean, where a number of soldiers and peasants are engaged in dancing and singing. In the midst of this the Anabaptists arrive, and are struck by the intelligent physiognomy of Jean, and his resemblance to the portrait of a prophet in the gallery at Munster. They instantly conceive the idea of making him subservient to their purposes, but find him indifferent to their appeal. Jean is wholly engrossed with his love for Bertha and his approaching marriage, and waits in anxious expectation for the return of his mother and his betrothed. Bertha, who has found means to escape from the Count d'Oberthal, soon makes her appearance, and, disclosing the outrage that had been committed on her, claims protection from the Count's retainers. Shortly after, however, the Count himself appears with Fides as prisoner, and threatens Jean that, unless he gives up Bertha, his mother shall be dispatched. After some hesitation, Jean sacrifices his love to filial affection, and delivers up Bertha to her pursuers. Driven to desperation by this act of self-denial, and in spite of the attempted consolation of his mother, Jean, with a hope of future retribution, agrees to join the Anabaptists, and after a brief consultation departs with them secretly.

In the second act the action almost stands still. The scene is in Westphalia, where the Anabaptists have pitched their camp in a forest. A battle has just occurred, during which they have taken some prisoners, amongst whom is Count d'Orberthal, who is about to be sacrificed by the three fanatics, when John of Leyden interposes to save his life. The soldiers being dissatisfied, the Prophet promises to lead them against Munster, and the scene concludes with a display of martial enthusiasm. The interest of this act is chiefly concentrated in the *ballet*, which is illustrative of the amusements of the insurgents and the peasants, who supply them with provisions and make merry with dancing and other games upon the frozen waters of a lake contiguous to the camp.

The third act includes the grandest dramatic point of the opera. The scene is Munster. The city is taken by the insurgents, and John of Leyden, the Prophet, is about to be crowned Emperor of Germany. In the midst of the ceremony, which takes place in the cathedral, with vast pomp and magnificence, a beggar woman mingles with the crowd unnoticed. This is Fides, Jean's mother, who has come to Munster, accompanied by Bertha, his betrothed, to effect the destruction of the Prophet, of whose identity they are unaware, but with whose deeds of blood and carnage they have been made acquainted. The chief point of their resentment, however, is the conviction that he has been the cause of John of Leyden's death. While the ceremony of the coronation is proceeding, the beggarwoman utters imprecations on the Prophet's name; but as John of Leyden descends the throne, clothed in his imperial robes, Fides recognises her son, and expresses her astonishment in an exclamation that is heard by the whole assembly. The consternation is general, and the Prophet, threatened with the discovery of his imposture, is at a loss how to extricate himself. He soon invents an expedient, however, and proclaiming the woman mad, declares his power to cure her by a miracle. He addresses her kindly, and begs her to acknowledge her mistake or her deception, appealing to those around him to plunge their daggers in his bosom, if, when he has put the question to her, she does not deny all knowledge of him. Fides, staggered by his resolution, answers his query by a negative, wildly exclaiming that she is childless, and never had a son. The crowd are persuaded that a miracle has been achieved, and consign Fides to a dungeon, while John of Leyden, her son, is more than ever glorified and a prophet.

In the fourth and last act we learn from the three Anabaptists that the Emperor of Germany is about to besiege Munster, and to save their own lives they resolve upon betraying the Prophet and delivering him up to the enemy. In the meanwhile, however, Jean visits his mother in prison, and, moved by her reproaches, pleads for her forgiveness, and resolves to abandon the life of imposition he has been pursuing, when Bertha enters the prison. Scarcely has the young maiden's joy, at meeting her lover once more, subsided, when an officer approaches and addresses John of Leyden with his title of "Prophet." In despair at finding her lover the author of so many atrocious deeds, Bertha plunges her dagger into her heart, vowing, with her dying breath, that though she despises she cannot cease to love him, and prefers death to the dishonour entailed by his connexion.

Moved to distraction by this unexpected event, Jean determines to put an end to himself, and, in order to combine revenge upon his enemies with his own destruction, summons the Anabaptists, Count d'Oberthal, and a number of their allies, to a great feast in the palace. Having taken precautions that none shall escape, he contrives to set fire to the building, and, Sardanapalus-like, is devoured by the flames, in the midst of an orgy, which is rendered the more impressive by the sudden arrival of Fides, who, true to the last to her maternal affection, is resolved to perish with her son.

The deaths of Bertha and Fides are the only incidents in this strange and ingenious drama which are likely to shock the inquiring analyst; but the catastrophe would be impossible without, and this must stand as Scribe's excuse.

On the whole, we are disposed to regard the *Prophète* as the most equal as well as the most original opera of Meyerbeer. In the midst of what may be considered a pedantic display of a certain kind of learning—of which the characteristics are redundancy of harmonic combinations, and excessive modulation—there is a greater unity of style, a more evident simplicity of purpose, than in any other work of the author. The orchestration has all the peculiarities of the *Robert* and the *Huguenots;* but in the *Prophète* these peculiarities are no longer the experiments of a wayward genius, but the eccentricities of one thoroughly acquainted with the resources of his art. Originality goes hand-in-hand with power, and what might otherwise be adjudged as mere extravagance becomes pardonable, and even commendable, through the ease with which it is accomplished. As in the *Huguenots*, Meyerbeer has gradually worked up the interest of his music until the third act (the fourth in Paris), where it reaches the highest point, but the last act of the *Huguenots* is by many degrees the weakest (musically speaking), while the last act of the *Prophète* contains some of the most striking pieces in the opera; in the preceding act the attention is excited to the utmost, and in the last it is hardly abated. The anti-climax which robs the *Huguenots* of its claim to be regarded as a perfect work of its kind, in the *Prophète* is thus happily averted.

Meyerbeer has always been careful to distinguish the various personages of his operas by contrasting the music they have to sing, but he has never, perhaps, been so successful in this particular as in the present work. The individuality of each character is preserved in the most elaborate concerted pieces as strongly as in the isolated songs, duets, and trios. The fragments of chant and the short solemn rhythm of the phrases allotted to the three Anabaptists are happily illustrative of those profound impostors, and even in the *buffo* trio, where two of them, Jonas and Zachariah, unwittingly enlist the Count d'Oberthal under their banner, and give way to the excitement of the goblet, as a mask to their sinister intentions, the characteristic quality of their music is but half concealed under the veil of boisterous hilarity in which the poet has represented them as indulging. The music of the "Prophet," too, is equally graphic and equally well sustained. It developes, as plainly as Scribe himself has done, the strange *melée* of enthusiasm, kindliness, credulity, and impulse of which the character of John of Leyden (according to the version of the dramatist) is compounded. The bacchanalian air in the last scene, which he sings at the moment when, by his own designing, himself, his treacherous comrades, the three Anabaptists, his enemy Count d'Oberthal, and all the companions of his feigned debauchery, are about to be launched into eternity, has a boldness of colouring that brings out in strong relief the energetic side of the Prophet's character. To the gentle Bertha, Meyerbeer has given music that tallies with the graceful sincerity of her nature; while the Count d'Oberthal is invested with a savage sternness that flavours strongly of the obdurate despot, the haughty baron who regards his serfs and vassals much in the same light as he looks upon his dogs and horses.

But the masterpiece of the opera and of Meyerbeer, is Fides, the mother of the Prophet, the devoted martyr to her love of truth and her maternal affection. Fides has surpassed both Alice and Valentine, while retaining some of the characteristics of both, and that of self-sacrifice in particular. She is the grandest picture in the whole gallery of the French school of opera—a school which, by the way, in spite of its powerful contrasts and vivid dramatic colouring, we never can regard as the truest or the most effective. With the exceptions of a long duet with Bertha (act 3), much of which is composed of modern Italian clap-traps, and a *scena di bravura* (act 4), which, we humbly confess, altogether baffles our understanding, the music of Fides is sustained with singular dignity and power. It is distinguished by a lofty earnestness of style, in which natural pathos and deep religious feeling are skilfully intermingled and moulded into the dramatic exigencies of the scene with great art. In the scene of the coronation of the Prophet as Emperor of Germany, the character of Fides is illustrated with a power that we have hitherto denied to Meyerbeer. Nothing can be more impressive than the one figure of truth amidst all this gallery of impostures—one pure heart scorning the empty pomp and glitter that surround it—a mother, who, to save the life of her unhappy son, is compelled to own herself childless, and thus to utter the only lie that has ever stained a life of sincerity and truth. It is true this scene owes much of its effect to the superb acting of Madame Viardot, but it is not the less intrinsically powerful and touching.

We have preferred offering a general view of the music of the *Prophète* to entering into a critical analysis of the various pieces, which, in the first place, is well nigh impossible to do satisfactorily after a single hearing, and in the next, compressed into reasonable limits, becomes little better than a tedious catalogue. We shall, therefore, having offered our opinion of the manner in which Meyerbeer has treated the subject, confine ourselves to signalizing some of the *morceaux* in each act with the immediate beauties or the evident faults of which we were most impressed. After a short instrumental symphony (the overture composed by Meyerbeer having been rejected here as at Paris) the curtain rises upon a rural scene "in the environs of Dordrecht," in which a number of peasants and millers are engaged singing a pastoral chorus, "La brezza è tranquilla." In the *ritornello* an echo is played by the clarinet, which has a pretty effect, and the chorus in itself, with its drone bass, and accompaniments of piccolo and triangle, is very fresh and characteristic, although suggesting an occasional reminiscence of the introductory chorus in *William Tell*. The approach of Zachariah, Jonas, and Mathiesen, the Anabaptists (Signori Marini, Polonini, and Mei), is indicated by a lugubrious symphony of bassoons and clarinets, which prefaces their chant, "Ad nos, at saluarem undam," a specimen of ecclesiastical melody that might have issued from the laboratory of Byrde, Tallis, or any of the old English masters. The chant, however, is in good keeping, plays an important part—being frequently re-introduced, with new harmony in the orchestra—and when sung precisely in tune must be very effective. A violin, placed behind the scenes (instead of a bassoon, which fails of its purpose), to give, from time to time, the leading notes to the Anabaptists, would insure a general agreement as

to pitch, and make this very essential consummation inevitable, which on Tuesday was by no means the case, more especially when the singers were placed at the back of the stage. A gradual and cleverly managed *crescendo* leads to a *reprise* of the chant, *fortissimo*, with choral reinforcement, followed by a noisy chorus, "All' armi," accompanied by the full orchestra, which effectively concludes the introduction. This chorus is brilliantly scored, but the prominence given to the cornets-a-pistons in the Anabaptists' apostrophe to liberty somewhat vulgarizes it. The excessive use of this instrument, so invaluable in its place (*ballet* music, for example), is a reigning vice among the present composers for the *Académie Royale de Musique*. The next thing worthy notice is a duet in the pastoral style, in F, 6-8 measure, "Della Mosa un di nell' onde," in which Bertha (Miss Catherine Hayes) and Fides (Madame Viardot) disclose to Count d'Oberthal (Signor Tagliafico) the intended nuptials of the former with John of Leyden (Signor Mario). This is equally simple and pretty, and cannot fail to become a popular favourite; the voices are effectively treated, and the instrumentation is unusually delicate.

In the second part of the first act (the second act in Paris) there are several attractive pieces. A waltz and chorus in B, "Danziamo, ah si," has a rustic air about it that redeems it from common-place. The dream of John of Leyden, "Sotto le vaste arcate," is original, but the singularity of its instrumentation, its frequent changes of key and measure, and its fragmentary shape prevent it from being at once intelligible. It is prefaced and interrupted by a beautiful phrase, afterwards introduced in the coronation scene, sung by the Anabaptists as a prophetic interpretation of the dream. The air, with harp accompaniment, "Un impero pia soave," which may be regarded as the *coda* of the dream, is graceful, but has no distinguishing characteristics. "O figlio mio," an *arietta* for Fides, in the unusual key of F sharp, is pathetic and expressive, the orchestral accompaniments by their plaintive character materially aiding the development of the feeling intended to be described. This is one of the favourite pieces in Paris, and well deserves its popularity. The act closes with a well-written and effective quartet for John of Leyden and the three Anabaptists, in which the former is persuaded to head the religious revolt, and personate the Prophet.

The second act opens with a solo and chorus in B minor of Mathisen and the Anabaptist troops, of a wild and savage character. This gives way to the *ballet* scene on the ice, which commences with a very beautiful and melodious chorus of soldiers and *vivandieres* in C, the former hailing the arrival of the women, the latter offering their wares for sale. The whole is full of bustle and character, and skilfully combines the military and pastoral style. The *ballet* music, which, as played here, includes three pieces,—a *Redowa*, a *galop*, and a *quadrille* of skaters,—is exceedingly pretty, animated, and original, and graphically indicates the gaiety and confusion of the season. Meyerbeer, always happy in his dance music, is even more sparkling and brilliant than usual in this instance. But the most striking piece of music in this act, and, indeed, one of the most able and characteristic compositions in the entire opera, is the comic trio in C major, "Di vostre bandiere," for Jonas, Zachariah, and Oberthal, to which we have alluded elsewhere. In this Meyerbeer has displayed a happy mixture of dramatic humour and contrapuntal cleverness; its difficulties, however, are very great, and nothing but entire familiarity on the part of the singers can insure the combination of dramatic and musical effect which are requisite to give it the necessary point, and this, on Tuesday night, was not always evident.

The second act concludes with a prayer and chorus, in which John of Leyden appeases the discontented soldiery by an appeal to Heaven in favour of their expedition against Munster. This is written somewhat low for a tenor voice, but is otherwise brilliant and effective. The *coda*, with the accompaniment of harps, where Jean, in a fit of religious enthusiasm, affects to see visions, is particularly striking. It is transposed a note higher than the original (to C), to suit Mario's voice; but we think it would be more effective in the original key.

The third act is the most original, the most complete, and the most impressive in the opera. The chief part of this is taken up by the ceremonial of the coronation, but there is previously a very plaintive and beautiful air in E minor, "Pieta, pieta Signori," in which Fides asks alms for the purpose of buying a mass for her son, whom she supposes to have been murdered by the Prophet, and also the duet for Bertha and Fides, of which we have spoken. The opening of this duet, an *agitato* in G minor, is clever, and is followed by a melodious *cantabile* in the major key for Bertha; but the remainder is unworthy of the beginning, being composed of a commonplace *ensemble* for the two voices, and a *stretta* in the feeblest manner of the Donizetti school. The coronation is entirely developed in the *finale*, which we are disposed to consider the most admirable piece of concerted music ever written by Meyerbeer. It commences with a pompous and brilliant march, which is followed by a chorus for male voices—"Domine salvum," accompanied by chanting. This is sung behind the scenes, and is written in the difficult key of E flat minor, both which facts are at variance with the probability of its ever being sung completely in tune, even with the assistance of the ophicleide doubling the basses, as was the case last night. While an organ prelude (also behind the scenes) is going on, Fides sings the air in which she curses the Prophet, and the chorus in E flat minor is resumed. The organ once more commences a prelude, when a group of young choristers enter and sing a graceful and lovely melody in D major, "Ecco gia il re Profeta." The *mezzo-soprani* and *contralti* in Paris were strengthened by the voices of boys in this chorus; but we presume such adjuncts were not to be had in London. The scene between the Prophet and Fides then follows, which is composed of a number of beautiful fragments, solo, concerted, and choral, connected with great dramatic skill, and worked up with ever-increasing interest, until the grand climax of the *finale* worthily concludes the whole. In point of dramatic effect, skilful combination, and variety of instrumental colouring, this *finale* is quite equal, if not indeed superior, to the fourth act of the *Huguenots*.

The last act contains the *bravura* scene for Fides, in which she first condemns and then forgives her son; the duet between her and the Prophet, in which the latter abjures his imposition, and obtains forgiveness; the trio for Fides, Bertha, and Jean, involving the catastrophe of Bertha's death; and the *fête* scene, the principal point in which is the spirited bacchanal, "Beviam, e intorno giri," with which the Prophet exultingly prefaces his passage to eternity. The general characteristics of these pieces have been hinted in our prefatory remarks.

Madame Viardot's Fides is one of the most powerful and finished performances ever witnessed on the Italian stage; no words can do adequate justice to the conception, or the completeness of the execution. The praises which the Parisian journals lavished with such unsparing prodigality on this great actress led the English public to a height of expectation which nothing but perfection of art could have prevented from subsi-

ding into disappointment. But Pauline Garcia transcended all expectation, and created a sensation which has never been surpassed, and seldom indeed equalled in the history of the Opera. Meyerbeer, with a tact that cannot be sufficiently admired, has developed the character of his heroine, slowly, and step by step, as it were, feeling his way for her with the audience, and gaining their sympathy so gradually, that the interest increases with each scene, until at last it rises to a climax of the most overwhelming and irresistible nature. Fides thus becomes a character intensely dramatic, wrought out with extraordinary art and skill. We shall not pause to investigate whether this development of character is due to the librettist or the composer. If M. Scribe projected the heroine of the *Prophète* with this intention, as it is more than probable he did, Meyerbeer has carried out the idea of the poet with wonderful force and reality. From the plot we have given above, the reader will be able to conjecture what was to be made of Fides by such an artist as Pauline Garcia.

The reception accorded to Madame Viardot on her entrance in the first scene was prolonged and enthusiastic. Again and again did cheer follow cheer, till acclamation was fairly wearied of its own excess. It was not, as we have hinted, the aim of the composer to introduce his heroine by any extraordinary display, vocal or instrumental. Accordingly there is no grand *aria d'intrata* given to Fides, nor is she brought upon the stage ushered in between two lines of obsequious choristers, who render due homage to the *prima donna*, after the manner of Italian writers. Fides enters with Bertha, and, in placid recitative, they converse on the marriage of Jean with the latter. Nor did Pauline Garcia attempt aught beyond what the composer intended. Calm and collected she stood, full only of the realities of the scene.

The first act, or, more properly, the first part of the first act, passed off without any exhibition on the part of Fides, if we except the duet "Della Mosa un di," a melodious and simple composition, sung with Bertha, which was most beautifully vocalised and chastely acted by Mdme. Garcia, effectively assisted by Miss Catherine Hayes. In the second part Pauline Garcia produced her first great effect. When Jean, to save his mother, resigns Bertha to the demand of Oberthal, Fides sings the romanza, "O Figlia mio," a most plaintive and charming composition. Pauline Garcia gave this with the most impassioned feeling and irresistible pathos, her deep contralto notes being used with wonderful effect. We never witnessed a more exquisite touch of nature than her manner of taking Jean's head in her arms and kissing his forehead. These and the like may be called small matters; but it is in such small matters that the most profound and skilful artists are more truthfully made manifest. Madame Viardot was recalled after this grand display, and was received with deafening cheers.

In the second act—the third of the French version—Fides does not appear. In the third act, she is found seated on a stone, begging money from the passers-by to purchase a mass for the repose of the soul of her son, whom she believes dead. The appeal "Pieta, pieta, signori," was rendered with intense pathos. Fides here meets Bertha, and the two sing a long duet, which is not remarkable for any particular point of excellence. The *ensemble* is good, but the Italian cadence at the end spoils the effect. We can hardly speak in terms of calm criticism of the sublime scene which immediately follows; nor can we, in such brief words as we can now afford, give the most remote notion of the acting and singing of Pauline Garcia. The sudden recognition by the afflicted mother of her son in his imperial robes—the scream of rapture, succeeded by the mingled look of astonishment and doubt—the arms thrown forward yearning for the maternal embrace—the shuddering and effort to subdue her emotion when Jean demands "who that woman is"—the anguish, despair, and hopeless dread of the scene were so earnestly and intensely wrought, as to present a picture too painful to contemplate even in dramatic fiction; while the whole was illustrated by the grandest, purest, and most striking display of vocalisation. If possible, still more real and affecting was the artist, where Jean, by a natural *ruse*, saves both their lives. We shall not attempt to describe more fully one of the most heart-piercing scenes we ever witnessed; we have said enough to show what the grand vocalist achieved, and to afford a notion of the intense interest thrown around the heroine of the *Prophète*. Madame Viardot and Mario were recalled twice after this act.

In the fourth act, Fides' aria, "O Fero mio destino," and the scena, "O verita! figlia del ciel!" afforded Madame Viardot an opportunity of demonstrating her superb and magnificent vocalization. The scena is immensely difficult, comprising the most rapid passages and the most curious intervals, but all were mastered with an ease, a precision, and a facility that betokened the great musician no less than the great executant. Thunders of applause followed this wonderful display, and the duet which follows has left no impression on our minds beyond the splendid acting and singing of Mario and Viardot.

We shall have more to say next week of Viardot; meanwhile, we trust we have in some degree impressed our readers with our own feelings respecting one of the completest and grandest impersonations ever witnessed on the stage.

Mario's Jean of Leyden, for power, and truthfulness, and intense beauty, may stand compare with his Raoul. We have not room this week to enter at length into its numerous and striking excellencies, and a few lines would but poorly suffice for so splendid a performance. In our second notice of the *Prophète*, we shall review, carefully, and at length, Mario in his new character, in which he is said by many to have far surpassed all his previous efforts. We can say no more this week than that the great tenor was received throughout his performance with deafening applause, and that he shared largely in the enthusiasm bestowed on Pauline Garcia.

Miss Catherine Hayes pleased us much more in Bertha than in any part in which she has yet appeared. She sang with admirable effect, and acted with considerable feeling and energy. This young lady, too, in a future number, shall meet with more attention.

Marini, Mei, and Polonini, as the three Anabaptists, had difficult tasks to encounter, but they acquitted themselves most satisfactorily, and will, no doubt, accomplish more completeness in the performances after a few nights. The music they have to sing is difficult and ungrateful. Tagliafico, as Count Oberthal, performed in his usual careful and artistic manner.

The chorus and the band were almost faultless. We never heard Costa's magnificent corps more fully entitle themselves to the name they have already earned, as the most splendid orchestral body in Europe. The chorus are deserving of the highest praise. They sang superbly throughout; and their efforts were responded to on various occasions by the unanimous and enthusiastic plaudits of the whole house. Without at present entering into details, we may signalise as worthy special notice the beautiful melody, "Ecc ogia il rè Profeta," sung by the choristers in the Coronation scene. This was

materially strengthened by the aid of Mdlles. Corbari and De Meric, who sang the soprano and contralto solos with admirable effect. The chorus, "O, libertade! e tua vittoria," was rapturously encored.

The appointments and dresses were of the most appropriate and splendid description, and the scenery was exceedingly beautiful. The frozen lake, with the representation of the winter scene, is among the happiest efforts from the pencils of Messrs. Grieve and Telbin. The scene in the interior of the church is also magnificent and striking; and the last scene of all, the banquetting-room in the Town-hall of Munster, eminently beautiful.

The groupings on the stage were managed with exceeding taste; and Mr. Harris, who presides over this department, is entitled to the highest praise for the extreme tact and judgment evinced in the reality of the dispositions and the picturesque effects produced. The disposal of the various groups in the scene on the lake was in the happiest manner, and elicited loud applause.

The enthusiasm, at the fall of the curtain, was general and prolonged. Pauline Garcia and Mario appeared twice, and showers of bouquets were thrown on the stage. A separate call was then made for Miss Catherine Hayes, who was received with loud cheering; and subsequently, for Mr. Costa, who, on his coming forward, was hailed with tremendous shouts of applause. A bouquet was thrown to the indefatigable director, which he accepted with perfect grace. And thus ended the first night of the *Prophète*.

The *Prophète* was repeated on Thursday, when the house was again crowded to suffocation; and the enthusiasm greater even than on Tuesday. The third performance takes place to-night.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The *Sonnambula* was repeated on Saturday, and the *Barbiere* on Tuesday, the fair Sontag achieving on both occasions the inevitable honours due to her remarkable talent. The *Times*, with its usual judgment, designates the Amina of Madame Sontag as her greatest lyric and histrionic triumph, an opinion to which we felt called upon to assent, and with which we were impressed until we had witnessed and heard the charming *cantatrice* in the Desdemona of Rossini's *Otello* on Thursday last. We are inclined to rate Madame Sontag's performance of the "gentle Desdemona" as superior to any which she has yet given to the public since her return to the stage.

Rossini's *Otello* was reproduced on Thursday night, after an interval of four years. The last performance of the opera at Her Majesty's Theatre was in 1846, when Mario played the Moor; Grisi, Desdemona; Lablache, Elmiro; Fornasari, Iago; and Corelli, if we mistake not, Rodrigo. The opera has never been a great favourite with the public. Occasionally it has had a run of several nights, when some new tenor essayed, for the first time, the character of the Moor, which has always been considered as affording scope to the great actor no less than the great singer; or when some *soprano* was tempted to try her flight on the confines of tragedy,—for Desdemona belongs not to the highest order of acting. When Pasta played Otello to Sontag's Desdemona, in 1828, the novelty of the cast drew large audiences for several nights; but, bating these exceptions, we may repeat that Rossini's *Otello* has never been in the highest favour with the English public. Another and perhaps a better cause for its want of popularity may exist in the fact, that the music is not of the most attractive character, and however fine it may be in some parts, is uninteresting in the main, and betokens neither the power nor the invention of the great *Maestro*. We were, indeed, much disappointed with Rossini's *Otello* on Thursday night. We had not heard it for four years, and were then vastly impressed in its favour. Perhaps, on Thursday, it was somewhat weakened by the introduction of Nicolai's air, by Sontag, in the first act, and another air in the second by Calzolari; perhaps, too, Moriani's singing, which was barely moderate, did not realise the composer's intention; perhaps both causes combined to render the music of *Otello* not entirely satisfactory to ourselves.

The first act is the weakest of the three. The march which follows the opening chorus is spirited and striking, and the *aria d'intrata*, for the tenor, is bold and picturesque. The chorus preceding the *finale* is in Rossini's most melodious manner; and here all our praise of this portion of the opera ends. The *finale* itself is feebly constructed, and developed without any apparent aim. The second act has some fine points, the *finale* being for the most part worked out with all the ingenuity and graphic skill of the composer. The duet between the tenor and bass, and that between the two tenors, did not inspire us with any particular notion of the *Maestro's* melodic resources or invention. The third act is decidedly the best; and were it not for the trite manner in which it concludes, might be termed a *chef-d'-œuvre*. The opening is very beautiful, and no music could more happily express the situation and feelings of the forlorn Desdemona. Otello's varied emotions, where he enters the bed-chamber, are also well depicted, the fragmentary character of the music being highly dramatic. The duet with which the opera terminates is unworthy the terrible catastrophe. It is evident that Rossini did not apply himself to the opera of *Otello* with any labour of love. He wrote down whatever occurred to him first, and left the result to his inspiration. A more unequal work could hardly be selected from the *repertoire* of any operatic writer.

The performance of the principals was in most cases highly satisfactory, and in some instances admirable. Mdme. Sontag charmed us more than ever by her graceful and tender impersonation of the gentle Desdemona. She looked the character to the life; and although perhaps she wanted power and energy to realise the composer's and librettist's intention to the fullest extent, she acted as Shakspere's Desdemona might be supposed to act, like one "subdued even to the very quality of her lord." Nothing could be better in point of conception, nothing more neat, more elegant, more lady-like and finished in point of execution, than Madame Sontag's performance. Judging of it by her own standard of conception, it was quite perfect.

Madame Sontag's singing was nothing inferior to her acting. We remember no music of any one of Rossini's heroines which has been written with so much propriety, or appropriateness and individuality of purpose, as that of Desdemona. There is always a tenderness and unobtrusiveness in what she has to sing which beautifully and truthfully illustrate her character. To such music no voice and no style could be more completely suited than Madame Sontag's. Her grace, tenderness, and gentleness, were brought into full force; and although she did not obtain the uproarious demonstrations achieved for her Linda, Rosina, and Amina, we feel persuaded that Desdemona is the amiable and fascinating artist's most able effort. Nor, however much she shone in the tender and pathetic, was Madame Sontag devoid of fire and energy. The famous scene with the father was rendered with great force and power, and

the appeal in the second act, "Si padre m'abbandonna," was given with life-like reality.

In short, we must pronounce Madame Sontag's Desdemona her greatest achievement, both lyric and histrionic.

The other characters must be dismissed briefly. Moriani's Otello did not please us at all. He is utterly devoid of grace, and has none of those attractions for the eye which are so necessary for the great artist. His voice is inflexible, and not remarkable for quality. He sings with a rough energy not inaptly suited to the character of Otello, and hence his performance was marked with some good dramatic strokes. He produced little or no effect in his singing, and lost sadly when placed in competition with Calzolari. Signor Moriani may have been a great artist—we will not quarrel with the past—but at present he has no pretensions to the title.

Calzolari made the very best Rodrigo we have seen on the Italian stage. He sang with remarkable ease and fluency, and acted with abundance of energy.

Belletti's Iago was more than respectable in the acting, and was excellent in the singing.

Lablache's Elmiro is magnificent. His malediction of his daughter may stand comparison with Tamburini's curse in *Linda*. Higher praise we could not bestow on it.

Immense applause followed each act, and Madame Sontag was recalled after the old fashion. Mr. Balfe exhibited his usual activity, zeal, and talent, in directing the performance, and, by his promptitude, secured the utmost efficiency in the choral and orchestral departments.

As a corollary to our notice of the music, it may be stated as something significant, that there was not one encore during the evening.

WINCKELMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BOOK III.

ON THE ART OF THE ETRURIANS AND THEIR NEIGHBOURS.

CHAP. II.

(*Continued from page* 453.)

XV. The third work in relief is a quadrangular altar, which formerly stood in the market-place at Albano, and is now likewise to be found in the Capitoline Museum. Upon this several Labours of Hercules are depicted. It may be objected, that in this Hercules the parts are perhaps not fuller than in the Farnese, and that we cannot conclude from these that the work is Etruscan. This I must admit; and I have no other proof than the beard, which is pointed, and in which, as well as in the hair of the head, the locks are indicated by rows of small rings, or rather beads. This was the most ancient manner of forming and working beards (*a*).

XVI. The fourth and last work supposed to belong to Etruscan art is likewise to be found in the Capitoline Museum, in the shape of a round altar, and is generally taken for one, because a large marble vessel is now firmly placed upon it, and thus it serves for a base. Properly, however, it is the mouth of a well (*boca di pozzo*), as may be seen by the circles in the inner margin, which have been hollowed out by the rope of the bucket. This work has been engraved in my "Ancient Monuments" (*b*), and represents the twelve superior deities. Besides the style of the design, which has every mark of Etruscan art, I think I may infer its origin from the figure of a young beardless Vulcan, who is on the point of opening Jupiter's forehead with a hammer, and thus assisting the birth of Pallas from his brain (*c*); for Vulcan is represented young and beardless in this very act upon gems and sacrificial vessels, which are unquestionably of Etruscan origin. This inference, however, is not to be universally drawn; for these deities have been represented without a beard, not only by the oldest Greeks, but this same god also appears upon coins of the isle of Lemnos (*d*) and the island Lipari, in the Museum of Duke Caraffa Noja, at Naples, upon Roman coins and upon lamps, as well as upon a beautiful Greek relief in the palace of Marquis Rendinini, where he has already dealt the blow which is to assist Jupiter in giving birth to Pallas. Against the inference drawn from the design, it may be objected that Cicero is known to have had well-mouths of this sort brought to his villas from Athens (*e*), and that, consequently, in this case the oldest Greek style might have been imitated from such a work, since the ancients were in the habit of decorating them with ornaments, as appears from the well on which Ceres mourning for the abduction of Proserpine was represented by Pamphos, one of the earliest sculptors (*f*). This objection is not easily to be answered. I repeat, however, what I said with respect to the second of these four works, that both, for the same reason, might serve as types of the Etruscan style.

Select Variorum Notes.

(*a*) With respect to the quadrangular altar, with the Labors of Hercules three on each side, in the Capitoline Museum, Visconti has already informed us that Winckelmann is mistaken in reckoning this monument among the works of Etruscan art, since it is in Pentelic marble, and executed in a manner not unworthy of Myre or Polycrates. Indeed, these excellent artists, he says, have been censured even by the artists, for a certain want of softness and graceful freedom, which is the only fault that can be found with this beautiful monument. As far as concerns the fact that the work on this altar is not Etruscan, but Greek, we agree with Visconti; and that he is probably correct in the time to which he assigns the production of the monument. But let us be allowed to offer some observations on the style and workmanship. The Ideal of Hercules in form and feature, is good, great, and powerful; is not essentially different from that which is made known to us by the images of the best period; and, therefore gives us a proof that the Ideal of Hercules was one of the first which the Greek art endeavoured to elaborate. In all the figures of the hero here exhibited, the beard and hair of the head as our author rightly observes, consists of a number of small round locks repeated without any distinction. In all the figures, the posture is well suited to the action, natural, and free from mannerism and exaggeration. A freely poetical and really great feeling prevails in every group, and in the placing of the figures, with respect to each other. Everywhere Hercules is represented as the principal figure in the act of triumph, while the others, as merely collateral, are to be less striking to the eye. Geryon, for instance, rises scarcely to Hercules' hips; the Amazon who bewails the loss of her girdle, is no taller; while the girdle itself, in the hand of Hercules, that it may be more striking, is made far larger than it would be in proportion to the figure of the Amazon. Cerberus and the Cretan bull also appear smaller, in comparison to the hero. With respect to the horses of Diomedes, it might be remarked, that they are represented at some distance; but Diomedes himself, who is grasped by the hand of Hercules, would scarcely, if we suppose him upright, reach to the hips of his vanquisher. The costume of the king is barbaric; he has very long hose and sleeves, and, as it appears, even shoes upon his feet. His head is covered by the Phrygian cap; his beard and hair are longer than in the Hercules, and are worked with more variety and freedom. The good, broad folds of the cloak, and the rest of the clothing, have no trace of the small, close, frequent, and formal folds by which the older Greek works, taken for Etruscan, are distinguished. Neither is there anything like a hand with close, stiff, stretched-out fingers. It may further be remarked, how, at the time, when this monument was produced, art had made important advances, with respect to the proportions of the human limbs; for the figures of Hercules represented upon it are all somewhat less than seven and a-half heads high. There are no restorations to be found in this monument; but some of the figures have been injured severely.—*Meyer.*

(*b*) If we are inclined to rank this monument also among early Greek works, we shall merely express more clearly our author's own conjec

ture, since he himself gives us to understand that he doubts its Etruscan origin. His supposition, however, that it is a later work than the quadrangular altar just mentioned, seems erroneous, since this round well-mouth, ornamented with the twelve superior gods, may be one of the earliest Greek works. We shall give our reasons for this conjecture, and for the sake of greater perspicuity, accompany them with an accurate copy of the head and part of a figure of Juno, which is one of the best preserved parts of this monument. In the first place, a great deal of industry and skill has been employed on the working of the marble, and although in some instances with more, in others with less success, the artist has evidently exerted his whole faculty to this end. He was not, indeed, able to master the material entirely, and the trouble he has taken is apparent. But this state of imperfect mechanical skill is quite consistent with the equally uncultivated taste, the invention of the forms, and so forth. Hence we may suppose that this work is really original, at any rate as a whole, and, far from being in imitation of another, comes from a good master; so that it may prove instructive to us as to the state of art at the time of its production. In the second place, it is evident from the form, the features, and the relations of the figures, that this monument belongs to an older time and a less cultivated state of art, than the quadrangular and round altars just mentioned, while it is later than the bas-relief of Leucothea, in the Villa Albani, and perhaps was made at the same time with the three-sided altar in the Villa Borghese. That in all the early Greek monuments, which formerly passed for Etruscan, the figures are in a stiff posture, with the free hands held out straight and close, and the fingers somewhat curved, while the folds of the garments are numerous, flat, and straight, is well known. The mouth drawn up and somewhat widely cut, the eyes long and not deeply sunk, the small chin, and the hair, which is laid like wires or straight threads, have also been sufficiently observed. But it has been less frequently remarked, and sufficient weight has not been attached to the circumstance, that notwithstanding all the slimness and apparently excessive height of the figures in this early style, the heads are too large. It was a necessary condition of the progress of art to its highest development, that the doctrine of proportions, as a foundation, should be only gradually settled. Hence the greater or less antiquity of the earliest monuments may be inferred from the greater or less degree of symmetry and due proportion; for the better proportioned figures will naturally stand nearer to the period of a purified taste, than those in which the relations are more rude. Here, however, as everywhere, we must beware of one-sidedness, and none of the other marks which may assist us to a more accurate perception of the difference of time, taste, and style, in early monuments, must be overlooked. The point is to make use of all, and take the safest path; for if, as the ignorant suppose, there were no marks of any degree of certainty, all inquiry into the art and taste of different nations would be futile, and all who trouble themselves with the matter might follow some more useful occupation. But if there are distinctive marks at all, it must be granted that every land and every period has a character imprinted on the productions of art, and that there is really a rise and a decline. Therefore, let us examine the monuments with care, and form a conclusion, after duly weighing all the circumstances. No attention whatever should be paid to the voice of the doubters, that it is difficult, nay, impossible to judge of the age of ancient monuments from their workmanship.

In all the heads of the Capitoline well-mouth already mentioned, it will be observed that the back of the head is too small. The ears are placed far back, but are almost universally executed with the greatest industry, as may be seen in the Jupiter, the Vulcan, the Minerva, and especially in the Neptune. For this last the artist has evinced a great predilection. To say nothing of the widely opened mouth, and something that looks like teeth, the mien is good, the forehead and the eyebrows are tolerably well formed, and thus it is also with the other limbs; however, neither to him nor to Jupiter, Mars, Minerva, and several others, although they are slender formed, is given a height of above six and a half heads; Vulcan indeed is a trifle taller, but he is disproportionately long in the part where the ribs are placed. The Apollo, who is still taller, has very long thighs, and partly for this reason his figure is equal to about seven heads; his mouth, which is opened rather wide, is drawn upwards at the corners, and grins a little; probably there was an abortive attempt on the part of the artist to represent the god singing to the lyre. Mercury has features which approach the barbaric, and although, like the other figures, he only exhibits a profile, his eye is that of a full face. The legs seem dried up *(ausgetrocknet)*, while on the other hand the goat which he drags after him may be deemed successful. Mars and Hercules are both young and beardless, like Vulcan and Mercury. The former is in the whole pretty well formed; the latter, who goes on the tips of his toes as though he were dancing, has his mouth drawn upwards, and an eye almost like that of Mercury; neither are his muscles and sinews more strongly indicated; only the artist had the laudable notion of letting the hair project in shortly crisped locks from beneath the lion's skin; the forehead is high and powerful. Among the female figures Juno appears as the best, and is also in the best state of preservation. Cybele, Venus, Diana, and Minerva, afford occasion for no special remark. Their proportions are just the same as those that have been pointed out in the Minerva.

The whole work is broken into many pieces, and has been damaged in both the upper and the lower margin. The whole right foot of the Juno is probably a modern restoration; in the Jupiter, also, this foot is new, while the fore part of the left foot is almost over-elaborated, like that of the right foot in the Vulcan. The fore part of his left foot is manifestly a new addition, and both thumbs, the middle finger of the left hand, and the upper part of the right, have been mended with stucco. The whole of Neptune's left foot, as far as the heel, and the fore part of the right foot, are new. In the left, and in the dolphin which he carries, improvements in stucco may be perceived. In the Mercury both the feet are of modern workmanship, and the horn, as well as the fore and hind feet of the goat, are damaged. The lower part of the head, together with the neck of Cybele, are the work of the restorer. The neck of Venus has been worked off in like manner to fit on the head; nay, it may almost be supposed that neither of these heads are original; for they have a character and treatment of the hair in which they differ from all the rest. Both the feet of Cybele, and the fore part of Venus's right foot, are likewise restorations; and the hands of the latter have been considerably damaged. Mars is broken through the breast, and has been mended with stucco, while his hands likewise are damaged. In the Diana it is observed that the right hand, with which she holds her dress, is new; the mouth and cheek consist almost entirely of stucco, and the hair also is retouched. Apollo's right arm, and the point of the left foot, are modern restorations, while the right shows marks of damage. The face of the lion's skin, with which Hercules covers his head, is a new addition; while the upper part of the club, and the forefinger of the right hand, have been restored with stucco. Excepting the right arm and hand, with which she carries her helmet, Minerva has no new addition, but her left foot has been retouched, and the right is damaged. We may conclude by remarking, that the marble in this monument is of the most beautiful sort of fine-grained Greek, and somewhat of a yellow tinge.

(c) It is not propable that this deity, as the author thinks, is on the point of opening Jupiter's head with the hammer. He rather carries the hammer as a symbol, just as each of the gods carries his urn. Otherwise Jupiter would be represented sitting, as on the sacrificial cups and other monuments; and Minerva would appear full grown in the company of the other gods. Vulcan practised his art even in heaven.—*Fea.*

(d) The coins from Lemnos, mentioned by Pellerin (here cited), are from the city of Hephæstia, situated on this island. On one of these is a beardless head; on another a similar head, which, as it seems, is wreathed with laurel. That this head represents Vulcan cannot be affirmed with certainty; but, as usual, may be inferred partly from the name of the city, and the iron-works which exist there, partly from the fable of Vulcan, who, on account of his ugliness, was flung by Jupiter upon the island of Lemnos. On other coins he appears crowned with laurels.—*Amoretti and Fea.*

(e) By Cicero's expression ("putealia sigillata") must be understood the mouth of the well; not, as Foggini conjectures, the cover. The ancients were in the habit of furnishing their wells with moveable or immoveable mouths. "Marmer puteale" or "marmorum puteale" in an inscription lately found at Tivoli, and cited by Visconti, is to be interpreted in the same manner. One of them, which is in marble, but of very rude workmanship, ornamented with animals, foliage, channelling, &c., is found in the old transept of the Lateran Basilica; and another, upon which the Danaïds are represented, is to be seen in the Clementine Museum.

(f) Pamphos is a *poet*, according to whom, Ceres, after the abduction of her daughter, Proserpine, sat at a well near Megara and Eleusis, in the shape of an old woman. Pausanias (cited here) says nothing about a representation of this subject on stone by a well.—*Fea.*

Winckelmann's mistake in calling Pamphos a sculptor is the more extraordinary, as he has already mentioned him as a poet more than once.

(To be continued.)

[The "Euterpe" of Herodotus will be resumed next week.]

DEATH OF MR. KENNEY, THE DRAMATIST.

It is with the deepest regret we have to announce the sudden death of this talented and respected author, whose benefit, in our last number, we announced for Wednesday night. Mr. Kenney had, for some months back, been labouring under the effects of an aneurism of the large vessel of the

heart; and, although his complaint was absolutely incurable, yet his health and spirits were of late so much improved, that a false hope was given to his family, who never contemplated the fatal issue until a short time before his death, when all hope was at an end. The most melancholy part of the affair is, that Mr. Kenney was lying dead—scarcely cold—while the performances announced for his benefit were being played at Drury Lane. At first it was intended, in compliance with the desires of his family, that the performance should be given up entirely; but finally, at the intercession of several influential friends of the deceased gentleman, it was resolved that they should be allowed to proceed. Indeed, it was among the last wishes expressed by Mr. Kenney, that the performances should go on, in consideration of his family. Mr. Kenney retained his senses to the last moment, was perfectly resigned to his fate, and expired without a groan.

The gloom the fatal and unexpected event has cast on the family of the deceased is more easily imagined than described. Had Mr. Kenney lived but a few short hours he would have been cognizant of one of the most enthusiastic demonstrations ever paid by the public to a favourite author. Drury Lane, on Wednesday evening, was crowded to suffocation. The boxes were filled by a most elegant and fashionable company, and there was scarcely a lover of the drama in London who was not present. The entertainments went off with immense *éclat*, and Mr. Kenney's farce, with which the evening's entertainments concluded, was received with roars of laughter; but, alas! the audience little knew that the heart which conceived and the hand that penned all this mirthful humour was just made cold by the touch of death. While Drury Lane rung with peals of laughter, and nothing but smiling faces could be seen in all the vast assembly, the author of this universal merriment was lying dead, with his family weeping round him. Such is life in its truest colours!

Mr. Kenney commenced his literary career nearly 46 years since, his first farce appearing in 1803. Some of his works have become highly popular, and are in the remembrance of all play-goers. Mr. Kenney died in his 65th year.

For particulars of the performances we refer to another part of the journal.
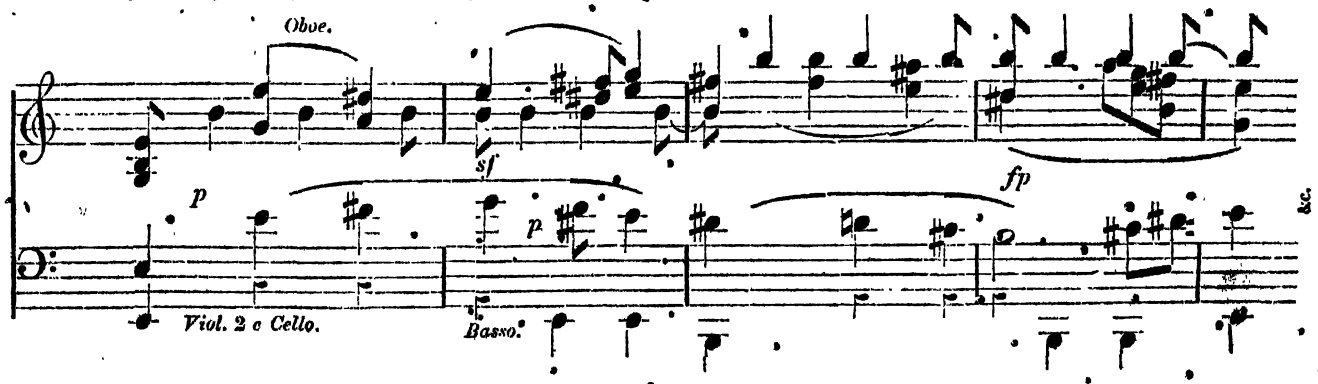
BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.

No. III.—Op. 55.

(*Continued from page 458.*)
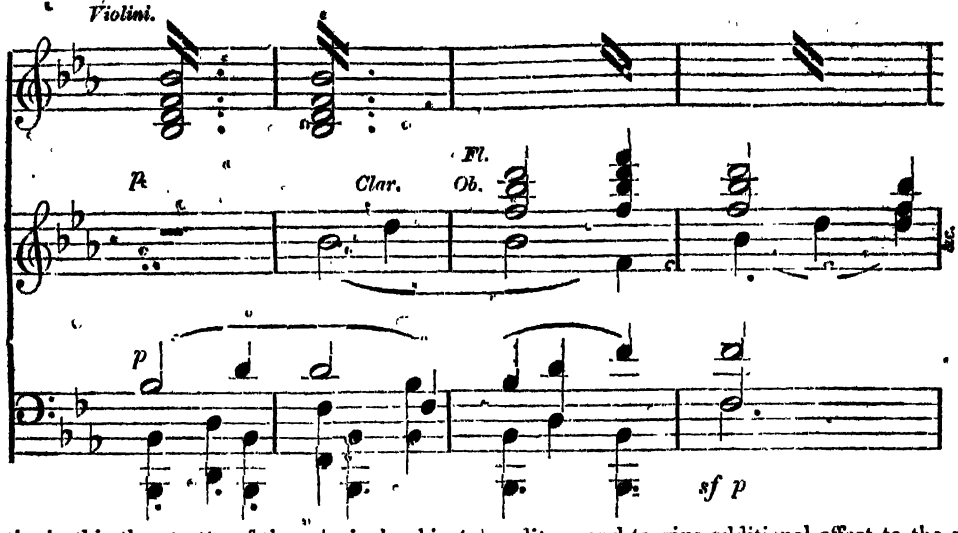
Let us now pass on to an entirely new feature, and one of the greatest importance in the general impression the movement makes upon the hearer; this is the new episode in E minor, which, from its own beauty, from the situation and the manner in which it is introduced, from the use that is subsequently made of it, and from its influence upon the general effect, may be esteemed as perhaps the greatest master-stroke in the whole composition.

The long passage of syncopation that grows out of the working of the opening phrase of the second or dominant subject, and the peculiar progression of harmonies through which this passes, especially that from the first inversion of the prepared major seventh on the chord of F major, the minor second of the prevailing key, the so-called "chord of the Neapolitan sixth," of certain whimsical theorists, who (for some reason that I have not seen explained) associate geographical with musical ideas, to the chord of the dominant ninth on B natural, produce a state of suspense in the hearer that is almost painfully exciting, and thus awakens the keenest sensitiveness for the full reception of, and the entire sympathy with, the following phrase of exquisitely touching pathos.



This is repeated in A minor, and then an unexpected change introduces the first subject in another new form in the key of C. We may notice here a peculiarity that, in the small scope of such criticism as, unable to comprehend the broad principles of general effect, can examine only minute details, and thus is dead to the grandeur of a large design, may be esteemed a violation of the orthodox rule of musical construction, but which, in fact, since all rules must have reference to, and indeed are founded upon good effect, is perfectly in accordance with all true principles of symmetry. The rule in question purports that it is bad to return to any particular key in which we have already rested after having modulated from it, and the violation of this law appears in the return in this place to the key of C major, which was made prominent early in the second part of this movement, and even pursuing for some time the same course of modulation as is there pursued, namely, through C minor to D flat or C sharp, which keys are, virtually, synonymous. The defence of this lies in the consideration that the rule applies particularly to a plan of much more conciseness; in fact, to a less extensive movement than the one before us, which is by far the longest and the largest in design that had ever been written at the time it was composed; and that it applied only generally to so largely developed and so comprehensive a form of construction as that in which this movement is composed. However great a fault it would be in a movement of the proportion of any of those in the two previous symphonies to recapitulate thus a modulation that has already been employed, in the present example the very great length of this "*free fantasia*," which justifies the extraneous modulations that would be entirely irrelevant in more brief compositions, renders desirable and admirably effective this recurrence to what we may call a former resting
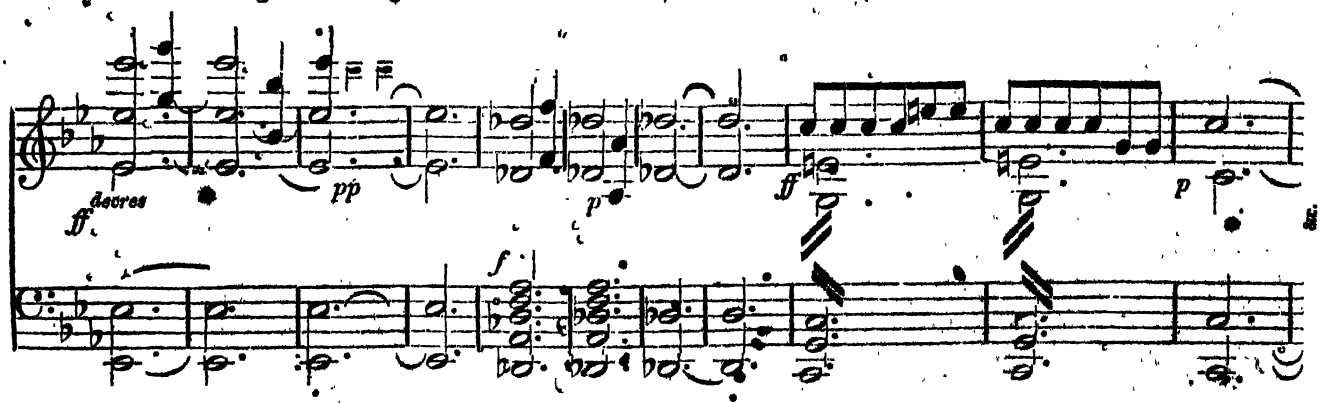
place, from whence the attention takes as it were a new impetus, or is revived, or perhaps begins again to follow the different course into which the seemingly exhaustless channel of ideas now flows. The next fresh point of interest is the repetition of the beautiful episode last quoted in the key of E flat minor; then comes a transient modulation to G flat major, which gives a new colouring to this exquisite idea; and then, by a simple return to the relative minor, we are brought to the half-close on B flat, the dominant which is preparatory to the return to the original key of the original subject. Let us here pause to admire, to wonder, at the prodigious effect of a long continued passage, which carries the listeners away with it still more than anything that has preceded it.



First let us notice in this the stretta of the principal subject, formed by the wind instruments successively taking it up, each one p bar after the other; next, the grand march of the basses which stand out most surprisingly from all the other instruments; and then the tremolo of the violins which has the effect of binding the whole into one compact mass of sound. This passage derives its great and almost overpowering character from its very long continuance; one cannot, I think, but feel in it the expression of a determined will, absolute and mighty, all but irresistible; and one is disposed to associate it more than any other portion of the movement with the idea of the all-but-world-conqueror in whose honour the work was composed. May we not agree that here a giant-mind fulfils its design, which is to represent a giant-will resolving to encompass its object and increasing in power as increases the magnitude of what it is resolved to subject? The long delay before the re-entry of the principal subject is admirably contrived to raise still higher and higher the interest of the auditor, and to give additional effect to the subject when it at length appears; the climax of all this is the extraordinary anticipation of the subject, four bars before the final return to the key, which sounds as the voice of another existence, or, rather, of the innermost secret of our own, as the unexpressed longing of an ardent soul—as the dream of a dream which prompts a desire—as music within music that appeals to a subtler sense than outward hearing.

Once returned to the original key and to the subject, a new surprise awaits us: this is produced by the C sharp, in the fifth bar, being treated as D flat, and resolved on C natural, by which a modulation into F major instead of into G minor is effected, that comes upon the ear with a sound of inexpressible freshness.

We must next notice an unexpected change into the key of D flat, and then, by a chord of A flat minor, a return to E flat. We have from this point a recapitulation of the first part, with little modification more than the bringing all that before was



in B flat now into E flat; every beauty bursts again upon us with increased effect from our present familiarity with the whole; in especial, that ecstacy of sound, that articulated aspiration of the soul, where tones are successively piled upon tones, and the music swells as does the bosom when a deep and mighty consciousness dilates it, which expresses all of poetry beyond what words can utter; that heartquake, moved by the volcanoes of passion, awakened again in the hearer all

that feeling above delight which words cannot describe, and only those whose sympathies and whose judgment are equally ripe for the impression can experience. It is now to speak of the Coda, a portion of the movement that is in all respects worthy of the marvellous whole, of which it is the equally wonderful climax. A very simple, but an entirely individual orchestral distribution, gives an extraordinary effect to a most original modulation into C.

Then we have the subject treated in an entirely different manner to any under which it has yet appeared, with a new counterpoint most ably constructed upon it, which gives to it an entirely renewed interest. The beautiful episode which was first introduced in the second part in E minor, is now repeated in F minor, and afterwards in E flat minor; the recurrence to this exquisite feature at the present period of the movement is a fine stroke of art, as it effectually incorporates it as a necessary portion in the general design, whereas, had it appeared only in its first situation, it would have stood for ever apart from the rest of the composition as an admirable embellishment that ornamented but belonged not to the whole. There is then introduced a passage, founded on that colossal figure, to which attention has been most earnestly directed, that prepares for the return to the subject in the original key, to which the remarkable motion of the basses gives so distinct, so emphatic, and so highly suggestive a character; as it is at present treated, it forms a curious example of the employment of a pedal, which is well worthy of examination. This leads to a resumption of the principal subject in the key of E flat, which is now made the theme of a felicitous double counterpoint, constructed of the figure that interrupts the second melodic phrase of the second subject (the fourth example quoted in this analysis), which one may well suppose to have been introduced in that situation to justify the important use that is made of it here, and at an earlier stage of the second part that has in its place been mentioned.

This subject and counterpoint are successively inverted through all the parts, when a passage that naturally grows out of the florid figure of the counterpoint leads to a recurrence of the second melodic phrase of the second subject (the third example quoted), the introduction of which in this situation is another of those felicitous masterstrokes that conduce so wonderfully to the entirety, the unity, the completeness, and the general connectedness of this gigantic movement. A few bars now bring us to the end of the first movement, which has never been exceeded in length, and, I believe, never can be surpassed in merit. Extensive as have been these remarks, it will be seen that they amount only to a catalogue or a general index of the successive features of the composition. It is a matter of speculation whether the author had any distinct intention as to the embodiment of any series or progression of feelings in the conception and arrangement of his ideas. That the ideas, as they are presented to us, certainly suggest an unbroken train of emotions, ever varying but always congenial, in the minds, or, I should better say, the hearts of most hearers, I am fully assured. As, however, these emotions must in all cases be modified not only by the general temperament, but no less by the particular temper of each individual hearer at every repeated hearing, I feel that it would be to infringe upon the rights, if not to interfere with the pleasures of imagination that are common to all of us, were I to presume to offer any further suggestion than I have as yet found irrepressible, as to the expression of any particular passage, or the general character of the whole movement. I feel that a great story is told in it. Let every one read it by the interpretation of his own feelings. G. A. Macfarren.

SONNET.

NO. CCXLV.

Approach, approach, thou dream of former days!
With thy mild consolation hover near,
As when at evening, on the branches sere,
The last regretful sunbeam softly plays,
And let thy light shine through some temp'ring haze;
Let not thy forms and colours be too clear—
Their presence, strongly mark'd, I could not bear;
But they would madden, as they charm'd my gaze.
Then come not as a spectre of the dead,
For whom we sadly mourn, but mourn in vain;
Consign'd for ever to a hopeless past,
But shine, as 'twere some angel that has fled,
And, in the distance, promises again
To visit earth, and cheer the soul at last. N. D.

DEATH OF MR. WILSON, THE VOCALIST.

It is with the deepest regret we have to announce the death of this popular and highly-talented vocalist, which occurred at Quebec, on the 8th of the present month, in a most sudden and awful manner. Mr. Wilson had been giving his Scottish entertainments with unprecedented *éclat* in different parts of North America for the last six months, and contemplated a return to England in the ensuing spring. He wrote to Mr. Alison, of Alfred Place, Tottenham Court Road, on the 7th inst., acquainting him that he had arrived at Quebec, and that the cholera, of which he always stood in fear, was making fearful ravages in that city. This was the last letter the Scottish minstrel ever wrote to England. On the 8th, the day after he wrote the letter alluded to, Mr. Wilson was seized with a violent attack of cholera, and expired in three hours. The melancholy event, which reached England this week, has plunged his family into the deepest grief. Mr. Wilson was for many years one of the first tenor singers on the English stage. He was the first who originated that class of monological entertainments which has since occupied the talents of so many of our singers, and has found such favour, of late years, in the eyes of the public. Mr. Wilson was the most accomplished singer of Scotch ballads of modern times. He had a high tenor voice, of much sweetness, and sang the melodies of his native land with a quaintness of humour and expression that could not be surpassed. His popularity in Scotland was not inferior to that of Sinclair in his palmiest days. He was greatly and deservedly respected in public and private life.

MR. KENNEY'S BENEFIT.

We have seldom seen a more crowded audience within the walls of Drury Lane than that assembled on Wednesday evening last. The occasion was one which loudly called for public sympathy, and the public, we are glad to say, answered most cordially. The receipts, we understand, amounted to no less a sum than six hundred pounds. Every part of the house was occupied—the pit and galleries densely. The boxes displayed a goodly and brilliant array. The *comedietta* of a *Curious Case* opened the performance, in which all we have to remark upon is the Mr. Sniggleton of Mr. Charles Matthews, which was full of life and bustle. Miss Woolgar looked bewitching and acted bewitchingly, and Mr. Charles Selby made an admirable contrast to both.—The *Curious Case* was followed by the *Beggar's Opera*, in which Mr. Sims Reeves essayed for the first time the character of Captain Macheath. Such an initiative essay has seldom been witnessed on any stage. Mr. Sims Reeves achieved on Wednesday evening one

of his greatest triumphs in England. To sing the music of Captain Macheath as Mr. Sims Reeves sings it, implies a quality and purity of voice which are not always available in the very best Italian music, and a simplicity of feeling and taste which would do honour to the greatest artist. Mr. Sims Reeves, in fact, surprised all his hearers by his singing, and created a *furore*. His opening song, "Pretty Polly, say," was given with boldness and a freedom of manner quite exhilarating; and his second *morceau*, "My heart was so free," was so deliciously given as to exalt the audience to an enthusiastic demonstration. But to specify his successful achievements would be to reckon all his songs. We must point out, however, "When the heart of a man is depressed with care," "Man may escape from rope or gun," and "At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure," as those which produced the greatest impression on the audience. Certainly the beauty and power of Mr. Sims Reeves's voice was never more happily manifested than in the old-fashioned but most melodious music of the *Beggars' Opera*. Scarcely less than his singing can we praise Mr. Sims Reeves' acting. He looked the very picture of the well-bred, dashing highwayman, and was peculiarly animated and unrestrained throughout. The popular English tenor has become more popular than ever by demonstrating most satisfactorily that it is not in Italian music alone that he is eminent, but that he exhibits perfect mastery in giving feeling and beauty to the simple strains of his native land. Mr. Sims Reeves was encored in so many of his songs, that we really have forgotten which were the repeated ones. Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam made an interesting Polly, and Madame Vestris a pert and fascinating Lucy, and Mr. Webster a capital Filch, and the rest all good in their respective parts. In the concert which followed, a considerable tumult arose in consequence of Ernst not being forthcoming. Besides Ernst, Madlle. Corbari was detained at home by indisposition, and but for the excellence of the rest of the concert, these disappointments would have been likely to cause much dissatisfaction. The following selection of pieces was actually performed:—

Comic Song—Mr. Harley.	
Romanza—*La Favorita*—Signor Gardoni . . .	*Donizetti.*
Aria—"A nobili Signor"—Miss Wallace . . .	*Meyerbeer.*
Duet—"Se fiato in corpo avete"—Signori Lablache and F. Lablache	*Cimarosa.*
Solo—Horn—M. Vivier	*Vivier.*
Aria—"Mi par che un luogo solo," *Nina Pazza*—Madlle. Louise Corbari	*Coppola.*
Due—*Rein de Chypre*—Signor Gardoni and M. Massol	*Halevy.*

The duet for the two Lablaches was encored, and the last part repeated. The great *basso* was in excellent spirits, and Frederico kept him good company. Gardoni sung his romance with perfect grace and feeling; and Miss Wallace gave an intelligent reading to the air of Meyerbeer.

Vivier was enthusiastically encored in his solo, (the beautiful romance from the *Gipsy's Warning*), which he played with exquisite taste and tone, introducing on the repetition some of his extraordinary harmonic combinations. When we hear Vivier, we almost forget that it is an instrument upon which he is playing; it is like the voice of a Mardo or an Alboni.

Madlle. Louise Corbari distinguished herself most favourably in the difficult air of Coppola, a composer known in Italy from having produced one successful opera. She sang the *largo* with great expression, and exhibited both fluency and energy in the *rondo*. She was applauded very warmly.

Gardoni and Massol sang Halevy's duet with immense spirit. The sweet tenor voice of the former mixed graciously with the rich manly barytone of the latter, and the *ensemble* was highly effective. Messrs. Benedict and Vincent Wallace, as accompanists at the piano, exhibited their accustomed talent.

The excellent farce of *Love, Law, and Physic* followed the concert, and concluded the evening's entertainment. Wright's Lubin Log was admirable. Miss Woolgar and Mr. Meadows were both capital in the parts of Mrs. Hilary and Andrew; and the other characters were carefully supported by Mrs. S. Cooke, Bellingham, and Holl. The farce went off with roars of laughter, the quiet humour of Wright giving double point to the jokes and *bon mots* with which it overflows.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

Mr. Webster took his benefit on Monday. The play was *As you like it*, and the farces were *Flying Colours* and *An Alarming Sacrifice*.

Mrs. Kean's Rosalind is a very beautiful piece of acting; quiet and subdued, yet full of *naiveté* and point. We scarcely know any actress who looks so admirable in male attire. Her height and slenderness no doubt contribute to this effect. Mrs. Kean was immensely applauded.

Mr. Charles Kean made a very melancholy and philosophical Jaques—the Jaques of the Poet. The speech commencing

"A fool, a fool, I met a fool i' the forest,"

was given with great point and emphasis, and the whole character was conceived with the usual judgment and discrimination of the actor.

Keeley's Touchstone was perfect, and Mrs. Keeley was admirable as Audrey.

Mr. James Wallack played Orlando on this occasion, and a better Orlando, probably, the stage has not seen.

After the play Mr. Webster delivered his farewell address. The popular manager was received with immense cheers, and was greatly applauded throughout his speech. His speech was as follows:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen—Custom exacts a valedictory address from every manager of a theatre on the close of a season, which sometimes proves irksome when the financial budget has not a cheerful aspect, as was seriously the case last year, chiefly consequent upon the political and commercial gloom pervading all classes of society. Happily those times are nearly past, I hope never to return, and with them a great portion of the depression of the British drama, aided and honoured by the marked patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert. Such an illustrious example will assuredly be loyally followed, and the British drama (and a nobler drama no country can boast of) become once more a popular as well as an intellectual amusement, which will give birth to genius both in writing and in acting. They have existed, and why not exist again? This point achieved, the national theatres may see native talent prospering on the boards where the Kembles, Siddons, Garrick, Kean, O'Neil, Macready, and a host of kindred spirits once flourished, and not be defecrated as they now are to other uses, and the unparalleled circumstance of having to combat against an affected taste, in which I most earnestly desire a revolution; and four foreign operas open at one time in London, which, though they do not thrive themselves, prevent others thriving, be remembered only as an ugly dream of the past, oppressing the healthful action of our national drama. As I do not uphold the lyre of Apollo when *foreign* to my nature, I may feelingly speak the truth. Thanking you, ladies and gentlemen, for your support, and assuring you that I will endeavour to deserve its continuance, until the latter end of September—I respectfully, and in the name of the company individually and collectively, wish you health and prosperity."

Mr. Webster's speech, at the conclusion, was received with loud cheers.

It is not likely that we of the *Musical World* should cor-

dially coincide with Mr. Webster in his expressed hostilities to music, nor do we feel with him in his prophetic yearnings that the opera must receive a speedy downfall, nor do we yet believe that the progress of music, or the taste, or the affectation of taste engendered thereto, has been the main cause of the failure of the drama; yet we do sympathise with the enterprising manager of the Haymarket that his great exertions in the cause of the drama have not received better support and more patronage. It is satisfactory, however, to learn that the present is an advance on the past season, and this naturally suggests a hope of future prosperity.

The great feature of the past season, was the permanent engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean. This enabled the manager, in some respects, to get rid of the star system; as Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean both expressed their willingness to play parts not usually undertaken by the larger luminaries of the sky theatric. To be sure Mr. Webster did not take any great advantage of their condescensions, but when he did take it he felt its value.

Among the revivals of the bye-gone season, which were especially successful, we may allude to the *Ransom*, a *comedietta* not highly meritorious in itself, but adapted to show off Mrs. Kean's talent to perfection; Douglas Jerrold's admirable play, *The Housekeeper*, in which Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean both played with singular effect; *The Honeymoon*, and *The Wonder;* and among the stock plays, *The Stranger*, *The Gamester*, *The Wife's Secret*, *Hamlet*, *The Merchant of Venice* and *Macbeth*. The last, by the way, was a revival, and a splendid one, and was put on the stage with great magnificence and completeness. The novelty *par excellence* of the season was Mr. Marston's tragic play, *Strathmore*, which achieved a brilliant success.

Several new farces were produced, and the Brothers Brough from Liverpool supplied two new extravaganzas, which largely increased the receipts at the treasury.

In addition, as we are interested in the success of the drama, we in all humbleness proffer Mr. Webster a word of counsel, viz., that as soon as the opera season commences he would close his doors, and wait until the fever of music were carried off with the dog days. In the event of the energetic manager following our advice, there will be saved from his future farewell speeches a vast deal of grumbling and ill-feeling towards an art which is the giant with the seven-leagued boots of the present age.

ST. JAMES'S.

French Plays.—Few men have done so much for theatricals in England as Mr. Mitchell, the spirited lessee of the St. James's Theatre. His management has been conducted on such a basis as to ensure him the universal suffrages of his subscribers. Ten years of uninterrupted success are eloquent proofs of his perseverance on the one hand, and of public patronage on the other. Rumour has not pointed out Mr. Mitchell's undertaking as an El Dorado of wealth, and his energy deserves the more praise, inasmuch as he was at the very onset perfectly aware that no fortune was to be made in a speculation confined to a limited circle of subscribers and patrons, the number of proficients in the French language forbidding any hope of a very numerous public; for it must be remarked that in the first commercial country in the world, where the French language is universally cultivated, and forms a principal feature in polite education, the number of persons who speak French with any degree of fluency or elegance, and who even understand it thoroughly when spoken, is exceedingly limited. With all these drawbacks, Mr. Mitchell has succeeded in creating a public for his theatre—a public essentially his own, which can only exist as long as he chooses to retain the helm, and would fall to pieces to-morrow, if he were to withdraw.

Mr. Mitchell has had to contend with numerous difficulties, some inherent to the undertaking itself, others arising from unforeseen circumstances over which he could have no control, and against which it was impossible to provide. Among the first we may reckon the limited number of persons understanding the language sufficiently to enjoy the performance; the old prejudice existing against foreign performances, and more particularly against pictures of French manners, amongst a certain class of purists, who fancied in their ignorance that out of England there was no salvation, and accepted, as perfect types of French manners, the mad vagaries of dissolute novel-writers and profligate *feuilletonists*. To these we may add the so-called upholders of the national drama, persons who stand in their own light, and in reality uphold nothing at all; who rail against all imitation of foreign manners, and condemn all encouragement of foreign art and artists; whose war-cry is exclusion and privilege, and whose only excuse lies in their ignorance; men who hoot down their brethren of the stage, and yet do not hesitate to appropriate the works of foreign authors to their own profit, and that without even hinting at the source from which they derive their pilferings. With all these impediments, Mr. Mitchell has contended most successfully; by encouraging the study of the French language he has opened a new and fruitful store of amusement, and conferred a national benefit; by enabling the public to judge for themselves he has proved the falseness of the accusations brought against French literature, and removed an unjust prejudice in the minds of all whose minds are not closed against conviction; by placing all the varieties of the French drama before the public, he has held up models for the encouragement of such as are disposed to learn, in the shape of good tragedies and comedies, excellent farces, and eminent artists in every branch of the drama. Our conviction is that if English actors and authors can do better, Mr. Mitchell's theatre must fall to the ground, but until they can it will and must succeed. Luckily the time is now past when a cry may be raised against foreign influence and foreign professors, when the public could be brought to believe that English nationality consisted in knowing nothing but English, and in protecting everything English, however bad it might prove; such a system is of itself a sufficient bar to improvement, and would soon extinguish the English drama altogether. It is our province to speak the truth, however unpalateable it may be; we repeat, that the English drama is abandoned and unprotected, because it is wanting in most of the essentials which command popularity, and which can only be acquired by patient study and continued exertions. We do not presume to say that the models to be found at the French Theatre are to be copied, and translations to supply the place of originals; on the contrary, we contend that translations have ever been the bane of English authors, who find their work cut out ready to their hands, and have had only to alter the dialogue to suit the English idiom, thereby destroying their own inventive faculties, or allowing them to rust for want of practice. What we would advise is the study of the effects produced, the means employed to produce these effects; and, as regards actors, the finish, the care and study necessary to the acquisition of that self-possession and ease which seem natural to the French comedian, and constitute a principal quality in the actor.

Among the difficulties with which Mr. Mitchell has had to

contend, was the formation of a second Italian opera, which gave a fresh impetus to music, and led the public taste into a different channel from that which it had hitherto followed. To keep pace with these innovations Mr. Mitchell followed the stream of popular taste, and boldly introduced the *Opera Comique*. In this he has displayed his usual tact, and established a new claim on the gratitude of the public. The Opera Comique has been got up with every attention to that perfection in details which alone can produce a perfect *ensemble*. The artistes engaged have been the best that could be procured; the *prima donna*, Mademoiselle Charton, has sustained the principal weight of the operas from the opening night to the conclusion of the season; she has played every night, three times a week, without a moment's illness. Such artists are indeed a great acquisition in any establishment, more particularly in a lyrical one. Madlle Charton is now an established favourite in London. Madlle. Guichard, the *Dugazon* of the company, has also played every night, and has earned her full share of applause; few artistes could have been found to supply her place with advantage. Mesdames Morel, Mancini, and Martial, were the other ladies engaged on the establishment. The principal tenors have been M. Couderc, at the same time an admirable actor, M. Bonnamy, possessed of a small but agreeable voice, M. Octave, M. Soyer, and M. Chateaufort, the latter an excellent comic actor. Among the basses we have had Messrs. Zelger, Buguet, and Beauce.

The operas produced have been both numerous and well-selected. Of course the majority were from the pen of Auber, one of the most fertile of composers; but we have also heard with pleasure the compositions of the veteran Grétry, Boieldieu, Herold, Boisselot, Adam, and the author of the *Comte Ory*, the most melodious of modern writers, Rossini. In all, we have had at least twenty-five operas in this one season; a feat almost unparallelled in the history of the lyrical drama, when we consider that the singers were not accustomed to play together, that many new operas have been produced, and old ones remounted, and that this was the first season of a novel speculation. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Hanssens, was most satisfactory, and the choruses showed symptoms of evident improvement towards the end of the season, and augur well for the future.

The favourite comic actor, M. Arnal, and Madame Doche, have wound up a season, perhaps one of the most bustling and the most agreeable in the annals of the French Theatre.

On throwing a retrospective glance on the performances we have witnessed during the season of 1848-9, the general impression left on our minds is one of unmixed pleasure and satisfaction. On the whole, we could scarcely have hoped for such results, even from Mr. Mitchell, from whom we are accustomed to expect comparative perfection in all his undertakings; and we take our leave of him, with the cordial hope that he has reason to be satisfied on his side with the support and encouragement he has received, and which he so well deserves.

J. DE C——.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MACREADY and English talent, Operatic Companies, Poses Plastiques, may *not* fill our theatres, but there is one magical name which always does so to suffocation—and that is "Jullien"—it does not matter whom he brings with him or what music he plays, but the people know that Jullien always has pleased them, and will do so *usque ad infinitum*; and, therefore, they crammed the boxes, pit, and gallery of our Royal Amphitheatre on Wednesday evening last. The attractions were unusually great. In addition to the usual favourites—Kœnig, Collinet, Richardson, &c., he brought us several new artistes of great fame; and lastly, to crown all, he introduced to us the celebrated Madame Persiani, who is a comparative stranger in Liverpool. The instrumental performances, as usual, went off with immense *éclat*, every thing being performed with that energy, precision, and fire for which Jullien and his band are so famous. Where there are so many good things, it is hard to single out any particular one for praise; but I think that of the vivacious pieces, the *Masaniello* selections, and the *Lucrezia* quadrilles excited the greatest pleasure generally, while the selections from Mendelssohn's Symphony in A minor, and Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony were duly appreciated by the more classical portion of the audience. Kœnig, who is a great favourite, was received with a distinct round of applause, and played a new song of Roch Albert's, called "First Love," with a power and grace of effect peculiar to all his performances. He was listened to with the greatest attention; and, at the conclusion, which was *ornamented*, if I may use the word, with a "new effect," the applause was uproarious, and the cries of "encore" so universal, that, though Kœnig was evidently somewhat fatigued, he played it again with increased effect.

Madame Persiani's reception was immense; she seemed to be quite astonished at the warmth with which she was received. Her first selection was the beautiful cavatina from *Sonnambula*, "Come per me sereno," which she gave with the most exquisite delicacy and finish, and added to the melody a profusion of the most novel, bewitching, and difficult *fioriturі*, all of which were executed in the most easy and natural manner possible. At the conclusion, she was applauded to the very echo, but only bowed to the unanimous encore.

Her next effort was the "Una voce," from the *Barbiere*, which she sang with her usual finish, the florid ornaments being as usual of the most novel and startling description. The audience would not be baulked of the encore this time, so the *cabaletta* was repeated. In the florid and brilliant school of vocalisation, Persiani, to our thinking, far surpasses Jenny Lind. Persiani, indeed, is a most wonderful singer. Of the *Prophète* selection, it is really difficult to give any thing like an opinion, after one hearing; in addition to which, the pieces were so dovetailed into one another, that it was not easy to ascertain when one ended and the other commenced. The music seemed to be massive, bold, and abounding in novel effects, with a few bits of delicious melody; the duet for the two Kœnigs and the *airs de ballet* were much applauded. Messrs. Jancourt and Delabarre, both from Brussels, played a duet very effectively; they both possess great talent, and play with ease and power, combining great sweetness and purity of tone with immense facile execution. Mr. John Day, a wonderfully clever and youthful violinist, and the Drum Polka, with the usual "stunning" effects, finished one of the best concerts the *magnifico* Jullien ever gave in Liverpool; where he again comes to delight thousands more, after his Irish tour, giving us another last opportunity of hearing the wonderful Persiani, and two instrumentalists new to Liverpool, *viz.*, Signor Bottesini and Mr. S. Pratten.

At our Theatre Royal, the Italian Opera Company have, since my last, performed *Lucrezia Borgia*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, and *Il Barbiere*. Montenegro's Lucrezia is one of the finest displays of tragic singing and acting I have witnessed for a long time. Her voice on this occasion was full and clear, and she sang throughout with intense feeling and expression. In the air "Ah m'odi," and the trio "Guai te sfugge," her vocalism was worthy of the highest praise, while her acting,—in which, mingled love, hate, and fear, were beautifully expressed,—was of the highest order of dramatic art. Santiago made a good Gennaro; his voice is remarkably pure and fine, but he wants delicacy and finish, with a little more animation. He was much applauded for his delivery of the air "Del pescator ignobile:" his dying scene was truthful and pathetically managed. Montelli sang the music of the Duke carefully, though his exaggerated motions were scarcely royal or tragic. Modest little Signora Montelli gained an encore after singing the "Il segreto," an honour she well deserved, for she both sang and acted in a highly creditable manner. Bailini was an admirable Gubetta, and of the greatest use in the choruses, which were exceedingly well sung. The scenery, some of which was painted expressly

for the piece, was exceedingly good and appropriate, as were the dresses and properties.

In *L'Elisir d'Amore*, Signora Montelli made an admirable coquetish Adina, acting with charming simplicity and *naiveté*, and singing very sweetly and prettily. Santiago looked and acted well as Nemorino, gaining an unanimous encore in the beautiful song "Una furtiva lagrima." Montelli made a good Dr. Dulcamara, playing his part with great humour, and creating much laughter; he sang also much better than usual, and was deservedly encored in that catching air "Io son ricco." The whole piece went off with great *éclat*, though I am sorry to say that the houses were bad. But the audience made up in enthusiasm what they wanted in numbers. The singers have been nightly called before the curtain between the acts, and almost every *morceau* has been nightly encored. In fact, they have given the greatest satisfaction to all who have heard them, many of whom have not scrupled to compare Montenegro to Grisi, one paper here says that she absolutely surpasses the Diva as Norma. I am willing to give Montenegro great praise, but the writer assuredly never saw Grisi play Norma, or he would not have been guilty of such moon-eyed madness. The Philharmonic Society have engaged a new tenor from Italy, named Signor Corvas, whom the secretary tells me is very clever, and he is engaged for the Royal Italian Opera next season! Did you ever hear of him? The upholsterers are busy at work at the Hall, and all the "talk of the town" now is of the Festival. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean commence an engagement at the Theatre Royal next Monday, they have always drawn good houses on former occasions, and I hope that for Mr. Copeland's sake they will prove more attractive than ever. J. H. N.

Liverpool, July 26th, 1849.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Jetty Treffz.—This popular singer has left England for the Hague. She will return for the Liverpool and Birmingham Festivals.

Herr Blumenthal, the pianist and composer, has left England on a visit to his family in Germany.

Madame Sontag is engaged for the Birmingham Festival.

Liverpool Festival.—The celebration of the opening of the new concert hall will take place in the week beginning Monday, August 27. The vocalists engaged are—Grisi, Viardot Garcia, Catherine Hayes, Jetty Treffz, Corbari, L. Corbari, Mad. Macfarren, the Misses Williams, and Alboni; Mario, Sims Reeves, Tagliafico, Bartolini, Polonini, Lockey, Whitworth, Benson, Lablache, and Formes. The instrumentalists are Ernst (violin), Charles Hallé and Benedict (piano), Piatti (violoncello) Bottesini (double-bass), and Vivier (horn). The band will consist of ninety performers; the chorus of 220. Conductors, Messrs. Benedict and Herrmann; Organist, Mr. Best. There will be three morning and three evening concerts.

Paris.—The Grand Opera (*Theatre de la Nation*) will shortly re-open, under new management, M.M. Dupeneal and Roqueplan having resigned.

Olympic.—Mr. Watts, the spirited manager of the Marylebone, has become the future lessee of the Olympic. The new theatre, it is expected, will be finished by Christmas. We understand that Mr. Davidson will retain his former position as manager.

Mr. F. Bowen Jewson, the pianist, has left London for Scotland, on a visit to Sir George Sinclair, at Thurso Castle, Caithness.

Mr. Land gave one of his "musical evenings" on Monday last at the Town Hall, Woolwich, assisted by the Misses Smith, and Mr. Lawler, under the auspices of the Literary Institution. The Hall was very full, and the performance highly successful. Several encores were awarded amongst them—Mr. Lawler in "'Tis when to Sleep,"—the Misses Smith in a duet, "The Birks of Aberfeldy."—Mr. Land in Loder's "Philip the Falconer," and Lover's ballad, "Sally, why not name the day?"

Guernsey.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The theatre at this lovely island is about to close after a ten week's season of unexampled success. On Wednesday evening the *Hunchback* was performed for the benefit of Mrs. Gordon, to a house crowded to the ceiling, and in a manner never previously done in this Paradise-like spot. Mrs. Gordon played Julia in an artistic-like manner. Her scenes with Sir Thomas Clifford (admirably played by Mr. John Davis, who is one of the most promising juvenile tragedians of the day) were given with an intensity of feeling that brought tears from all present; while the quaint humour thrown into Modus by Mr. Newcombe, gave a relief to the more serious parts of the play. Miss Aldridge made a charming Helen, full of fun and lady-like. The popular Emery made the people roar as Fathom, and Messrs. Sterling and Gordon, as Lord Tinsel and his friend, did all that was necessary in their parts. Mr. Dodsworth, a tenor singer, sang some pleasing ballads, and the evening's amusement concluded with the *Eton Boy*, which again brought Newcombe's comic powers into play with those of the talented *beneficiaire*. Every seat is taken for Newcombe's benefit on Monday, and the ladies are literally quarrelling for the parts of the pit converted into stalls.

T. E. B.

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No. 31.—Vol. XXIV. SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1849. { PRICE THREEPENCE. STAMPED FOURPENCE.

EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF ARCHIUS.

(Anthol. Pal., v. 58.)

Love, mad Love! thou destroyest me utterly; prithee, upon me
Lavish the whole of thy darts, leave not an arrow behind.
Thus wilt thou wound me only; and if hereafter thou wisheat
Some new victim to strike, thou wilt be weaponless quite. J. O.

ERNST.

This accomplished musician has just received two diplomas—that of Honorary Member of the Philharmonic Society at St. Petersburg, and that of Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Arts at Stockholm. At both capitals Ernst enjoys the highest reputation, his concerts having been more brilliant and productive than those of any soloist who has visited either St. Petersburgh or Stockholm for the last twenty years.

CORBARI.

A correspondent inquires where this accomplished singer received her musical education. If we are not mistaken, Corbari was educated at the *Conservatorio* in Milan, where she studied singing, the pianoforte, and composition. Her vocal professor was the celebrated Mazzucato, who, besides being an excellent teacher, is a very able and well informed musician. She made rapid and remarkable progress under this master, and was soon noticed by the authorities, who made a report to the government (which takes an interest in musical matters in Italy) that her health would be injured and her voice impaired if she devoted so much time and labour to the study of the pianoforte and composition. Corbari, who was marked out already for *La Scala*, was therefore forbidden to pursue these branches of her musical education—a very ridiculous and unreasonable step, in our opinion, since it prevented her from attaining a proficiency seldom found in musicians of the gentler sex. Luckily, however, the restriction arrived too late to do all the harm it might have done. Corbari had already acquired unusual facility on the pianoforte, and a general knowledge of the art which has had a wholesome influence on her career.

We believe it was Signor Puzzi who first engaged Corbari to join Mr. Lumley's company at Her Majesty's Theatre in London. He was so struck by her talent that he persuaded her friends to take her away from the *Conservatorio* a year before the completion of her education. She was only eighteen when she first appeared, as Fenena, in Verdi's *Nino*, in 1846. After her first season with Mr. Lumley, Corbari returned to Milan, where Signor Persiani persuaded her to enlist with the then forming rival establishment, at Covent Garden (now the Royal Italian Opera), and signed an engagement with her for three years. During that period she has been engaged both at Paris and St. Petersburg, in both of which capitals she is a distinguished favourite.

Corbari is the youngest of two sisters. The eldest, Madlle. Luigia Corbari, is a vocalist of great promise. She has already seen something of the world, having formed part of an Italian company at Oran, in Algiers.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday the *Otello* was repeated, and Sontag reaped another harvest of honours. The re-calls and encores were as numerous, the bravos as enthusiastic, the demonstrations as fervid, and the bouquets as fresh and various as on the preceding performance. Madame Sontag gained on our good graces more than Rossini did. The fair artist improved on further acquaintance, while the Swan of Pesaro fell off in our estimation some twenty per cent., after a second hearing of his opera. *Otello* is certainly one of Rossini's feeblest efforts.

Moriani, in *Otello*, made exactly the same impression as he did on the Thursday. We were not a whit more delighted; neither were we a particle more disappointed. The same sensations, precisely, were conveyed to us by the same amount of tragic excellence and vocal merit. Were we to hear and see the celebrated tenor in the same a third, nay, a fourth time, we hardly fancy we should leave Her Majesty's Theatre in a violent fit of enthusiasm.

What we have already said of Lablache's Elmiro, Belletti's Iago, and Calzolari's Rodrigo, all good in their way, we may stringently repeat.

A decided improvement we noticed in both band and chorus, and Balfe was even more zealous and energetic than ever, and wrought, with his best endeavours, to do justice to Rossini; but Rossini, in this instance, was unworthy of all Balfe's zeal and energy.

The charming Sontag retired to her privacy on Tuesday, and permitted Parodi and Alboni to supply her place. The aristocracy wept, but the public were not withheld from coming by thorough-bred tears. *Lucrezia Borgia* was the opera, and Parodi was Lucrezia, and Alboni Maffeo Orsini—the very name suggests the immortal "Brindisi"—and Moriani was the Gennaro, and Lablache the Duke, and the principal nobles were filled by Colletti, Belletti, Arnoldi, Bartolini, &c.

The opera was performed with care and with excellent effect. Parodi surpassed all her former achievements in the same opera, and gained, in consequence, more applause than ever. This young and highly talented artist is daily making her way in public estimation, and ere long, we have little doubt, she will find a firm footing on the high grounds of fame. Madlle. Parodi's Lucrezia is an excellent performance, and requires only a little more abstraction, and a little more experience, to perfect and complete it.

Alboni's "Brindisi" was, of course, the great achievement of the night. Never did we hear the rich, magnificent, and brilliant tones of the artist with more delight. Her voice was as some absent pleasure that stole homewards—a prodigal

voice that claimed forgiveness for having been so long wandering away. And never did prodigal's voice sound more silvery in a longing parent's ear, than did Alboni's on Tuesday to the thirsty audience of Her Majesty's Theatre.

Moriani's Gennaro was as effective as ever—and that is affording the reputed tenor the benefit of the doubt. His acting exemplified all the usual points, and his singing indicated its usual excellence. The death was as forcible and as prolonged as ever, and the cheering as loud and universal. Notwithstanding the great applause, we did not feel deeply impressed with Signor Moriani's performance.

On Thursday—the customary grand extra night—Parodi and Alboni gave way to Sontag. The fair and captivating German *cantatrice* appeared in *Linda di Chamouni*, the part in which she made her *rentrée* in London, and was honoured, and *fêted*, and applause-beleaguered, and praise-circumvented as before. Homage bowed his head, and even Reverence made a nod. Justice was pleased. Of all Madame Sontag's performances—her late ones, we remember not those of old—her Linda is to us the most finished and most charming. Her Rosina has brighter points—witness, among others, the Rode's air and variations; her Desdemona has more striking beauties—witness her "Assisa à un pie di Salice" and "Di calma, O ciel;" her *Sonnambula* produces more effect—witness the shouts of the public and the cheers of her admirers; but Linda is better and more evenly sustained, and the character is more in accordance with her placid nature and gentle feelings. To us Madame Sontag is the very incarnation of Linda.

Next Thursday the *Nozze di Figaro* will be given, with Parodi as Susanna, Alboni as the page, and Madame Sontag as the countess.

A Grand Morning Concert was given at the Great Concert Room on Wednesday, the principal artists all assisting excepting Alboni. Why the far-famed contralto-soprano was absent we did not hear. The principal attraction of the concert was Madame Sontag, who was announced to sing in four different languages, Italian, German, English, and French. A vocal feat like this we have not known parallelled since Malibran sang at a concert in London in seven different languages, played on two instruments, both pianos, composed a romance, and afterwards rode round Hyde Park with Tom Campbell on a thorough-bred horse.

Madame Sontag commenced her quadruple feat with an Italian Aria, called "La Zingara," composed for her by Donizetti, which she warbled with delightful ease and great brilliancy. It was altogether one of the happiest efforts of the charming artist. The aria was beautifully suited to the aerial, silvery quality of her voice, and the florid passages suited her capacity to perfection.

Her German effort, the famous Scena from *Der Freischutz*, "Wie Nahte mir dir Schlummer," was, perhaps, not so effective; but, to our feeling, it was no less charming. Madame Sontag sang with great purity of tone and a depth of expression that could hardly be surpassed. The forte passage at the end was a little beyond the power of the artist, but even here art made amends for all deficiency.

Madame Sontag's third effort was in English—"With verdure clad," from the *Creation*. The time was taken too slow, and this marred the effect considerably; but the fair artist pronounced the English admirably, and felt nothing incommoded from having to sing in a difficult and unused tongue. Haydn's exquisite song received the proper amount of expression, and the text was rendered with classic purity and simplicity.

For her fourth and French display, Madame Sontag selected Meyerbeer's "Grace, Grace," which, to make use of an obvious pun, was all "Grace" from her lips. The air was newly read in most respects, and there was imparted to it thereby a freshness that lent it the seeming of novelty. Meyerbeer, had he been in a mood of unusual conciliation, would have loved his romance from *Robert le Diable* all the better for Madame Sontag's delicate innovations.

This was the sum total of Madame Sontag's exertions in the cause of the morning concert, and on each occasion the fair artist was overpowered by applause from all parts of the room.

The next novelty and attraction of the entertainments—*place aux dames*—was the great Thalberg, the Prince Regent, if not King, or Emperor of Pianists, who played two fantasias of his own with immense effect. The younger branches of the female visitors blushed delight at the magic touch of Thalberg's fingers; the elderly ladies, more bold, did not refrain from indulging in vociferations of pleasure; while the amateurs and connoisseurs sang the praises of the splendid pianist by the loudest and most prolonged demonstrations. Thalberg played the fantasia on airs from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and the fantasia on *La Sonnambula*. He was encored in both.

Our readers must pardon us for making very brief work of the rest of the performances.

We found little in the programme that was not as old as the hills, and as palatable as stewed frogs—excellent fare when you like it, and have nothing better to taste.

A three-bass terzetto from Meyerbeer's *Marguerite d'Anjou*, admirably sung by Coletti, Belletti, and Lablache, we hope to have the pleasure of hearing again some day, now that the works of this master are coming into fashion.

Gardoni sang the pleasing romanza, "Or che in Cielo," from *Marino Faliero*, with the utmost sweetness and expression.

One of the very best performances of the concert was Coletti's "Resta immobile," from *Guillaume Tell*. It was splendidly sung and was loudly applauded. The violoncello *obligato* of Piatti was perfection.

We find nothing demanding of record among the vocal performances.

The band performed the overtures to the *Flauto Magico* and *Preciosa*, and the Wedding March from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with excellent effect, under the governance of the indefatigable Balfe. Balfe also presided most ably at the piano as accompanyist.

The concert room was crowded to excess by a brilliant and fashionable audience.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The *Prophète* has commenced, and promises to continue as triumphant a career as the *Huguenots* last season. Never was success more firmly established. The performances, as might have been expected, have gone smoother since the first night. The chorus has gained more precision, and consequently more power, and the principal artists feel more at home in their parts. The beauties of the music become more and more developed, and what was listened to at first with indifference, is now expected with interest. The general feeling respecting the opera is that it is more equally sustained throughout than the *Huguenots*, is fully as dramatic, and in powerful writing surpasses it in some instances. In one respect, only, is it inferior to the *Huguenots*, namely, in its plot, or more properly, in the contrivance of the plot. Mons. Scribe has worked out his materials with great effect in the

Prophète, but the subject is neither so serious, nor so sublime as that of the *Huguenots*. In the first place, the Anabaptists, in the former opera, are mere charlatans—creatures of comedy—and are introduced with but the pretence of religious solemnity. The Catholics, in the *Huguenots*, on the contrary, although urged forwards to blood and slaughter, have fanaticism for their excuse, and impress the hearers with a solemn feeling, commingled with their horror and detestation. The three Anabaptists excite our commiseration and contempt. Again, heavenly and holy as is the character of Fides, it comes too near to our every-day sympathies to elevate it to the sublime. That it has been made sublime is, we earnestly believe, owing to the genius and talents of one of the most consummate and gifted artists that ever adorned the stage. The situation of the mother with regard to her son is undoubtedly novel and removed from common notions, but the sentiments engendered thereby are such as come home to all hearts and understandings. That they are more beautiful and touching on that very account we are ready to allow, and the tears of the audience bear ample witness, but they do not purify the soul by shaking it—they make us weep, but take us not from ourselves and elevate us into unknown regions. The character of the Prophet has a glimpse of the sublime in it, at least in that scene where he is compelled to repudiate his mother, and becomes then purely tragic, without one tinge of the essence of melodrama. But Fides is undoubtedly the character in the opera to which Meyerbeer has given his most serious attention, and he has realised it with more than his usual dramatic power and skill. We know few characters in the modern opera conceived with more truthfulness, wrought with more evident art. Viardot's Fides we have already noticed at some length. We have now seen it five times, and think more highly of it after each representation. Never did genius and consummate skill go hand-in-hand together to render a performance more vivid and perfect. Pauline Viardot Garcia has raised herself higher than ever in the estimation of the English public, and has entitled herself to be ranked among the greatest artists of all times.

Mario's Raoul we considered his finest performance until we had seen his John of Leyden in the *Prophète*. Our opinions now waver between the two impersonations. The Raoul is more vivid and striking, the Jean more intense and solemn; the former is more picturesque and captivating, the latter more subtle and deep. They are equally dramatic, equally truthful, equally artistic, and equally beautiful. The Coronation scene in the *Prophète*, however, as a piece of acting, we are inclined to think superior to anything in the *Huguenots*. From the first moment when Jean recognises his mother in her terrible cry at the foot of the altar, to his benediction ere he leaves her at the end of the scene, Mario's acting must be pronounced a *chef-d'œuvre*. Every look, attitude, and motion, is rendered with the finest art and the most thrilling effect, and nature is never once violated or outraged. The manner in which he first addresses his heart-stricken mother, the reverted looks, the trembling tongue, the quivering frame, the endeavour to appear calm before the searching glances of the crowd, could not be surpassed. When to these are added the beauty and quality of Mario's voice, his magnificent style, and the intense energy and feeling of his singing, the reader may have a remote notion of this superb performance. The whole of this scene between Viardot and Mario is well worth a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Cecilia to go and see.

But we must not circumscribe Mario's splendid acting and singing to the Coronation scene only. Nothing can be finer than his first scene with the Anabaptists, and his dream song is the very perfection of dramatic vocalization. How tenderly beautiful is the scene with the mother! and the lament for her before he leaves her, when he goes to her bed-room door and softly blesses her, is extremely touching. For passionate expression there is nothing like Mario's voice.

In the second act Mario comes out with more fire and power. Jean is an altered man; revenge has taken possession of his soul, power has drawn forth his sterner qualities, and his soul is kindled by the flames of fanaticism and religious enthusiasm. The address to the insurgent soldiers in the camp of the Anabaptists is declaimed by Mario with graphic force, and the magnificent prayer with chorus which follows, in which Jean takes the leading subject, is a splendid display of energetic and dramatic singing. Mario is nightly recalled after this scene, and received with enthusiastic applause.

We have already spoken of the third act. In the fourth, Jean's scenes are with his mother in the prison, in which the reconciliation takes place, and where Bertha enters and stabs herself, and the last scene in the banquetting-hall, when the general conflagration takes place. In neither of these does Jean play so important a part as in the preceding scenes of the former acts. He has a long duet with Fides in the prison, which is not particularly noticeable for melodic or musical beauties. The same may be said of the trio for Bertha, Fides, and Jean. The drinking song, however, in the banquetting-hall, "Beviam, e intorno giri," is a splendid vocal effort, and is nightly encored.

On the whole, while we are inclined to think that Mario's Raoul, perhaps, offers more brilliant points for vocal display than his Jean, we think he has achieved his greatest effort in the *Prophète*.

Miss Catherine Hayes's most pleasing efforts are in the beautiful duet in 6-8, in the first scene, with Pauline Viardot, and the long duet in the third act. Both these are charmingly sung, especially the former, than which we have seldom heard more admirable *ensemble* singing. Miss Hayes also displays much energy in her style and acting in the trio in the prison.

Marini, Polonini, and Luigi Mei sustain the parts of the three Anabaptists most successfully. Marini, especially, deserves much praise for his great exertion and energy in his somewhat unthankful music. His fine voice tells powerfully in the choruses and concerted pieces. The rugged, but characteristic chant, "Ad nos, ad salutarem undam," goes infinitely better than on the first night.

The choruses are splendidly sung throughout. The charming pastoral introduction in 6-8, a composition which might have been written by the author of *Guillaume Tell*, is most delightfully rendered; and the grand chorus in the same scene, "O libertade, e tua vittoria," is one of the finest efforts of the Covent Garden choir, and is nightly encored with tumultuous applause. The ferocious and fiery chorus commencing the second act, the rustic chorus of maidens and soldiers in the lake scene, and the whole of the finale to the third act, are all instances of perfect choral singing. In this last case the beauty and purity of the female voices are especially noticeable; and in the melodious chorus in D, the mezzo-soprani and contralti are no less remarkable. Mesdlles. Corbari and De Meric, by the way, deserve a word of strong praise for the zeal they have displayed in consenting to lead this chorus, as neither of them have eight bars of solo to sing.

The band is beyond our eulogy. To say a word of Costa, and his exertions to get up such an opera as the *Prophète* in

so short a time, is equally beyond our power. Enough: the orchestra was that of the Royal Italian Opera, and Costa wielded the baton.

Of the scenery and dresses we have spoken in our last. The lake scene is one of the best of its kind ever got up on the stage. We think, however, the Covent Garden stage would have afforded a larger field to the skaters. Thanks to Mr. Harris, the whole of this busy and life-like scene is managed with admirable effect. The sunrise at the end of the second act is most magically done, and is by far the most natural representation of a dawn we have witnessed in a theatre. A little more light should be thrown into the house. When the sun is once above the horizon, and even before it for some minutes, the daylight is at the full. The interior of the Cathedral is very grand, and the procession constitutes a magnificent and imposing pageant. No expence, apparently, has been spared on the dresses and appointments. Mario's coronation robes might furnish Madame Tussaud with imperial garments for some of her bye-gone potentates, and the dresses of the nobles are hardly less splendid and costly.

The *Prophète* has been played three times since our last, and its attraction increases nightly. The house has been crowded, and the visitors comprised most of the leading fashionables in London. Meyerbeer is all the talk, and the *Prophète* is all the talk, and Pauline Garcia, and Mario, and the band, and chorus, and Costa; in short, the present doings at the Royal Italian Opera are more the subject of general conversation than the Hungarian war, the dissolution of Parliament, the potato disease, the cholera, or the Queen's visit to Ireland.

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(*Continued from page* 454.)

XLIII. I HAVE heard this said of Hercules, that he was one of the twelve gods; but, concerning the other Hercules, whom the Greeks worship, I have not been able to hear anywhere in Egypt. Indeed, that the Egyptians did not take the name of Hercules from the Greeks, but that the Greeks rather took it from the Egyptians—that is to say, those of the Greeks who gave the name of Hercules to the son of Amphitryon—I have numerous proofs. One of them is, that both the parents of this Hercules, *viz.*, Amphitryon and Alcmene, were of Egyptian origin (*a*). Moreover, the Egyptians profess to know the names neither of Poseidon (Neptune), nor of the Dioscuri, and have not inserted them among their gods. Now, if they had taken the name of any god from the Greeks, they would, above all, have remembered these, as they then practised navigation, and some of the Greeks were navigators. Hence, I believe that the Egyptians would rather have learned the names of these gods than that of Hercules. But there is, among the Egyptians, an ancient god Hercules, one of those in the reign of Amasis, 17,000 years ago, when the eight gods were increased to twelve.

XLIV. Wishing to gain some accurate information on this subject from some competent person, I sailed into the Phœnician Tyre, and learned that a very sacred temple of Hercules was there. This, I saw, was furnished with many rich offerings, including two columns—one of refined gold, the other of emerald (*b*), which shines all night. Discoursing with the priests about the god, I asked how long it was since the temple had been built, and found that even these did not agree with the Greeks; for they said that the temple was built at the time when Tyre itself was founded, which was 2,300 years ago. I also saw, in Tyre, another temple of Hercules, surnamed the "Thasian." I, therefore, went to Thasus, where I found a temple of Hercules, built by Phœnicians, who, sailing for Europe on a voyage of discovery, colonized Thasus. Now, this happened five generations before Hercules, the son of Amphitryon, was born in Greece. These facts plainly shew that Hercules was an ancient god. Hence those of the Greeks seem to me to have acted wisely, who have built two temples to Hercules, sacrificing to one, whom they call Olympian, as an immortal, and performing funereal rites to the other, as a hero.

XLV. The Greeks utter many absurdities, including a silly fable, which they tell of Hercules. They say, that when he came to Egypt, the Egyptians crowned him, and led him in procession, as if they were about to sacrifice him to Zeus; and, that for some time he kept silent, but that when they began the ceremonies at the altar, he resumed his strength and slew them all. It seems to me that the Greeks, who tells this story, are utterly ignorant of the nature and laws of the Egyptians; for, with a people to whom it is unlawful to sacrifice any animal, excepting swine, bulls, calves (when pure), and geese, how would it be possible that they should sacrifice men? And when Hercules was only one, and, as the Greeks say, a man, was it in nature that he should slay myriads? So much have I learned of these matters, and I hope the gods and heroes will regard what I have said with indulgence.

NOTES.

(*a*) Plutarch mentions a bronze tablet, found on the tomb of Alcmene, in Bœotia, as containing a confirmation of this assertion.

(*b*) That this could not have been what we now call emerald is manifest enough. Larcher believes that the column was of coloured glass, with a light inside.

(*To be continued.*)

*** Winckelmann's *History* will be continued next week.

SONNET.

NO. CCXLV.

SOME are there, who no solitude can bear,
But with unwearied labour look about,
Seeking a weapon wherewith they may rout
Those unseen foes, who the weak bosom tear.
They snatch a short oblivion,—and 'tis near,
A panacea for all woe, no doubt;—
"Nay! these internal foes are wondrous stout,
Awhile cut down, again their heads they rear.
Out on this mock forgetfulness!—in vain
Is ev'ry fight that is not fought within,
With in-born arms—for no assistance call.
Forget not—rather dwell upon thy pain;
Probe it e'en to its root, and then begin
To vanquish it, or (much more likely) fall. N. D.

THE LATE MR. KENNEY.

(*From Punch.*)

THE benefit advertised in the name of Mr. Kenney was an occasion of mingled sorrow and congratulation. Ere the curtain rose, the aged author was dead: the brain that for six-and-forty years had laboured in the sweet and bitter work of dramatic literature, had ceased to ache; the hand was clay; the tongue "a tuneless instrument." It is understood that the cares and anxieties of straitened means had antedated the natural result. This is the old, old story; but more especially in England. A meridian of seeming prosperity, and a decline and old age of withering distress. Mr. Kenney

had, in his long day, lightened the cares of hundreds and hundreds of thousands—had sent multitudes smiling to their beds. He had been the means of aiding to build a large fortune for the actor; and—such is dramatic reward—he obtained for his enduring work a passing pittance. Until within a few years, the brains of Mr. Kenney were—as with every other dramatist—the free property of any manager. The dramatist, until Sir E. Bulwer Lytton gallantly protected him, bore a *caput lupinum*: he was a literary outlaw: any Crummles might, in a dramatic sense, rob and murder him; a double atrocity that generally went together. Had such a law as the present obtained in the early day of Mr. Kenney, he might by the happy exercise of his genial and refining talents have secured for the winter of his life the wherewithal to keep off winter wants. At his last day he would not have needed the aid of professional sympathy for the means, that subscribed at last, were told only upon his coffin-lid.

But—it may be asked by Poljtical Economy, that, whatever its wisdom, is not always personified by—

> "An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,
> Broad cloth without, and a warm heart within,—"

it may be asked,—what has any government to do with the necessities of a dramatist, however gifted the individual? We answer,—everything; where duties are to be performed and paid for. We at once declare our conviction that Mr. Kenney has been defrauded of his rightful due by a Whig Government; and proof shall follow closely at the heels of the accusation.

There is an officer called the Deputy Licenser. It is his duty to search the MSS. of all dramas, lest treason, disaffection, indecency, in fact aught against government or good manners, should be orally published by the actors. We have our own notion of the inutility of the office—an office denounced almost with his last words by Chatham. As well have a censor of the press, it seems to us, as of the playhouse. However, whilst the office exists, it is—in our opinion—the rightful appointment of the eldest dramatist, whose works have either advanced or honourably supported the character of the stage. The actor has his fund, with the yearly plate presented to a dining public. He has, moreover, money success—a success wholly disproportionate in its results to any conceivable prosperity of the author; for Mr. Poole, for instance, received 300*l.* only for *Paul Pry*, whilst the actor Liston must have drawn down many thousands—a very rain of wealth upon Pry's classic umbrella.

Well, this appointment of Deputy Licenser—the right we contest it, of the dramatist—how has it been bestowed? For many, many years it was enjoyed by an Evangelical gentleman, who with a disgust of plays that, no doubt; did him great honour, scrupled not to take the reward of plays, which quite as certainly did him at least equal profit. He died; Mr. Larpent was gathered from a world of sin, in which fees for playhouse licenses are possibly not the least of its wickedness. To Larpent succeeded George Colman; a most proper succession—the only fitting one upon record. Colman, having purged his conscience of his dramatic impurities, by cutting out the "heavens" and "angels," and such bold speaking of other men—"cuts" never attended to, but, nevertheless, unflinchingly made—Colman dies, seeking the reward of his social virtues and official righteousness.

And now—enter Charles Kemble, comedian! In 1803, Kenney wrote *Raising the Wind*, even at the present day a household farce. Knowles had added *Virginius* to the classic drama; the kingdom was still echoing with the honest, hearty laughter of Poole's *Paul Pry*,—nevertheless, the Government despised the claims of either of these men. Mr. Charles Kemble the actor, with the Fund at his back, and half Covent Garden in his pocket,—Mr. Charles Kemble is endowed with the office and emoluments of Deputy Licenser.

Yes; "Charles Kemble"—"classic name, Kemble"—"Siddons"—"John Kemble," and so forth: sonorous words—noble associations, &c., &c., &c. And so, the dramatist pocketed the wrong committed on him in favour of the classic actor with the classic name. But now comes the fulness of the injustice. Charles Kemble has a son named John; a robust scholar who can translate "*Beowulf*" from the Saxon. Well, the old declining Kemble is permitted by the Whigs to vacate in favour of his filial Saxon scholar, and the man deep in "*Beowulf*" is the man chosen for Deputy Licenser, *vice* Charles Kemble, who retires! A pretty juggle this of the family money-box.

Let us be understood. For Mr. Charles Kemble we have no other feeling than personal respect, elevated and enriched by happiest recollections of his actor's art. We only denounce an injustice of the Government, that careless or contemptuous of the legitimate claims of the declining dramatist—of the writer who has done the world genial service by lightening many of its heaviest hours, by making for it "a sunshine in a shady place"—compels him in the winter of his days, and (as in the case of poor Kenney) even with death at his bedside, to assume the attitude of petitioner for a passing bounty, when he has achieved the right of an honourable competence, by rendering daily work for daily hire. Many years of Mr. Kenney's life might have been made years of placid happiness; but then—there was the name of Kemble, and with it associated the great dramatic claims of the translator of "*Beowulf*."

Mr. Kenney is now beyond the sympathy or indifference of Whigs or Tories. Nevertheless, his history is not to be passed in silence. Painful for the present, we trust it may carry a wholesome warning for the future. It is a little too bad that literature should be made to wear, even for an hour, the character of petitioner—and a barren word-monger with a big name eating the bread of defrauded talent.

APOTHEGMS.

(*Continued from a long time ago.*)

NO. * * *

MINERVA'S soul commences to fly
When the twilight sets in.

NO. * * *

Follow nature. Be not a Polypus
Without a head; or a stone, but without a heart.

NO. * * *

We may promise to be sincere,
But not impartial.

JULLIEN AT MANCHESTER.

(*From the Manchester Guardian*).

FREE Trade Hall was crowded last night—a very refreshing sight—on the occasion of M. Jullien giving one of his inimitable promenade concerts. The special occasion was the farewell to the stage and concert-room of that exquisitely-refined and graceful singer, Madame Persiani. The substratum of the orchestra was the same as on former occasions; but as the Italian Opera is still on in London, the places of Baumann, Barret, and one or two others of the soli instrumentalists, were supplied by MM. Jancourt and Delsbarre, favourably known here some years ago, when with

Strauss's band. We confess to some slight disappointment at seeing that extraordinary and accomplished contra-bassist, M. Bottesini (whose surprising performances at the Concert Hall we noticed a few weeks ago), quietly taking his part in the orchestral business, but playing no solo. We are to hear him presently, however. Kœnig was there; and that great wonder in a small compass, Collinet; and Rowlandson, and Sonnemberg, and Baker; and that essence and concentration of all—the Jullien himself!

The performances were marked by all that precision, shading, and fire which pre-eminently characterises his orchestral performances. We pass over the overture and selections from *Masaniello* with the remark that they were full of interest from their existing popularity and ingenious adaptation. Kœnig's *song* on the cornet, "First love," was an admirable piece of instrumental vocalisation. We have heard many tenor singers of great pretension sing with less expression. Kœnig was loudly encored. The allegretto and scherzo from Mendelssohn's symphony is a piece of exquisite Scottish landscape painting, several Scotch melodies, original and old, being grouped, and treated with a charming and *sunny* effect.—[Ed.]

Madame Persiani was warmly received on this, her first *public* appearance in Manchester. She looked very interesting, and sang charmingly. Her first selection was Amina's song—"Cara compagna," when, almost oppressed with the consciousness of coming happiness, she pours forth a stream of melody—warm, and gushing from her young and over-charged heart. It was sung by Madame Persiani, especially the last movement, with such a combination of artistic graces—ease, fluency, and super-elaborate ornament and finish—as perhaps belongs to no other Italian singer whom she leaves behind her. She was enthusiastically applauded. But we must on.

The second part opened with a selection from Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, which was to be produced last night at the Covent Garden Opera, and which has agitated the musical world so much of late. Like the *Huguenots*, *Robert le Diable*, and, indeed, all Meyerbeer's works, it is highly descriptive, and full of bold and massive effects. The solos are arranged with an admirable perception of musical fitness to the principal wind instruments, but we wish that some means of marking the divisions more clearly could be hit upon by the fertile genius of M. Jullien. We were much pleased with the solos of the horn, cornet (Kœnig), flute (Pratten), and ophicleide. We shall enjoy it much more on a second hearing. The selection was well received. To this succeeded a duet, for oboe and bassoon, by MM. Delabarre and Jancourt. Both, without possessing those highest excellences of style and finish which we cheerfully ascribe to Barret and the admirable Baumann, exhibit great purity of tone and great executive power. The duet was admirably played. We had one glimpse of Beethoven,—so precious, because so brief. It was the lovely allegro and the graphic "storm movement," from the *Pastorale*. In the latter, the wild and gloomy spirit of Beethoven, or shall we rather say, his fine poetic fancy, when the dark cloud is on him—stalks forth with a power more than human, and revels in the war of elements which himself excites with almost a fiendish pleasure. But stay—that divine strain of flowing melody which denotes the subsidence of the storm, suggests nought but tranquil beauty and peace. To the credit of the immense audience, their attention was markedly arrested by this selection from the pastoral symphony.

Madame Persiani almost exhausted the resources of florid grace and consummate vocalisation in her ornate and super-decorative delivery of "Una voce." She was enthusiastically encored.

Mr. Day, the boy violinist of only a few years gone by, has advanced in artistic qualities as in years. His execution of De Beriot's tremolo (the leading subject of Beethoven's sonata in A, for violin and pianoforte), was first-rate, both for tone and delivery. He was encored, and then played a couple of variations upon "Hope told a flattering tale." The drum polka, with its corps of auxiliary drummers, and its "stunning" effects, was the finale, about eleven o'clock.

There was a more than usually strong orchestra of strings, which we were glad to see. Another concert is to be given on the 7th of August, when Persiani is to sing again, and our musical readers will then have an opportunity of hearing Bottesini.

JULLIEN IN DUBLIN.

(From the Evening Packet.)

The farewell engagement of Madame Persiani in our city has been marked by greater excitement than we remember to have been occasioned by the appearance of any vocalist except Jenny Lind. As a matter of course, we expected a crowd last night, and therefore were early in attendance; but what was our surprise to find the large room densely crowded in every part, and hundreds vainly clamouring for admission. The reserved seats, as well as the body of the room, were, in fact, entirely occupied a few minutes after the opening of the doors, and the late comers were obliged, most reluctantly, to postpone the enjoyment they anticipated until this evening, when, doubtless, another overflow will take place.

The concert began with the overture to *Masaniello*, finely played by the band, directed by Jullien with his accustomed energy, tact, and precision, and his own quadrille, arranged from airs selected from the same opera, followed. This was rewarded with loud plaudits, Kœnig's delicious solos adding greatly to the effect. Nothing could surpass the expressiveness with which this gifted *artiste* rendered the next piece, Roch Albert's plaintive song of "First Love," which was followed by an enthusiastic encore.

Inconveniently crowded as the room was, and suffering from heat and pressure as the auditors were, we are convinced that not one retired without a conviction that in Madame Persiani's singing alone ample repayment was rendered for every annoyance. Her first cavatina, one of the gems from *Somnambula*, exhibited an unimpaired power of voice and brilliancy of execution that must make all lovers of music regret her retirement from a profession of which she has been one of the brightest ornaments. She was listened to in breathless silence, and on concluding was greeted with volleys of applause. An *encore*, of course, was demanded amidst renewed cheering, with which the fair *artiste* gracefully complied, and was again rapturously and cordially applauded. In the second part, Persiani's rendering of the cavatina, "Una voce," in the opinion of many, exceeded her previous effort. Without question, the full resources of her brilliant talent seemed here brought into play. The exquisite clearness and power of her voice, together with a tastefulness peculiarly her own in the *fioriture*, produced an effect at once thrilling and delightful. She was *encored* rapturously, and finally retired for the evening amidst a thousand plaudits.

The second part of the concert was distinguished by the production, for the first time in this city, of selections from the celebrated *Prophète* of Meyerbeer, which were magnificently given by Jullien's fine band, the cornopean and other solos being rewarded with rapturous plaudits. The popular and animated Drum Polka concluded the entertainment, the best proof of the attractiveness of which was that notwithstanding the heat, notwithstanding the pressure, the vast crowd did not separate till the last roll of drums gave notice that the concert had ended.

After this evening's performance, M. Jullien will proceed to Cork, in which city he will give two concerts; and we are gratified in being able to announce that, in compliance with many solicitations, he will then return to Dublin, and afford us another opportunity of musical enjoyment.

HORACE SMITH.

In a late number we noticed the death of this amiable man and talented writer, of a peculiarly unappropriate disease—*ossification* of the heart, a malady which we should sooner expected to have carried off a Cobden than a Smith. The subject of this sketch, who, with his late brother, so long shone conspicuous in the world of letters,—"fratres Helleni, lucida sidera," was the son of Mr. Robert Smith, solicitor to the Board of Ordnance, in which lucrative seat he was succeeded by his son James. The eldest son had long been known as a wit and humourist, and by his numerous brilliant contributions to the *Pic Nic* newspaper, before Horace Smith appeared on the stage. Gifted by Nature with an equal, or, perhaps, a keener perception of the ridiculous in life, than his brother, having, moreover, a silent undercurrent of deep

feeling, and endowed with extraordinary powers of observation and imitation, Horace, stimulated by his relation's example, soon shone forth with all the effulgency of a wit of the highest order. Affectionately uniting in literary speculations with his brother, he contributed to the *Monthly Review* a series of poetical parodies, &c., entitled "Horace in London," in which the gaiety of the old Roman is found, if the graceful flow of his verse and the profundity of his worldly reflections be wanting. James Smith had peculiarities unknown to his brother, and with boundless humour, and considerable learning, he was the Homer of a dinner party. No one, perhaps, had more materials of greatness as a writer; as Lady Blessington said, "If James Smith had not been a witty man, he would have been a great one."

Wonderful, however, as were his powers of parodying—pointed as were his epigrams—and brilliant as were his *jeu de mots*,—in neither did he leave behind his brother Horace. In 1812 appeared the well-known "Rejected Addresses," perhaps the happiest, wittiest, merriest, little impromptu ever dashed off in a few weeks. The idea of the proprietors of the new theatre in Drury Lane offering a prize for the best poetical address, presented a rare opportunity for parodying the poets of the day. In six short weeks this *par nobile fratrum* hit off inimitable caricatures of Wordsworth, Cobbett, Southey, Coleridge, Crabbe, Scott, Monk Lewis, Byron, Johnson, &c.; the first five being written by the elder, and the latter by the younger "imp of fame." Of these by far the happiest are the grotesque imitations of Crabbe and Wordsworth by James, and that of Scott by Horace Smith. The occasional prosaic simplicity of the bard of Windermere, the studious homely detail of Crabbe, are equalled if not surpassed by the death of "Higinbottom, the fireman," a parody of that of Marmion in Scott's romance of that name. The chivalric tone, the irregular metre, are caricatured with an affected gravity that would make even a Cynic roar with laughter at the odd resemblance. This little work had immense success; it amused the thinkers and pleased the thoughtless, and rapidly ran through eighteen editions. James Smith wrote but little after this, but sketched for magazines, joked at clubs like a cheerful "vieux garcon," and shone at routes and conversaziones. By Mr. Strachan, the royal printer, he was left a legacy of £3000 as a token of esteem, a princely bequest, perhaps considerably increased by the following epigram, written when Mr. Strachan was suffering from gout:—

"Your lower limbs seemed far from stout,
When last I saw you walk,
The cause I presently found out,
When you began to talk.

The power that props the body's length,
In due proportion spread,
In you mounts upward, and the strength
All settles in the head."

By three short farces written for Charles Matthews, a kindred spirit, he is reported to have cleared 1000*l*.

Mr. Horace Smith is said to have been one of the earliest imitators in that boundless field opened by the "eerie" spells of the Wizard of the North—the historic romance. The idea of vivifying the black skeleton of ancient chronicles was carried out by Smith in his romance of "Brambletye House," suggested by "Peveril of the Peak," and opening up further the path already begun by his great pioneer. Some tales of the plague are sketched with ghastly force, and the scenes at Amsterdam are picturesque enough. Critics complained, but the public showered down their golden favours on the talented debutant, and bought the book. Next, we believe, the author wrote the "Monied Man," in which he drew what no one better knew—London Life. A crowd of novels and novelettes followed: "Tor Hill," "Zillah," "The Midsummer Medley," "Love and Mesmerism," "James Lonsax," "The Merchant," "Adam Brown," "Walter Colyton," "The Involuntary Prophet," all successful at the time, and still thumbed by frequenters of circulating libraries. Smith, with his fun, warmth of heart, and refined tastes, escaped that blunting of our finer feelings which unfortunately is found amongst "city men," and which makes mean pedlers of the merchant princes of yore. Shelly said to Leigh Hunt, "The only truly generous person I ever knew, who had money to be generous with, is a stock-broker, and he writes poetry too; he writes poetry and pastoral dramas, and yet knows how to make money, and does make it, and is still generous." In a wild rhapsodising epistle to a friend, Shelley says of the modern Horace's wit and sense:—

"Virtue and human knowledge, all that might
Make this dull world a business of delight,"
Are all combined in H. S."

The poetry of Horace Smith consisted chiefly of *vers de société*, brilliant ephemera which fluttered gaily about a drawing-room for a brilliant evening, and were forgotten. A few of his pieces are, however, of a far higher character, and indicate an extraordinary and rare compound of humour and sentiment. Pre-eminent among these may we place the lines on a mummy of Egypt, beginning

"And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)"

Horace Smith was a genial spirit, remarkable if only for this, that he united in himself those antipodes, trade and literature, and those distinctive faculties of our wonderfully formed minds, wit and sentiment. One by one authors drop into the grave, and our band of veteran writers becomes smaller daily. Moore is old; Wordsworth is old; Christopher North is old. Who takes the place of this venerable band? *The funny school.*

THE DISTINS IN AMERICA.

(From the Montreal Gazette.)

THE Distins gave their first concert on Wednesday evening the 11th ult., in Donegana's large room, to a very numerous and highly-delighted audience; if we may judge from the enthusiastic manner in which they were applauded. The programme contained some five selections from the operas of *Lucia di Lammermoor* and *La Sonnambula*, &c. The opening quartette was beautifully played by Mr. Distin and Sons; the next piece was an aria "Va Pensiero," from the opera of *Nabuco*, sung by Miss M. O'Connor, and was given with great taste and expression, and elicited very marked applause; in fact, the audience, throughout the evening, evinced their satisfaction by demanding in the loudest manner several encores, amongst which was the solo of "All is lost," most beautifully given by Mr. Henry Distin, and the Fantasia for the Trumpet, the "Soldier Tired," composed by Dr. Arne, and played in the most masterly manner by Mr. Distin, sear. When we consider that the part is written for the voice, and take into consideration the nature of the instrument, we feel astonished, as well as pleased, at the skill and taste shown by this talented gentleman. Where every thing was well played and sung, it is a difficult task to select; but we must mention the song of "Hark! ye soldiers," by Mr. H. Distin; "Kathleen

Mavourneen," by Miss O Connor; Glee of "Sleep Gentle Lady;" the Jenny Lind Fantasia, and grand finale of "God Save the Queen," which some loyal gentlemen wished to have repeated. We would advise all lovers of music to attend the next and last concert of these very talented artists to-morrow evening.

BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.

No. III.—Op. 55.

(*Continued from page 475.*)

The *Marcia Funebre* which constitutes the slow movement of this symphony, is by very much the most individually prominent portion of the work. It is not, however, I think, so much to its excellence in beauty of all the other movements as to its distinctness of character that the individual prominence of this Adagio is to be attributed, unless we have a right to consider that such distinctness of character being decidedly intentional, indeed the obviously chief design of the composition, it may be said to form in itself the principal beauty of the movement.

There is perhaps not in the whole range of music anything that produces so overpowering and so enduring an impression as does this movement; I know of nothing that so completely paints the emotion of solemn and earnest grief—of nothing that so irresistibly imparts the passion it embodies to all who hear it, suffuses the hearts, enchains the sympathies, of a whole audience. It is in this that the noblest province of the highest art is fulfilled, when, namely, in witnessing a work of imagination, an assembly is moved by one common impulse, and thus bound in one common feeling; when the personality, the identity, of every divisible member is merged in the general individuality of the whole; when unity of sentiment, community of sympathy, makes a mass as one, a multitude individual. It is rarely that such coincidence of emotion is produced by causes in the actual world; and when produced, the feelings thus affected are, for the most part, of the wildest and the worst that modify our nature—of revenge, of hatred, of revolt—such as blacken not brighten the beings whom they excite; whatever of good or evil may result to the world from their exercise, it is almost exclusively to art alone that it belongs to move the gentler and the better passions of the human heart in an assembled many; and it is, I submit, in the knitting this chain of the most exalted sympathy that the highest art fulfils its noblest province. If anything can equal there is nothing can exceed the movement under notice in this effect upon an audience, of taking them out of themselves to make them one with the author, and of making this union general of all that are subject to musical influence. I believe it is impossible for any one of musical susceptibility to hear this composition and not to be filled with feelings of profoundest melancholy, and thus is a multitude moved as by the proper grief of each person; yes, indeed, without the aid of words, of illustrative action, this produces the most powerful of all dramatic effect, namely, it involves all who hear it in its own passion, it makes every auditor a will-less agent in the scene it creates; it is not to be admired as the expression of a feeling, it excites that feeling, or *it is* that feeling in those who witness its performance; it is not *for* us to hear, but *of* us to feel; it is the realization of the poet's thought—

"I am not thine, I am a part of thee!"

Let us, however, always bear in mind that while this music depresses, or, perhaps better, overshadows the feeling, it elevates the intelligence, exalts the spirit of the hearer. It is not because we transiently participate in the various sorrows of Antigone, of Phedra, of Lear, of Othello, of Juliet, because we experience the presence of a mighty grief in the performance of the Adagio of the *Eroica* Symphony, that it is the province or the property of a work of art to engender misery in those to whom it is presented. The duty of the artist is so to sublime the subject which he treats, by the expression that he gives to it, as to raise the intellect, to dignify the sensitiveness of those who are impressed by it; and, since the intellect, the sensitiveness, are most susceptible through the medium of the passions, the excitement of these, even to transient pain, is a legitimate means of art towards the accomplishment of a greater end.

What wonders us most, and yet what most should satisfy us, is the extreme simplicity by means of which the great effect of this movement is produced; it is marvellous that so much should result from so very little; in accordance with all example, we find in this that the entirely simple is the true sublime. We have here no overpowering assemblage of instruments, the score comprising nothing more than the ordinary complement of wind instruments, without trombones, or ophicleide, or the military instruments of percussion, and the drums and trumpets being employed, although with prodigious effect, but very rarely in the course of the whole. We have here no extraneous nor extravagant modulations, every progression from key to key being entirely euphonious and natural; that these progressions are sometimes surprising, is indeed true; and this proves the great skill of the master who has succeeded in creating an effect by the alternation of purely relative keys only, such as could not be surpassed were the utmost excesses of chromatic and enharmonic research called into play to rival it. We have here no quaintness, no strained originality of phrase arising from the wilful, not spontaneous, introduction of unusual intervals; no singularity of rhythm produced by the studied prolongation or abbreviation of a metrical section; nothing, in fact, of such artifices as the technical acquirements alone of a composer may suggest to him, that are too often proved to be the end instead of the means of a musician's effects, and which then evidence to the world how wholly vain are the labours of the schoolman, if he be not lighted at his task by the lamp of genius. The very concise and simple plan of the present movement may be succinctly described in a few words. There is a solemn "March" (I use the composer's designation) in C minor, consisting of a first and a second part, each repeated with varied instrumentation, and a short coda; then follows a Trio in C major, consisting also of a first and a second part; after this we have a repetition of a portion of the March, and this is interrupted by the introduction of a short fugue, which may be considered as a second episode, the Trio being the first; after this the whole of the March is repeated with the instrumentation greatly elaborated; and, finally, there is a somewhat lengthened coda that naturally arises out of what precedes it, of which it is the evidently consequent conclusion. In this outline we recognize the form of the *Rondo*, to which Haydn gave dignity by means of his ingenious contrapuntal artifices, but which multitudinous trivial composers have proved to be capable of giving but little interest to a piece of music, by the almost infinite insipidities that they have cast into it. This form of composition, however, though it may be trite, square, one may say matter-of-course, furnishes always one effect ready to the hand of every musician who adopts it, which never fails to strike either the initiated or the uninitiated in music; this is the return to the subject after an episode, which is, generally,

more or less a surprise, and always pleasing to those who hear it. It will be readily admitted that it is not to any peculiarity, or ingenuity, any more than to originality of construction, that the movement we are examining owes its pre-eminently great effect; it is conspicuously to the wonderful art with which this outline is filled up—the offspring of the inner mind of the master, not the consequence of external conventionalities—that we are wholly and only to ascribe the great power which this movement unfailingly possesses; it is to the extraordinary genius and musicianship displayed in the details of this familiar outline—perhaps, we may consider especially, in the consummate artistry evinced in the application of that effect which I have spoken of as always surely striking, namely, the re-entry of the principal subject, which is in this instance, from the manner of its introduction, transcendently impressive.

G. A. MACFARREN.

(To be continued.)

ERRATUM.—The last musical example, at page 174 of last week's number, should have been printed at the end of the first paragraph of page 173. It is quoted from the commencement of the Coda of the first movement, and reference is made to it in this part of the letter-press.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEW STRAND.

MR. MARK LEMON, whom, with regret, we have long missed from the list of producing dramatists, has written a new drama, with a very pretty sort of story, and evincing much skill in the art of gradually working up the interest of an audience. This drama, which is called *Hearts are Trumps*, was produced on Monday night, at the New Strand Theatre, with decided success.

The hero of the piece, Mr. Ruby (Mr. W. Farren), is a confirmed gambler and blackleg, but, like many other dramatic characters of his class, he has a redeeming point about him, and is not so bad as his associates. The redeeming point is his love for his daughter (Mrs. Sterling), whom he brings up in the country as "Miss Gray," in total ignorance of his real condition. His accomplice, Captain Wagstaff (Mr. Leigh Murray), proposes himself as a suitor for the hand of the fair rustic, whom he has accidentally seen, but is rejected with indignation by the father, who would not, on any account, see his daughter united to one of his own stamp. Wagstaff, to be revenged, reveals to the daughter the fatal secret, that her father is a blackleg, and that the name "Gray" is only an *alias*. A most powerful scene is the consequence. The daughter has been in the habit of sending letters directed "Gray" to the house where her father, as "Ruby," is in the habit of plundering his victims, and having found an amiable gentleman, named Wilmot (Mr. Forrester), as a suitor for her hand, she sends him with a letter of the sort to obtain her father's consent. This very Wilmot has been selected as a victim by the gamesters, who, for a while, keep back the introductory letter from Ruby, in consequence of the observation that a certain communication in a crowquill hand generally softens his predatory disposition. Ruby, therefore, who is unaware of Wilmot's acquaintance with his daughter, joins with the rest in cheating him at cards, when the letter accidentally falls into his hands. Resolved to save the victim, he now allows him to win, is denounced as a traitor by Captain Wagstaff, and is engaged in personal conflict with that gentleman at the very moment when his daughter, resolved to fathom the fatal secret, enters the room. The scene discloses everything; the agony of the daughter, the abject humiliation of the father, and the remorse of Wagstaff are all brought powerfully to a point, and the concentration is most effective. In the earlier portions of the drama, which may be considered as introductory to this situation, the author has occasionally worked too lengthily on hackneyed means, but this scene is so powerful that it compensates for any defect that may have preceded it. The whole, as may be supposed, concludes with the contrition of Ruby, and the union of Miss Gray with her respected lover.

We have rarely seen a better acted piece than *Hearts are Trumps*. The point where the contrite father shrinks from his child, and she, after a moment's hesitation, drops on his neck with a strong reaction of love, was the very perfection of dramatic pathos on the part of Mr. Farren and Mrs. Sterling. Mr. Leigh Murray is, by his appearance, especially adapted to the expression of an honest, hearty emotion, but he gave the vindictive villainy of Wagstaff with good effect, while Mr. Turner carefully represented a more wily miscreant. A Yorkshire lad, rather of the *passé* order, but seasoned with good lines, was acted with real unction by Mr. Compton.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT YORK.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. J. L. BRITCHARD, the watchful and energetic manager of our Theatre Royal, ever on the look out to supply novelty for his visitors, and diversify their amusements, engaged, last week, a small Italian company, and gave three operatic, or more properly, mixed-operatic performances. I attended two of the three, and here are my simple opinions.

The performances on Monday consisted of a selection from Rossini's *Barbiere*, the principal artists being Signor Palton (Figaro), Signor Guidi (Conte d'Almaviva), and Rosina (Signora Borsi Delcurie), and a miscellaneous concert.

Signor Paltoni is well known as a good, sterling, buffo singer. His Barber was full of life and bustle, and the music of the part was given with much effect. The "Largo al Factotum" was loudly applauded. Signor Guidi has a tolerable tenor voice, but Rossini's *spirituel* and florid music did not appear to suit him. Signora Borsi Delcurie, in Rosina, pleased your humble servant, and everybody else, immensely. She is very young, very handsome, and looks exceedingly interesting on the stage. Her voice is a *mezzo soprano*, or, perhaps, a *contralto*, of a fine round quality, and she is evidently an experienced singer. She is described in the bills as from the Theatre Malibran, in Venice. I understand it was her first appearance in England.* She gave the famous cavatina, "Una voce poco fa," with considerable skill, and made some excellent points in the acting: some of her *cadenzas*, however, were too difficult to be surmounted with ease. She sang it, by the way, in the original key, E. The charming artist showed also to great advantage, and pleased generally, in the duet with Figaro, "Dunque io son," and the terzetto with the Count and Figaro, "Ah! qual colpo." The success of Signora Borsi Delcurie, on our boards, was undoubted; and she was recalled at the end of the *Barbiere*, and obtained unusual demonstrations of applause.

In the concert which followed, what I have particularly to notice is the singing of Mademoiselle Paltoni, the daughter of Signor Paltoni, the buffo singer, which created a highly favourable impression on the audience. I never heard, or heard of, this young lady before. She sang Hobb's "Captive Greek Girl," a composition of no great merit or musical pretensions, to my thinking, at least, but not badly adapted to exhibit the pathetic and tender in singing. Madlle. Paltoni has a clear and sweetly-toned *soprano* voice, well-regulated and under good command. Her expression is, perhaps, a trifle on the side of exaggeration, but this is a fault soon amended. Her father, I learn, intends bringing her out on the English stage. She speaks English perfectly well, without the least thickness or

* Our correspondent is wrong. Signora Borsi has sung, and successfully, at Exeter Hall, at Manchester, and Liverpool.—ED.

patois. By the way, the same thing may be said of Signora Borsi Deleurie, who sang, "By the margin of Zurich's fair waters," with the perfect accent and pronunciation of a native, and exceedingly well too. The rest of the concert would not particularly interest you or your readers, so you may imagine it if you please.

The second performance consisted of a selection, including the most popular pieces from Donizetti's favourite opera, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, with a farce, a scene from the *Lucia di Lammermoor* for Signor Giudi, and a miscellaneous concert.

Signora Borsi Deleurie sang the music of Adina very charmingly. Paltoni was laughable and good in his share of Dulcamara, although I have seen *the* Lablache; and Signor Guidi was better in Nemorino than in Count Almaviva. The last-named gentleman sang the beautiful *romanza*, "Una furtiva lagrima," with much expression and taste. The *barcarole* for two voices was given in excellent style by Madlles. Borsi and Paltoni.

The farce called *English, Irish, and Scotch* followed, which, though indifferently played, excited considerable merriment.

Edgardo's grand *scena* from the *Lucia* is entirely beyond Signor Guidi's powers. Such a *scena*, vocally and histrionically speaking, demands the transcendent capabilities of a Mario to render it full justice.

In the concert which followed, I find nothing particular to attract your attention, although there were some bold efforts on the part of the artists. Signora Borsi Deleurie and Madlle. Paltoni, for instance, sang Grisi and Alboni's duet, "Giorno d'orrore," from *Semiramide*, and were loudly applauded; and Signora Borsi Deleurie and Signori Guidi and Paltoni gave the well-known *terzetto* from *Ernani*.

The house, on both occasions, was well and fashionably attended, and the performances of the second night (Wednesday) gave such universal satisfaction, that they were repeated, by general desire, on Friday.

The theatre closed on Saturday, and will not re-open until the York races week.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

STERNDALE BENNETT.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Can you inform me, through the medium of your valuable paper (the *Musical World*), if "W. Sterndale Bennett has composed any *sonatas* or *duetts* for *piano* and *violin*?"—And oblige, sir, your most obedient servant, M. H. Grist.

Brick House, Strand, May 5th, 1849.

[We believe not; but Messrs. Coventry, and Co., the publishers of Mr. Bennett's music, can, perhaps, answer more satisfactorily.]—Ed.

THE TONAL SYSTEM.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Your number of Oct. 28th, 1848, contains a letter on the Tonal System, by Teutonius, which states that "the ancient North Asiatic tribes, like the Gaelic Scots, confined their scales to but five different sounds (G, A, B, D, E)."

May I beg to ask, through the medium of your pages, what authority there is for this statement regarding *ancient North Asiatic tribes*. All my own researches have led me to consider *ancient South Asiatic nations* as the source from which the Gaelic (or Celtic) form of melody emanated.

Information upon this very interesting subject would not occupy your space idly. Your obedient servant, Shandon.

REVIEWS OF MUSIC.

"*The Standard Lyric Drama*," *Volume* IV.—"*La Sonnambula*."—Boosey & Co.

The editor, Mr. J. W. Mould, is entitled to considerable praise for the careful and correct manner in which he has presented to the public one of the most popular operas of modern times. Mr. Mould need have offered no apology in his preface for introducing into the *Standard Lyric Drama* Bellini's *Sonnambula*. The work will be always, to a certain extent, felt and appreciated, and consequently purchased, which we take to be the main desire of both editor and publisher. The volume is as neat and complete as its predecessors, *The Marriage of Figaro*, *Norma*, and *Barbiere*. The musical text, under the supervision of Mr. W. S. Rockstro, has been amended and enlarged from the composer's original manuscript score, and the poetry has been surmounted in its difficulties with much ease and grace. As many of the songs of the opera have been long familiarised by their English names to the public, Mr. Mould has thought proper to retain Mr. Fitzball's titles, and, in some cases, his verses, slightly altered. This we would designate a graceful obeisance to general opinion.

Mr. J. W. Mould has supplied a preface to the work, in which those who admire matters of the kind may discover abundant information respecting the first production of the opera, the various casts in England at different theatres, and discursive and cogent strictures anent the several impersonations of Amina, from Pasta *upwards* to Jenny Lind *downwards*. All these details, faithfully given, will doubtless find favour in the eyes of the curiously disposed to operatic statistics.

The fourth volume of the *Standard Lyric Drama* is dedicated with peculiar propriety to the memory of Malibran; and we should feel that the editor was paying his deepest and largest homage to the mighty dead, did he not subsequently, in the preface, neutralise all compliment and tributary praise, by placing Jenny Lind's performance of Amina above that of Malibran!!! Mr. Mould alludes to a criticism on Malibran's Amina in some journal of the day, when the *Sonnambula* was first performed at Covent-Garden, and quotes a passage as entirely coinciding with his own opinions. The passage runs as follows:—"First among the first, to our thinking, she was and is. The greatest compliment that can be paid to her singing, is to say, that it is equal to her acting; the greatest to her acting, that it is worthy of her singing: both are close upon perfection, and, taking the extraordinary combination of the two in one person into consideration, her performance on the whole may be described as reaching it. We cannot say more; we dare not say less. We may *notice* other performances—hers we have only to *record*; for criticism, whose province it is to teach others, goes to school to learn of Madame Malibran!"

Such are the opinions which Mr. Mould has adduced as entirely agreeing with his own respecting the acting and singing of Malibran, which, notwithstanding, he would fain have his readers to imagine must rank inferior to the histrionic and vocal powers of the "Swedish Nightingale," an idea so utterly preposterous, that in pity to the judgment of the editor, who is a very young man, we must believe that he never saw or heard Malibran at all. If Mr. Mould design to lay any stress upon his future criticisms, he must eschew altogether comparisons instituted between two such wide-apart and genius-separated artists as Malibran and Jenny Lind.

Der Freischutz will be the next work issued by the publisher of the *Standard Lyric Drama*.

"*Of what are you thinking, Jenny?*"—"*I'm thinking now of thee, Jamie!*"—D'Almaine & Co.

These are two attempts at the Scotch ballad style, the name of the composer and poet being omitted. Neither poet nor composer, however, had any cause to conceal his name; the songs are entirely harmless. In lieu of poetic feeling or

novelty in writing words for songs, a new idea has lately been started by some speculative genius, and we have now provided for vocal displays a question proposed by a gentleman and answered by a lady, *or vice versâ*. Once start a new notion, and it is wonderful what a pack follow in pursuit, although the game be never so little worth the hunting. Numerous questions have already been asked in song, and, of course, faithfully responded to; numerous publishers have set them afloat; and numerous voices have done justice to their merits. "Will you love me then as now?" is answered by "Yes, I will love you then as now!" and "Will you leave me lonely, Paget?" is responded to by, "How could I leave you lonely, Fanny!" This is the style in vogue, patronised by young ladies in the blush and bloom, and encouraged by minor singers at minor concert rooms. The best song—or rather *songs*, for they are twinned—of this class which has come within our notice is one, or rather two, published in Dublin within the last twelve months. Some short period after these inquisitive ballads made their appearance and gained their reputation in public, a certain well-known publisher in Dame-Street exposed for show in his windows a song entitled, "Why are you pock-marked, Paddy aroon?" The novelty of the title and the comic expectations suggested thereby achieved for the song an enormous sale. But the purchasers were most of them grievously disappointed. The song was a serious one, and highly affecting. The music, however, was good, and that made much amends. The greatest curiosity was awakened for the answer, which was daily expected, as the publisher, in compliance with the prevailing taste, had promised a response, and had set to work for that especial purpose the pet poet and musician of his establishment. At length it was advertised in *Saunders' News*, and the *Register*, that on a certain day would be published an answer to the popular ballad, "Why are you pock-marked, Paddy aroon?" The ballad had no significance in its title. It was called simply "An answer to," &c. In this respect it differed from the English songs, which invariably give their response in the title-page. The first verse of the poetry, however, explained all. It ran thus:—

> "You axe me, Norah, why me face
> Was scarred wid holes and foully chated
> By that blaggard disase—bekause
> I never wasn't vaccinated."

The sale of the answer did not come up to the publisher's expectations.

The songs under review belong to this class. They are by no means devoid of merit, the subjects being simple and neat, and the words of average worth.

"*Sir Henry Bishop's Edition of Handel's Works.*"—D'Almaine & Co.

The first number of the *Israel in Egypt*, and the first of the *Acis and Galatea* of a new edition of Handel's works, to be published in monthly parts, have been transmitted to us for review. A cheap edition of Handel's works has already been issued by Mr. Novello, of Dean Street. Sir Henry Bishop's edition is of a larger size than Mr. Novello's, it being the imperial quarto; but the print is somewhat smaller. Each part will contain sixteen pages. The *Israel in Egypt* will be completed in twelve numbers, and the *Acis and Galatea* in six.

We are glad to find that the publishers are instigated by an increasing demand on the part of the public for Handel's works to issue the forthcoming edition. If this be the case, there cannot be too many cheap editions of the mighty master.

"*Jeanie and Donald.*" *The Poetry written by* Stuart Farquharson, D.C.L., *the Music composed by* G. A. Hodson.—D'Almaine & Co.

An air which pleases us, and words with which we can find little or no fault, must needs be a strong stimulus to our recommendation. The ballad has one deficiency. It is written in dialogue between Jeanie and Donald, and would on that account be better adapted for a duet. Mr. Hodson's tune is pretty, and the accompaniments smooth and regular.

ROUGET DE LILLE.

M. Joseph Rouget de Lille, the author and composer of the celebrated National Song and March, usually called the "Marseilles Hymn," or "Marseillaise," was born on the 10th of May, 1760, at Lons de Aubrier, and died in 1836. This song was first called *L'Offrande à la Liberté*, but subsequently received its present name on account of its being introduced into Paris by the Marseilles Confederates in 1792.

It was composed early in the French revolution, its author being at that time an officer in the engineer corps at Strasburg, with a view of supplanting the vulgar songs then in vogue relative to the struggle then going on.

The words and music were composed in one night. Rouget de Lille had been wounded at Quiberon, and in spite of his republican opinions was persecuted and imprisoned by the terrorists, but liberated on the 9th Thermidor, and fled to Germany. It was there where Klopstock met him at Hamburg, and exclaimed to him, "Monster! 50,000 brave Germans have been victims to the influence of your song!" The Marseillaise was suppressed, of course, under the empire and the Bourbons; but the revolution of 1830 called it up anew, and it has now again become the national song of the French patriots. The "Citizen King" bestowed upon its composer, from 1830, a pension of 1500 francs from his private purse. We question very strongly, however, whether, under present circumstances, he will be inclined to do him still further honour by erecting a monument to his memory.

Rouget de Lille has also written and composed a great many other songs, of which divers collections have been published; also the famous *Chant de Vengeances*, which was performed in the Grand Opera House at Paris in 1798, with the view of inflaming the hatred of the French against the English. In the same year he wrote *Ecole des Mères*, and published, in 1825, "*Cinquante Chants Français*"

THE SAN CARLO.

King Charles having gained a great victory in the battle of Velletri, he was satisfied that the crown of both Sicilies were secured to him. He therefore commenced to beautify Naples by erecting several magnificent buildings, and gave moreover orders to build, in the shortest time possible, a theatre, which should, in point of size and splendour, surpass every other theatre throughout the civilized world. Medrano made the plans of it, and the architect, Angelo Carsale, was appointed to construct it. Carsale was of humble origin, but was a man of great genius, and had already become celebrated by the erection of several grand and magnificent edifices. He selected for the site of the theatre a place close by the royal castle; caused entire blocks of houses to be torn down, and added yet a large square in order to have space enough for the production of grand spectacle and battle pieces. The building was commenced in March, 1737, and was completed in October of the same year; and the first performance took place on the 4th of November, the birthday of the King. The entire

interior of the theatre was covered with crystal looking-glasses, which produced a most wonderful effect when the thousands of candles around the building were lighted. King Charles himself, although accustomed to great splendour, was filled with surprise when he entered, and so delighted that he embraced the architect in the presence of thousands of spectators, who had there assembled. "There is only one thing wanting, my dear master," he said at last; "the theatre being so near to our palace, we should have been much pleased if you had caused a private passage-way to be made from our palace to the theatre." The architect looked abashed; but when the King, after the performance was over, was about leaving his box, Carsale approached his royal master and begged him to follow. Three hours only had passed—yet in this short time Carsale had succeeded in doing that which would have appeared impossible to any other man. Walls had been excavated, bridges made, and flights of stairs erected, all of which were covered with costly cloth, whilst from the walls looking-glasses and numberless ornaments were suspended. The King was so pleased, that he gave the architect many proofs of his favour. This soon excited the envy of the courtiers: they accused him of being a defaulter, and, as his accounts were not quite correct, he was threatened with the prison. He hastened to the King, and begged him to defend him: but the influence of his enemies was too strong; he was thrown into the prison of San Elms, where he died in 1816. Eighty years afterwards, this magnificent building of Carsales was destroyed by fire, which had originated during a rehearsal. Four months after, the theatre was rebuilt, and exceeded the former in splendour.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

MONTREAL, EAST CANADA, July 15.—(*Extract from a private letter.*)—"No doubt you have heard of the sudden death of poor Wilson, the Scotch vocalist, who died last Sunday, at Quebec. I have enclosed you a paragraph with the particulars. The Distins have given three concerts here with great success, notwithstanding the immense heat. You may imagine how warm it is, when I tell you that the thermometer has been 99° and 101° in the shade. Indeed, we are told the heat is more oppressive here than in the West Indies. The Distins go next week to Kingston, Hamilton, Toronto, thence to Buffalo, Niagara, &c. Mons. and Madame Laborde, from the Brussels Opera, give concerts here next week. J. L. Hatton, the English composer, singer, and pianist, is in Boston.

"P.S.—Since writing the enclosed, I have seen a gentleman who has just arrived with Wilson's daughters. He tells me *most decidedly* that it was Asiatic cholera of which he died, although the newspapers have endeavoured to keep it quiet. The malady is raging in Quebec. It was with the greatest difficulty that any one could be persuaded to enter poor Wilson's room, so much alarm was caused by the nature of his disease."

LIVERPOOL FESTIVAL.

The following list of the band which Mr. Benedict, the conductor, has engaged for the great musical meeting, may give some notion of the grand scale on which the performances will be conducted:—

FIRST VIOLINS.—London: Sainton and Blagrove, principals; Cooper, Cusins, Dando, Goffrie, Griesbach, Mellon, Nadaud, Seymour, Tolbecque, Thirlwall, Thomas, and Willy. Liverpool: Eyton, Adelsberg, Gribbin, Van Grusen, Hirst, and Hall.

SECOND VIOLINS.—London: Watkins and Loder, principals; Anderson, Barnett, Blagrove, Bradley, Jay, Kelly, Mori, Newsham, Payton, Watson, and Wilkins. Liverpool: C. B. Herrmann, Litler, Lawson, Burrowes, and Sorge.

VIOLAS.—London: Hill, principal; Alsept, Bolleau, Calkin, Glanvill, Hughes, Lyon, Rice, Thompson, Trust, Weslake. Liverpool: Stubbs, Sharpe, Scarisbrick.

VIOLONCELLOS.—London: Lucas, principal; Guest, Hancock, Hatton, Hausman, Lidel, Phillips, Piatti. Liverpool: Haddock, Davies, Tivendell, Saunders.

DOUBLE BASSES.—London: Howell, principal; Bottesini, Casolani, T. Edgar, Flower, Griffiths, L'Anglois, Rowland, and Severn. Liverpool: Cottier, Tayleure, and Duke.

FLUTES.—London: Pratten and King.

OBOES.—Barrett and Nicholson.

CLARIONET.—Lazarus and Maycock.

BASSOONS.—Baumann and Larkin.

HORNS.—H. Jarrett, Harper, Jarrett, and Rae.

TRUMPETS.—T. Harper, jun., and Handley.

TROMBONES.—Alto: Cioffi. Tenor: Smithies. Bass: Healey.

OPHICLEIDE.—Rospere.

DRUMS.—Chipp.

BASS DRUM AND CYMBALS.—Seymour.

The chorus will be on an equally efficient scale. The opening of the New Hall has every chance of being worthily commemorated.

SENTENCES.

"Some very good, some very bad;
Some truth, some nonsense."

PALESTRINA. "Who is the noble figure with that sublime look which seeking nothing but heaven, is pacing that cross walk? That is the celebrated defender of Church music; the prince of music to whom Praeneste gave birth."—[Author anonymous. Somewhat bombastic. ED.]

HANDEL. "Clear the way to the right and left; an exalted hero comes in radiant glory! Surely there are others who have also a mind for the grand and excellent, but in sublimity and splendour none equal him."—[Author anonymous. Somewhat superfluous.]

ABBE VOLGER. "Before thee never was Science so united with Genius."—[C. M. von Weber—who must have been *non compos*, when he said it.]

PAESIELLO. "Whoever seeks for light and pleasurable sensations in music cannot be recommended to any one better."—[Mozart. Admirable and true.]

SEBASTIAN BACH. "He first explored thoroughly the mystical convolutions of music, and then in the construction of the 'fugue' he showed us the pinnacle of the art."—[Anonymous. Nonsense.]

"'Fifths I have discovered in Bach.' Search further, and you will find many things which many condemn, because they only stick to the shell, never thinking of the kernel."—[Becher. Twaddle.]

"It seems to me, in Bach, as if the eternal harmonies were conversing together."—[Goethe—who meant something, but has not expressed it happily.]

"Bach is like the ether, omnipresent, but incomprehensible."—[Zelter. Nonsense. Oh! Master of Mendelssohn!]

"O, how difficult it is to write easy!"—[Carissimi. Excellent.]

GLUCK. "Music is the true picture of the passions and feelings; dramatical art ought not only to be a sensual charm; so thought the bold reformer of the Opera, but he not only thought so, he also taught it in his works. What Gluck commenced, the divine Mozart, who created, like a Raphael, with a magical aspiration, finished."—[Anonymous. True enough.]

"GERMANY presented to England a Handel; to France a Gluck; and to Italy a Simon Mayer. The donor of such gifts may truly be called a Croesus."—[Godfrey Weber. Simon Mayer is not worthy of his fellowship.]

BEETHOVEN. "If *Fortuna* had not bestowed upon him fine talents and bewitching melodies by the hundreds, with what he has

brought from the school—he would scarcely have been able to fill his belly with potatoes."—[Beethoven—speaking of himself.]

"Whoever does not live in music, and draw intellectual power out of it, remains an amateur, even if he maintains himself through the art."—[Becher. Good.]

"To blow only is no flute-playing; you have also to move the fingers."—[Goethe. Wonderful!]

"Rules are children of the time; experience produces and rejects them; but the laws of the art are current to-morrow as they are to-day."—[Becher. Very true.]

"O Believe certainly, that true music is superhuman."—[Bettina. Beethoven's fair correspondent and *inamorata*.]

"The art is free, and shall not be restrained by chains."—[Haydn. Good.]

"Do not envy the singer whom the stage maintains."—[Juvenal. Why not?]

"The aim of music is to praise God in word and deed, and in the most beautiful manner, through songs and sounds. All other arts, except theology and its daughter music, are but dumb preachers."—[Mätheson. We prefer music to theology. Matheson was a poet, and wrote "Adelaida" for Beethoven.]

"Italy was once the cradle of dramatic music; she will also be its grave, if Germany has no pity on the lost one."—[Becher. Perhaps.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

Corbari.—Among the parts which this highly popular singer and actress will perform during her stay in Dublin are Lucia and Linda.

Ernst.—The Committee of the Gentlemen's Concerts, at Manchester, have engaged this great violinist to play at two concerts, which will take place near the end of the present month. Charles Hallé will play at both concerts.

Meyerbeer has left Paris. The celebrated composer has gone to some quiet watering place, to seek the repose so necessary after his recent fatigues. The *Prophète* was rehearsed 96 (not 46) times, at the *Théâtre de la Nation*, and Meyerbeer superintended almost on every occasion.

Mr. T. M. Mudie, one of our most distinguished musicians, has arrived from Edinburgh. It is to be regretted that Mr. Mudie will have no opportunity of making known his latest compositions to the London public.

Berlin.—There will be an Italian Opera here this season. The names of the company have not yet been announced. Signor Orsini, well known in London, is the *chef d'orchestre*.

Grisi.—The "Diva," who has been reposing since the production of Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, will make her *rentrée* to-night, in the same composer's *Huguenots*. Meyerbeer is all the rage now in the operatic world of London.

Masaniello.—There is a great demand for another performance of Auber's masterpiece. If Mario would resume his part, the receipts would be, we have little doubt, enormous.

Madlle. Angri.—We understand that this lady is engaged by Ronconi for the *Théâtre Italien*, at Paris, which will open in November, a month later than usual.

M. Benedict has composed a new overture expressly for the forthcoming Liverpool Festival, of which we have heard competent judges speak in the highest terms.

M. Emile Laurent is intrusted with the arrangements of a series of concerts to be given by Mr. Mackintosh, of Dublin, in the month of September. M. Massol and Madlle. Nau have been offered engagements.

Cesare's grandfather died at Naples, in April, 1848, aged 102.

Mr. Henri Laurent, the talented pianist, is making a professional sojourn at Harrowgate, and has appeared several times before the public. Mr. Laurent has been lately at Cheltenham, and has performed on sundry occasions at the Pump-Room.

Hereford Musical Festival.—The arrangements for this meeting are progressing. Mr. Townshend Smith, the talented organist of Hereford Cathedral, and conductor of the festival, is now in London, and the committee are endeavouring to secure the first vocal talent of the day. A rehearsal will take place in town, and thus the compositions of the masters of the divine art of music will be brought before the public in all their completeness and effect. We understand that the committee were desirous of obtaining the services of Madame Sontag, but we are told "that her engagements with Mr. Lumley, who with a company of vocalists intends to give concerts in the country about that time, and who required 1000*l.* for the aid of the whole at the festival, totally precluded them from doing so." We find, however, that the managers of the Birmingham festival have secured the lady's services.

Monument to Addison.—Lord Ellesmere is erecting—perhaps by this time has erected—a monument with a short inscription, to mark the grave of Addison, in the north aisle of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, in Westminster Abbey. This monument was much wanted; for though Addison has a statue in Poet's Corner, it stands far from the place of his interment—and there is no inscribed stone in the whole Abbey to tell "This is the grave of Joseph Addison." Hitherto the monument to Montague Lord Halifax was the uninscribed gravestone of the great essayist; for there could be no doubt from the verses by Tickell, that Addison was buried in the same grave with his "loved Montague," to whom he addresses his noblest poem, the "Letter from Italy." A pathetic passage from Tickell will form part of the inscription on the new monument; but no part of it will, it is said, record—as was too often the case in former times with "poets' tombs"—the "titles" of the accomplished nobleman to whom the public, not the poet, is indebted for the monument.—*Athenæum.*

Dublin.—It is some time since we noticed the performances at the Queen's Theatre, which has now deservedly become a favourite and fashionable resort of our citizens. Under the management of Mr. Harris, the Queen's has attained a degree of prosperity that has not for many years fallen to the lot of any dramatic speculation in Dublin. Miss Rebecca Isaacs, both as a singer and an actress, has established herself in the favour of the public. In the national operetta of *Kate Kearney*, which we had an opportunity of witnessing on Thursday night, Miss Isaacs filled the *rôle* of the heroine. In the well known ballad she reminded us forcibly of Mrs. Waylett, and did not suffer by comparison. Her "Kathleen Mavourneen," and other Irish melodies, were equally successful: and in the "Magic Horn," her finale from the *Sonnambula* proved that, in another school, Miss Isaacs is equally at home. The engagement of Miss Isaacs closes, we believe, this evening, as she is engaged to appear in Brighton with Mr. Sims Reeves.—*Dublin Weekly Register*, July 28, 1849.

Music at Ipswich.—Operatic performances have been the great novelty of the week, but they have been confined exclusively to *La Sonnambula* and *Pauline*. The principal *artistes* were Mr. Rafter, Herr Menghis, Miss Rafter, and Miss Lucy Rafter, assisted by a chorus and effective orchestra. Miss Rafter's Amina was a most chaste and beautiful personation, in which her fine vocal efforts gave effect to the sweet and simple melodies of Bellini. The same commendation is likewise due to Mr. Rafter's Elvino, and to Herr Menghis' Rodolpho; the former giving "All is lost" with effect, and the latter no less distinguishing himself in the popular song "As I view these scenes so charming." Mr. Rafter and Herr Menghis may be pronounced the two best artists that have appeared on these boards for a long time, and, with Miss Rafter, are fully deserving of their metropolitan fame. On Monday evening they were honoured by an unanimous call before the curtain. The opera of *Pauline*, which partakes of all the wild and romantic features of the German school, was played on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday: on the latter occasion preceding *La Sonnambula*. The drinking song by Herr Menghis, "Rosy wine," was a noble effort, in which his powerful and dramatic voice was heard to advantage. On Thursday evening the song was followed by an *encore*. The trio at the conclusion, between Herr Menghis, Mr. Rafter, and Miss Rafter, was given with effect; indeed, nothing could exceed the fervour of the performance. The opera did not terminate until an hour after midnight, when the whole of the *artistes* were called before the curtain, amidst the heartiest demonstrations; Miss Rafter being honoured by a shower of *bouquets*.—*Ipswich Journal.*

Loyalty and Electricity.—There must be some great and mysterious connection between loyalty and electricity; a perceptible deficiency of both being, just now, the cause of much moral and physical debility. The *Montreal Gazette*, in noticing the entertainment given by the Messrs. Distin, says,—"also the grand finale of God save the Queen, which some loyal gentlemen wished to have repeated." Was the editor of the *Gazette* one of the "loyal gentlemen" who wished for a repetition of the National Anthem, or is his remark meant for a fine-drawn sarcasm, aimed at the good old feeling of allegiance, which it is now the affectation of a certain party to turn into contempt? If the sneer was meant—and Punch thinks it was—let the editor of the *Gazette* lose no time in getting himself charged with electricity; and let him, herewith, consider himself morally "bonneted" by Punch, for refusing to take off his hat to the noble strain of "God save the Queen."—*Punch, in Canada.*

MM. Meyerbeer, Taylor, and Sax, have this week, in the name of the numerous *artistes* and literary men, offered to Hector Berlioz a golden medal, for which a subscription had been opened immediately after the first performance of his music in *Faust*. His long absence, and the intervening political troubles, however, had drawn attention from the projected presentation, but the great success which the performance of the music to *Faust* had at the Conservatoire, gave a new enthusiasm to his admirers. The medal, which is very costly, bears on one side a list of the works of this great musician, and on the other the inscription:—"To Hector Berlioz, from his friends and admirers at Paris, July 15th, 1849."—*La Presse*, July 31st, 1849.

Lola Montes Whitewashed.—A young cockney, more accustomed to the pencil than the pen, sends us the following impromptu on the marriage of the Countess of Lansfelt:—

"Miss Lola, by her naughty tricks,
Her ill-fame long had sealed,—
But, by this matrimonial fix,
Grows virtuous, and gets *Heal'd*."

As we are afraid, neither of the lady nor her dog and dagger, we venture to insert this bit of poaching on *Punch's* manor.

The late Mr. John Wilson, the Vocalist.—Mr. Wilson was a native of Edinburgh, and spent a considerable portion of his life there, and was originally bred to the printing business. He also for some time officiated as precentor in one of the city churches. His death took place at Quebec, not at Montreal, as formerly stated, and the additional particulars of the melancholy event which reached us are, that he had imprudently exposed himself, in the course of a fishing excursion in the neighbourhood of Quebec, was seized with cholera on the following day, and died after a few hours' illness. A striking illustration of the suddenness of the sad event is afforded by the circumstance that several of his friends here received newspapers addressed, and even letters written, by his own hand, by the same mail which brought the melancholy announcement of his unexpected decease.—*Scotsman.*

A Nigger Conundrum.—"Crow, I want to ax you a conunderum." "Well, Julius, succeed, I's open for de queshum." "Can you tell me why de art of self-defence am like a ribber at low tide?" "No, Julius, I doesn't see no similarity in de two subjects, so durfor I gives um up!" "Well, den I'll tell you. It is simply bekase it duvelopes de *muscles!* You is de most igunmous nigger I never seed!" "Yah-yah! I knew'd all do time what dat was, only I didn't want to say nuffin; jiss ax me agin an' see if I can't told you."

Surrey Zoological Gardens.—Since Jullien's retirement from this popular place of amusement, the German band and chorus under the direction of Mr. Godfrey, have supplied the place of his instrumental force. The performers, who number nearly one hundred, are thoroughly efficient—as our readers must be well aware; and Mr. Godfrey, master of the Queen's private band, is a most admirable conductor—as our readers must also know. The performances are varied nightly, and include the best selections from the best operas, with interspersed choruses. Altogether the German band and chorus have met with much success, and the directors of the Gardens proved their judgment by engaging so excellent a force and so excellent a conductor.

The National Exhibition of Works of Art and Manufactures, held in Paris, occurs every five years, and the present collection has never been surpassed either in invention or execution; the French journals announce that Mr. P. Erard, of the well known firm of S. and P. Erard (Pianoforte and Harp Makers, here in London), has been unanimously elected as a member of the Commission to pass judgment upon the merits of the musical instruments and which election has been ratified by the Minister of Commerce.—*Morning Post.*

Encouragement of Native Talent.—The success that attended the performance of English glees and madrigals at the Dowager Countess of Charleville's concert, by the Misses Pyne, Messrs. Bodda, Land, Pyne, and Hobbs, induced her ladyship to give a repetition of the same on the 19th ultimo. A large assemblage of the nobility were present on the occasion, and expressed themselves highly gratified.

Mendelssohn.—Felix Mendelssohn's sister Fanny, having composed a series of preludes and fugues, she sent them to her brother in Leipsic, in order to hear his opinion of them. It so happened that Felix sent, for the same purpose, some of his compositions to his sister, who lived in Berlin. In opening the respective packages it excited no little surprise that one piece of Mendelssohn's resembled a composition of his sister's in the most remarkable manner. Accidentally they had even selected the same key and same time.—*American paper.*

Mendelssohn's Otetto, in E flat.—This splendid composition was written at the early age of fifteen. Mendelssohn was seventeen when he wrote the music of the *Midsummer Nights' Dream*, and thirteen when he wrote his first symphony, and the opera of the *Wedding of Camacho*. The history of the art presents nothing to parallel with this extraordinary precocity of genius.

Schuloff.—This excellent pianist and composer has gone to the Pyrenees, where he intends to pass the autumn.

Guernsey.—A brilliant audience assembled on Monday evening at our Theatre, in compliment to the spirited lessee, Mr. Newcombe, on the occasion of his benefit. The performances consisted of *Used Up*, *Bob Short*, and *Bamboozling*, in each of which this popular director took the principal character. The entertainments afforded entire satisfaction, and Mr. Newcombe was called on at the end, and received with distinguished applause. The house was crowded in every part, and the authorities and fashionables of the island attended.—*From a Correspondent.*

A meeting has been held by a deputation of Paris, at one of the *Bureaux* of the *Assemblée*, to consider an extraordinary grant of 250,000 francs claimed by MM. Duponchel and Roqueplan, of government, in consequence of the depressed state of theatrical affairs. M. Victor Hugo proposed to enlarge the claim to 670,000 francs, in order to afford an assistance to *every theatre* in Paris, thereby making it a political measure instead of a local exception; this proposition having been generally agreed to, a commission has been named to lay it before M. Languinais, the minister of commerce.—*La Presse*, July 27th, 1849.

FRAGMENTARY TRIBUTE TO THE SAX HORNS.

BY DESMOND O'SHAUGNESSY.

(From Punch, in Canada.)

Miss M. O'Connor! 'pon my word of honor,
You made me screech with joy for Erin's Isle,
In "Va Pensiero"—may I be there, O!
When next you sing it with your own sweet smile.

And Miss Louisa, isn't she a teaser,
Meandering through that "Song of a Summer Day!"
I'm safe to venture a double X debenture,
You'll not find their equals this side of the say.

With tones much sharper than the famous Harper,
Ringing so sweetly that each soul was fired;
Did ould Mr. Distin, on the cornet—a—pistin,
Or trumpet rather, play "The Soldier tired."

And then the brothers! whose tones above all others
Rise so firm and strong—so sweetly strike—
While from the planner, in his peculiar manner,
Their music Willy twines with silver links!

THE FRENCH THEATRE BANKRUPT.—The theatrical managers have published a new and more earnest appeal to the government and the legislature for relief in the lamentable position to which political tumult, excessive heat, and slaughtering cholera have reduced them. Ten thousand pounds (they at first asked for sixteen) will, they say, be sufficient to keep ten houses to battle on to the winter; and they ask, whether for such a paltry sum, the assembly will, by the forced closing of the theatres, allow the city to be plunged into deeper gloom than it has yet experienced even in the worst days of the revolutionary crisis, and cause between twenty and thirty thousand individuals to be thrown out of employ. They combat with, it must be confessed, justice and success, the objection that is made to them, to the effect that theatres are only private speculations, and have, therefore, no peculiar claim on public generosity, by showing that they are compelled to keep their houses open, whether the public support them or not; that the less the public come the heavier are the expenses, owing to the necessity of putting forth increased attractions; and that conditions are imposed on them, from which private industry is altogether free—as, for instance, paying the debts of their predecessors, being liable to be deprived of their best actors by what are called the "national" theatres without any recompense, being compelled to stick to a particular line of the drama, when they might make more money in another, and so on. They also show that the closing of the theatres of Paris would be followed by that of nearly all the provincial theatres—a circumstance which, apart from higher considerations, would be a commercial disaster of no small magnitude. All this certainly entitles the petition to a favourable hearing. But the disposition of the National Assembly appears decidedly hostile to it. As I before told you, a committee, which has investigated the matter, has declared itself dead against the demand; and the government, fearing a refusal, is not disposed to take it up. The closing of the grand opera has created perfect consternation. Considering that it has an annual subvention of 620,000 francs (24,800*l.*), that it is supported by the aristocracy, and that it has had the only really great success of the season—Meyerbeer's *Prophète*—it was generally thought that even should every other theatre be ruined, it would, if not flourish, at least exist; and lo! it is the first to succumb! From an account published by the managers, it appears that, previous to the revolution, their profits were, on an average, 16,249 francs a month, or in round numbers, 8,000*l.* English money a year. But from the 1st of October, 1848, to the 1st of June, 1849 (the best part of the season), the expenses have averaged 141,807 francs a month, whilst the receipts, subvention included, have only been 109,048 francs, constituting a total loss, on the whole period, of rather more than 14,000*l.* sterling. To those receipts the *Prophète* contributed not less than 183,888 francs, or, on an average, nearly 300*l.* a night—a large sum.—*Paris Correspondent of the Literary Gazette.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. C. H.—Herr Molique's address is 9, Houghton Place, Ampthill Square, Hampstead Road, London.

"Les Graces Polkas" have not come to hand. We shall be glad to notice them.

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Cherubino	Mdlle. ALBONI.
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Basilio	Signor BARTOLINI.
The Count	Signor COLETTI.
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SERGEANT,	SIGNOR LAVIA,
PEASANTS,	SIGNORI ROMMI AND SOLDI,
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No. 35.—Vol. XXIV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1849. {PRICE THREEPENCE. STAMPED FOURPENCE.

EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

(Anthol. Pal. v. 57.)

Love, if my moth-like soul too much with thy flame thou tormentest,
It will at length fly away; since it has wings, as thyself.

THE LIVERPOOL MUSICAL MEETING.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

The festival commenced on Monday night with a grand miscellaneous concert. The attendance was not so numerous as had been anticipated. The first performance at these provincial meetings is ordinarily the least attractive, and the very high price of admission—one guinea to any part of the hall not occupied by the subscribers—must have kept numbers of the public away.

The appearance of the Philharmonic Concert-hall, when lighted up at night, is exceedingly brilliant, and fully satisfied the anticipations of every one. The method of lighting is quite novel;—there are no chandeliers or lustres either in the centre of the ceiling or on the sides of the room, but one unbroken line of small gas lights along the cornice over the arches, which gives the appearance of a single belt of light all round the hall. Above the orchestra hangs a circular gaselier, formed of several small circles of gas burners, which has the effect of a dazzling star.

The hall was filled with ladies attired in the most elegant full dress, which the new manner of lighting displayed with unaccustomed brilliancy. The orchestra, on each side of which is a canopied box for the use of the committee or the directors of the concert, is at the east end of the hall, recessed under an arch, filled to the extremities by the instrumental and choral phalanx of executants, disposed semicircularly, with numberless bronze music-stands, each surmounted by a lyre. It has a most imposing appearance. A large organ, of simple but classical design, backs the orchestra. The length of the body of the hall, without the orchestra, is about 104 feet; with the orchestra, about 150 feet. The breadth cannot fall short of 100 feet. The form of the room is oblong.

The programme of the concert presented few novelties. Mr. J. Zeugher Herrmann, of Liverpool, officiated as conductor. The concert began with the overture to *Der Freischutz*, which at once declared the quality of the band to be first-rate, and the acoustical disposition of the building to have been admirably calculated. The sound issued from the orchestra with great breadth and clearness, nothing intercepting its progress. The quartet, "Cielo il mio labbro," and the trio from *Nino*, "Io t'amava," followed; both were well executed, the first by Mademoiselles Corbari and L. Corbari, Signors Bartolini and Polonini, the last by the same ladies with Signor Bartolini; in the quartet especially, the soprano solos were beautifully sung by Mademoiselle Corbari. A *scena*, called "Andromaca," composed by Mr. Macfarren especially for this meeting, was one of the best features of the concert. It consists of a recitative, a *cantabile*, and an *allegro*, and in form resembles the *cantatas* of Mozart, although quite original in style and matter, and finely scored for the orchestra. The music is passionate and expressive, and was sung with great feeling and admirable taste by Madame Macfarren, most particularly the *cantabile*, which could not have been more artistically rendered. A pretty duet by Wallace, "Love's approach," sung by the Misses Williams, was deservedly encored. Madame Viardot was received with immense applause. She sang the grand *scena* from *Der Freischutz*, her reading and execution of which require no comment, their excellence being fully known. M. Vivier's first appearance before a Liverpool audience was a most triumphant one; he played his beautiful *cantabile* in E with his wonted tone and expression, introducing some of his new effects, and was unanimously encored; M. Vivier never played better, or was better appreciated. Not less successful was Mademoiselle Jetty Treffz in the "Deh Vieni," from *Figaro*, which she gave with that sweet simplicity of manner which is the great charm of her singing. Herr Formes also made a very favourable first impression by the bold energy with which he delivered the fine air of "Mephistopheles," from Spohr's *Faust*, "Stille noch." The "Una voce," by Alboni, who was acknowledged in the warmest manner, created a *furore*, and was the vocal feature of the first part. The great contralto, however, obstinately persisted in declining the general demand for a repetition. The sestet, "Sola, sola," from *Don Giovanni*, by Madame Viardot, Mademoiselles Corbari, L. Corbari, and Jetty Treffz, Signors Bartolini, Tagliafico, and Herr Formes, and the Prayer from *Masaniello* (unaccompanied) concluded this part of the concert. The latter, although taken infinitely too quick, was honoured by an encore.

A new overture in D major, composed by Mr. Benedict expressly for this occasion, and entitled *Fest-Overture*, commenced the second part. It is a very brilliant and animated composition, and instrumented with admirable clearness. Although in parts elaborate, there is not the slightest obscurity in the treatment; the orchestral effects are equally various and effective. The *Fest-Overture* may be regarded as the best instrumental composition which Mr. Benedict has given to the public. It was grandly executed by the band, under the vigorous and decided conduct of the composer, and was received with immense applause. The rest of the programme consisted of well-known pieces. Piatti's *Sonnambula* fantasia, played with his usual perfection of tone and mechanism, was one of the most prominent points. The great vocal feature was the duet of Valentine and Marcel from the *Huguenots*, sung by Madame Viardot and Herr Formes. Hummel's *air varié* "Tyrolienne," which Malibran used to sing so often, executed with wonderful brilliancy and neatness by Mademoiselle Alboni, was enthusiastically encored. As an example of faultless *bravura* vocalization, we have seldom heard any thing to surpass the last variation, as given by Alboni. Instead of

repeating the "Tyrolienne," she favoured the audience with the "Brindisi" from *Lucrezia*, the first notes of which were acknowledged by a general burst of applause. The other vocal points worthy notice, were the Scotch ballad, "'Gin a body meet a body," sung with delightful archness by Madlle. Jetty Treffz, and the *trio buffo*, "Papataci," by Signors Bartolini, Polonini, and Tagliafico. Among the full pieces were the favourite *sestetto* from *Cenerentola*, Rossini's chorus "La Carita," and the introductory chorus in *Guillaume Tell*, to all of which full justice was done by the executants. The Wedding March, from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, well played, concluded the concert, the fault of which was its excessive length.

On Tuesday *Elijah* was given, Mr. Benedict presiding in the orchestra. The principal vocalists were Madame Viardot, Miss Catherine Hayes, the Misses Williams, Messrs. Lockey, Benson, Machin, and Herr Formes. The master-piece of Mendelssohn produced the impression it has never failed to produce wherever it has been efficiently performed. The execution was all that could be desired. The Liverpool choristers are admirably trained, and remarkable alike for numbers, strength, and efficiency. The alto voices are the weakest, the basses are splendid, the sopranos and tenors very good. Some of the choruses went better, others as well as we have ever heard them go. We may instance the "Behold the Lord God passed by," and the "He shall perish," in the second part, and the "Thanks be to God" (which was encored) in the first. The band was splendid throughout. Madame Viardot sang the recitatives of Jezebel magnificently. Never was finer declamation listened to. She obtained an encore in the beautiful air, "O rest in the Lord," which she sang with exquisite feeling and repose. Miss Hayes gave a careful and intelligent reading to the principal soprano part, and highly distinguished herself in the difficult air, "Hear ye Israel." Herr Formes made a very great impression. His pronunciation of the English language is wonderfully clear, considering he has studied it but one month. His faults are those of other great German singers we could mention. He has too great a habit of dragging the time, which is inimical to the effect of Mendelssohn's music. He also wants more variety of colouring, being too constantly disposed to sing loud. The Misses Williams, as usual, were excellent in all they had to sing, and Mr. Lockey gave the two tenor airs in that graceful and unaffected style which have so often gained him applause.

Under the direction of Mr. Benedict a first-rate performance has been secured for this immortal work of genius.

The hall was better filled than on Monday night.

The second grand miscellaneous concert took place on Tuesday night, and was better attended than the first, although the hall was anything but full.

The programme was more interesting than that of its predecessor. The addition of Grisi, Mario, Ernst, and Hallé to the attractions, enhanced both its variety and importance. The gloomy and magnificent overture to *Fingal's Cave* opened the concert, and was finely played by the band, Mr. Hermann, the conductor, indicating the time very correctly. This was followed by the beautiful quintet, "Sento oh Dio!" from Mozart's "Cosi fan tutte," very effectively executed by Madlles. Jetty Treffz and Corbari, Signor Bartolini, Polonini, and Tagliafico. Herr Formes then sang the air, "In diesen heil' gen," from Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, which is well suited to his deep voice and impressive style. He was obliged to repeat the air by general demand. The appearance of Mademoiselle Alboni was the signal for immense applause, which was redoubled at the end of the cavatina from *Semiramide*, "In si barbara." How expressively she sings the slow movement, and how perfectly she executes the bravura passages of the *allegro* of this cavatina, has too often been told to need repeating. Another great reception was awarded to Madame Grisi and Signor Mario, who, in the duettino from *Don Pasquale*, at once gained the suffrages of the audience in the form of a unanimous encore. A like compliment was paid to Madame Viardot Garcia's "Ah, non giunge," Mario's "Adelaida" (admirably accompanied on the piano by Mr. Benedict), and Lablache's "Miei rampolli," all first-rate performances. Madame Viardot repeated the *cabaletta* of her air, Mario substituted the "Ange d'amour," from the *Favorite*, and Lablache went through the whole of his air again, much to the satisfaction of the audience, who, joined by all the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus, applauded the great *basso* with unmitigated good-will. Vivier repeated his success of the preceding night, and by the enchanting manner in which he played Benedict's graceful ballad, "Scenes of my youth," obtained an encore in which the entire room took part. Ernst played his fantasia on airs from *Il Pirata*, a composition in which all the modern difficulties of the violin seem to be brought together. But even more than with his wonderful execution, which sets mechanical puzzles at defiance, were the audience charmed by the exquisite sentiment with which he sang, played is not the word, the "Tu vedrai," one of the most passionate melodies of Bellini. Owing to an accident happening to one of the strings, Ernst was obliged to omit the last variation of the fantasia, to the great disappointment of the audience, who nevertheless applauded the great violinist with enthusiasm. A duet, by Mr. Benedict, "Winter's Mirth," a plaintive and characteristic melody, excellently sung by the Misses Williams, was one of the interesting vocal features of the first part, which ended with the graceful chorus, "Who would stay?" from Weber's *Oberon*.

The second part began with the overture to *Guillaume Tell*. The encore was general. Grisi's cavatina, "Io l'adia," from *Torquato Tasso*, brilliantly vocalised, was, of course, loudly applauded. Hallé was announced to play the first concerto of Mendelssohn; but on touching the keys the pianoforte was found to be nearly half a tone lower than the orchestra. To attempt the concerto under these circumstances was out of the question. Not to disappoint the audience, M. Hallé played two of the "Leider ohne Worte" of Mendelssohn, the "Volkslied," in A minor, and the "Spring Song," in A major, with that intelligence and mechanical perfection for which he is remarkable. M. Hallé retired amidst general applause. Among the vocal *morceaux* in the second part, the duet of Ninetta and Pippo, "Deh pensa," from *La Gazza Ladra*, sung with great feeling and unaffected purity of style by Madlle. Corbari and her sister, Madlle. L. Corbari, deserves special notice. The voices of the two young ladies blend together very gratefully; that of Madlle. L. Corbari is a rich and powerful contralto, with which cultivation and study may do great things. The duet was warmly applauded. Jetty Treffz had one solo during the evening, but this was her popular "Liebeslied," with the "Trep, trep, trep," refrain, which met with the same reception here as it has everywhere else, and was unanimously redemanded. The duet from the *Gazza Ladra*, "Sappi che un rio," by Grisi and Alboni, was, of course, a great point of interest; it was sung to perfection, and created the usual enthusiasm. Madame Viardot gave two of her delicious Spanish national airs, accompanying herself on the pianoforte. These *bagatelles* are equally characteristic and striking, and the piquant and natural humour with which Madame Viardot invests them renders their attraction irre-

sistible. It is hardly necessary to say that the "Il segreto," from *Lucrezia*, which Alboni sings in such dashing and brilliant style, produced a *furore*, or that the Lesson duet of Fioravanti lost none of its fun and spirit in the hands of such executants as Grisi and Lablache. The *terzetto* (the slow movement of the grand trio) from *Guillaume Tell*, by Mario, Tagliafico, and Lablache, was also a very fine performance. Mario's voice in the tenor solos told with thrilling effect. The concert ended with a beautiful chorus, or rather part-song, of Mendelssohn's, "When the West with evening glows," and Weber's splendid overture, the *Ruler of the Spirits*, both of which were executed in such a manner as to leave room for nothing to censure.

The attendance on Wednesday evening, at the third and last grand miscellaneous concert, was brilliant and numerous. The body of the hall was nearly filled, all the boxes were occupied, and the galleries presented a goodly show.

The programme of the concert was far superior in musical interest to that of either of its predecessors. The orchestra, the finest ever heard in Liverpool, was employed as befitted its importance, and the performances commenced with a grand symphony, splendidly executed, and, what is even better, listened to with unflagging attention, and thoroughly enjoyed by the majority of the audience, as the applause bestowed upon each movement testified. The Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven was judiciously selected for the occasion; no work offers more striking opportunities for displaying to advantage the resources of a grand orchestra. We have rarely heard a more effective and satisfactory execution of this gorgeous musical poem. The times were indicated by Mr. Benedict with admirable judgment and decision, and there was a fervour in the performance that declared how much the executants were in love with their task. To this tribute to the general excellence we must add our special commendation of the instrumentalists who have *obligati* passages in various parts of the symphony. In the *andante con moto* (the "Rivulet"), which was really taken "*con moto*" on this occasion, the bassoons (with Baumann at their head) came out with the richest tone in the *cantabile* phrase, which involves so happily a use of the *crescendo*, while the "cuckoo" point for clarinet, oboe, and flute, was most delicately given by Lazarus, Barret, and Ribas; in the *scherzo*, besides the oboe and bassoon points, for Barret and Baumann, we remarked the clearness of tone and neat execution of Jarrett in the *obligato* part for the first horn, at the end of the trio; the theme of the final *allegretto* (the "Shepherd's song"), with its quaint combination of tonic and dominant harmonies, was also admirably rendered by Lazarus and Jarrett, on the clarionet and horn. The storm came out with tremendous power, and the effect of the entire performance bore conclusive testimony to the thorough adaptability of the hall for musical purposes. Another fine instrumental treat was Mendelssohn's vigorous and brilliant overture to *Ruy Blas*, which created so great a sensation at one of the London Philharmonic Concerts this season. The MS. score was, we understand, obligingly furnished to the committee of the society by Mr. Anderson, whose property it is by Mendelssohn's gift during his lifetime.

There were two instrumental soloists, Ernst, violin, and Bottesini, contrabasso. Of Ernst's *Rondo Papageno*, and his manner of playing it, we have nothing new to say. Suffice it, the accomplished violinist did every justice to this beautiful and characteristic *morceau*, and was received with the warmth of appreciation due to his great merits as a musician and executant. This time there was, happily, nothing the matter with the strings of his violin, which remained true to the last. He judiciously prefaced the *Rondo*, however, by a short *andante*, to try the temper of the orchestra, which, whether from the intense heat of the room, or from the vapours that rose from the damp new walls, had a constant predilection to sharpen in pitch; subsequently, in the famous *sestet* from the *Huguenots*, where Mario, in the first tenor part, has to take a high B natural with the full power of his voice, this was found a still greater inconvenience. Bottesini, who played his *Carnival de Venise*, created a positive *furore*. Nothing of the kind had ever been heard before in Liverpool, and the audience were taken by surprise. The tone of Bottesini is not the legitimate tone of the contrabasso, but rather resembles a combination of violoncello, tenor, and bassoon. It is, however, peculiarly sweet, equal, and agreeable, and his execution is nothing short of marvellous, considering the unwieldy instrument he has to manage. He was rapturously applauded, and, in compliance with the general demand for an encore, repeated the last variation of his *morceau*. By the way, we should be glad to hear this wonderful player in another piece, and one of more musical importance; he is an artist of too high merit to allow the universality of his talent to be called in question. The *Carnival de Venise* has been too much hackneyed of late years, and Bottesini, in justice to himself, should abandon it for something newer and better.

The vocal music was more interesting than at the other concerts. There were two choruses from Weber's *Preciosa*, the first of which was encored. The concerted pieces were the quintet from *Cenerentola*, "Signore una parola," sung by Alboni, Bartolini, Polonini, Tagliafico, and Lablache, and the sestet, from the *Huguenots*, with Mario and the four last-mentioned artists and Mr. Benson. By the illness of Herr Formes we were deprived of the "Piff-paff," and the selection from the *Huguenots* was confined to the sestet. The selection from the *Prophète* consisted of Madame Viardot's bravura scena, from the fourth act, and the duet, with Miss Catherine Hayes in the first. The applause bestowed upon the air was wholly due to Madame Viardot's splendid singing. There were two trios for female voices—"Le faccio un inchino," from the *Matrimonio Segreto*, and "Vorrei parlar" from Balfe's *Falstaff*. The first was sung to perfection by Grisi, Corbari, and Alboni; and that of Balfe was equally effective in the hands of Corbari, Jetty Treffz, and L. Corbari. Both were liberally applauded. The duets, "Serbami ognor," from *Semiramide*, by Grisi and Alboni; and "Scendi nel piccolo legno," from *La Donna del Lago*, by Grisi and Mario, were amongst the choicest examples of Italian vocalisation during the concert. Miss C. Hayes sang the "Casta Diva" exceedingly well, and an attempt was made to encore the *cabaletta*, which, however, the clever vocalist modestly refrained from encouraging. A couple of Mendelssohn's delightful two-part songs—"I would that my love," and "Young May Bells"—were gracefully sung by the Misses Williams, accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Benedict, and much admired. One of the best instances of legitimate singing in the whole concert was the "Voi che sapete," to which Mdlle. Corbari imparted a simplicity of style, combined with a warmth of sentiment, which gave it the truest expression. Nothing could be more pure and unaffected, and nothing more musicianlike in feeling. Mdlle. Corbari would do well to pay more frequent attention to music of this refined school. She has a beautiful voice, and is making evident progress in her art. Besides this, there were the "Il mio tesoro" of Mario, a piece of singing in its way unrivalled; the "Non più mesta" of Alboni, equally unsurpassable in another style; the tarantella, "La Danza," of Lablache; and the air, "In cielo benedetto," from Verdi's *I Lombardi*, by Madame

Grisi, all of which were unanimously encored. The comic duet from the *Matrimonio Segreto*, by Lablache and Tagliafico, was also honoured by a demand for repetition. Jetty Treffz won general admiration by her quaint and expressive delivery of the *Maurische Standchen* of Kücken, and the concert ended with Weber's *Jubilee* overture, capitally executed by the band. Mr. Benedict conducted throughout, besides accompanying several pieces on the pianoforte.

On Wednesday morning the *Messiah* was given, and the hall was again attended by a numerous audience. The performance was excellent, but the non-appearance of Madame Viardot and Sims Reeves, who were prevented from attending by indisposition, was the source of great disappointment. Mr. Benson supplied the place of Mr. Reeves at a moment's notice, and acquitted himself very creditably. Madame Viardot was only announced to sing one air, "He was despised," which was undertaken for her by Miss M. Williams. The loss in this case was less severe, as few vocalists are better acquainted with Handel's music, or more capable of doing it justice, than Miss M. Williams. The soprano songs were divided between Miss C. Hayes and Miss A. Williams. Herr Formes made another great impression in some of the bass songs. His "People that walked in darkness," was a fine impressive piece of declamation, and "Why do the nations?" sung with immense fire, was encored. Mr. Machin sang the other bass music, and was particularly good in "The trumpet shall sound;" not the least meritorious part of which was the trumpet playing of Mr. T. Harper in the difficult obligato passages. The choruses were splendid, almost without an exception. The "Unto us a child is born" was encored. The audience was somewhat chary in manifestations of satisfaction, which perhaps arose from the disappointment felt at the absence of Madame Viardot and Mr. Reeves. Mr. Hermann conducted with care and judgment.

The last performance, under the direction of Mr. Benedict, took place on Thursday morning. The *Lauda Sion* of Mendelssohn was the great feature of the selection.

We shall give full particulars in our next.

WINCKELMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BOOK III.

ON THE ART OF THE ETRURIANS AND THEIR NEIGHBOURS.

CHAP. III.

(*Continued from page* 531.)

VII. This first style was, however, abandoned by the Etruria artists when they had attained a high degree of science, and, pursuing a course contrary to that of the earliest Greeks, who seem in the first period to have made clothed, rather than naked figures, they began more to represent the nude. For it appears from some small figures in brass, which are naked to the middle, with the exception of a bandage about the hips, that it was deemed improper to represent figures entirely naked. (*a*)

VIII. If we formed a judgment from the oldest gems of the Etrurians, we should imagine that the first style was not universal, at least not among the gem-engravers. For in the figures on these gems all is rounded, which would be the reverse of the first-mentioned style, though one does not contradict the other. For if these gems were cut with the wheel, as at present—and we may infer from their appearance that they were so,—the easiest method in turning would be to work out a figure by rounding off, and probably the oldest engravers did not understand how to work with very pointed iron. The rounded forms would therefore be the result, not of a principle of art, but merely of a mechanical method. The gems of this first period are the very opposite of the oldest figures in marble and brass; and it is manifest from them, that the improvement in art began with a strong expression, and a sensible indication of the parts, as also appears from some works in marble. This is the characteristic of the best times of art.

IX. At what time this style was perfectly formed cannot be determined, but it is probable that it was at the same time as the improvement in Greek art. For we can look upon the time just before and under Phidias, as upon the revival of arts and sciences in modern times, which did not begin in one single country, and afterwards extend to others; but the whole nature of man seems to have been stirring in every country, and the greatest inventions took place at once. With respect to the time in Greece already mentioned, this is certain for all branches of science; and it appears that then an universal spirit was diffused over other civilised nations, and gave an especial animation to art.

X. We proceed, therefore, from the first and earliest Etrurian style to the second, the qualities and characteristics of which are, partly a sensible indication of the joints and muscles, and an arrangement of the hair in rows; partly a constrained action and position, which in some figures is violent and exaggerated. For the first quality, the muscles are made to swell and lie like hills; while the bones are marked sharply, and too conspicuously indicated, which makes this style hard and painful. We may remark that the two instances of this quality, namely, the strong indication of the muscles and that of the bones, are not constantly together in all works of the style. In marble, since only divine figures are preserved, the muscles are not always overwrought; but in all there is an exaggerated character, especially in the design of the shin-bones, and the severe hard cut of the muscles of the calf.

In general it may be laid down as a rule, that the Greeks aimed more at the expression and indication of the muscles, but the Etrurians at that of the bones; and if, in accordance with this fact, I passed a judgment on a rare and beautifully-cut gem, and saw some lines too strongly indicated, I should be inclined to look upon it as Etruscan, though in other respects it might do honour to a Greek artist. The stone I mean represents Theseus, just as he has slain the Phæa, as mentioned by Plutarch. This cornelian was twenty years in the royal Farnese Museum, at Capo di Monte, in Naples, but has since been stolen, as has been the case both before and afterwards with other fine gems. In Stosch's Museum, there is the same subject cut in cornelian, but it is given out as a chalcedon. That gem may serve the reader as an instance of the doubtfulness in deciding between the Etruscan and the Greek works of the older style. (*b*)

With respect to the laying of the hair in rows, this takes place without exception in all Etruscan figures, including even those of animals, as may be remarked in the celebrated she-wolf of brass, in the Campidoglio, which is suckling Romulus and Remus. For since this is probably the same wolf, which in the time of Dionysius of Halicarnassus stood in a little temple by the Palatine Mountain, that is to say, in the temple of Romulus, now called St. Theodore, where it was discovered; and, since, moreover, as the same writer informs us, it was looked upon as a work of ancient art (χαλκεα ποιημαια παλαιας εργασιας), we must consider it a work of one

of the Etruscan artists, of whom the Romans made use in their earliest times. Cicero says of one of these wolves, that it was struck by the lightning during the consulate of Julius Cæsar and Bibulus (*c*) and that this was the very same wolf of which we are now speaking, seems to be shown by an injury of the sort in the hind leg, where there is a crack two fingers broad. Dion Cassius says, indeed, in the passage cited, that the wolf struck by lightning stood upon the Capitol; but this may be a mistake, as the writer lived above 200 years after the event. It should be observed, however, that only the wolf is old; the two children, on the contrary, are a recent addition.

SELECT VARIORUM NOTES.

(*a*) These examples are very rare in comparison with many other male and female Etruscan figures, which are not only naked, but highly indecent.—*Amoretti.*

(*b*) This gem is, beyond a doubt, of Greek workmanship.—*Meyer.*

(*c*) The consuls mentioned by Dion Cassius are Lucius Cæsar, L. Marcius, and C. F. Figulus, whose consulate falls in the 690th year of Rome. The author states that it was the wolf on the Capitol, and so does Cicero, in his third oration against Catiline, both assuring us, that this wolf was struck by lightning and overthrown. Such a flash of lightning must necessarily have produced another effect than a mere crack or injury in the leg. Cicero (De Div. l. 12) seems to signify by the words—

"Hic silvestris *erat* Romani nominis altrix,"

that in his time it had ceased to exist. Of the child, which represented Romulus, he says in the oration just cited, "Fuisse meministis." Nardini and Ficoroni did not pay attention to this when they imagined that this wolf was still in the Capitol. The other wolf, mentioned by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, was made in the year of Rome 457, by the Curule Ædiles Eneus and Quintus Ogul.nus, of the money taken as a penalty from some usurers, and was set up in the temple as a monument of the two founders of Rome, who were suckled by a wolf. This was probably the so-called "She-wolf of the Capitol."—as Fulvius Ursini also thinks—which perhaps was afterwards likewise struck by lightning; that is to say, if the injury, or, more properly speaking, the injuries which we find on both legs, are not to be attributed to another cause.—*Eea.*

We cannot pretend to decide the controversy, as to which of the two she-wolves, mentioned by the authors, was the one in the Capitol, but our own eye-sight shows us, in this monument, a stiff, straight manner of design. The hair about the neck, as is usual in primitive works, is but little raised, and is laid in rows, while in the whole there is a rough and somewhat clumsy manner, though it is not destitute of spirit and fierce expression. A work of such a character, even if it is Etruscan, can hardly have been produced so late as the year of Rome 457, which about corresponds with the 120th Olympiad. The injuries in the animal's hind legs strike the eye, and make it very probable that this work is the one that was once struck by lightning.

(*To be continued.*)

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(*Continued from page* 532).

LIV. CONCERNING the oracles, both the one in Greece and the one in Libya, the Egyptians speak thus. The priests of the Theban Zeus told me that two priestesses were carried off from Thebes by the Phœnicians; that, as they had heard, one had been sold to be taken into Libya, and the other to be taken to Greece; and that these were the first who founded oracles among the nations already mentioned. When I asked them whence they had acquired such positive knowledge, they said that they had searched a great deal for these women, but had not been able to find them; but that they had afterwards heard concerning them that which I have already told.

LV. This then I learned from the priests in Thebes; but the prophetesses of Dodona say that two black doves flying from Thebes in Egypt, one of them came to Egypt, and the other to themselves; and that the latter, perching upon an oak spoke with a human voice, saying that an oracle of Zeus ought to be established there. They added, that the people of Dodona considered the order divine, and acted upon it accordingly. The dove that went into Libya, they said, ordered the Libyans to found an oracle of Ammon. This also belongs to Zeus. These things were told me by the priestesses of Dodona, of whom the eldest is named Promenεia, the second Timarete, and the youngest Nicandra; and the other Dodonæans about the temple agreed with them.

LVI. My opinion on this subject is as follows: If the Phœnicians really carried off the priestesses, and sold one of them for Libya, the other for Greece, it seems to me that the one in Greece, as the country is now called, which was once called Pelasgia, was sold to the Thesprotians (*a*); and that when she was a slave among them, she built a temple (chapel) to Zeus under an oak; for it was natural that having served in the temple of Zeus at Thebes, she should erect a monument of him in the country to which she had come. She afterwards founded an oracle, when she had learned the Greek tongue, and said that her sister had been sold in Libya by the same Phœnicians by whom she had been sold herself.

LVII. The women seem to me to have been called "doves" (πελειάδες) by the Dodonæans, because they were barbarians, and seemed to them to talk like birds. (*b*) They say that after a time the dove spoke with an human voice, meaning when the woman spoke intelligibly, but as long as she spoke her own barbarous tongue, she seemed to them to talk in the manner of a bird; for how could a dove speak with a human voice? When they say that the dove was black, they signify that the woman was an Egyptian. The manners of prophecy in the Egyptian Thebes and in Dodona, strongly resemble each other. Prophecy by means of victims (*c*) also comes from Egypt.

NOTES.

(*a*) The Dodona here referred to, which was not the only one, stood in the vicinity of the city of Janina, on the site of the present Castle of Castezza. "In the heart of this country, Epirus," says Arnold, "within whose limits the Molossians, Thesprotians, Chaonians, and many other obscurer people, had from the earliest times led the same life, and kept the same institutions, stood the ancient temple of Dodona, a name famous for generations before Delphi was yet in existence, the earliest seat of the Grecian oracles, whose ministers, the Selli, a priesthood of austerest life, received the answers of the god through no human prophet, but from the rustling voice of the sacred oaks which sheltered the temple."

(*b*) The rationalistic explanation of Herodotus is not to be accepted without caution. Creuger considers that the "peleiades" were so named because the dove was the peculiar bird of Venus Dione, with whose worship was conjoined that of Zeus at Dodona.

(*c*) This is the interpretation of Schweighæuser. Others say, "divination in temples."

(*To be continued.*)

SONNET.

NO. CCXLIX.

Moments of happiness! how few are ye!
How thinly scatter'd o'er the surface drear
Which we call life! Ye sparkle forth to cheer
Long days of grief with one short ecstasy.
Is 't doom'd, that thus preceded ye must be
By poignant sorrow, or by pallid fear?
That when, thus usher'd, ye at length appear,
Into the dark void swiftly ye must flee?
Soon, soon the human heart is satisfied:
One hope, however faint, however far,
Can melt the fetters which despair has bound;
Let one joy come, all is forgot beside,
And pleas'd we look upon the tiny star,
Forgetful of the night that scowls around.

N. D.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

RESUME OF THE SEASON.

Her Majesty's Theatre opened its campaign of the present year, on Thursday, the 15th of March, with *Cenerentola*, and the *Diable à Quatre*.

Much difficulty was found in obtaining the service of Alboni, whom Mr. Lumley looked forward to as the cynosure of his new season. The usual tactics of the energetic and politic manager prevailed, and the opening night was one of unexampled *éclat*. Alboni was received with an enthusiasm nothing inferior to Jenny Lind's and by her enchanting and astonishing singing, fully sustained the immense reputation she had won at the Royal Italian Opera.

Gardoni made his first appearance as the Prince, and Belletti as Dandini.

The *ballet* was powerfully strengthened by Carlotta Grisi, Rosati, and Marie Taglioni.

After *Cenerentola*, which was given three nights only, Alboni being compelled to return to Paris, *Ernani* was produced, with a new *prima donna* and a new tenor. The lady was Madame Guiliani, alias Julian Van Gelder, and the gentleman, M. Bordas, from the Parisian Opera. The *prima donna* achieved an average success; the tenor achieved no success at all. Alboni's departure was seriously felt by the management.

The next performance was the *Due Foscari*, with Coletti in the Doge; but Verdi appeared to have lost all interest even for the subscribers, his umquhile chief supporters, and so neither the *Ernani* nor the *Due Foscari* wrought a miracle for the treasury.

On Tuesday evening, the 10th of April, Mdlle. Parodi made her first appearance in *Norma*. This was a very different affair from Madame Guiliani in *Ernani* or the *Due Foscari*. Mdlle. Parodi, despite several drawbacks and deficiencies, made a decided hit the first night. Her performance met with the approbation of all the judges and critics, if we except one of the leading journals, who severely criticised her, and found great fault with her as being an unimpulsive artist. There was certainly foundation for this remark, for all the fair singer's efforts seemed elaborated, and over-studied. But of all these matters we have spoken before.

Lablache made his *rentrée* as Oroveso.

On Thursday, the 12th, the first of an *announced* series of classical concerts was given, in which the "*Nightingale*" sang, and proved a complete failure.

Jenny Lind, despite all the influence made use of to induce her to return to the stage, held fast by her first resolutions, expressed to Mr. Lumley in the early part of the year, that nothing earthly could persuade her again to transfigure herself in stage uniform, and that she would never personify any other part than that of the singing bird, commonly called, "the Swedish Nightingale." Then the manager, finding the "Swedish Nightingale" no longer *perswadish*, prevailed upon her to sing in six grand, classical, semi-demi-religioso-profano concerts, and in her own *propria persona*, not as Amina, nor Lucy, nor Mary, nor Dina, nor Susan, nor any other defiling stage character; and so Jenny Lind was induced to sing in the concerts.

So great a failure was the first concert—Mozart's *Flauto Magico*—that Mr. Lumley would give no more of them, and the subscribers to the series had their money returned.

But those adamantine resolutions, which neither the most powerful influence, nor money, nor pride, nor ambition, nor friendship, nor gratitude could tend to dissolve, pique and vexation in one moment annihilated, and "left not a rack behind." The reception accorded to the Nightingale at the concert given at Her Majesty's Theatre, was so frigid and partial that it cut her to the soul, and awoke the devil within her. "Shall I have failed," said Jenny, "and not retrieve myself in the world's estimation? Never! Resolution and Consistency are but shackled bandogs that wait on timidity—away with them both! Yes, I shall reappear on the stage—Jenny's herself again."—and she did accordingly.

Norma was repeated three times in succession. On the 17th of April, the new ballet, *Electra, or the lost Pleiade*, was produced with great splendour, Carlotta Grisi, as usual, coming in for the chief glories.

On Thursday, the 26th, Jenny Lind returned to the stage, and appeared in *Sonnambula*. Her reception, if possible, was more enthusiastic than ever; and those who would not go to hear her in Mozart's music, after the fashion of a concert, crowded to hear her in Bellini, because she mimed it on the stage with antics and strange costume, and smirks and smiles, and leaps, and back-retiring bounds.

The new tenor, Calzolari, made a very favorable *début* in Elvino.

The "Nightingale" appeared on the following Saturday in the *Lucia di Lammermoor*, with little or no abatement of the first night's *furore*.

The *Favorita* was revived the week after, on an off-Lind night, but proved no trump card for the management.

On Thursday, the third of May, Mdlle. Lind appeared in the *Figlia del Reggimento*, it being her third performance. The following Saturday, she played Amina a second time in *Sonnambula*, it being her fourth performance; on the subsequent Tuesday she appeared as *Lucia*, it being her fifth performance; and on Thursday, May 10th, she played Alice in *Roberto il Diavolo*, it being her last performance.

The "Nightingale" was only announced for six performances; but as the lady had already exhibited extensive ramifications of caprice, it was naturally expected she would renew her engagement for another series, if not prolong it to the end of the season. But the subscribers and the public—the section, at least, who were worshippers of the Swedish night-bird—and, as it would appear, Mr. Lumley himself, were all deceived. The "Nightingale" had closed her theatric song. It turned out well, nevertheless, for Mr. Lumley. The subscribers, who held back in the early part of the year, flocked in as soon as Jenny Lind was engaged, fully expecting that the six nights was a mere managerial *ruse*, and that a re-engagement would inevitably follow.

So much for Jenny Lind's operatic doings and whims for the year 1849.

The flight of the "Nightingale" brought back Alboni. *Cenerentola* was repeated, and then the *Barbiere*, with Alboni in Rosina, a great success.

The *Semiramide* was next produced, but with little or no effect. It was placed upon the stage in a style so meagre and incomplete, as to render the opera little better than a travestie. Alboni sang gloriously as Arsace; Coletti surpassed general expectation in Assur; and Parodi, though she did not come up to her Norma(!) impression, created a corresponding sensation as the Assyrian Queen—but all would not do—the *Semiramide redivivus* was a grand failure.

Thursday, May 24th, Alboni appeared as Ninetta in the *Gazza Ladra*. Her success was immense, and she proved incontestibly her superiority in soprano no less than in contralto singing.

Carlotta Grisi left for Paris about this time.

On Thursday, the 31st of May, Alboni appeared as Zerlina, in *Don Giovanni*, which we have chronicled as her greatest triumph on the operatic boards in England. The performance was as close upon perfection as anything we have witnessed on the stage. Alboni created a complete *furore*, and the opera, though by no means a satisfactory representation in general, was repeated various times.

If we except the *Matrimonio Segreto*, which was barely recognised and but tamely received by the audience, *Don Pasquale*, another triumph for Alboni, and a new ballet, entitled *La Prima Ballerina*, which did not set London in a blaze, we have to record no novelty until Sontag's coming. By the way, we are wrong; Signor Moriani, who was passing through London on a fishing excursion, as we are given to understand, was pressed into the service of Her Majesty's Theatre for a few nights, and appeared as Gennaro in the *Lucrezia Borgia*. Of Signor Moriani, or Signor Moriani's performances, it is unnecessary to say a word. *Requiescant in pace.*

Madame Sontag made her *rentrée* at Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday, July the 7th, exactly twenty years from the period of her farewell performance in the same theatre. Madame Sontag created a great excitement, rather than a great enthusiasm. The fashionables flocked in crowds, and the public, who follow the fashionables, flocked also—but not in crowds. There was no Jenny Lind *furore*, certainly. The hearers went away delighted, but they were not astonished; and so the impression left on their minds was of the evanescent kind. Madame Sontag was found very charming, very graceful, highly interesting, exceedingly lady-like, and a most accomplished vocalist; but there was something wanting; and although nobody could find fault, expectation was not gratified.

The nobility and high gentry continued to shower their presences on the returned songstress. They were bound to this. She was among them and of them. A countess acting and singing on the stage is a great rarity, and deserves support. Unfortunately, this never occurred to the public, or, having occurred, only awakened a smile. Madame Sontag did not draw large houses.

Linda di Chamouni was the opera chosen for Madame Sontag's new *début*, a sorry choice, inasmuch as the music is entirely uninteresting, and the fair vocalist had never previously appeared in it. The *Barbière* was her second selection. This was infinitely better. Her Rosina had some charming points, and the *arpeggio* variation to "Rhode's air" excited a *furore*. It is needless, however, to observe, that Madame Sontag did not sing Rossini's music with the same beauty of voice and same charm of style as Alboni. The *Barbière* and the *Linda* were both repeated.

Madame Sontag's next performance was in the *Sonnambula;* we find it recorded, Thursday, July 19. Of her Amina, as we cannot speak in terms of rapture, we shall be silent. Mdme. Sontag was received with tremendous applause throughout. The *Sonnambula* was repeated.

The following Thursday, Rossini's *Otello* was produced. Now, Rossini's *Otello* is his weakest serious opera, and though supported by Madame Sontag, Lablache, Moriani, Belletti, and Calzolari, it created no great success. Sontag's Desdemona, to our thinking, was her best performance. *Otello* was repeated.

The last opera in which Sontag appeared was the *Nozze di Figaro*. In this she played Susanna, with Alboni as the Page, and Parodi as the Countess; but Alboni bore the bell from both. The *Nozze di Figaro* was given three times, and then the season terminated.

The immense improvement in the orchestra must not be overlooked. To Balfe's energy, assiduity, and talent, all this must be referred.

Upon reviewing our *résumé*, we are led to suppose that Mr. Lumley must have suffered grievously from the sudden withdrawal of Jenny Lind; and that, although the engagement of Madame Sontag must have been to a certain extent one of emolument, it did not answer his highest expectations. What more the enterprising manager could effect to arouse the sympathies of his audience it is impossible to imagine.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

RESUME OF THE SEASON.

The directors commenced their third season under the most favouring auspices. They had secured an unexceptionable company; the band and chorus were pronounced the best in Europe; they had increased the *prestige* for their establishment; Costa was still field-marshal of the orchestra; and the subscription list was more promising than at the same period in the two former years. It constituted no small portion of their hopes that the secession of Jenny Lind from the stage would leave them in undisputed possession of the field. But here they reckoned without their host. Jenny Lind did come back again to the stage, again to absorb all fashionable excitement, again to throw the public into tumult, and lead enthusiasm tied to her apron-strings. And, what was more, when Jenny Lind departed—for her reign was brief in 1849—a continental revolution, which seemed created for no other purpose than to support Mr. Lumley's nightingale-deserted establishment, threw the celebrated Sontag, whose voice had slumbered for twenty years, once again into the arms of the English public. Here was another glorious wind-fall for the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre,—another triumph of his diplomacy.

The Directors of Covent Garden committed a grievous mistake in allowing Alboni to go over to the ranks of the enemy. To be sure they had secured Angri, and great things were predicated of the fair Ionian contralto. But still they should have paused. Albonis are not picked up as easily as blackberries in September; and such an immense favourite of the public, to say nothing of her wonderful organ and exquisite singing, should not have been cast aside like a garment of no price.

The season commenced with *Masaniello*, adapted to the Italian stage, on Thursday, the 15th of March, the same evening on which Her Majesty's Theatre opened. Never was a greater success achieved for any theatre. Auber's splendid work, magnificently performed, and got up in a style of unexampled completeness, with Mario as the hero, drew immense houses for several successive nights. Mario, perhaps, did not come up to general expectation in singing the strains of the Neapolitan fisherman. It is possible he mistook the character of the music, or the rough masculine energy which pervades it throughout did not accord with his Italianized notions of vocalisation; be this as it may, for some reason or other, or for no reason at all, he threw up the part and bestowed it on Salvi. It was then that Mario's immense superiority was discovered. The public wished for the great tenor, but the great tenor would not be prevailed upon to play Masaniello again. This was decidedly a blow to the opening prospects of the Royal Italian Opera. *Masaniello* no longer attracted immense audiences.

Dorus Gras made her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera in her original part, Elvira, as did also Madame Pauline Leroux in Fenella. Both were highly successful. Massol

played Pietro in the most admirable manner, and proved one of the chief supports of the performance.

Nothing could surpass the completeness of the band and chorus; but of the band and chorus of the Royal Italian Opera it is unnecessary to say a word.

After six consecutive performances of *Masaniello*, Donizetti's *Linda di Chamouni*, was produced for the *début* of Miss Catherine Hayes, who obtained a fair and honourable success. Her praises were, perhaps, too loudly vaunted by her admirers, of which she had, and still retains a large number. Miss Catherine Hayes's qualities and capabilities as a singer will be considered on another occasion, when we shall have much pleasure in reviewing her as one of our OPERATIC STARS. Enough at present to state, that she won no small portion of the laurels which she earned on the boards of the continental theatres.

The great hit of the *Linda* was Tamburini's father, which produced a sensation we have seldom, if indeed ever, seen surpassed on the stage. It was the great barytone's first appearance, and he was welcomed with all the enthusiasm of an old and honoured favourite. Salvi also made his *rentrée* in Carlo. The opera was excellently got up, but the music after *Masaniello* had the flavour of milk and water after the finest Burgundy. The production of *Linda* cannot be recorded as one of the successful achievements of the Royal Italian Opera. Madlle. de Meric, the new contralto from the French opera, created a very favourable impression in Pierotto.

The *Semiramide*, which was performed for the first time of the season on Tuesday, April 17th, was a different affair entirely. Grisi made her first appearance, and proved that she was still the grand lyric tragedienne of tragic opera. Madlle. Angri made her *début* in Arsace, and fully confirmed all that had been reported of her in the continental journals. She sang magnificently, and acted with great energy and spirit. The fair contralto, however, found numerous opponents, who discovered faults of style and exaggerations of manner; but a triumphant success must nevertheless be recorded, and nothing less than the greatest things were expected from the new Arsace. Without entering at present into details of her vocal and histrionic capabilities, which again shall be referred to in a future OPERATIC STAR article, it is sufficient to note that Madlle. Angri did not fulfil the immense expectations which were expected from her first performance. It must be acknowledged in her behalf, that during her engagement she had no second opportunity of exhibiting the vigour and energy betokened in her Arsace. This latter was the only serious part she assumed during the season. The other parts in which she appeared were Rosina in the *Barbiere*, the page in the *Huguenots*, Cherubino in the *Nozze di Figaro*, Fidalma in the *Matrimonio Segreto*, and Malcolm Græme in the *Donna del Lago*. These certainly demand no great histrionic efforts, and if we allow Madlle. Angri to belong to the first grade of serious artists, it cannot be accounted a failure not to have transcended in the above characters. For our own parts, notwithstanding its faults, we consider her Rosina in the *Barbiere* as a performance of undoubted excellence, and one we have rarely seen surpassed. It was unfortunate for Madlle. Angri that she should have succeeded Alboni, and have fallen into those parts which the renowned contralto had rendered almost unapproachable. Of Angri's vocal power, and histrionic capacity we shall have much to say by and bye.

The next production of the Royal Italian Opera was the *Barbière*, which was given on Tuesday, the 24th. Ronconi made his first appearance, and was received with tremendous acclamations. Angri was the Rosina, and Salvi the Count. It was much to be regretted that Tamburini, as was promised, did not play Bartolo. The performance was very fine, nevertheless, and Ronconi and Angri divided the honours. Tagliafico was the Bartolo, and Polonini the Basilio. Here, again, the directing powers fell into an error. Marini should have played the last-named character.

Lucia di Lammermoor was given on Thursday, April 26th, with Catherine Hayes, Mario, and Tamburini. The opera was splendidly performed, but again Donizetti's sun did not shine with any brilliancy on the stage of the Royal Italian Opera. Mario was magnificent in Edgardo, and Miss Catherine Hayes improved her position in Lucia.

Lucrezia Borgia was played for the first time on the 1st of May, with Grisi, Angri, Mario, and Tamburini. It is unnecessary to allude to this fine performance, farther than to say that Angri's Orsino was acted with great point and animation, and excited a *furore* among her admirers. The "Brindisi" received the double encore stereotyped by Alboni.

On the third of the same month *Norma* was revived, introducing Marini and Corbari. Corbari, who has made Adelgisa entirely her own, exhibited great improvement, sang most delightfully, and was applauded to the echo. Grisi's Norma was as superb as ever, and excited the never-failing *furore*. Marini evidenced some symptoms of previous indisposition, but sang with his usual power and energy.

We find nothing new to record till Saturday, May 12th, when *Robert le Diable* was represented, for the first time, at the Royal Italian Opera with extraordinary splendour. Nothing could surpass the completeness and grandeur of this production. Something, however, was wanting in the cast to render it as attractive as it might have been made. The persons included in the performance were Dorus Gras, Corbari, Salvi, Marini, Massol, &c., &c. Miss Catharine Hayes had been announced for Alice, but was taken ill the day of the performance, and Dorus Gras undertook the part at a few hours' notice. Perhaps the best performance in the opera was Corbari's Isabella, the music of which was given with great beauty and intense expression. Nor did the difficulties involved in this arduous part throw any obstacles in the way of Corbari's singing. Far from it. The two grand airs were vocalised with the most perfect ease and facility; and Corbari demonstrated, beyond a shadow of a doubt, her claim to be entitled a first-rate artist. But neither Corbari's singing, nor the splendour of the scenery, nor the magnificence of the *ensemble*, could redeem the *Roberto il Diavolo* from insufficiency. It was found wanting, and was withdrawn *in toto* after the second performance.

On Thursday, May 17th, the *Don Giovanni* was revived with Persiani—her first appearance—as Zerlina. The performance attracted one of the most crowded audiences ever witnessed inside a theatre. Persiani was engaged for six nights only, and these were announced as her farewell performances on the stage.

Madame Persiani appeared in the *Somnambula*, on Tuesday 22nd, with Mr. Sims Reeves, who debuted at the Royal Italian Opera in Elvino, and Tamburini as Rodolpho. The performance was admirable, and the enthusiasm strongly manifested, especially for Persiani's final rondo, which was nothing short of a miracle of vocalisation.

The *Huguenots* was reproduced the Thursday after, and turned up a real trump card for the establishment. Grisi played Valentine, *vice* Pauline Garcia, and achieved one of her most glorious triumphs. Angri sustained the minor part of Urbano with much success, and Mr. Sims Reeves undertook the small part of the soldier who leads the "Rataplan" chorus.

The *Huguenots* had a considerable run, being occasionally postponed for one of Persiani's performances, generally given on the Thursday nights.

On Thursday, June 7, the *Nozze di Figaro* was represented for the first time, with nearly the entire strength of the company, including Grisi, Persiani, Angri, Tamburini, Tagliafico, Marini, &c., &c.

The *Matrimonio Segreto* was performed on Thursday, June 21st, with a powerful cast, but did not succeed greatly. Tamburini, who played Geronimo for the first time, exhibited astonishing art in the deaf old father; and Persiani's Carolina was the very quintessence of comic acting. Grisi's Elizabetta and Angri's Fidalma were both admirable performances; and Mario sang his music most delightfully. The opera, however, was no great success.

Up to Tuesday, July the 24th, when the long expected *Prophète* was produced, we have no novelty to record except the *Donna del Lago*, in which Grisi, Angri, Mario, Sims Reeves, and Marini sustained the principal parts. Sims Reeves played Rhoderick Dhu for the first time, as did Angri Malcolm Græme. The performance would have been repeated but for the illness of Mr. Sims Reeves.

The great event of the season, or, more properly, the double great event of the season, was the production of Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, and Pauline Viardot Garcia's first appearance.

What the *Prophète* has achieved for the Royal Italian Opera, and how the triumphant success of Pauline Garcia on that night grew greater with every succeeding performance, and how Mario surpassed himself in his new part, have been too recently named to demand more than a mere word of record. Had the opera been produced in the middle of the season it would have made the fortune of the establishment. But when it was produced the season was drawing towards its close, and the main supporters of the opera were leaving town. The management was not to blame. Pauline Garcia could not be obtained before her engagement at the French Opera ceased, and consequently the *Prophète* could not be produced

The season closed in the most triumphant manner on Friday, August the 24th, with *Don Giovanni*, Pauline Garcia assuming the part of Zerlina for the first time in England, and adding another leaf to her already thickly-studded laurel crown. The performance was the most magnificent that can be imagined.

With these remarks, finishes all we have to say on the Royal Italian Opera Season for 1849. There is no doubt, though we must look upon the *Roberto il Diavolo* as a failure, that Meyerbeer has been the principal mainstay of Covent Garden for the year past. Without the *Huguenots* and the *Prophète*, we are inclined to think the managers could not have prolonged their season to the end of August without immense pecuniary sacrifice. *Masaniello*, another work from the French *répertoire*, must be numbered as one of the great successes of the season, and might have claimed rivalry with its compeers had Mario retained the part of the hero.

We cannot conclude without noticing in the most emphatic manner the untiring zeal and indomitable energy displayed by Costa throughout the whole season. To his immense exertions, and his very great talents, the chief merit must be referred of bringing forward, in so short a space of time, such exceedingly difficult works as the *Roberto* and the *Prophète*, and in such a manner as to elicit admiration from those who had heard both operas at the French Academy, after weeks and months of toil and trouble had been expended on the rehearsals. We are pleased to say that Mr. Costa's exertions and accomplishments have not been overlooked by the public. His reception, when he entered the orchestra the last night of the season, was enthusiastic in the extreme, the applause was prolonged for several minutes, and he was recalled at the end with the most signal demonstrations of favour.

We have every reason to believe that next season will exhibit the Royal Italian Opera in greater force and more successful than ever—a consummation, for the sake of art and artists, most devoutly to be wished.

MUSIC.

Fine music is a powerful and necessary element of civilization. I am willing to admit that its influence upon the mind is not equally evident to all; and that its power is necessarily vague; but what if not so that proceeds from the imagination and takes the form of poetry? True poetry is the essence of universal nature; it rises like an exhalation from the bosom of earthly things, hanging like a golden mist before our eyes. We inhale its breath at every pore: we feel its influence: but we cannot analyse *feeling*. We cannot seize any one element of which it is composed; neither can we grasp any one reality. No! it is its very universality which prevents it. The spirit of nature, subtilised and sublimated, eludes our earthly touch; we see it not, but its influence is upon us, however vague it may be.

Howard Glover.

BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.

No. III.—Op. 55.

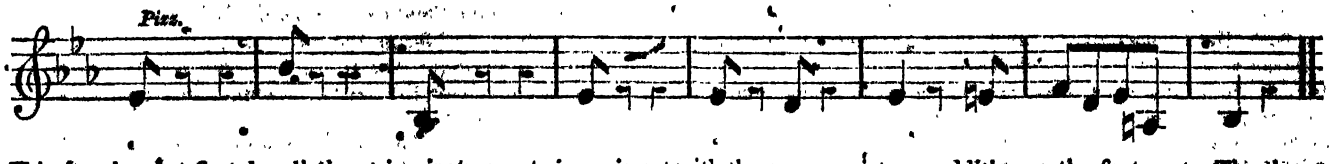
(*Continued from page 539.*)

The *Finale* appears to have been conceived with a different intention, if not in a different spirit, to the previous movements of this Symphony, inasmuch as it obviously must have been designed for a work of elaboration, whereas the rest of the composition, though written with evident care, cannot but be felt to be the outpouring of a luxuriant and well-tempered imagination, moulded indeed into its form of perfect symmetry according to the strictest principles of art; but not, as is the case with the *Finale*, written to exemplify, or demonstrate, or illustrate such principles. It may be supposed that in this last movement, Beethoven, fully aware of the greatness of the preceding portions of his work, no less amazed at than satisfied with the result of his labour, distrusting the power of his genius to sustain to a worthy conclusion that which had thus far so nobly proceeded to compete with the giants of its own formation, fearing himself as the worst rival to himself, supposing the improbability of a further continuance of that marvellous facility of invention (creation would be a fitter term) which had enabled him to produce such an entirely unique unity of multitudinous and various ideas, had resolved to rely rather upon his skill, of which he knew the limits, than upon his imagination, of which the extent could only be defined by a failure; so to accomplish something that should be no less remarkable for the learning or scholarship it should display, than is all that precedes it remarkable for what no learning can acquire—no merely scholar, however profound, can achieve, and thus worthily to oppose what he may have thought it impossible to prolong. I am induced to this supposition, first, by the internal evidence of the form and conduct of the movement itself; next, by the somewhat singular circumstance of the solo theme upon which the entire movement is constructed, having formed also the groundwork of a previous composition of Beethoven,—the variations for the pianoforte dedicated to Count Moritz von Lichnowsky; in which there is this farther coincidence with the later work, namely, that a most beautiful melody, built upon, or forming a counterpoint to the theme,
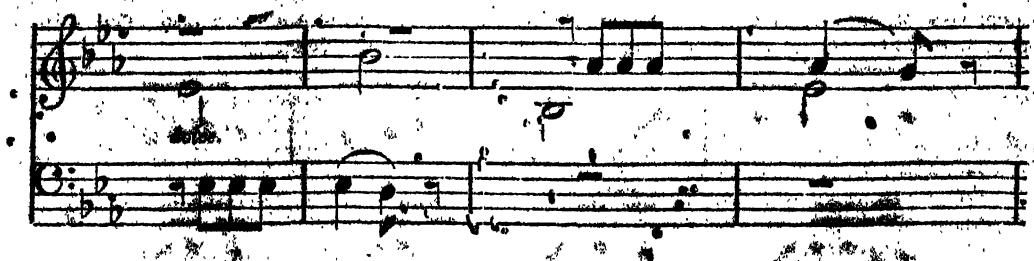
is one of the most prominent features, both of the pianoforte piece, and the *Finale* of the Symphony. Thus, we see, first, that this movement is one of severe elaboration, in which almost all the artifices of contrapuntal contrivance are brought into play; next, that the subject upon which this skill is displayed, is one that had already exercised the composer's ingenuity, so that he must to some extent have known its resources, and in which he could on this account have had greater confidence, from which more certainly have relied upon effects than any new or untried theme that might have presented itself to his imagination. I speak of this *Finale* as a movement of elaboration, and such it cannot but be considered by every one who knows it; but I intend not in any degree to imply that it is without that stamp of high genius which alone can render the most complicate researches of the ingenious student attractive or interesting—I will not say to the general ear, but to any ear, however well organized or carefully cultivated, except that of a pedant; it should, however, be, I think, received as it must have been designed, namely, as a work of contrivance rather than of spontaneousness, of invention rather than of creation, of art or skill rather than of imagination or involition. Regarded in this aspect, the movement is perhaps the most successful composition of its class that its mighty author has bequeathed to us, and the many bursts of genius with which it is embellished must be felt to be as the true light of heaven, that ever supersedes or neutralises the artificial lamp of the scholar. I speak of it as the most successful contrapuntal movement of our author, because it appears to be written with greater purity, and therefore to flow more naturally, with greater ease indeed, and with better effect than is generally the case with Beethoven in this style of writing—a style in which unquestionably he shows not the general facility, and in which he has not been so especially felicitous as have some of his immortal compeers. One could not presume to name this a deficiency in Beethoven, but that his occasional efforts at fugal writing, and his frequent unsuccesses prove it to be such; whereas, were not these infelicitous efforts extant, his want of fluency would want evidence, and be thus unsupposed; what may have been the cause of such deficiency would form an interesting field for the speculation of an ingenious critic, who might be sufficiently acquainted with the author, with his works, with his musical education, with his temperament, and with the principles of the art of counterpoint and fugue, to be able judiciously to discuss the subject; be the cause what it may, many examples in the course of his works fully prove the fact, and we must on this account somewhat more highly esteem the movement before us, since it forms a rare if not a singular exception to what I have, with due consideration, and I hope with modesty, if with some boldness, advanced.

The plan of this *Finale* is extremely simple, consisting indeed of nothing more nor less than a succession of contrapuntal researches upon a single subject, which is never lost sight of throughout the whole; and our highest admiration must always be excited by the powerful variety of character especially, and by the many fine effects that, confined within such trammels, the composer has been able to produce. It is perhaps not the least art displayed in the composition of this movement, that the extreme simplicity of design is relieved by a sufficient diversity of tonality to prevent monotony, and it is a wonderful triumph of genius over the restraint of the schools, not by trampling on their rules, but by pouring forth passionate expression through the very limits that inclose but cannot confine it. This is not, like the pianoforte piece on the same subject, a series of *variations* (as we generally understand the term) upon a given theme, but rather an extension of the ancient contrapuntal exercise called the *Passacaglia*, in which the theme itself, appearing successively in different parts of the harmony, forms what may be called a *Canto Fermo* on which different counterpoints are constructed. How this form is carried out, and how and with what effect departed from, let us now examine.
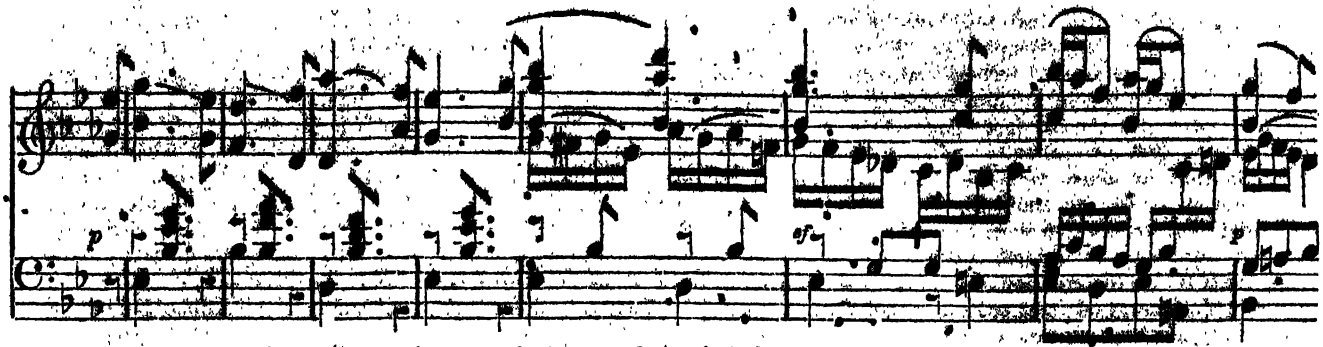
The movement opens with what may be called a prelude or introduction, consisting of some dozen bars upon a dominant seventh. Then enters the theme, the first part of which I quote, though it is doubtless well-known and always recognisable, in order the more easily to indicate its various treatment throughout the movement:—



This is given at first by all the string instruments in unison and *pizzicato*, and then repeated with the addition of an echo to each note for wind instruments. The second part of the theme consists of the same number of bars, and is repeated with the same variety or addition as the first part. The theme is now given in sustained notes by the second violins, with a counterpoint comprising some effective imitations between the violoncellos and the first violins:—

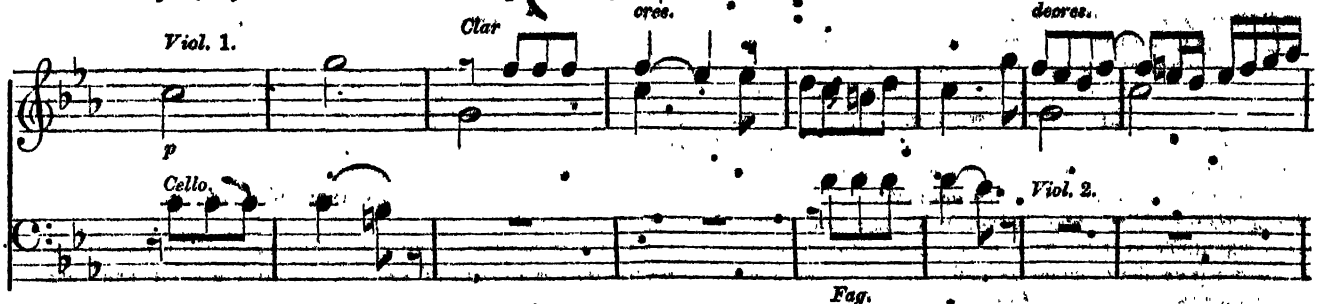


It is next assigned to the first violins, and a counterpoint of triplets is made to accompany it. We have it then in the basses with a melody of extraordinary loveliness built upon it, which is first assigned to wind instruments; at the repetition of each strain, the instrumentation is in some sort reversed, the melody (so, *par excellence*, this counterpoint must be named) being given to the violins, and the *Canto Fermo* to the trumpets.



This is the melody to which allusion has already been made as forming a very principal feature both in this movement and in the pianoforte piece on the same subject. Its exceeding beauty would render it important wherever it might appear, but Beethoven has made it especially a feature in both the compositions in which he has introduced it; in this, by his frequent and always effective recurrence to it; in the piece for the pianoforte, by its being in fact the subject of all the variations. As I shall have several times to make reference to it in the course of this analysis, I will call it, for distinction, the *countersubject*, by which term, there being no accepted technical name for it of which I am aware, it will always be indicated.

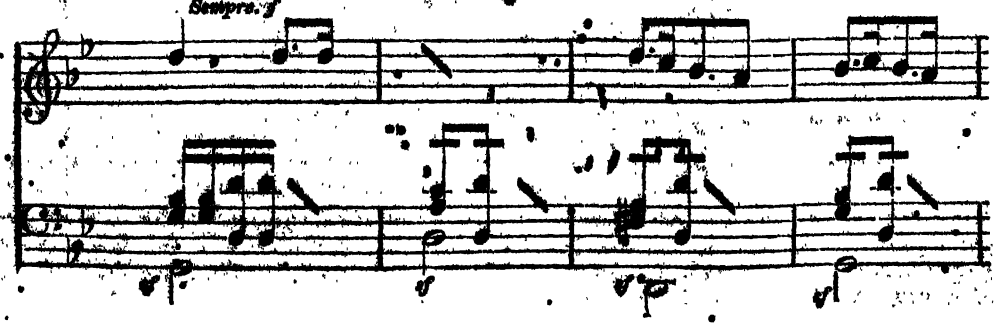
After the repetition of the second part of the original subject with this exquisite addition, the rhythm is, for the first time in the movement, extended beyond the regularly measured strains of eight bars each. The last phrase of the counter-subject is now prolonged with considerable effect, and a few bars of broken rhythm that may be said to grow out of it lead us to a half-close on G, the dominant of C minor. Here is introduced a fugue upon a section of the original subject which is thus extended :—



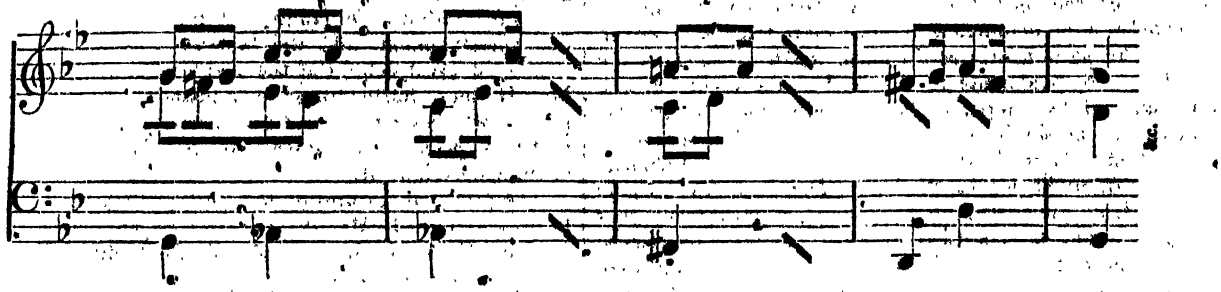
The reader will notice here a recurrence to the first counterpoint upon the subject, the introduction of which in this place tends greatly to the general unity that may be said to form a chief perfection of this movement. The counterpoint to the first answer is double, being subsequently assigned to the basses with the subject above, instead of, as here, below it. This fugue is worked with much skill, but not to any great length; in the course of it there is a considerable point made of the introduction of a portion of the subject in syncopated notes for the wind instruments, and subsequently the excitement is still increased by giving it by diminution.

The fugue suddenly breaks off, and an unexpected change of key, which has the greater effect from its being the first, if not indeed the only extraneous modulation throughout the movement, introduces the counter-subject in the key of D natural, and this assumes now an entirely new character from he first four bars being harmonized in the key of B natural minor, the relative major being introduced with the first inversion of a dominant harmony on the A natural of the melody. This is now made a theme for elaborate treatment, the melody and the harmony being assigned to the flute and oboes, with the accompaniment of a remarkably fluent counterpoint of semiquavers that forms the bass for the violins. The original regularity of eight bar rhythm is here resumed, and the second part as well as the first is repeated, but given in a new form at its repetition.

By a natural transition the subject is now introduced in G minor, of which D major is the dominant, and this establishes or rather indicates, it being pre-existent, a relation between this latter key and the original E flat. Here again a startling surprise breaks upon us in the introduction of another new and entirely distinct melody, built upon the original subject, which forms a most powerful and a well-timed contrast to the whole of the rest of the movement.
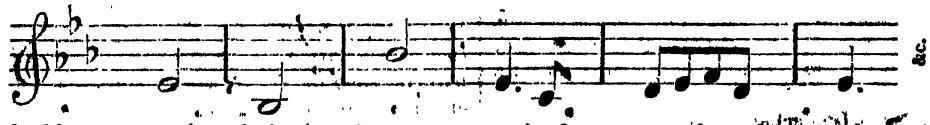


Nothing can exceed the vigour, the energy, the fire of this powerful idea, which is all of Beethoven, and truly all of greatness. With such luxurious freedom does the composer seem to revel in this glorious outburst of unrestrainable enthusiasm, so entirely does he break up the reverie of his hearer, and bear him willessly along this flood of rapturous wildness, that one might well suppose this to be the natural mental element of the man, into which he had rushed for refreshment from the scholastic confinement that may have restrained the musician. It is like a complete holyday of the thoughts, in which impulse is the only rule, ecstasy the only reason. The strict adherence to the original subject that has hitherto been always preserved, is here somewhat departed from, but the rhythmical form is still maintained. This second counter-subject is worked up to a most exciting climax, in which a wonderful point is made by the employment of the major common chord on the minor second of the key in a somewhat unusual manner, and with a much more than usual effect.



We come now to a full-close in G minor, when the horns sustain the key-note, which is quitted abruptly by the rest of the orchestra; and we are yet again surprised, but now most soothingly, by another recurrence of the first counter-subject, in the unexpected key of C major. The major is afterwards changed for the minor of the same tonic, and the opening phrase of this melody is skilfully worked, with the original subject through a natural course of modulations, which brings us back to the original key of E flat.

We have a second short fugue, of which the subject is the precise inversion of that upon which the first fugue is constructed.



This is treated in double counterpoint; it is given in syncopation and by diminution; subsequently the subject is given in its original form, that is, as it appeared in the first fugue, by the whole of the wind instruments, including the brass, and at the same time in syncopation by the first violins, which accent is assisted by the basses, while the other string instruments have a florid counterpoint of semiquavers. A well-sustained sequence, formed upon the last two bars of the subject, introduces a half-close on B flat, where there is a pedal point of considerable length, in which the subject is diminished, and then again diminished, with admirable effect, until we are brought to a pause upon the dominant harmony.

G. A. MACFARREN.

(To be continued.)

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Don Pasquale, on Thursday the 23rd, did not attract so good a house as *Il Barbiere*, on the Tuesday preceding. *Otello*, on Saturday the 25th, was still worse. On each occasion, as on Tuesday, the private boxes and dress circle were well filled, and had the other portion of the theatre been as full, Mr. Knowles might have realised his expenses; as it is, sorry are we to say, that the result of his engaging the first talent in Europe,* as an experiment, for three nights only, in Italian operas, is a loss to him of above £500! The consequence will be, that most likely for years, the lovers of this, the most refined form of the lyric drama, may long in vain for such another opportunity of gratifying their taste. It is ten years since poor Mori brought down to our old Theatre Royal a somewhat similar company, that is to say, the principals from Her Majesty's Theatre; but then we had only scenes and portions of operas, a very imperfect orchestra (led by Mori himself, it is true), and no chorus at all! a very different affair to the Italian Opera here last week, which was remarkable for excellence and completeness in every respect; every character was filled by the best artist in the part from Her Majesty's Theatre; an efficient local chorus was engaged, and well-drilled before-hand by Mr. Chas. F. Anthony; the band was augmented by twelve of the most talented, the *elite* of the Opera band, with Tolbecque and Seymour to lead, Balfe to conduct; there was nothing inferior, nothing to cavil at, nothing to find fault with. Yet was it a failure! Some people say, "oh! the prices were too high, and it was the wrong time of the year; every body is at the sea-side:" to which we reply by this question, "Where were the people *at the same time* last year and the year before, when the theatre was filled at double and treble the prices?" Besides, the week or so after the opera closes in London is the only period possible to make an engagement with the Italian Opera Company.

Don Pasquale, as an opera, somewhat disappointed us. As a *petite comédie*, chiefly sustained by Lablache, we were delighted; nothing could be more exquisite than his acting as the Don throughout. The overture, or introduction (for it is not worthy the name of an overture,) is a mere string of the most pleasing airs in the opera, threaded together without any interest or connection. The airs are some of them very pleasing, and were all admirably sung: the "Bella Siccome," by F. Lablache (who made a capital Dr. Malatesta, in place of Belletti, who was still prevented appearing by not having

* Surely our correspondent is not writing what he thinks.

recovered from his illness); the "Ah un foco insolito," by Lablache; the "So anch' io la Virtù," by Sontag (sang with such charming archness and perfect finish that it was encored); and last, not least, the celebrated serenade sang off the stage by Calzolari, "Com' e gentil" (which was also very finely sung, and rapturously encored). A quartet, "Sogno? Veglio? cos' è stato?" is the chief bit of concerted music in the opera, or operetta (if not the only one); it was finely sung by the four, and encored; the brassen accompaniment in the orchestra being too loud was the only drawback to it; indeed we noticed this predominance of brass more than once, not so much in the performance as the music itself, which, after the delightful accompaniments to the Barber the night but one before, suffered by comparison in our estimation; but in *Don Pasquale* the music is, as we before intimated, a secondary consideration. After all, the acting is everything; Lablache makes it; when he leaves the stage, *Don Pasquale* may be shelved. How much can he express by a movement or a look, that would be pointless in other hands! The scene where the marriage contract is signed was glorious; and then his dodging to pick up the note purposely dropped in his way by Norina, and at last accomplishing it by sitting edgeways on a chair! The whole house was convulsed with laughter. Sontag delighted and charmed us as much as ever by her acting and singing, both, although she has not such opportunity for display of her peculiar talent as in Rosina. F. Lablache assisted her famously in the scene where Norina rehearses before Dr. Malatesta how she shall appear as the coy bride to Don Pasquale. The chorus also were very good in the little they had to do; and the opera went off with great spirit.

In speaking of the two Lablaches, in last week's number, as Doctor Bartolo and Don Basilio, your compositor has made us to say "the *activity* of both we cannot describe;" it should have been "the acting of both we cannot describe,—it should be seen to be appreciated." Active they both are on the stage, certainly,—Lablache *père* wonderfully so for his size; and what a dandy he makes himself for his wedding as Don Pasquale! Those plaid trowsers! the extensive white waistcoat, the *jemmy* blue coat and bright buttons, to say nothing of the spicy cravat, and formidable nosegay in his buttonhole! But how feeble is any description; as we said of his acting, *he* must be seen to be appreciated.

We were not present on Saturday. The *Guardian* of to-day speaks highly of Lablache's tragic power as Elmiro, and his withering curse to his daughter. Moriani's Otello obtains great praise also; and everybody was again delighted with Sontag as Desdemona. Belletti at last made his appearance, and to advantage, as Iago; and Calzolari again gave satisfaction as Roderigo. The duet, "Su uniti" was well sung by the two last artists. The bridal chorus got praised; and Lablache's song, "Nel cor d' un Padre," also Sontag's refined musical delivery in the "Che smania" and "Assisa a piè d' un salice." The orchestra gets its meed of praise for its alternate brilliancy in the accompaniment and overture; Mr. Charles F. Anthony honourable mention as chorus-master, and the chorus also; and lastly, Mr. Balfe, for his admirable taste and firmness as conductor.

Jullien the same night had a monster concert in every sense of the word, between 5000 and 6000 persons being present; but as we were not of the number, we cannot say more about it. We are now all impatient for *Cenerentola* and Alboni on Saturday next.

August 29, 1849.

MUSIC AND FLOWERS AT SUDBURY.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Mr. Holmes, whose talent and taste as a landscape gardener have gained for him so high and so deserved a reputation in this part of the country, which may truly be said to be much beautified by his art, gave his annual exposition of choice and novel plants, in commemoration of the birthday of His Royal Highness Prince Albert, on Tuesday, in his own grounds at Sudbury, near Uttoxeter. A large assembly of the very fashionable families of the vicinity did honour to the entertainment, and the best amateurs of floral botany expressed great delight at the many remarkable specimens of Mr. Holmes' horticultural experiments. That which more particularly belongs to our province to notice was a concert that took place in the gardens, to the very great enhancement of the entertainment.

The principal features of this performance were the pianoforte playing of Mr. W. H. Holmes and the singing of Madame G. A. Macfarren. Mr. W. H. Holmes displayed to unusual advantage no less the very great excellence than the versatility of his powers, in a large selection of pieces from Mendelssohn, W. S. Bennett, Cipriani Potter, W. V. Wallace, and Goria (who is Goria?), in addition to which he played a new *fantasia* of his own on airs from *Tancredi*, which is a most brilliant and ingenious composition, and in all of which he elicited the highest admiration.

Madame Macfarren sang the beautiful lament of J. W. Davidson, "Swifter far than summer's flight," a German *lied* of Macfarren, an exceedingly fine composition), a highly pathetic song of W. H. Holmes, written for the occasion, and entitled "Milly's consolation," and the brilliant "Una voce" of Rossini.

The weather was propitious, and the company delighted with their evening's entertainment.

MUSIC AT UXBRIDGE.

(From a Correspondent.)

Mr. J. T. Birch gave his annual concert at the Public Rooms, on Wednesday evening, the 14th inst. (August.) The principal families in the neighbourhood attended.

Great disappointment was caused by the non-appearance of Miss Catherine Hayes, who was announced in the programme, but was not forthcoming. Mr. Birch was severely rated by such as would not wait for an explanation; but by those who did he was fully exculpated, as the following account will show, which you may rely upon as authentic.

Miss Catherine Hayes having promised on the Tuesday previous to the concert to come down by the four o'clock train, Mr. Birch engaged a carriage to fetch her and M. Jules Stockhausen from Drayton Station, when, to his great astonishment, at five o'clock on Wednesday, M. Jules Stockhausen arrived, stating that Miss Catherine Hayes could not come, being seriously indisposed. Mr. Birch was suddenly placed in a most awkward position, and only three hours previous to the concert. He despatched two messengers instantly for the quarter to six train, to make an engagement with Madame Viardot. They waited until seven o'clock, and no train arrived. Unfortunately, an accident occurred near Bristol, which prevented the messengers proceeding any further than Drayton. Mr. Birch seems to think that as Miss Catherine Hayes was taken ill on Tuesday (which prevented her singing at Covent Garden on that evening,) she ought to have sent a deputy to sing at his concert, or have sent a letter expressly on Wednesday morning, and he would have had sufficient time

to have engaged another person, and thus avoid the great disappointment to his visitors, and the great chagrin which was thereby caused. It was a dreadful blow to Mr. B., but he was certainly to blame in nothing. Mr. Birch received a note next morning after the concert, from Miss Catherine Hayes, stating she was very much grieved she should not be able to attend the concert, &c., &c. This was something too late; but after all, perhaps the fault lay with the post-office, not with Miss Catherine Hayes.

The concert itself passed off capitally, and Miss Pyne made an excellent substitute in the songs announced. Miss Louisa Pyne was taken ill on the morning of the concert, and, like Miss Catherine Hayes, was not forthcoming. Mr. Birch engaged Mr. Frank Bodda in her place. This is the programme:

PART I.

Quartetto—pianoforte, flute, viola, and violoncello—Messrs. J. T. Birch, Carte, W. H. Birch, jun., and Guest - - *Mozart.*
Duetto—"Senza Tanti Complimenti," Miss Pyne and Mr Frank Bodda - - - - - - - - *Donizetti.*
Grand Duo—harp and pianoforte *(Guillaume Tell)*—Mr. Thomas and Mr. J. T. Birch - - - - - *Labarre.*
Duetto—"Dunque io son" *(Il Barbiere)*, Miss Pyne and M. Jules Stockhausen - - - - - - - *Rossini.*
New Ballad—"The Prairie Lea," Mr. T. Williams - - *W. H. Birch.*
Ballad—"Scenes of Childhood," Miss Pyne - - - *Holmes.*
Fantasia—flute—on Airs from *Norma*, Mr. Carte - - *Briccialdi.*
Cavatina—"Lieti voci" *(Zaira)*, M. Jules Stockhausen - *Mercadante.*
Fantasia—pianoforte—Mr. J. T. Birch - - - - *Benedict.*
Duetto—"The Polka," Miss Pyne and Mr. Frank Bodda - *L'Orsini.*
Fantasia—harp—on Italian Melodies, Mr. Thomas - - *P. Alvars.*

PART II.

Overture (Semiramide)—pianoforte, harp, violin, flute, and violoncello—Messrs. J. T. Birch, Thomas, W. H. Birch, Carte, and Guest - - - - - - - - *Rossini.*
Song—"Philip the Falconer," Mr. Frank Bodda - - *Lodet.*
Solo—concertina—Pot Pourri *from Puritani*, Mr. W. H. Birch - - - - - - - - - - *W. H. Birch.*
Ballad—"Phillis is my only joy," Mr. T. Williams - - *Hobbs.*
Ballad—"Kathleen Mavourneen," Miss Pyne - - *Crouch.*
Air and Variations—flute—"The Kael Row," Mr. Carte - *Carte.*
German and English Ballads—M. Stockhausen *Stockhausen & Benedict.*
Ballad—"The Summer Night," Miss Pyne - - - *L. Phillips.*
Laughing Trio—"Vadasi via di Qua," Miss Pyne, Mr. T. Williams, and Mr. Frank Bodda - - - - - *Martini.*

Mozart's quartet was well played, as was also the overture to *Semiramide*, which, however, had a strange sound, arranged as a quintet. Verily, Rossini does not show forth advantageously on the piano, or on the piano with a few collateral instruments. Mr. Editor, have you ever heard the overture to *Guillaume Tell* played on twenty-four pianofortes? If you have not, I hope you never may. Labarre's duo gratified everybody. Both Mr. Thomas and Mr. Bird executed it in the most spirited manner, and received immense applause for their pains.

Of the rest of the performers I may merely note that all were rendered in a manner, to general thinking, highly satisfactory, and that Miss Pyne and Mr. Frank Bodda were encored in "The Polka," which they sang with emphasis and undoubted goodhumour; and that the same compliments was awarded Mr. Bodda in Lodet's popular song, "Philip the Falconer;" to Miss Pyne in "Kathleen Mavourneen;" and to Miss Pyne and the Messrs. T. Williams and Bodda in Martini's mirthful trio.

THE DRAMA AT GUERNSEY.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The performances of Mr. J. B. Newcombe's excellent company terminated yesterday evening. The pieces represented on this occasion were the *Country Squire*, *Lola Montes*, and the *Dead Shot*, in all of which, the acting of the *whole* of the performers was marked with that talent and assiduity, which, during the entire season, have justly acquired for the company the deliberate and hearty approbation of the public. At the close of the first piece Mr. Newcombe came forward to deliver a farewell address. For some minutes the cheers of the audience made it impossible for Mr. Newcombe to obtain a hearing; when, however, the plaudits had subsided, he tendered to the public of Guernsey his heartfelt thanks for the kind and liberal patronage which they had bestowed on him, both as manager and a performer, during this, his first professional visit to the island. Alluding to the decadence of the drama generally, he said that this was in part attributable to the alteration of social habits—especially in regard to the dinner hour, and partly, perhaps, to the absence of that exalted talent which formerly gave lustre and attraction to the stage. He could not believe that dramatic representations, in the chastened form which had been imposed on them by the morality and refinement of modern times, could be disapproved of by persons of enlightened judgment. Some classes of religious people no doubt, condemned the dramatic art. He was willing to give such persons full credit for the sincerity of their opinions, and the purity of their motives, but he could not admit the accuracy of their judgment. When it was recollected that religious men like Shakspeare, Milton, Addison, Dr. Johnson, and others—most of whom were as distinguished for their piety as for their genius—when he recollected that such men were dramatists, he could not understand how the dramatic art could be condemned as being at variance with religion and morality. But, without dwelling on this point, he would again tender his thanks for the kind manner with which he had been received by all classes in Guernsey, and should fortune ever turn his steps to the hospitable shores of this beauteous isle, nothing should be wanting on his part to secure the best available talent for their amusement.

His managerial experiment had not, indeed, been such as to make him look on this beauteous island as a California, but the support with which he had here been honoured, and for which he was so deeply grateful, permitted him to indulge the hope that he should again have the pleasure of appearing amongst us. In conclusion, he begged, on behalf of himself, and in the name of every member of the company, to bid them a hearty farewell, and to wish them all possible health, happiness, and prosperity.—(Loud applause.)

At the close of the second piece, in which Mrs. B. Gordon played with remarkable humour and vivacity the part of Lola Montez, there was a loud call for that lady's reappearance, in consequence of which she was led on by Mr. Emery, and gracefully acknowledged the compliment.

On the end of the performances "God save the Queen" was sung by the whole company and the audience.

We need hardly say how much we regret the conclusion of the theatrical season. Not to mention Mr. Newcombe, whose public and private qualities have won the esteem of all who know him, we believe that Guernsey has never before been visited by so talented a company as this. Mrs. Gordon, Miss Aldridge, Messrs. Emery and Davis, are special favourites with all playgoers, and we hope that the adieu which we now wish them may only be *au revoir!*

The Amateur performance on Monday last (our notice of which was accidentally omitted) came off with great *éclat* before a crowded house.

The entertainments were the *Brigand* and the *Honeymoon*, in the former of which Mr. Bulteel, as Massaroni, exhibited the very first powers both of acting and singing. His "Gentle Zitella," hackneied as the air is, was admirably given, and the

scenes with the Steward of Arnulph, and in the drawing-room, were perfect. At the conclusion of the drama, Mr. Bulteel was called for to receive the congratulatory plaudits of the audience. Mrs. Gordon, as the Brigand's Wife, and Mr. Emery, as the Steward, were, as usual, excellent; and Mr. Vaughan, of the 16th Regt., and Mr. Stacknoole, of the same, as the Students, were highly successful and much applauded.

The *Honeymoon* followed, in which the amateurs took parts, and acquitted themselves admirably.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ILLUSTRATED OPERAS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—I would feel much obliged if you could inform me in the next number of the *World* how many, and what operas, have been published in Davidson's series of "Illustrated Opera Libretti."

Yours, &c. Robert Wilson, "A Subscriber."

80, *Grafton St., Dublin, August 27th*, 1849.

[We don't know. Perhaps some of our readers would oblige "A Subscriber" with the information.—Ed.]

RHYME VERSUS REASON.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—Allow me as a brother poet of the unknown author of the glee, "Cold, oh! cold the March winds be" (for the music of which I confess I have a partiality), to observe that the lines quoted in your review appear to me to be divided contrary to the author's intention; a mistake arising no doubt from the want of capital letters in the printing of the song. Thus, I imagine, that instead of—

"The little bird *sings*, and wearily
Twits the woods with perjury."

The lines ought to stand thus:—

The little bird sits,
And wearily twits
The woods with perjury."

By which means rhyme and prosody at least are satisfied, if not sense. As to the "perjury," the "hall and tree," &c., the poet must be his own counsel in that matter, such expressions puzzling me quite as much as yourself.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

Leopold Wray.

August 28th, 1849.

MUSIC VERSUS WINCKELMANN,

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—I am a regular reader of your periodical, the *Musical World*, and derive much pleasure from its perusal, and I hope that you will excuse my pointing out to you what I have long considered to be an intrusion upon the peculiar topics the work professes to embrace. I refer to the usual extract from Winckelmann's work on the Etrurians, and what I believe, to a very literal translation of the "Euterpe of Herodotus." I cannot see what these works can have to do with music. Could you not give us something more "akin to the divine art" than the above-mentioned works, which I (no doubt very wrongly) consider extremely dull.

If the means of filling up your columns are, at certain seasons of the year, scanty, I would suggest your being a little more liberal with Mr. Macfarren's Critical Essays on Beethoven's Symphonies, which are extremely interesting and instructive; or an account of the life or works of any of the old masters; anything, in fact, which strictly belongs to the art of which you profess to treat. I do not merely speak my own sentiments in this particular; other people cannot account for the introduction of so much matter foreign to the work, except in the manner which would appear most obvious.

Pray excuse my freedom in communicating my opinions, or rather suggestions, which the pressure of other avocations has compelled me to make very hastily, though with very great deference.

I am, Mr. Editor, your very obedient servant, E. C.

Monday, August 27th, 1849.

[If E. C. has read our journal with his eyes open, he will find that it is devoted to the fine arts generally, as well as music individually, and we feel certain the Winckelmann papers are highly acceptable to the majority of our readers.—Ed. M. W.

MUSICAL ENIGMA EXPLAINED.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—I take the liberty of sending you a Solution of the Enigma which appeared in the *Musical World* of the 11th inst. I should have sent it sooner, but we did not get the *Musical World* until Friday night.—Sir, I am yours very respectfully, A. S.

Felis is a celebrated French musical critic; *Field* was a pianist; *Ernst* is a virtuoso on the violin; *Lanner* was a composer of waltzes; *Leonora* is the beautiful opera composed by Pixis; *Bolero* is a Spanish dance; *Norma* was composed by *Bellini*; *Bach* is a popular composer; *Finale* is not placed at the beginning of a piece; *Ballet* is performed in the theatre; *Adorf* furnishes a great many musical instruments; *Salieri* was a mortal enemy of Mozart: *Lento* must not be hurried; *Muzo* is a celebrated musical theorist: *Hensell* and *Heller* are pianists of celebrity; *Othello* is an opera composed by *Rossini*; *Ries* was a pupil of Beethoven; my *Notes* are published by *André* in Offenbach, *Diabelli* in Vienna, *Dieson* in *Boston*, *Lexaine* in Paris, and *Benteen* in *Baltimore*; *Lyre* is the musical instrument on which *Arion* performed 700 years before Christ; *Lafont* was a pupil of *Rode*; A *Sonata* is not so often heard as a *Serenade*; *De Meyer*, whose *Mano* is very strong, and does not like to play *Moderato*, *Maestoso*, *Morendo*, or *Dolore*, but always *Molto*, *Animato*, *Brioso*, and *Fortissimo*; the *Tremolo*, by *Rosellen*, is a very popular piece; my *Third* inverted becomes my *Sixth*; the *Rondo* was introduced into music by *Leo*; the *Bassoon* was invented by *Afranio*; *Amati* made excellent violins at Cremona; *Batiste* was the first who performed double notes on the violin; *Alexander's Feast* is an *Oratorio* composed by *Handel*; *Marie* is an opera composed by *Herald*; *Robert le Diable* was composed by *Meyerbeer*; the *Seasons* was composed by *Haydn*; *Melody* and *Harmony* are carried to perfection through the *Talent* of *Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy*.

A. Sykes.

New Swindon, Wilts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Exeter Hall Organ.—A most ingenious piece of mechanism has lately been added to the organ of the Sacred Harmonic Society, in the large hall, Exeter Hall. It has long been a source of complaint that, with organs of large calibre, the touch has been so heavy that, when the keys of the choir and small organs have been coupled to the great organ, the task of playing handfuls of chords became exceedingly difficult, while it has amounted to an impossibility to execute rapid passages with facility. This difficulty was much increased when it is found necessary to station the player with his back to the body of the organ, or where it was requisite to place the key boards at a distance, as in the case at Exeter Hall, Birmingham, &c., both from the additional length of trackers as well as the increased number of centres over which they must work. This obstacle has now been most successfully and entirely surmounted by the invention of a German Organ Builder, who, after having successfully adapted it to several large Continental organs, among others to those in the Cathedral of St. Denis, and the Church of the Madeleine, at Paris, has visited this country to make it known. It would be difficult, without drawings, fully to explain the principle on which the invention acts; but it may be briefly stated to be by forming a separate small wind chest with high pressure wind, and, in place of coupling each key to its corresponding key in the coupled register, upon putting down a note it opens a small valve, which acts as a lever to open the coupled keys, thus taking away all the pressure that would be occasioned by the coupling, and, in fact, considerably reducing the amount of force required to press down the key *singly, without being coupled*. Some idea may be formed of the value of the invention, when it is mentioned that, while under the old system of couplers, it required a weight of 2¼ lbs. to sink each key of the great organ with the swell and choir coupled, by the present ingenious contrivance it does not require a greater force than an ordinary pianoforte, or less than 3 ozs. It has been most successfully adapted to the organ at Exeter Hall, by Mr. Walker, of Francis Street, Tottenham Court Road, the builder of the instrument, and was made use of for the first time at the last concert of the season (the *Athalie*), which was attended by Her Majesty and Prince Albert.—*From a Correspondent.*

PARIS.—Thalberg has arrived in Paris from London, and, it is expected, will remain until January or February.——The *Theatre de la Renaissance* will reopen on the 3rd of September, with *Robert le Diable*. A new ballet, with music by Adulphe Adam, has been composed by Perrot for Carlotta Grisi. Madame Viardot will reappear in the *Prophète* in the first week in October.

THE WIT AND HUMOUR OF JERROLD.—Were we to say that his humour is less kindly and genial than that of Mr. Dickens, but more tart and hearty than that of Mr. Thackeray, we should be near the truth. Mr. Jerrold's comic writing, in fact, is, in some respects, more like a *liqueur* than a wine; one discerns the acetic ingredient of strong personal feeling in it, drugging and flavouring the true juice of the grape. Hence, probably, it is that one can read less of him at a time than of either Dickens or Thackeray. They, having more of the specially artistic spirit, which finds delight in merely depicting, lure the reader on, page after page, without fatiguing him; he, the moralist too strong in him, soon heats and chafes you with his pungent bitter sentences. From what has been said, it will be seen that the wit and humour in Mr. Jerrold's writing must naturally lie more in passages of express and direct dialogue between himself and his reader, and in casual outbreaks of his own individual sense of the comic, than in sustained comic delineation. The tendency, upon the whole, is, as might be expected, to wit, sarcasm, sharp allusion, irony, the semi-jocose expression of a serious opinion; often, however, we have something deeper, humour itself, rich conceit, real and genial perception of what is comic in nature. Mr. Jerrold is no mere wit, no mere satiric observer, no mere maker of amusing jests and conceits. He is something more; he is a man of highly emotional nature, armed to the teeth with keen sensibilities and convictions, and as ready as any man we know to leave jest for earnest, when the moment requires it. It is this very inner seriousness of nature that gives his wit its force. If his arrows are light and parrot-feathered, they are at least shot with vigour and tipped with fire. Were even quantity to be made a test, Mr. Jerrold is to be placed out of the category of merely comic writers; for at least half of what he has written consists of perfectly serious matter—pathetic story, forcible description, or bitter and vehement satire.—*British Quarterly Review.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.)

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No. 36.—Vol. XXIV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1849. PRICE THREEPENCE. STAMPED FOURPENCE.

EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

Love, fierce deity, press thy knees on my throat;—I am prostrate.
Well have I known thee of old; know what a burden I bear;
Know too thy fiery darts; but yet they are wasted upon me:
No more thou burnest my soul; 'tis to a cinder consumed. J. O.

THE LIVERPOOL MUSICAL MEETING.

Concluded from our last.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The musical portion of the festival was brought to a conclusion on Friday morning by one of the most attractive performances of sacred music ever given in this country, the selections including the choicest compositions of Mendelssohn, Rossini, Handel, Mehul, Winter, &c. The concert commenced with Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*; undoubtedly one of the most attractive compositions of the great master. It was on this occasion heard for the first time in Liverpool, and the second in England. It was first performed about three years ago at the Liege festival, for which it was expressly composed, and it has been once performed in London; but we learn that on no occasion has it been given so effectively and completely as it was on Friday. It is in the form of a hymn, and written in Latin, the different verses containing some of the most prominent doctrines of the Roman Catholic faith. The music, judging from one hearing, is of a highly devotional cast, and abounds with delicious bits of melody, varied by several graphic and spirited choruses. The pieces were eight in number—four choruses, two quartetts, and two solos. The performance was admirable throughout. Garcia, though suffering from a distressing cough, sang the first solo with the intense religious fervour which characterises all her efforts in sacred vocalism. Jetty de Treffy sang much better than on any previous occasion, her voice sounding much fuller and rounder than usual.

The second part consisted of selections from Handel's oratorios of *Solomon*, *Susannah*, and *Israel in Egypt*, Mendelssohn's *Paulus*, Mehul's *Joseph*, and a trio by Winter. Of *Israel in Egypt*, we read in a history of his works:—"In whatever way we may regard it, the *Israel in Egypt* is the grandest of all Handel's oratorios, and the incredible readiness with which it was composed (the whole time occupied in designing and completing it being between October 1st and November 1st, 1738—evidence of which exists on the face of the score in his own hand-writing) suggests the inference that he was unusually absorbed by his labour, and wrote *con amore*." Some of the choruses in it are the greatest ever written, even by Handel. "The Hailstone Chorus," and the one commonly known as "The horse and his rider," are remarkable for dramatic point and sublime power. They were given to perfection by the double choruses, and were loudly re-demanded. The choral force of the society appeared even to greater advantage than previously.

The other great point of the selection was Pauline Garcia's delivery of the song from *Susannah*. It was delivered faultlessly, the articulation was clear and pure to a degree; the whole air sung with the utmost simplicity and earnestness. It was altogether Madame Garcia's greatest hit, and was encored amidst the most vociferous applause. She was accompanied on the violoncello by Mr. Lucas, the conductor of the concerts of the Royal Academy of Music, London, and who has on several occasions also conducted the London Philharmonic concerts. We could wish to see such sterling native talent as this more often brought before the public. We are not adverse to procuring foreign aid, but we do not like to see superior native talent crushed for the sake of foreign names.

Herr Carl Formes and Jetty de Treffz also gained an encore—a duet from Mehul's *Joseph*,—and as the words were German, it was given with more than their usual effect and finish by both vocalists, each singing with deep feeling and purity of tone. The Misses Williams and Mr. Benson sang as a trio, "Winter and the Ladies," and a solo each from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, very chastely. The concert and the festival concluded with, we think we may safely assert, the most complete and splendid performance of the *Stabat Mater*—far surpassing several performances of it we have heard in London, and doubtless vastly superior to its first production in Paris, where Grisi, Mario, and Lablache, for whom it was especially written, sang their usual solos in it. On this occasion the vocalists were Grisi, Alboni, Corbari, Mario, Lablache, Herr Carl Formes, and Tagliafico. Saying this, almost precludes the necessity of a critique—but we must mention that Mario and Grisi had both recovered the full beauty of their voices, and appeared in excellent foree. The opening quartett was admirably given by Grisi, Alboni, Mario, and Lablache, and was followed by the beautiful tenor air, "Cujus Animam." It is exactly suited to Mario's voice, who never sang it better. His voice was sweeter, fuller, and more delicious than we ever heard it, the falsetto and sotto voce passages being given with the most extreme delicacy and taste. Such a faultless piece of vocalism by a tenor was never, we are certain, listened to but, strange to say, it escaped an encore. Herr Carl Formes sang the bass air "Pro peccatis" very finely, and Lablache astonished his greatest admirers by the deep feeling he threw into the recitative "Eia mater." What a pity it is that this great artiste does not sing more serious music; we would sooner find him make the great impression he did this morning than hear him in his finest buffo songs. He makes you laugh; but he can do much more—he can chain the ear of the most listless and make them serious. He was loudly applauded, and the recitative encored. Alboni sang the cavatina "Fac ut portem," and Grisi the air "Inflammatus," both in the best style; we need say nothing more. Grisi, Alboni, Lablache, and Mario then gave the final quartett, and so ended the great Liverpool Philharmonic Festival. On leaving the hall, the singers were all loudly cheered by the populace outside, who

had assembled in great numbers to catch a glimpse of them. The society have a book in which all the artistes write their autographs. Grisi, on being applied to for this purpose, wrote "Dans la salle la plus belle de chante en Europe."—GUILIA GRISI.

The festival of the Philharmonic Society terminated on Friday night with a fancy ball. More years than we like to remember have passed over our heads since we had the pleasure of mingling in the "gay and festive scene" in the magnificent suite of rooms of the Town-hall. What changes have taken place in the interval! How many that then lived and moved, the "observed of all observers," have been swept to their great account—how many fortunes have been annihilated—how many respectable families impoverished—and how many have climed the rugged path to fortune in the interval! Thrones have been shaken, monarchs banished, republics established, and the whole frame-work of society dislocated, since we last encountered the mimic glories of a fancy ball. Nevertheless, we found at night, at the Concert Hall, the solemn and majestic Turk attracting attention, as though his master, the sublime Sultan, had no dread of being speedily devoured by the Russian Czar, his appetite whetted by the subjugation of the brave Hungarians. The fair Circassian was not less lovely because of the perils and the onslaughts in which her face had been so long engaged with the northern despot. Hamlets more given to flirting than philosophy, despite the Danish quarrel, and Ophelias more likely to kill than to die of love, met you as before. Dalmatians and Americans, Albanians and Chinese, Tartars and Hindoos, were there in endless succession. Swiss peasants and Polish patriots, Spaniards and Portuguese, Africans and Greeks, all blended in amicable rivalry. Courtiers who never learned to fawn, Cantabs who had never got beyond the sound of St. Peter's in Church Street, figured bravely in the scene. The proud and overbearing Spartan, the haughty and commanding Roman, and the old English gentleman of Queen Anne's time, were on the most familiar terms, notwithstanding the disparity of their years. In short, the variegated crowd which mingled in the motley dance and all the points of resemblance that marked their former glories at the top of Castle Street.

A HORN-BOOK FOR MUSICAL CRITICS.

(*From Punch.*)

THE celebrated M. Vivier, the horn player, may indeed be expert in the use of his instrument, but if he takes our advice he will leave to the musical critic the task of blowing for him his own trumpet. Let him exert his lungs to the utmost, he will not be able to puff so hard as the gentlemen of the Press are ready to puff in his behalf—and we may add, that his great talent fully merits their flatulent exertions in his favour.

The last new discovery that has been made of his power over the horn is, that "it has become quite a new instrument in his *hands*," by which, we presume, is meant that in the artist's *mouth* the instrument acquires an air of novelty. If this is really the case, M. Vivier's mouth might obtain for him a rapid fortune, by enabling him to go about crying, "New horns for old ones," after the fashion of poor Aladdin's wicked uncle—who no doubt gave the original idea of introducing new lights among the rising generation, to that extremely liberal sect, the Lamp-ite brethren.

We wish the critics would invent some new form of laudation instead of telling us that Mons. So and So's horn is "new in his hands," or that Signor Such and Such's ophicleide is "startling in his mouth," or "under his nose," while Herr This and That's great drum becomes "round his neck an instrument of the finest harmony." We purpose some day (which may mean any day, but generally means no day at all) to publish a Horn-book for Critics, in order to teach them to infuse into the first lessons of their art an air of novelty.

CORBARI'S DONNA ELVIRA.

(*From the Times.*)

THERE is one part in *Don Giovanni* which has been singularly disregarded by critics, and it is too often overlooked by the public. We mean that of Donna Elvira, one of the most trying and arduous in the opera, and one on which Mozart has expended unusual pains. Besides an *aria*, which for vocal difficulty has few parallels, ("Mi tradi quell' alma ingrata"—the pendant to "Ah! chi mi dice mai," from which it is separated by the "Madamina" of Leporello), Donna Elvira is of constant and paramount importance in the magnificent concerted pieces with which this most wonderful of operas abounds. She has a considerable share in both finales, and takes a foremost part in two trios, a quartet, and a sestet. The principal solo of Elvira, the *aria*, "Mi tradi," is not essentially what is styled effective; in other words, it does not at once and irresistibly appeal to the popular feeling; but it is, nevertheless, a composition of infinite depth, and Mozart himself has not surpassed it as a poetical illustration of character and feeling.

On the whole, perhaps a cleverer and more thoroughly satisfactory representative of Donna Elvira than Madlle. Corbari has not for many years appeared upon the Italian stage. Although this young lady does not very often appear in parts of importance, she is a great and deserved favourite with the public, and her thorough knowledge of music peculiarly qualifies her to do justice to the difficult music of Elvira. Her voice, a *soprano* of exceedingly agreeable quality, is unusually flexible; and this, added to the good taste that invariably distinguishes her singing, is of essential service to Madlle. Corbari in the execution of the florid divisions and bold progressions of the "Mi tradi," which is always one of the most striking points in the Covent Garden performance of *Don Giovanni*.

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(*Continued from page 549.*)

LVIII. THE Egyptians were the first of all mankind to establish general (religious) assemblies, processions, and solemn supplications to the gods, and the Greeks learned these rites from them. This is to me an evidence on this point, that the Egyptian ceremonies appear to have been established a long time ago, while the Greek were established but lately.

LIX. The Egyptians do not hold a general assembly once a year, but many such assemblies. Chiefly and most zealously they hold them in the city of Bubastis (*a*), to the honour of Artemis (Diana) (*b*); and the next principal is in the city of Busiris (*c*), to the honour of Isis, for in this latter city there is the largest temple of Isis. This city is built in the centre of the Egyptian Delta. Isis, in the Greek tongue, is Demeter (Ceres) (*d*). The third principal solemnity is in the city of Sais (*e*), to the honour of Athena (Minerva); the fourth in Heliopolis, to the Sun; the fifth in the city of Buto (*f*), to

Leto (Latona) (*g*); and the sixth in the city of Pampremis (*h*), to Ares (Mars).

LX. When they travel to the city of Bubastis, they act thus:—The men go in the same boats with the women, and in each boat (βαρις) there is a great throng of both sexes. Some of the women have *crotala*,* which they play upon, while some of the men play on the flute during the whole journey. The other women and men sing and clap their hands. When they pass any other city, and bring their boat near to the shore, and while some of the women continue to play, as I have described, others, shouting aloud, scoff at the women in the city, some dance, and others perform indecent gestures. They do this at every city on the river side; and when they come to Bubastis they hold a festival, and perform great sacrifices. More wine of the grape† is consumed at this festival than in all the rest of the year. The men and women who go to this festival are 700,000 in number, exclusive of children, as I am informed by the inhabitants.

† So called to distinguish it from barley-wine or beer.

LXI. When at Busiris, they hold the festival in honour of Isis I have already said. After the sacrifice, all the men and women, amounting to very many thousands, strike themselves (*i*); but in whose honour they do this it is not lawful for me to say. All the Carians who reside in Egypt do even more than this, inasmuch as they cut their faces with swords; thus showing that they are foreigners, and not Egyptians.

LXII. When they have assembled for the purpose of sacrifice in the city of Saïs, they all, on a certain night, burn a number of lamps in the open air, in a circle round the house. These lamps are little flat vessels filled with salt and oil. The wick floats on the surface, and this is kept burning all the night. The name of this festival is the "Lighting of Lamps" (*k*). Those of the Egyptians who do not come to the general assembly on this occasion, nevertheless observe the night of the sacrifice, and light their lamps themselves. Thus the illumination is not confined to Saïs, but takes place all over Egypt. A sacred reason is given for the illumination and the honour paid to this night.

LXIII. Those who go to the city of the Sun (Heliopolis) and to Buto merely perform sacrifice; but at Pampremis there are the same rites and sacrifices as elsewhere. When the sun begins to decline, a certain small number of the priests is occupied about the statue,† while the most of them, holding wooden clubs, stand in the entrance of the temple. Others, who are come to perform their vows, being more than a thousand in number, and having likewise each a wood club, stand in a crowd opposite to the first party. The statue, which is kept in a small chapel of gilt wood, has been removed on the previous day into another abode. The few persons who are left about this statue draw a four-wheeled chariot, in which is the temple and the statue contained in it, while those who stand in the vestibule prevent their entrance. On the other hand, the votaries, coming to the assistance of the god, strike those in the vestibule, and guard themselves against them. Thus arises a stout fight with clubs (*l*); heads are broken, and, according to my opinion, many die of their wounds, though the Egyptians deny that any one ever died.

LXIV. The inhabitants say that this solemnity was instituted from the following cause:—The mother of Ares lived in this temple; and Ares, who had been brought up apart from her, afterwards, when he had reached manhood, came with the intention of conversing with her. The servants of his mother, who had not seen him before, would not suffer him to enter, but kept him back. He, however, fetched men from another city, treated the servants severely, and thus effected an entrance.

* Say "castanets." † *I. e.* of Mars.

NOTES.

(*a*) The city Bubastis stood in the Delta, on the east bank of the Pelusiac branch, on the spot now called Tell Bustah.

(*b*) The Egyptian deity Bubastis signifying the moon as she begins to increase, is the "Artemis" here intended.

(*c*) The Busiris here meant (for there were four others) stood in the middle of the Delta, on the spot now called Boussîr and Aboussir.

(*d*) Observe this manifest identification of the Greek Demeter with the Egyptian Ceres.

(*e*) Saïs was in the Lower Delta, to the east of the Canopic branch of the Nile, on the site of the present village of Saa, or Ssa Hadjar.

(*f*) Butos stood on the west bank of the Sebennytic branch of the Nile, near the Butic Lake.

(*g*) Leto (Latona), according to Creuzer, symbolised the primitive darkness, whence all things took their origin, and, first of all, the Sun and Moon.

(*h*) Pampremis stood on the western side of the Delta.

(*i*) This festival was to bewail Osiris, whose limbs, according to the fable, after he had been slain by Typhon, were collected by Isis, put into a wooden box, covered with byssa, and buried at Busiris. It is Osiris whom Herodotus deems it unlawful to name here.

(*k*) Larcher calls attention to the similarity between this festival and the Chinese "feast of lanterns."

(*l*) According to Creuzer, this symbolises an Egyptian doctrine. Ares (Mars) is the God of Nature, containing the seeds of all things, and his mother is the earth. The words of the fable given by Herodotus, are capable of a more and a less decorous interpretation. We have given the former, but believe the latter to be correct. The Greek fable of Mars and Venus is supposed by Creuzer to be a perversion of this tale of Mars and his mother.

(*To be continued.*)

*** *Winckelmann's History of Art will be continued next week.*

SONNET.

NO. CCL.

THIS earth—this earth is but a loveless thing;
The heart that for her with affection burns,
Awhile she flatters; then she coldly spurns,
When in full faith 'twould to her bosom cling,
And at her feet in hot devotion fling
Treasures of love. 'Tis thus the poor heart learns
How small, how transient is the prize it earns,
When e'en itself for sacrifice 'twould bring;
And finds the images earth bears to charm
The willing sense, are pregnant, every one,
With the unwearied spirit of decay.
So that it scarcely feels its pulses warm,
Through some bright object which it gazes on,
Than it must feel that object melt away. N. D.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(From the Times.)

THE whole amount expended in the vocal department was, in 1848, 3,393*l.*; in 1849, 25,644*l.*

In the ballet accounts, the two Bretin received, in 1848, 961*l.* Lucile Grahn, in 1848, 1,120*l.*; in 1849, 1,000*l.* The two Casati, in 1848 and 1849, more than 1,000*l.* Marmet, in 1848, 650*l.* Siwan, in the same year, 450*l.*

The whole expenditure in the ballet department amounted, in 1848, to 8,105*l.*; in 1849, to 2,526*l.*

The orchestra department shows an expenditure of 10,048*l.* in 1848, and of 7,898*l.* in 1849.

Advertisements cost in 1848, 2,376*l.*; in 1849, 1,233*l.* Bills of the performance in 1848, 214*l.*; in 1849, 76*l.* Carpenters' work amounted, in 1848, to 1,858*l.*; in 1849, to 885*l.* Gas and gas men, in 1848, 1,927*l.*; in 1849, 1,393*l.*

Properties cost, in 1848, 1,920*l.*; in 1849, 1,171*l.* Hairdressers, in 1848, 100*l.*; in 1849, 66*l.* Printing, in 1848, 982*l.*; in 1849, 1,022*l.* Police-constables, in 1848, 166*l.*; in 1849, 88*l.* Scene painting, in 1848, 1,199*l.*; in 1849, 829*l.* Wardrobes, in 1848, 3,100*l.*; in 1849, 1,500*l.*

The manager had a salary of 1,000*l.*, the treasury of 300*l.*, the secretary of 250*l.*, the superintendent of advertising 149*l.*, box-office 219*l.*; engaging artistes (under the head of salaries), 525*l.* in 1848, and 303*l.* in 1849.

The fitting up of the Royal box cost 219*l.*; the law expenses amount to 2,100*l.*; fireworks, 27*l.*

The subscriptions to the Opera-house in 1848 amounted to 21,253*l.*; in 1849, to 13,195*l.* The whole receipts were—in 1848, 20,907*l.*; in 1849, 14,793*l.* There were other receipts from the cloak-room, saloon, &c., which made the aggregate sum received in 1848, 44,068*l.*; in 1849, 29,407*l.*

The whole expenditure was, in 1848, 78,765*l.*; in 1849, 54,862*l.*—thus showing a loss in the former year of 34,756*l.*, in the latter of 25,455*l.*

In the "Opera Account," artistes' salaries are stated, 1848 and 1849:—Madlle. Alboni, 1848, 4,000*l.* Madlle. Angri, 1849, 2,500*l.* Madame Castellan, 1848, 1,728*l.* Madlle. Corbari, 1848, 432*l.*; 1849, 480*l.* Dorus Gras, 1849, 1,500*l.*; Catherine Hayes, 1849, 1,300*l.* De Meric, 1849, 500*l.*; Grisi, in 1848, 3,106*l.*; in 1849, 2,800*l.* Persiani, in 1848, 640*l.*; in 1849, 500*l.* Ronconi, in 1848, 480*l.*; in 1849, 480*l.* Steffanoni, in 1848, 600*l.* Viardot, in 1848, 4,000*l.*; in 1849, for two months, 1,213*l.*. Signor Corradi had in 1848, 880*l.* Mario, in the same year, 2,235*l.*; and in 1849, 2,720*l.* Roger, in 1848, 2,110*l.* Ronconi, in 1848, 1,120*l.*; in 1849, 1,120*l.* Salvi, in 1848, 1520; in 1849, 1,040*l.* Tamburini, in 1848, 1,700*l.*; in 1849, the same sum.

THE BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Birmingham, Sept. 4.

On Tuesday morning the streets leading to and contiguous to the Town Hall were lined on both sides with crowds of idlers, anxious to obtain a glance at the artists, or at the distinguished persons who honoured the festival with their presence. The day began with fine weather, and all the way up New Street the windows were filled with spectators, assembled for the same purpose, and apparently quite as much absorbed in the proceedings as those who were moving slowly along in a multitude of carriages and "cars," provided with the necessary means of admission. The police regulations had been well considered; a different *route* to and from the hall was indicated, and though there was some delay, there was little inconvenience to the visitors.

As it was fresh in the memory of every one that *Elijah* was composed expresely by Mendelssohn for this festival, as also its triumphant reception in 1846—since when it has made the tour of musical England, attracting everywhere as much attention as the *Messiah* itself—it was a very judicious step to announce it for the first day, which is generally the weakest of the meeting. On our entry the hall was already nearly full, and the Patrons' Gallery, covered with ladies elegantly dressed, had a brilliant effect. The immense orchestra, too, filled to the extremities with the choral and instrumental executants, backed by the gigantic organ, the top of which nearly reaches the roof of the building, presented the usual imposing and exciting appearance. Not the least interesting object was a marble bust of Mendelssohn, which stood upon a pedestal in front of the orchestra, immediately underneath the conductor's chair. All eyes were naturally attracted to this specimen of Birmingham sculpture, which, as a work of art, is highly creditable to Mr. Hollins, the artist (a native of the town), but, excepting the profile, does not bear a very strong resemblance to the immortal musician whose expressive and intellectual countenance, by the way, has never been faithfully rendered, either by painter or sculptor.

As applause is prohibited at the morning performances by a wholesome regulation recently adopted, the execution of the oratorio was uninterrupted by any manifestations of approval, except when Lord Guernsey, the president, exercised his privilege of demanding a repeat of any particular *morceau*, which occurred five times during the morning. When Mr. Costa came into the orchestra, however, restrictions were set aside, and he was greeted with that enthusiastic welcome, from both public and performers, which was nothing less than his due. On his entry the national anthem was immediately begun, the whole assembly standing, Madame Castellan singing the first verse in excellent English. Herr Pischek, to whom the music of *Elijah* was entrusted, then rose, and commenced the oratorio with the prophecy of three years' dearth, which he delivered in a style suitable to its impressive and solemn character. The instrumental movement, or overture, which follows, describing the despair of the people at this terrible affliction, was executed in such a manner as to prove beyond a question that the band of nearly 140 performers was the most powerful and efficient ever assembled together at any of the English festivals. The tempo was admirably indicated by M. Costa, the crescendo was managed with the happiest effect, and the climax, up to the grand chorus in D minor, "Help, Lord! wilt thou quite destroy us?" into which the overture leads, expressed with a force and decision that we have rarely heard equalled. In the second part of the chorus, the beautiful phrase, "The harvest is over, the summer days are gone," which is given out by the tenor voices, and answered by the soprano, at once showed the power and training of these departments of the choir, while the altos and basses soon had occasion to declare themselves equal in number and capability. The chorus was evidently quite as good in its way as the band. We believe, except about 150 from London, the members entirely belong to Birmingham, Manchester, and some of the adjacent towns. In the choral recitative, "The deeps afford no water," the soprano voices again distinguished themselves by the forcible manner in which they gave the passage, "The infant children ask for bread, and there is no one breaketh it to feed them!" in which Mendelssohn has so graphically expressed the feeling of utter helplessness engendered by the prophet's curse. The plaintive duet in A minor, "Zion spreadeth her hands for aid," was charmingly sung by the Misses Williams; and the exclamation of the crowd, "Lord, bow down thine ear to our prayer," which is so ingeniously dispersed among the various departments of the choir, and continually accompanies the two principal voices, on accented and unaccented parts of the phrase, always affording surprise by the unexpected manner in which it is introduced, was rendered with invariable decision and delicacy, never overpowering the duet, though ever enriching the combination. Mr. Sims Reeves sang the air of the prophet Obadiah, "If, with all your hearts," and the recitative that precedes it, with the truest devotional feeling. Not a fault could be found with his reading, unless it was the occasional prolongation of unimportant and unaccented notes, which retarded the natural flow of the melody without any compensating effect. We may here state at once that all the recitatives entrusted to Mr. Reeves were admirably given, and that wherever he was concerned in the *morceaux d'ensemble*,

his musician-like skill, to say nothing of the power and rich quality of his voice, were found of the highest advantage.

The remainder of the first part of the oratorio, up to the grand final chorus in E flat, "Thanks be to God," about which we have not time to enter into further details, was equally well executed. The effect of this overpowering burst of choral harmony, and of the romantic pæans of the Baalite priests, at the hands of such a vocal and instrumental phalanx, made doubly zealous and efficient by the confidence inspired by Mr. Costa's steady and vigorous *bâton*, may be easily imagined. We have heard nothing to surpass, and few things to rival it. Equally to be praised were the subdued delicacy and variety of colouring imparted to the lovely chorus of angels, "Blessed are the men who fear Him," the theme of which, while preserving the softest piano, was uttered with a decision that made head firmly against the florid and undulating passages allotted to the violoncellos in the accompaniment. In the chorus of E minor, "The fire descends from Heaven," the celebrated *pianissimo* which occurs upon the words, "Before Him upon your faces fall," was most successfully obtained, and the solemn *corale* which follows, "The Lord is God, O Israel hear," with its bold diatonic harmonies, was sung exquisitely in tune. As examples of perfect execution among the concerted pieces, we may cite the double quartet, "For He shall give His angels charge over thee," by Miss A. Williams, Madlle. Jetty de Treffz, Miss Stevens, Miss M. Williams, Messrs. Sims Reeves, T. Williams, Pischek, and Machin; and the quartet, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," by the Misses Williams, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Machin.

Madame Castellan, whose voice is as fresh and as strong as ever, and whose pronunciation of the English language is greatly improved, did full justice to the music of the principal soprano part. In the duet with Elijah, where the prophet restores the widow's son to life, she sang with great feeling, and displayed the utmost pathos in the opening air, "Help me, man of God." Herr Pischek has also made great progress in the pronunciation of English, which manifested itself in the clear and emphatic style with which he declaimed the recitatives that form so large a portion of *Elijah's* music. In fervor of expression and real musical feeling, this celebrated basso has few superiors, and nothing could exceed the energy and passion which he infused into the magnificent air, "Is not His word like a fire?" The recitations of the boy, whom Elijah sends to the seashore to look for rain, were given by Miss A. Williams with faultless accuracy.

We must be brief in our notice of the second part, of which we may at once say the execution was quite as satisfactory as the first, not a single error or feeble point demanding notice. We must mention some of the most remarkable pieces. From the choruses we may select the bold and animated "Be not afraid," which brought out the full resources of band and choir with immense effect; the soothing and melodious chorus of angels, "He watcheth over Israel," in which we had again to observe the happy disposition of light and shade, and the skilful management of the *pianissimo* phrases; the beautiful little chorus in F, "He that shall endure to the end shall be saved," which, though one of the most masterly pieces of writing in the *Elijah*, too often passes unnoticed; "Behold the Lord God passes by," the powerful and dramatic character of which was, perhaps, never so grandly and broadly expressed; and the two concluding choruses, "But the Lord from the north," and "Lord, our Creator," which, as noble examples of choral harmony, are worthy to be placed by the side of anything else. In the last occurs the only attempt at fugal writing that Mendelssohn has introduced in the oratorio.

Among the songs must be mentioned the opening air, "Hear, ye Israel," beautifully sung by Madame Castellan; the two airs of Elijah, "It is enough," and "For the mountains shall depart," which, though entirely opposite in character, were equally well delivered by Herr Pischek; and "O rest in the Lord," which Miss Martha Williams sang precisely as it ought to be sung, imparting to it that quiet repose best fitted to its character. The emphasis and feeling with which Miss M. Williams delivered the recitatives in the grand dramatic scene, where Jezebel arraigns Elijah before the people, was also worthy unqualified praise. But the most interesting vocal essay in the second part, and perhaps in the whole performance, was the tenor air, "Then shall the righteous shine forth," which was entrusted to Signor Mario, who for the first time, we believe, attempted to sing in English. A more completely successful *début* was never accomplished. It is no novelty to say that Signor Mario possesses the most beautiful tenor voice of the day; perhaps the most beautiful that has been heard in our time; but the distinct and intelligible manner in which he pronounced the words surprised every one, while his exquisite reading of the melody must have delighted the most zealous of Mendelssohn's admirers. But for a very unimportant alteration of the concluding cadence, which merely served to show that Signor Mario possessed a high A flat of rich quality and immense power (which was well known before), the performance would have been in all respects faultless, and more than worthy of the sensation it excited. We hope some day to hear the accomplished Italian attempt the whole of the tenor music in *Elijah*, and we may safely predicate that his success would be as great in proportion as in the solitary air which he essayed this morning.

We have only time to add, that the encores of Lord Guernsey, the president, were demanded in favor of the unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains" (admirably sung by Miss A. Williams, Miss Stevens, and Miss M. Williams); the chorus, "He watching over Israel;" the air, "O rest in the Lord" (Miss M. Williams); the air, "Then shall the righteous" (Signor Mario); and the quartet in B flat, "O come every one that thirsteth" (the Misses Williams, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Machin), one of the gems of the oratorio, which we remember was re-demanded by Lord Wrottesley, who was president at the festival of 1846, when *Elijah* was first produced, under Mendelssohn's direction.

To conclude, the performance of Mendelssohn's masterpiece has realized all the expectations of the benefits to be derived from Mr. Costa's appointment to the conductorship of the festival, and may be justly considered the greatest and most legitimate success hitherto achieved by the popular and talented *chef d'orchestre*.

The pecuniary results of this performance appear to have been most satisfactory. The president's and vice-presidents' tickets have realized 239*l.* 8s.; the sale of miscellaneous tickets, 1,100*l.* 8s.; and donations, 459*l.* 17s. 2d. Total, 1,799*l.* 13s. 2d. The number of persons present was 1,496, of whom the president and vice-presidents made 228.

The first grand miscellaneous concert took place on Tuesday evening. The hall, in spite of the unfavourable state of the weather, was better attended than is usual so early in the festival, which is the more remarkable since there are to be three evening concerts instead of two, as has hitherto been the custom. The branch candelabra or gaseliers with which the building is lighted up are scarcely numerous enough for so vast an edifice, and, though the effect is certainly very impos-

ing, it is not so brilliant as at the Philharmonic Concert Hall of Liverpool. On the other hand, however, the heat is far less intolerable than in the other place, which may be regarded as an adequate compensation.

The programme of the evening's concert offered many attractions, and, had the performance terminated at 11 instead of at midnight, would have been unexceptionable. The majority of the audience, nevertheless, seemed to court prolixity; and, regardless of the fatigue entailed upon the artiste, and their own subsequent *ennui*, the inevitable consequence of a musical surfeit, were perplexingly lavish of encores, and thus needlessly spun out a programme already sufficiently tedious. We forgave them willingly, however, since the decorous attention with which they listened to Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, plainly demonstrated their capability to appreciate and enjoy the highest and most intellectual order of music; and this was quite enough to put in the balance against their curiosity about popular singers, whom as they rarely hear, they are naturally anxious to make the best of the few occasions that present themselves, and hear as much as possible in a given space of time. Thus, may be readily explained the mania for encoring everything, which is the characteristic of all provincial audiences. Beethoven's symphony began the performances of the evening, and was played in a style quite worthy of its transcendant merits; higher praise than which could not be conferred upon Mr. Costa and his admirable orchestra, to whom this great work is so familiar. The end of each movement was followed by a loud and general burst of applause. The symphony over, the appearance of Madame Sontag was looked forward to with eager and general expectation. This did not prevent, however, the clever Madlle. de Meric from obtaining much deserved applause in the romance of Seyton, from *Anna Bolena*, "Deh non volet;" nor Madlle. Jetty de Treffz and Herr Pischek from being rewarded with general tokens of pleasure for the very effective manner in which they sang Spohr's beautiful duet, "Segui, oh cara," from *Faust;* nor Signor Mario from being rapturously encored in the graceful air "Bell adorata," from Mercadante's *Il Giuramento*, which he sang to perfection.

Madame Sontag was welcomed with acclamations, and at once satisfied her hearers in the popular duet from *Linda di Chamouni*, "Da quel dì," that report had said nothing too much in her favour, that her voice had retained the quality and freshness of former years, her execution its brilliancy, and her style its fervour and unaffected expression. Madame Sontag was ably supported by Signor Calzolari, her colleague at Her Majesty's Theatre, whose talent and artistic pretensions are well known. The duet was unanimously encored, and the *cabaletta* repeated with increased effect. Rode's air, with variations, and the final variation in arpeggios, especially, created the same *furore* as in London. The applause was unanimous, and in response to the encore the variation in question was repeated. The reception accorded to Signor Lablache was equally flattering. The great basso had to wait several minutes before the tumult subsided. He sang his popular aria from *Cenerentola*, "Miei rampolli femminì," with undiminished spirit and humour. One of the classical features of the first part of the concert was the fine trio, "Night's lingering shades," from Spohr's *Azor and Zemira*. This was beautifully sung by Madlle. Jetty de Treffz and the Misses Williams.

Among the other vocal *morceaux* of the first part were a pretty serenade from Weber's *Euryanthe*, "When the orb of day," for which the graceful singing of Mr. Sims Reeves obtained an encore, and "Casta Diva," from *Norma*, vocalised with great brilliancy by Miss Catherine Hayes. A quartet by Mr. Costa, "Ecco quel fiero istante," sung by Madame Castellan, Madlle. de Meric, Signor Mario, and Signor F. Lablache, was much and deservedly applauded. It is in the key of A flat, and is written in the form of a round, each voice taking up the theme in succession until the *coda*, when it is sung by the four in full harmony. The melody is elegant and flowing, and the manner in which the voices are combined indicates a practised hand. The instrumentation, in which a harp *obligato* (well played by Mr. Trust) is effectively employed, is rich and clear.

There were two instrumental solos. In the first part, M. Sainton played his fantasia on themes from *Lucrezia Borgia*, on the violin, in masterly style, exhibiting a breadth of tone and a vigour and brilliancy of execution that left nothing to be desired. A variation, introducing a profusion of harmonic notes, excited general admiration. In the second part M. Thalberg created the *furore* that rarely fails to accompany his performances by his superb execution of the fantasia in *Sonnambula*, one of those compositions in which his astonishing command of the pianoforte is most strikingly displayed The wonder elicited by the great pianist's mechanical dexterity, however, was not more general than the delight with which he was listened to in the prayer of Amina, which he expressed with the utmost feeling and exquisite delicacy of tone. M. Thalberg's performance was encored, but he discreetly contented himself with bowing to the audience. The overture to *Oberon*, played with immense fire by the band, opened the second part, and was encored with acclamations. Madame Castellan followed the overture with the "Ah non giunge," which she vocalised with great freedom and energy; this was also encored. A comic duet for the two Lablaches, "Qui fra voi," from Mercadante's *Elisa e Claudio;* Bishop's glee, "Blow gentle gales," for the Misses Williams, Messrs. Sims Reeves, T. Williams, and Machin; the air, "Du die mit holder," from *Zampa*, by Herr Pischek; Wallace's graceful duet, "If love should dare," by the Misses Williams; "Come è gentil," by Mario and chorus; and last, not least, the gay and sparkling "Alter Lieben-lied" of Kücken, by Madlle. Jetty de Treffz, were all well received, and the last by general desire repeated; although near midnight the audience would not hear of a denial. The concert terminated with Rossini's Carita chorus, in which all the principals took part.

The number of persons present were 745, of whom 72 were president and vice-presidents. The receipts were £75 12*s.*, prestdent and vice-presidents' tickets; £397 11*s.*, miscellaneous tickets—in all, £473 3*s.*

Mendelssohn's music to Racine's drama of *Athaliah* was given on Wednesday, under the somewhat questionable title of a sacred oratorio. We presume this designation was adopted as a plea for its constituting the grand feature of one of the morning performances. No such excuse, however, was required; the merits of the work, and the name of Mendelssohn, were sufficient to guarantee the introduction of *Athaliah* on any occasion. The execution was first-rate, equal in every respect to that of the *Elijah* yesterday, and its success was quite as triumphant. As the music in *Athaliah* was never before heard in Birmingham, this morning's performance must be regarded as the great event of the present festival.

Mr. Bartley recited the poetical version of Mr. Bartholomew with his usual emphasis and clearness. His declamation was forcible and well modulated; his voice told well, every word he uttered being distinctly heard at the furthest extremity of the hall. The overture was magnificently played. No orchestral composition of Mendelssohn is more full of character, more grand in design, or instrumented with greater brilliancy, than

this superb prelude, which received every justice at the hands of the splendid band under Mr. Costa's direction. The time was taken admirably, quite as rapidly as Mendelssohn intended, whereby increased effect was given to the passionate phrases for the stringed instruments which form part of the development of the principal theme. The *coda* brought out the combined strength of the entire orchestra with striking effect. After such an execution it was easy to understand that Mendelssohn preferred this overture to any other he had written. We may mention, as the only point open to objection, that the number of harps in the orchestra was four instead of ten, so that in the *fortissimo* passages they were not heard. As the music of *Athaliah* can be performed at Birmingham very seldom (once in three years, indeed), the additional expense of six additional harps, for once in a way, need not have frightened the managers of this great festival. There was no fault to find with the manner in which the choruses were rendered. Whether in the sublime hymn, "O Sinai," where the male voices sing the theme in unison; or in the majestic choral recitatives, where the people speculate on the mission and identity of Eliacin (Joas); or the soft responses in the duet for sopranos, "Ever blessed child," and in the trio for sopranas and contraltos, "Hearts feel that love thee;" or the magnificent *corale*, "The just alone shall bow;" or the hymn of the Levites, "Lord, let us hear thy voice," one of the purest examples of eight-part harmony that the art possesses; or in the passionate lament of the Jewish women, "Promised joys, menaced woes;" or in the powerful illustration of faith combatting against unbelief, "O Zion! thou art doomed," where the two choirs alternately answer and mix with each other; or in the graphic and dramatic "Depart, depart!" where the people urge the sons of Aaron on to battle; or in the glorious and encouraging paean with which this noble inspiration begins and ends, "Heaven and the earth display His grandeur is unbounded," the chorus was equally admirable, displaying vigour and delicacy, when either was required, with equal readiness. The gorgeous war march of the priests gave the band an occasion for distinction, of which they availed themselves with zeal, and perhaps so grand and perfect a display of instrumental execution was never heard before in this country. The doubling of the trumpets and other brass instruments, essential to fill so vast an area, was judicious, and in consonance with Mendelssohn's intention. Mr. Costa gave the time of the march with the gravity suitable to its sacred character, and thereby separated it from the theatrical character of its fellow masterpiece (to which it has been absurdly compared), the wedding march in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

The very arduous and difficult music entrusted to the principal female voices was, without exception, rendered with great ability by Misses A. and M. Williams and Miss Stevens. The gentle and melodious trio, "Hearts feel that love thee," was sung to perfection by the three young ladies. The sensation created by the music in *Athaliah*, thus satisfactorily executed, is without parallel in Birmingham since the first performance of *Elijah* in 1846. Lord Guernsey, the president, commanded three of the pieces to be repeated:—the trio, "Hearts feel that love thee," "The war march of the priests," and the chorus, "Depart, depart!"

After the *Athaliah*, Dr. Wesley, the most justly celebrated performer of the present day, played a solo on the great organ of the hall. Dr. Wesley began with a very long *fantasia*, the plan of which we cannot pretend to define after a single hearing. In the course of the *fantasia* almost every effect of which the resources of this enormous instrument are capable was developed by the learned musician with masterly skill. But by far the most interesting part of his performance was the extemporaneous *fugue* with which it terminated. A more ingenious and extraordinary improvisation we never listened to. Dr. Wesley chose an unusually short theme, as though resolved to show how easily he could set contrapuntal difficulties at defiance. After working this with remarkable clearness, he introduced a second subject, which he soon brought in conjunction with the first, and subsequently a third; ultimately combining the three, in the *stretto* of the *fugue*, with the facility of a profound and accomplished master. Dr. Wesley's performance was greeted with uproarious applause, and, while he was playing, it was interesting to observe the members of the orchestra and chorus crowding round the organ, anxious to obtain a view of his fingers or his feet, with which he manages the ponderous pedals with such wonderful dexterity.

Of the miscellaneous selection which followed we can merely give the items. Miss Hayes sang "Angels ever bright and fair;" Herr Pischek, "Sanctum et terribile," an air of Pergolesi; Madlle. de Meric, "O salutaris hostia," of Cherubini; Miss Hayes and Signor Mario the duet, "Qual assalto," from Rossini's *Mosé in Egitto*;" Madame Sontag, "With verdure clad;" Mr. Reeves, "Deeper and deeper still;" and Madlle. Jetty de Treffz the air, "Jerusalem," from Mendelssohn's *Paulus*. The full pieces were a quartet of Mozart, "Ave verum," for Madlle. Jetty de Treffz, Madlle. de Meric, Signor Mario, and Mr. Machin; a sestet of Haydn, "Et incarnatus," for the same four artists, with Miss Hayes and Signor Lablache; and three choruses—"Righteous Heaven," from Handel's *Susanna*; the *corale*, "Sleepers, awake!" from *Paulus*; and "Glory to God," from Handel's *Joshua*, preceded by the recitative sung by Mr. Reeves, and the "March of the Ark," powerfully scored for the occasion by Mr. Costa. The artists exerted themselves zealously, and the performance gave general satisfaction. The President demanded a repeat of Madame Sontag's air, but for some reason with which we are unacquainted the lady failed to comply.

The number present was 847. The receipts were—£100 16*s.* president's tickets; miscellaneous tickets, £605 17*s.*; donations, £53 10*s.* 2*d.*; total, £760 3*s.* 2*d.* The total receipts of the first three performances are £3032 19*s.* 4*d.*

The festival reached its meridian on Wednesday. Perhaps on no former occasion has Birmingham been the scene of such general excitement, or the centre of attraction to so many strangers. So many foreigners were, perhaps, never before gathered together in one of our great commercial towns. Many of these came from Manchester, Liverpool, and London, but not a few from abroad; for the Birmingham festival—thanks to *Elijah* and to Mendelssohn—has acquired a European celebrity. The hotels must have reaped a goodly harvest, and nothing but the really first-rate attractions of the festival could induce visitors to pay the exorbitant prices demanded. The policy of levying such heavy tolls upon strangers is questionable, if the Birmingham hotel-keepers share the general interest felt by the inhabitants towards the object of the triennial meeting—that of assisting the funds of the General Hospital; if they do not, however, we cannot blame them for making hay while the sun shines, although it be, which we can scarcely doubt, to the serious detriment of festivals to come.

The ball presented a brilliant appearance, on Wednesday night, at the second grand miscellaneous concert. The attendance was, as we had anticipated, a bumper. To say nothing of the many other attractions of the programme, the impression

made by Madame Sontag at the previous concert, and the first appearance of the universally popular Alboni, had, doubtless, each a weighty influence in tempting the crowds that flocked to the performance. At eight o'clock precisely, Mr. Costa made his appearance in the orchestra, and was loudly cheered. The concert began with the Third Symphony of Mendelssohn—that in A minor. There is nothing new to be said of this great work, which has long ago exhausted praise, and set the criticism of frigid pedantry at defiance. Mendelssohn is not the only illustrious musician whose reputation has had for a time to battle against the sneers of mechanical dulness, and the bluster of ignorant commonplace. Beethoven before him, and Mozart still earlier, were compelled to undergo the ceremony of a like ordeal, until the lustre of their genius had shed a new light upon the art, by which all who had eyes to see could see and understand. Their fame is now out of the reach of cavil. The rapidly increasing popularity of Mendelssohn indicates that a similar result is at hand in his favour. His works are not for a few, as some, who know them superficially (if, indeed, at all), would insinuate. The very subjects he has treated, to say nothing of the universality of his talent, which excelled in every style, help us to this deduction, and it is surely no proof to the contrary that his deeply-cultured mind and profound knowledge of all the resources of his art entitle him to the unanimous admiration of musicians and accomplished amateurs. The execution of the symphony, under Mr. Costa's direction, brought out the qualities and strength of the band in a highly advantageous manner, and to the lover of music it was one of the most interesting events of the festival. In addition to the general excellence of the performance, we have to record the delicacy and precision with which all the obligato points of the score were accomplished. The fine tone and intensity of the violins in the opening andante, the rich cantabile of the violoncellos in the *reprise* of the theme of the first allegro, the points for the clarionet and bassoon (Lazarus and Baumann) in the playful and fantastic scherzo, the exquisite singing of the violins and violoncellos in the andante, the perplexing passage for flute and oboe (Ribas and Barret) leading to the fugue in the *Allegro Guerriero*, the fire and impetuosity imparted to the whole of that remarkable movement, and the magnificent *ensemble* of the hymn of thanksgiving with which the symphony so nobly concludes, were such as we have rarely heard, even in London, and were, one and all, worthy of unqualified praise. Long as is the work, it was listened to throughout with attention and interest. The other two orchestral performances, Beethoven's splendid overture to *Leonora*, and the sparkling wedding march from Mendelssohn's music in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, were not less excellent in their way, and gave a happy relief to the prodigious quantity of vocal music, which, with those eternal encores, protracted the duration of the concert to the unprecedented hour of half-past midnight.

Madame Sontag confirmed the impression produced on the previous night. Her appearance, accompanied by her great comrade, Lablache, was the signal for loud plaudits from every part of the hall, and the lively duet, "Signorina," from *Don Pasquale*, sung by both of the accomplished artists with genuine humour, and with a studied combination of dramatic effect, met with an encore which was not to be denied. The last movement of the duet, where Norina banters Don Pasquale, was consequently repeated. Made. Sontag's next performance was the well-known cavatina from *Linda di Chamouni*, "O Luce di quest' Anima." How brilliantly she vocalises the *cabaletta*, and how gracefully she adorns the *largo*, with *fioriture* and *cadenzas* perfectly in keeping, need not here be told. The result was another unanimous call for repetition, in response to which Madame Sontag gave the popular *air varié* of Rode. The arpeggio variation created the usual enthusiasm.

Madlle. Alboni's appearance was, of course, the great event in the evening's proceedings, and the first strains of the popular and exhilarating "Brindisi" renewed the plaudits that welcomed the splendid contralto with the heartiest enthusiasm. The "Brindisi," as sung by Alboni, needs no description, and it is almost superfluous to add that it was unanimously encored. We must, however, question the policy of those who made out the programme in placing Alboni down for this sparkling *bagatelle* so early in the concert, and giving her nothing else but a duet and trio to sing all the rest of the evening. A great name and a superb talent are of small value unless advantageous use be made of them. A feature of general interest in the programme was a grand chorus, interspersed with solos, "L'invocazione all Armonia," the composition of His Royal Highness Prince Albert. The subject of this piece may be gathered from the title. The music is highly creditable to the illustrious amateur. The chorus in C major, which forms the burden of the *morceaux*, is rhythmical and animated, and the solos are melodious and effectively written for the voices. The instrumentation, though occasionally somewhat obstreperous, is generally clear and brilliant. The execution was admirable, and the encore unanimous. Madame Castellan, Madlle. de Meric, Mario, and Lablache, sung the solo voice parts with great care and effect. Another novelty worthy special notice was a vocal trio in A flat, "Vanne a colei che adora," composed by Mr. Costa. Like the quartet, of which we have just spoken, this is written in the form of a round, and a harp obligato (again devolving upon Mr. Trust) is a distinguishing feature in the accompaniment. The melody is exceedingly graceful, and the voicing highly finished. The only fault we can name in the trio, which is quite a gem in its way, is its brevity—a by no means unwelcome characteristic in so lengthy a concert. The merits of the composition, and the faultless performance of Madame Castellan, Signor Mario, and Mr. Sims Reeves, obtained for it one of the most genuine encores of the evening. Two of the vocal performances that demand mention were the tenor air, "Through the forest," and the grand scena, "Softly sighs," from *Der Freischutz*. Into the first Mr. Sims Reeves threw all the dramatic fervour for which his talent is distinguished, and made a highly favourable impression; in the last Miss Catherine Hayes exhibited a great deal of musical refinement, and vocalised the concluding allegro with great energy and brilliancy. Nor must the melodious and simple aria from *Figaro*, "Ah non tardar," sung by Madlle. Jetty de Treff, pass unnoticed. There is something peculiarly unaffected in the style of this charming singer, which is well suited to such a gentle inspiration. Moreover, the scrupulous fidelity with which, amidst all the requisite variety of expression, Madlle. de Treffz adhered to the text of the composer merits especial commendation. There was a refinement about the whole which made it one of the decided points of the concert. The accompaniments, by the way, were played with unusual delicacy by the band. Mario, who was in splendid voice, sang the grand air from the *Prophète*, which belongs to the *finale* of the second act, and the popular romance, "Ange si pur," from the *Favourite*, with the greatest enthusiasm. Signor Calzolari sang "Il mio tesoro" in a highly musician-like manner, and Mr. Machin was deservedly applauded in the fine song from Spohr's *Jessonda*, "Amid the battle raging." The duets were "Lasciami," from *Tancredi*, by Madame Cas-

tellan and Madlle. de Meric; "Capricci," from *L'Italiana*, by Alboni and Lablache; the "Swiss maidens," of Holmes, by the Misses Williams; and last, not least, the "Un segreto," from *Cenerentola*, by the two Lablaches. The only full piece of importance was the sestet "Sola, sola," from the *Don Giovanni*, which was executed in the first-rate style, Madame Castellan, Miss Stevens, Madlle. Jetty de Treffz, Signors Mario, Lablache, and F. Lablache taking the solos. There was also the popular trio from *Il Matrimonio*, "Le faccio un inchino," which was sung by Castellan, Jetty de Treffz, and Alboni, at exactly a quarter past midnight! We felt for the artists, and so apparently did the audience, who made no attempt to enforce the encore to which this *morceau* has been so long accustomed.

There were two solo instrumental performances: a fantasia on "God save the Emperor," on the organ, composed and performed by Mr. Edmund Chipp, and Thalberg's *Masaniello* fantasia, played by himself. Mr. Chipp exhibited more than common ability both in his composition and execution; the variations are effective, the last especially, which enabled the young musician to show a powerful command of the pedals. He was much and deservedly applauded. Thalberg created the same *furore* as on the preceding night.

There were no less than 2112 persons present, among whom were 145 vice-presidents. The receipts were £108 15*s.* President's tickets, and £1,259 13*s.* miscellaneous; total, £1,368 8*s.*—something enormous for an evening concert.

The performance of Handel's *Messiah* on Thursday was, take it all in all, the finest we ever listened to. It is unnecessary to enter into details about this master-piece, which is familiar to all the world. Suffice it that the principal vocalists were Madame Sontag, Madame Castellan, Miss Catherine Hayes, the Misses A. and M. Williams, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Machin, and Herr Pischek, who all exerted themselves with the utmost zeal and ability. The President demanded a repetition of the beautiful pastoral melody, "He shall feed his flock," the first words of which, for contralto, was sung by Miss M. Williams; and the second, for soprano, by Madame Sontag. The whole was repeated. Herr Pischek, in the principal bass songs, confirmed the good impression created by his Elijah. Madame Castellan sang the beautiful air, "Thou didst not leave," with becoming simplicity of manner. There was no other novelty in the disposition of the vocal solos. Of the choruses, which were all splendidly executed, the President redemanded "All we like sheep," and "Their sound is gone out." No one could dispute the noble lord's discrimination, but some surprise was expressed that neither "Unto us a child is born," nor the "Hallelujah," were asked for again, especially as they were so magnificently rendered. Perhaps the finest performance of all, however, was the final chorus, "Amen." The fugue was led off by the first violins, answered by the second with immense effect, and the choral and instrumental *ensemble* in the gradual working up of the climax was overpoweringly grand.

The hall was crowded to suffocation. There were 2,433 persons present, of whom 283 were president and vice-presidents. The receipts were—297*l.* 3s. president's tickets: 1,916*l.* 15s. 6d. miscellaneous tickets; 274*l.* 13s. 8d. donations —total 2,488*l.* 12s. 2d. Total receipts from the commencement of the festival, 6,889*l.* 19s. 6d.

It is thought the charity will receive more than at the festival of 1846, when upwards of 5,000*l.* were handed over to the General Hospital. The last evening concert took place on Thursday night. The grand instrumental pieces were the Symphony in C minor of Beethoven, and the *First Walpurgis Night* of Mendelssohn. Full particulars in our next.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

In reply to your note, appended to last week's article on "Music at Manchester," we *did* think, and *do still* think, what we then wrote—that Mr. Knowles had engaged "the first talent"* in Europe as an experiment, for three nights only, in Italian operas, and that the result was a loss to him of above £500." It was not meant, or intended to mean, that he had engaged *all* the first talent in Europe; to have done so would have been sheer folly, as not half of the artists in such a case could have had anything to do, however numerously filled with characters an opera had been selected. "Comparisons are *oderpus*," as Mrs. Malaprop says, and besides being odious, as she meant, they are often manifestly unfair and uncalled-for; genius and talent are beyond compare, and ought to be judged and appreciated on their own merits, without seeking by invidious comparison to elevate one artist at the expense of another. Sometimes comparisons are inevitable, from a singer or an actor appearing in some character that has been greatly performed by a predecessor; but we are getting somewhat wearied of the eternal round—"Is Pasta as great as Catalani was?"—"Is Malibran as great as Pasta?"—"Is Jenny Lind superior to Malibran?"—"Is Alboni greater than Jenny Lind?" They were, or are, *all* great, yet each how differently? We are something on this point like the late Hamer Hargreaves, Esq., of this city (founder of the Hargreaves' Choral Society), when Mr. Mitchell brought his Opera Buffo company here, some dozen years ago. Mr. Hargreaves and the writer being present at both performances—the first, the *Elisir d'Amore* of Donizetti; the second, the *Nozze di Figaro* of Mozart—the writer remarked to him what a much greater treat the latter opera was than the former. "Well, I don't know," said Mr. Hargreaves, looking at us through his spectacles, his rubicund face beaming with delight, "*I like it all*, sir!"

We are sorry to say Mr. Knowles's second series of Italian operas, with Alboni, Corbari, Tagliafico, Bartolini, and Polonini, (a talented, although not so numerous or costly a party as the former one,) turns out even a still greater failure, although the prices of admission were reduced from 10*s.* 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* the dress circle; from 7*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* the upper; the pit from 5*s.* to 3*s.*; and galleries from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 1*s.*! Veritably, the Manchester people no longer deserve to have the credit of being musical, or fond of opera. We regret it chiefly because with those who, like ourselves, so seldom visit the metropolis, it would have been a great card to have had down each autumn, if but for a week or so, the magnates from one or both the great operas in London. The house on Saturday, to witness Alboni's first appearance on the Manchester stage, was much thinner in every part than on any of the three Lablache—Sontag nights! *Cenerentola* was the opera, Alboni being well supported in it by Corbari and L. Corbari as the sisters; Bartolini as the Prince; Tagliafico as Dandini; Galli as Alidoro; and Polonini as the Magnifico. The band had lost its London stars, but contained the best of the usual theatrical force here, lead by Mr. Seymour. The chorus, under Mr. Charles F. Anthony, were again good and

* We again ask our Correspondent, *who* is, or are, the first talent in Europe? Where is Grisi, Viardot, Alboni, Angri, Lind, Persiani, Mario, Tamburini, &c. &c.?

effective, the whole being under the able conductorship of Benedict.

It was the first time we had seen or heard the great contralto—and after reading and hearing so much of her for the last year or two, you may imagine how anxiously and impatiently we passed over the lively overture (indifferently-well played by the band), and watched the rising of the curtain which was to discover her as the modest Cinderella, with the bellows at the fire. Her reception was most enthusiastic, and the first notes of her "Una valto c'era un Re," were evidently eagerly drank in by other ears for the first time besides ours; many a time was she interrupted with *irrestrainable* bursts of applause and exclamations of delight. We were greatly pleased by her earnest yet unobtrusive style all through the first scene with the sisters. The bit that reminds one of the same composer's similar idea in his "Largo al factotum," (composed the year previously)—

"Cenerentola vien qua!
Cenerentola va la!
Cenerentola va su!
Cenerentola va giu!" &c.

fell deliciously on the ear in Alboni's rich deep tones. Polonini bustled through the "Miei rampolli' very well; but his thin person and not powerful voice prevent him from realising the beau-ideal of Don Magnifico; this was especially felt in the concerted music, where depth and volume are required to sustain as it were the other voices. He was very correct and painstaking in all he had to do, and delivered his asinine dream, and his part in the duet with Dandini, with a considerable degree of humour. Alboni, in the next scene, created quite a *furore* when she came to deliver her passage in the duet with Don Ramiro, "Un soave no so che," beginning, "Io vorrei saper perche;" the audience went wild, (and *we*, ourselves, were as excited as the rest); the duet was absolutely stopped for this passage to be repeated! Tagliafico next made his *début* on the Manchester stage, as Dandini; his high and florid baritone voice suited the part admirably; he gave the "Come un' ape" with great spirit, and acted the part well throughout: he is a rising and a clever artist. The quintett, "Una parola," ending with the "Nel volto estatico," was very finely sung, as was, indeed, the whole of the finale to the first act. The interest of the opera flagged a good deal as it proceeded, which we attribute, in some degree, to whole scenes being cut out, and thus producing a lack of interest or connexion in the plot or story. Not that any music of importance was omitted. The second act was made to open with the 'Un segreto," the finest buffo duet perhaps Rossini ever wrote. It was both sung and acted with great spirit by Tagliafico and Polonini. The staccato sestett, "Questo e un nodo aviluppato," brought in the two sisters Corbari to great advantage, and Tagliafico delivered his florid passages with great ease and fluency; but in this, as in all the concerted music, Alboni's voice was heard, like a rich vein of the deepest melody, flowing from her without any apparent effort. The tenor, Bartolini, was not quite equal to the others; he is apparently a young man with a high tenor voice, which at present wants clearness and roundness, and will never, we fear, be very powerful. The last scene we shall never forget; Alboni then entranced all ears and charmed all hearts; every one's gaze seemed rivetted with wonder on the gifted being whose miraculous voice was poured forth in all its prodigality. What a flood, what a torrent of sweet sounds! What ease and elegance in all her ornaments of *fioriture!* What fervent expression in the *largo*, "Nacqui al affano!" What brilliancy in all the extraordinarily florid runs the grand Maestro has written for the cabaletta—the "Non piu mesta!" The enthusiasm of the audience rose to the highest pitch; they encored the *largo*, which was promptly responded to, and richly adorned with new graces Alboni seemed to have at command to a boundless extent. They then encored the *rondo*, which at first Alboni merely curtseyed to, and the curtain fell, but such a hurricane of applause ensued, that immediately up went the curtain again, and the final *rondo* was repeated with all its difficulties yet with the greatest ease. She was again recalled after the final fall of the curtain, as indeed she had been at the close of the first act, and there being a call for Corbari, Alboni kindly came on, bringing both the sisters before the audience; this little mark of kindly feeling was warmly acknowledged by the whole house.

There certainly is no mistake about Alboni being a great singer, quite as great as she has ever been reported in the pages of the *Musical World*; her voice is amazing in its extent of compass and richness of quality. She is a Lablache or a Donzelli in petticoats! We should have been glad to have heard her in some of her great contralto parts, Tancredi or Arsace for instance, it is so very rarely a really first-rate voice can be heard in such characters; and we beg leave to doubt the policy, and differ with you as to the propriety of her undertaking such parts as Maria in *La Figlia*, or Amina in *La Sonnambula*; not but that she can sing the music—she has voice enough and execution enough to sing anything; but her physique is against her appearing to the greatest advantage in these characters, and there are abundance of soprano singers to undertake them, whilst how few there are could approach Alboni in her legitimate roles. Alboni essayed *La Figlia* on Monday night here, we suppose for the first time; the house was thinner in every part than on Saturday. Tagliafico was the Serjeant, but we neither liked him nor Alboni so well as in *Cenerentola*. The whole of the opera was not done; it was cut at the singing lesson, and the second act of *Cenerentola* was repeated to make out the performance. Again Alboni achieved a triumph in "Nacqui al affanno;" again was it encored; again was she recalled and *bouquetted* after the "Non piu mesta." We shall certainly be fastidious with any other singer as Cenerentola for years to come. Last evening we were not present, but are given to understand from the *Guardian* that Amina does not suit Alboni any better than Maria in *La Figlia*, "although portions of it were of surpassing beauty: the music of the sleep-walking scene, before Amina awakes, was sung with a quiet pathos and tenderness which was exquisitely truthful." Corbari made a made a most charming Liza, Tagliafico an excellent Count Rodolpho, and the chorus was good. The chorus were remarkably good both in *Cenerentola* and *La Figlia*, and obtained marked applause on both occasions: they are evidently becoming more at home at singing in Italian, and more accustomed to the stage.

We notice a Galli in almost every opera company that comes. Pray, is Galli a common name in Italy, like John Smith in England? or is it one and the same individual that is thus ubiquitous and always ready, like Dai Fiori at the Haymarket, to take any part? We remember some fifteen year ago, or more, a loquacious foreigner to whom we put the question as to a Galli of that day, replied by asking us, did we mean Giacomo Galli, Vincenzio Galli, or Filippo Galli? so it is evident, if there were then three, there must be a numerous offspring!

THE DRAMA AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The theatre has been most fashionably and fully attended during the past week, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean having entered into an engagement with the liberal lessee, Mr. Newcombe. The plays produced on the occasion were, the *Wife's Secret*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, the *Merchant of Venice*, and *Strathmore*; the last being for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Kean, and under the patronage of Lord and Lady Morley, when the house was crammed to suffocation. Mr. and Mrs. Kean, than whom no artists can possibly be more justly popular, received a most hearty welcome, and it is almost unnecessary to state played with their usual excellence. The *Wife's Secret* continues to be the most attractive play which has been acted in our theatre for many years, and I hope that the arrangements these gifted artistes have entered into with the metropolitan managers will not prevent their paying us a visit next season. They were ably supported by Mesdames Gordon, Watson, and Harding, and Messrs. Davis, James, Bennett, Emery, Ray, Stirling, Warde, and Dodsworth. The play of *Strathmore* was admirably put upon the stage, having all the requisites of new scenery and appropriate costumes. Mr. Macready commences his engagement on Monday, the 17th, in the character of King John.

T. E. B.

JULLIEN AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

This popular caterer for the amusement of the million gave two concerts at the Assembly Rooms, on Monday and Tuesday evenings last. On both occasions they were filled to excess with all the principal families of the neighbourhood, and the military and naval authorities of the town. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which the talented conductor was received on entering the orchestra. All seemed to vie in welcoming him to a spot where he enjoys universal popularity.

The following was the programme of the evening's amusement:—

Part I.—Overture, *Masaniello*, Auber.—Quadrille, *Masaniello*, Jullien.—Solo, Cornet-a-Piston, *First Love*, (performed by Herr Koenig,) Koch-Albert.—Symphony, *The Allegretto Scherzo*, from Symphony in A Minor, Mendelssohn.—Cavatina, (*La Sonnambula*,) "Come per me sereno," (Madame Persiani) Bellini—Quadrille, *The Palmyra*, Jullien.—Valse a Deux Tems, *The Lucrezia*, Jullien.

Part II.—Grand Selection from Meyerbeer's latest Opera, *The Prophète*, Meyerbeer—Duetto, for Bassoon and Oboe, on a Tyrolien Thema, by Mons Jancourt and Mons. Delabarre, Jancourt—Symphony, "The Allegro and Storm," from *Pastoral Symphony*, Beethoven—Cavatina, (*Il Barbiere*) "Una voce poco fa," (Madame Persiani,) Rossini.—Valse d'Amour, Koenig.—Solo, Violin, *The Tremolo*," Mr. Day, De Beriot.—Polka, the celebrated *Drum Polka*, Jullien.

The overture to *Masaniello* was given with perfect precision, and called forth a universal encore, which, however, was resisted, as the concert would have lasted all night had the desires of the audience been complied with. Madame Persiani sung "Come per me sereno" in her usual florid and brilliant style, and elicited loud bursts of applause from all the admirers of this gifted artiste's great powers of vocalization. *The valse a deux tems*, arranged by Jullien, from the melodies of the *Lucrezia*, is one of his happiest efforts, and met with boisterous applause from all parts. Madame Persiani's cavatina in the second part was "Una voce poco fa," and she could not have made a better selection. She sang it in a miraculous style. A solo on the violin, "The Tremolo," by Mr. Day, created a great sensation. It is the first time this artist has played a solo before a Plymouth audience, and I think the very favorable impression he has made will not easily be forgotten. The "Drum Polka" finished the evening's amusement, and Jullien descended from his throne amid cheering on all sides. It is greatly to be lamented that the theatre, being open with the regular *troupe*, prevented the possibility of Jullien's entering into arrangements with Mr. Newcombe for its occupation.

T. E. B.

JULLIEN AT CHELTENHAM.

(From a Correspondent.)

On Thursday, the 30th ult., M. Jullien and his famous band, accompanied with that charming vocalist, Madame Persiani, gave two concerts here, under the auspices of Messrs. Hall and Son. The attendance was very great, considering the intense heat of the weather. The performances were, both morning and evening, first-rate; Madame Persiani sang beautifully, and was rapturously applauded. At the evening concert, Mr. Pratten performed a flute solo most beautifully; the performance, indeed, was quite *à la* Nicholson; and, notwithstanding the crowded state of the rooms and the intense heat, Madame Persiani was encored in the "Una voce poca fa"—an honour she did not choose to have thrust upon her in the morning; for, though the call for her was very loud, she did not come back—much to the disappointment of her very ardent admirers. We are glad to be able to state that Messrs. Hall and Sons have made arrangements with M. Jullien (who is always welcome to a Cheltenham audience) to give two more concerts in the winter, and may be a ball. They have also arranged with Mr. John Parry to give his popular entertainments here; and we believe with Madame Dulcken arrangement are also pending, for Madame Sontag's party; so that altogether Messrs. Hall and Son are determined to do their duty, as far as providing first-rate musical entertainments for our visitors go.

MUSIC AT DAVENTRY.

(From a Correspondent.)

Mr. Spark, the organist of the church at this place, and a pupil of Dr. Wesley, gave an evening concert on Thursday, the 30th ult., at the theatre, to an audience including the chief families of the town and neighbourhood. The concert was under the conduct of Mr. Spark, who accompanied the vocal music with taste and judgment; and, in a selection he gave from Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte," these qualities, combined with purity of style, secured a delightful performance; while, in his second solo, De Meyer's "Air Bohemian Russe," with a galop *di bravura*, by Schulhoff, his manual dexterity in the difficulties of modern pianism, was very favourably shown in the ease with which he mastered the most elaborate passages of the piece last mentioned, which was rapturously encored. The vocalists engaged were Miss Stewart, Miss Cubitt, and Mr. George Buckland. Mr. G. H. Lake, the performer on the concertina, also appeared; and in a fantasia on airs from *La Figlia del Reggimento*, and a "Tyrolienne," exhibited the capabilities of his pleasing instrument and his finished execution with great effect. In the latter piece, he was warmly recalled, when he gave the favourite serenade, "Com' e' gentil," from *Don Pasquale*. Weber's scena, "Ocean, thou mighty monster!" was rendered by Miss Stewart with great dramatic feeling; and a hearty encore was awarded to Miss Cubitt in the ballad, "I would not, if I could, forget;" and one still more vociferous to Mr. Buckland, in his buffo song, "Jack and the Bean-stalk," a display of comic power really admirable. Amongst the many features of in-

terest presented by the programme, a very pleasing and clever duet, entitled, "Oh, lovely, charming May," written and composed by Mr. Spark, and sung by Miss Stewart and Miss Cubitt, might be cited as one of the most successful. The quartett, from Oberon, "Over the dark blue waters," brought the concert to a very satisfactory conclusion.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEW, STRAND.

Mr. J. Maddison Morton has been very successful in his contributions to this little theatre.—*John Dobbs*, produced some months back, was one of the best farces, and he made another decided "hit" last night with a neat piece of intrigue, entitled *Where there's a Will there's a Way*.

The scene is laid at the court of Portugal in the middle of the last century, and, with respect to its character, the piece may be classed with the numerous dramas which are laid at the court of Spain in the reign of Philip V.—a system of refined intrigue being the basis of the whole. Francesca, the Princess Regent of Portugal, is married to a military gentleman who is totally without political influence, and though she is devotedly attached to him, she makes a point of resisting all his endeavours to obtain places for his friends, in order to display her independence. Desiring to serve one friend in particular, and, at the same time being unwilling to explain to this friend the powerlessness of his position, the consort adopts the crooked course of apparently opposing his *protégé's* wishes at every step, and thus ultimately effects his object. The idea of gaining a point by acting on the obstinacy of the patron has not been hackneyed, and the situations which arise from the position of the parties are novel and ingenious. There is every reason to believe that the piece is taken from the French, but the dialogue has all the characteristic smartness and original tone of Mr. Maddison Morton.

The company at the New Strand Theatre is excellently adapted to the representation of these little dramas, and the piece was admirably performed throughout. Mr. Leigh Murray was the intriguing consort, chuckling heartily over the success of his projects. Mrs. Stirling was the Princess, brimful of affection, but ready to relapse into cold austerity on the least appearance of trifling with her dignity. Mr. Compton, who was most comically made up for an eccentric place-seeker not intimately connected with the plot, had some capital lines (in the "Morton" style), which he delivery with most "telling" quaintness. The obliged friend, who cannot help fancying that his benefactor is his greatest enemy, has little to do beyond the exhibition of a sort of puzzled embarrassment, but this was ably assumed by Mr. W. Farren, jun., a young actor of the establishment.

REVIEWS OF MUSIC.

"Die Freudenfest Polka," composed and dedicated to the Marchioness of Londonderry, by Henry Hiles.—J. Williams.

If a polka possess a pleasing, well-marked dance tune, and it be written simply and unaffectedly, nothing further is required—and such is Mr. Henry Hiles' "Freudenfest Polka."

"My Childhood's Days." Ballad. Words by Leopold Wray, Esq.; *Sung by* Miss Messent; *composed by* Ignace Gibson.—Addison and Co.

This is in every way a simplicity—simple words, simple tune, simple harmonies, and, by inevitable consequence, a meritorious ballad. We admire the feeling both of the poetry and the air, and can recommend the song as well adapted to suit a medium voice.

ANCIENT ECCLESIASTICAL SHOWS OR FESTIVALS, IN WHICH MUSIC FORMED AN ESSENTIAL FEATURE.

I.—THE FEAST OF FOOLS.

From the complete establishment of the church until within a short time before the Reformation, darkness overspread the world, and the great mass of the clergy themselves were in a state of deplorable ignorance. During this period, in order to wean the people from the ancient spectacles, particularly the Bacchanalian and calendary solemnities, religious shows were instituted, partaking of the same spirit of licentiousness. Among these *religious* exhibitions were the *Feast of Fools*, the *Feast of the Ass*, and the celebration of the *Boy Bishop*.

The uncertainty of the day to which some feasts belong, the date of their celebration having varied probably with time and place, makes it often impossible to assign them an appropriate niche in the calendar. Such is the case with the *Feast of Fools*, a custom of Easter origin, and one on no account to be confounded with *All Fools' Day*, to which, so far as mere sound goes, it bears so great a similarity. It was a favourite festival in France at one time, but more particularly in the capital at Rheims, and at Dijon; and was nothing more than another form of those *mummeries* and masqueradings which either grew directly out of the pagan festivities, or were substituted for them by the Christian Church, as the best way of reconciling its followers to the austerities of the new faith.

It is not a little remarkable that the lower orders of the priesthood should have clung to this festival with even more fondness than the laity, in defiance of the efforts of the superior clergy to put it down; and indeed it would seem in some measure to have been peculiar to them, for amongst other names it was also called the *Feast of Subdeacons*. Nor was the time of its celebration more certain, it being sometimes observed on the *Circumcision*; sometimes on the *Epiphany*, or in its octaves; sometimes on *St. Stephen's Day*; and sometimes on the 17th of December, from which it was also called the *December Liberty*.

There is the same diversity, if we should not rather call it confusion, in the ceremony itself, the various accounts being somewhat inconsistent with each other; but the following will perhaps be found upon the whole to present a tolerably correct idea of the festival.

The abbot being elected at the time above mentioned, *Te Deum* is sung, and he is borne home on the shoulders of his companions, the place being especially adorned for the purpose, and where due potations are in readiness. At his entrance all arise, and the wine being drunk, the abbot, or in his absence the præcentor, begins a chaunt, the two opposing choristes gradually increasing in loudness, and trying to outscream the other, with running accompaniments of howling, hissing, laughing, mocking, and clapping of hands, at the conclusion of which the janitor makes proclamation *ex officio*, "De par Mossenhor Labet é sos Cosseliers vos fam assaber que tot homs lo sequa lay on voura anar' en quo sus le pena de tathar lo braye;" that is, "Monsignor the Abbot and his Counsellors give you to know that all men must follow him wheresoever he goes, on pain of having their breeches cut off."

Hereupon the abbot and the rest rush out of the house, and parade the city, the former being saluted by all who meet him in his progress. This lasts till the *Eve of the Nativity*; and, during the whole time the abbot wears a costume suitable to the part he is playing.

From other authors we learn that the excesses went far

beyond what is here related by Ducange. According to such accounts, some of the characters were masked, or had their faces bedaubed with paint, either grotesquely or so hideously as to excite terror. In this state they danced into the choir, singing obscene songs, and the deacons and subdeacons took a pleasure in eating puddings and sausages upon the altar, under the nose of the officiating priest; they played, too, at cards and dice before his face, and placed fragments of old shoes in the holy vessels, that he might be annoyed. Mass being over, they ran, and jumped, and danced about the church, stripping themselves naked, and performing every sort of indecency; and afterwards, by way of varying their amusements, paraded the city in carts filled with filth, which they flung at the crowds about them. From time to time, these savoury vehicles would stop, to give them an opportunity of exhibiting themselves in lascivious pantomime, accompanied by songs that were not a jot more decent. What they were, cannot be better indicated than by the fact that none but the most licentious of the laity could be found to join in them as actors, however much they might enjoy the show as lookers-on; and it gives us a curious insight into the policy of the priesthood, that they could thus allow the worst of the rabble to play the part of fools in the costume of monks and nuns.

In France, at different cathedral churches, there was a Bishop or an Archbishop of Fools elected, and in the churches immediately dependent upon the papal see, a Pope of Fools. These mock pontiffs had usually a proper suite of ecclesiastics; and one of their ridiculous ceremonies was to shave the Præcentor of Fools upon a stage erected before the church, in the presence of the populace, who were amused during the operation by his lewd and vulgar discourses, accompanied by actions equally reprehensible. The Bishop or Pope of Fools performed the service habited in pontifical garments, and gave his benediction in due form at the close of the mass.

Such is a brief account of one of the most celebrated of those *religious* absurdities, which, happily for the present age, are now no more. Those who may feel disposed to know more of the subject may consult M. du Tilliot's "Memoirs pour servir a l' Histoire de la Fete des Foux," printed at Geneva in 1741; or, in English, Mr. Wright's Archæological Album; Hone's Ancient Mysteries; and George Soane's New Curiosities of Literature.

EDWARD S. RIMBAULT, LL.D.

MUSICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 19 letters.

My 2, 4, 10, 16, 5, is a celebrated composer.

My 6, 18, 6, 5, is a noisy opera.

My 8, 5, 8, 9, 7, 16, is a celebrated performer on the horn.

My 7, 16, 6, 15, 6, 9, is an opera composed by my 8, 7, 16, 11, 18.

My 1, 15, 14, 4, 5, 7, 16, 9, is a singer who lately made his *début* in public.

My 16, 12, 6, 17, 12, 6, 18, is a celebrated singer.

My 2, 6, 11, 10, 6, 18, 7, is the reverse of my 19, 4, 4, 14, 16, 12.

My 12, 4, 4, 19, 8, 5, 7, 16, is a music publisher in London.

My 4, 10, 11, 12, 6, 6, 2, 11, 7, 4, 4, 2, 14, 12, is a splendid 12, 1, 7, 16, 2.

My 15, 16, 5, 14, 12, 13, 13, 5, is a well known professor of singing at Brighton.

My 17, 12, 6, 17, 7, 16, 13 is always well attended.

My 19, 1, 5, 2, 17, 7, 16, 7, is often used in music, both instrumental and vocal.

My 1, 2, 16, 12, 11, 5, is a popular singer.

My 1, 5, 4, 12, 13, 13, 18, conducts very often at my 1, 5, 19, 6, 12, at concerts.

My 5, 15, 2, 4, 5, 2, 6, 12, 1, 7, 16, 10, is the resort of the 7, 4, 5, 13, 7.

My 17, 12, 6, 13, 7, 3, 14, 12, 4, 5, 6, 12, is a beautiful composition.

My 4, 23, 7, 6, 3, is a performer on the 8, 5, 12, 4, 12, 6, 17, 7, 4, 4, 12.

My 9, 3, 16, 18, 13, 2, 6, 9, is a charming opera.

My 13, 2, 6, 17, 16, 7, 11, 5, is an admired heroic opera.

My 14, 12, 16, 5, 2, is a well-known present pianist.

My 13, 2, 11, 12, 4, 5, 6, 9, is a singer rather *passée*.

My 16, 12, 8, 3, 16, 7, is a buffo singer of note.

My 16, 5, 8, 2, 4, is no one less than the 11, 5, 8, 15.

My 7, 4, 7, 14, 2, 6, 17, 7; my 18, 19, 4, 7, 6, 13; and my 8, 5, 16, 18, 3, 7; are attributes of my whole, who is a celebrated 17, 2, 6, 13, 19, 13, 16, 5, 17, 7.

HARRIET A. B——E.

GRAND RUSTIC FETE AT BALMORAL.

PRINCE ALBERT'S BIRTHDAY.

THE Prince's birthday falling on Sunday the 26th, Monday the 27th was set apart for celebrating the auspicious event at Balmoral Castle, and never, perhaps, has Her Majesty enjoyed such a day of rustic delight and amusement as on this occasion. None were permitted to be in the grounds, save the tenantry, the domestics, or others connected with the royal estates of Balmoral, Abergeldie, and Birkhall, unless we except a few of the neighbouring nobility and gentry who joined the royal circle during the fête.

Ever since the arrival of the court at Balmoral, the utmost quiet and privacy has been observed. The grounds are guarded by a small detachment of London police. Her Majesty is spared much annoyance from parties meeting her in her walks, and constantly interrupting her, by presenting petitions, taking notes, sketches, &c.

The morning presented a sad aspect. The clouds were dark and lowering—the atmosphere close and warm. Lochnagar and its companion mountains wore a veil of misty whiteness, and a drizzling rain fell. At an early hour, could be seen approaching, from hill and dale, the hardy, kilted Highlanders, to the castle, to join the sports, and to aid in celebrating the anniversary of the birth-day of the noble prince. A programme had been arranged and sent round to the few invited neighbours. The day's amusement was to consist of Highland games, the entertainments of Professor Anderson, the Wizard of the North, and to conclude with the Highland ball. Just before 3 p.m., the Queen, accompanied by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, who, with the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, and the Hon. Colonel A. Gordon, wore the full Highland garb, followed by an assemblage of neighbouring nobility and gentry, walked on to a distant part of the park shaded with tall birch trees, and bordering a green area, where were assembled the competitors for the games.

Her Majesty, however, observing that the rain had rendered the ground so soft and slippery as to incommode the athletæ, at once directed them to proceed to her private lawn, in front of the castle. The sky shortly after brightened up, the sun broke forth, and all soon became lively and gay. The games, which consisted of racing, putting the stone, throwing the hammer, tossing the caber, &c., &c., went off in good earnest, and all seemed delighted. After the athletic sports had been engaged in for a considerable time, the company adjourned to a beautiful pavilion, which had been fitted up for the occasion, and in which was erected the magic temple of Professor Anderson.

This room was an oblong building, about 60 feet long by 30 wide. It was covered, inside and out, with heather and small boughs of the birch, collected from the wilds of

Balmoral. The floor was laid with sawed fir, and the whole formed one of the neatest and most picturesque scenes possible. On one side was a true Highland throne, formed of fir, heather, roses, and other flowers, on which were placed chairs for the Queen, Prince, and family. At one end was a raised platform for the pipers, and the other end was thrown open, and was filled up by the magnificent magic temple of the Great Wizard of the North. The stage was decorated with flowers, covered with a rich Turkey carpet, and illuminated by hundreds of wax-lights in silver branches and candelabras.

On the entrance of the Queen, the National Anthem was most excellently played, by Miss Isabella Wilson, a young pianist of Aberdeen, who had been engaged for the occasion; after which, her Majesty and all took their seats, and both the Queen and the Prince seemed surprised at the excellent arrangement of the whole place.

Her Majesty and the Prince, and more especially the Royal children, expressed their entire satisfaction with the manner in which Professor Anderson performed his tricks. Amongst those more particularly noticed and admired by her Majesty, was, "The Magic Scrap Book," a beautiful piece of workmanship, in papier maché, about 40 inches long, 28 wide, and 3 thick. It was minutely examined by the Queen and Prince; and, immediately before them, it was placed upon a set of skeleton tressels, and opened, when the wizard commenced to take out his scraps, consisting of hats, bonnets, plates, and bird cages, a large fat goose, several large vases of gold fish, in water, and to crown all, the professor's little son, in full Highland costume, at which her Majesty raised her hands, and, wondered how he ever got there. His Royal Highness expressed his approbation, and loud applause followed.

The next feat was the professor's "Magic Breakfast, or a new mode of preparing coffee." The "Enchanted Handkerchief" followed after, in which feat Professor A. was assisted by Prince Albert, Lord Portman, Mr. Anson, and the Prince of Wales. Mr. Anderson used Her Majesty's handkerchief, and a number of others, all of which he tossed into a pail, and placed a box in charge of Prince Albert, in which he put several pigeons, &c., and requested his Royal Highness to lock it and retain the key, after which Mr. Anderson poured on the handkerchiefs a large bucketful of water, washed them, placed them into a vessel, and left them in charge of Lord Portman. In an instant he sought the two articles, and it was found that Lord Portman had got the pigeons; his Royal Highness unlocked the box to seek his charge, when, lo! they were gone, and, to the astonishment of himself and the Queen—he found the whole of the handkerchiefs dried, ironed, and perfumed. The wizard returned the Queen's amid great applause.

The "Wonderful Hat," which, on this occasion, was Mr. Anson's, procured the Royal approbation repeatedly, and nearly all assembled received either a bouquet, handbox, toy, or other token, from Mr. Anson's wonderful hat.

Mr. Anderson was asked if he would perform "The Inexhaustible Bottle." On receiving the royal command, he called for a champagne bottle, and handed a number of glasses round; and asked Lord Portman what he would drink. His lordship replied whisky. Whisky was poured out. Mr. Anson preferred brandy, which he got. Several demanded wine, which passed freely; and one of the proprietors of the Royal Distillery, thinking to baffle the professor, asked for a glass of Lochnagar whisky. No sooner said than done.

The next feat was an experiment with six watches, which were placed in a box by the queen's footman, Mr. Gibb, who went on the stage, and, having seated himself, placed the box on his head, and was told that, on the firing of a gun, the watches would leave the box, pass through his skull, and through his body, and appear suspended under the chair, which on the instant was done, to the astonishment of all assembled.

The professor concluded his entertainment by the suspension of his son in the air under the influence of chloroform. Afterwards Her Majesty retired, and sent for Mr. Anderson, to express her entire satisfaction at his wonderful performances, as did also his Royal Highness the Prince.

The Royal party now retired to dinner, after which the court returned to the ball-room, which was thronged with the Highland lads and lasses, in full costume. After all were seated, the dances commenced, and were soon joined in by Lady Jocelyn, Lady Portman, the Hon. Miss Dawson, and others of the court.

The Queen, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, and family, wore Highland costumes, of the royal Stuart tartan. The Royal party retired from the ball-room about midnight, and dancing was commenced in the dining-room of the castle, and kept up in both places for some time—in the ball-room till three a.m.

A more joyous day could not have been spent than was Monday at Balmoral. Everything went off happily; and his Royal Highness will never forget the happy faces which surrounded him to welcome in his thirtieth year.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

HANDEL.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Mr. Hogarth, in his "Memoirs of the Musical Drama," (vol. ii., chap. i.,) states that the Royal Academy of Music closed its existence in 1728, in which year Handel brought out his opera, *Tolomeo Rè d' Egitto;* that in the year 1730 Handel brought out *Parthenope* at the King's Theatre, then under the joint management and ownership of himself and Heidegger. I am anxious to reconcile this statement with the fact that my copy of *Parthenope* bears on the title-page, "as it was performed at the King's Theatre for the Royal Academy." My copy is one of Walsh's, and the *cast* given is that given by Mr. Hogarth as belonging to the Opera House under Heidegger's rule, and contrasted by him with that which had lately belonged to it under the management of the Royal Academy.

If you will kindly permit this to appear in your journal, perhaps some one of your correspondents may favour me by a solution of the difficulty.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

LACY H. RUMSEY.

Thurnham, Sept. 1.

MISS CUSHMAN.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In reply to a correspondent some weeks since, wishing to know if Miss Cushman ever played two male characters in London or the provinces, I beg to say that Miss Cushman has performed the characters of Romeo and Ion, in the Bristol Theatre, September 14th and 16th, 1846. Perhaps the gentleman will acknowledge the receipt of this. I remain, Sir, yours, &c. R. H.

Bristol, August 30th, 1849.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER'S Musical and Dramatic Academy will re-open on Monday. The excellence and peculiar fitness of this establishment has already called forth our especial eulogy. The dramatic department will, as heretofore, be under the direction of Mrs. Glover. For particulars, we refer our readers to advertisement.

THEATRE ROYAL, LIVERPOOL.—The public will be delighted to hear that Mr. Copeland has engaged Alboni and several other distinguished vocalists to appear in a series of operas, at this house, in the course of a few days. The great contralto has never been seen in opera in Liverpool, and the desire to see her cannot fail to be intense.—*Liverpool Paper.*

DEATH OF COULON, THE DANCER.—M. Coulon, the popular and highly-esteemed dancer, died lately of cholera at Paris.

SIGNOR DE BEGNIS has left in one of the New York Banks 20,000 dollars, without an heir, at least in that country. De Begnis had at one time possessed a large property in houses in London.

MADAME BISHOP.—By recent intelligence from Mexico, we learn that Madame Bishop was in that city, and was only awaiting the arrival of her wardrobe from Vera Cruz, in order to make her *debut* in opera.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The expenditure of the Royal Italian Opera, during the past season, was £55,830 for 66 nights.

BATH HARMONIC SOCIETY.—We understand that Mr. Bianchi Taylor (the much-respected and indefatigable conductor of the Society's Concerts) has, at this early stage, commenced preparations for the forthcoming season. He has invited the choir to assemble at his residence for rehearsal, and many have already gladly availed themselves of the advantage, and met for that purpose. In answer to inquiries made to us by parties desirous of becoming local members, we believe it is only necessary to apply to the secretary, Mr. Hobson, or to Mr. Taylor—but it is expected that every aspirant should be capable of reading music tolerably at sight.—*Herald.*

MR. JOHN DAVIS, of the Theatre Royal, Plymouth, has been engaged to perform before the Queen and Prince Albert, at the forthcoming Theatricals at Windsor Castle, at Christmas.

MACCLESFIELD.—Mr. Graham and Miss Goddard, of whom provincial report speak so much in favour, are playing a round of leading parts here, and are drawing good houses.

HULL.—QUEEN'S THEATRE ROYAL.—This favourite place of amusement still continues to enjoy a full complement of deserved success. Each week produces some new star or piece. This week the talented Flexmore and Mdlle. Auriol are announced, and other parties of equally attractive talent are engaged to appear at the conclusion of their engagement.

MR. LAKE'S CONCERT-THEATRE, COVENTRY.—This concert was but thinly attended. We should think the expenses scarcely realised. The *beneficiaires* deserved better success. Miss Stewart acquitted herself to great advantage in Weber's difficult scena, "Ocean, thou mighty monster." Few are artistically fitted for such dramatic scenes, and fewer still able to appreciate either artist or music. Mr. Buckland's comic powers created great mirth. If not original, they were very amusing. Mr. Lake's concertina performance was quite new to a Coventry audience, and appeared to give much satisfaction as well as pleasure. The powers of the instrument were displayed with good taste and expression, and in executive skill as much power as the limited character of the instrument possessed. Miss Cubitt's style and selection were too much of the namby-pamby school, excepting "Non piu sogno;" a remark not applicable to the other parts of the performance.

THE HEART'S MUSIC.

From Charles Swain's "English Melodies."

The bird that to the evening sings,
Leaves music, when her song is ended;
A sweetness left—which takes not wings—
But with each pulse of ev'n is blended:
Thus life involves a double light,
Our acts and words have many brothers;
The heart that makes its own delight
Makes also a delight for others.

The owls that hoot from midnight tower
Shed gloom and discord ere they leave it;
And sweetness closes, like a flower
That shuts itself from tones that grieve it;
Thus life involves or double joy,
Or double gloom, for each hath brothers;
The heart that makes its own annoy
Makes also an annoy for others.

WINDSOR THEATRICALS.—The Queen has commanded Mr. Bartley, who, it will be remembered, read by desire before her Majesty the illustrative verses of the Oratorios of *Athalia*, *Antigone*, and *Œdipus*, to appear as Falstaff in the first part of *Henry IV.*, at Windsor, next Christmas, when the dramatic representations are to be resumed.

A VAIN POET.—It was, in 1826, at Weimar, that I was first introduced to Matthisson, and though Matthisson did me the honour to embrace me publicly, in recognition of my insignificant talents as the first German improvisatore (that is to say, the first who had ventured to show to his countrymen that poetical improvisation was not impossible in their language), I cannot say that I was very favourably impressed either with his personal appearance, or with his behaviour. There was a certain weak vanity discernible in him, which did not become either the poet or the man. His long residence at different courts had made him a courtier; *les grands de la terre* appeared to him as deities; he was full of bows, and eternally ducking and curtsying like a country squire's daughter at her first ball. He was a little thin man, with white hair, but totally devoid of that dignity which might be expected from a poet of his fame—full of the deepest devotion to all who wore a ribbon in the button-hole, or wrote their names with a *von* before them. A friend of mine, the late Wilhelm Müller (of whom we shall speak hereafter), met with him some time after at Stuttgart, and in their interview, though both were literary men, and, what is more, both successful as poets, the weak old Matthisson, during their entire interview, spoke of nothing but the amiable qualities, the talents, the acquirements of the hereditary Prince of Würtemberg, and urged the good-natured Müller very earnestly to pay him his respects in person. Müller consented, and asked, "How old is the young Prince?" Matthisson answered with seriousness and fervour, "The highly promising royal youth has just passed his *fourth* year!" When at Weimar, Matthisson, in a literary circle, spoke of nothing but his own talents as a reader, and so teased even Goethe, that the latter, at last, permitted him to read some scenes of his (Goëthe's) own "Faust" before him. To honour the King of Würtemberg's librarian, the literary men of Weimar gave him a dinner, where Hummel was obliged to play, and the writer, as already mentioned, to attempt some extemporaneous verses in praise of Goëthe (a theme which Matthisson himself gave); the old poet, in exchange, rewarded them by reciting some of his minor poems, which equally chilled their hearts and their soup.—*O. L. B. Wolfe.*

ROYAL ACADEMY OF PARIS.—In consequence of the closing of the Opera "for repairs," the directors have suspended the engagements of the *artistes* in virtue of a clause in the *Cahier des charges*, which authorises them so to do, in the case of a forcible suspension of the performances. M. Coralli, master of the ballet; and M. Eugene Coralli, a dancer, have, however, brought actions against MM. Duponchel and Roqueplan to compel them to execute the engagements and to pay the salaries, or to put an end to their contracts by paying the forfeits of 15,000f., and 10,000f., which were agreed on. The case was called on yesterday before the Tribunal of Commerce, but it was postponed for a fortnight.

CHIVALRIC POETRY.—At the same time with the Provençal poetry, chivalry had its rise. It was, in a manner, the soul of the new literature; and the character which it thus gives to the latter, so different from anything in antiquity, and so rich in poetical invention, is one of the most important matters of observation in the history of modern literature. We must not confound chivalry with the feudal system. The feudal system may be called the real life of the period of which we are treating, possessing its advantages and its inconveniences, its virtues and its vices. Chivalry, on the contrary, is the ideal world, such as it existed in the imagination of the Romance writers. Its essential character is devotion to woman and to honour. But the poetical notions which then prevailed, as to the virtues which constituted the perfection of knights and ladies, were not entirely the fictions of the brain. They existed amongst the people, though perhaps without being carried into action; and when at last they acquired greater stability by the heroic songs in which they were inculcated, they began to assert a more practical influence over the people who had given them birth, and the realities of the feudal system became identified with the fictions of chivalry.—*Sismondi's Literature of Europe.*

THE ITALIAN OPERA IN PARIS.—While our contemporaries both in Paris and London, have been amusing their readers with accounts of projects and offers for the opening of the Italian Opera House for the ensuing season in Paris, the iron hand of justice, or rather the law, has laid its inflexible claws upon all the seizable property in the theatre. The tapestry, sofas, chairs, music, and scenery, were quietly sold by auction a few days ago—quietly is exactly the word, for so quiet was it, that there were not above eight or ten persons assembled at the sale, and the canvass woods and groves, "vocal now no more," which have so often rung to the melodies of Grisi, Persiani, Mario, &c., re-echoed only to the sharp unmusical knock of the auctioneer's hammer; a sadder picture of desolation than this once lately brilliant theatre exhibited on this occasion, it would be indeed difficult to imagine. As one of the poor scene-shifters said, with tears in his eyes, and poverty and privation written in every feature, "See, gentlemen, what the revolution has done for us!" It is needless to add that the property did not fetch nearly a tithe of its value.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

ARCANGELO CORELLI.—The solos of Corelli, which form his *Opera Quinta*, have, for more than a century, been considered indispensable by the most eminent masters as an elementary work to all good schools for the violin. This composition, on which the fame of its celebrated author chiefly rests, was first printed at Rome, Jan. 1, 1700; and its reputation quickly spread throughout Europe, being greatly promoted by the zeal and ability of the composer's pupils, Geminiani and Locatelli; the one in England, and the other in Holland. The admiration bestowed by the musical world on these sonatas or solos, was due to that characteristic originality and excellence in them which blended the useful with the agreeable in an unexampled manner; and, as on every repetition their fame increased, the study of them became general, and was at one time so enthusiastic, that to be well skilled and versed in the beauties, and effects of their style, was deemed necessary, not only to acquire a perfect execution on the violin, but even to fix the hand and form the taste for the harpsichord, the violoncello, and the contra basso. Mr. George Pigott, the well known musical publisher of Grafton Street, Dublin, has issued proposals for printing twelve solos of the composer by subscription. Accompaniments will be added for the pianoforte, with separate parts for the violin, violoncello, and contrabasso. We refer to advertisement for further particulars. The work is entitled to the best support.

MUSICAL NOVELTY.—Amongst the novelties in pianofortes is a neat instrument designed by J. Edgar, No. 1, Upper Duke Street, for the Philharmonic Society. It stands on a plinth, to form a conductor's desk, by which means the conductor has the compass of the whole of the voices under his command. The compass is three and a half octaves from F in bass to C alt. The tone is very rich and powerful.—*Liverpool Chronicle.*

EXTRAORDINARY JUBILEE.—It is proposed to hold an "Anglo-Saxon Jubilee," at Wantage, in honour of Alfred the Great (born at Wantage, 849). The time suggested is the middle of October, as it is believed that the birth-day of Alfred was between the 26th and 29th October; and the latter day is well known to have been the date of his death, in the year 901. It is hoped by the originators of this project, that a surplus fund may be raised towards erecting, at Wantage, a memorial to record the commemoration; and that a donation may be given to the Royal Literary Fund in the name of the Scholar-King.

THE GOETHE CENTENARY.—This interesting celebration, as will be seen from an announcement in another column, will take place at the Albion Hotel, on Tuesday evening next, the 28th inst. The proceedings of the evening will be pleasantly intermingled with songs of the great German poet, performed by the *Lieder Tafel*, the gentlemen composing which have cheerfully come forward to give their assistance on the occasion. As the room in which the celebration will take place, holds only a limited number, an early application, we believe, will be necessary to secure tickets.

Mr. MACREADY has taken Sherborne House (late the residence of Samuel Pretor, Esq.) We understand that a limited term has been agreed to, that Mr. Macready may be able to judge whether he will like the locality as the place for a permanent residence.—*Sherborne Journal.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

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No. 37.—Vol. XXIV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1849. {PRICE THREEPENCE. STAMPED FOURPENCE.

EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

Drink, drink deeply, unfortunate lover! the flame that consumes thee,
Bacchus, be sure, will appease—Bacchus oblivion bestows:
Drink, drink deeply, and filling thy cup till with wine 'tis o'erflowing,
Shake all troublesome cares bravely at once from thy heart. J. O.

THE BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

(*Concluded from our last.*)

The programme of the last morning performance, on Friday, which was attended by another brilliant audience, presented both novelty and attraction of an unusually high order. Precisely at half-past eleven o'clock Mr. Costa made his appearance in the orchestra, and in obedience to the indication of his *ba'on*, the performance commenced with what is termed in the printed bills a *manuscript* overture of Mendelssohn. This MS. overture is neither more nor less than the orchestral prelude to Victor Hugo's drama of *Ruy Blas*, which Mendelssohn composed, in addition to some incidental vocal pieces, by command of the present King of Prussia. The key of the overture is C minor, the style more theatrical than any other instrumental work of the composer, and the instrumentation exceedingly brilliant and effective. The overture was magnificently played by the band, under Mr. Costa's vigorous and able guidance, and to judge by the warmth of its reception (the applause breaking out in spite of the restrictions imposed by a not injudicious custom), was highly relished by the audience.

The overture was followed by Mozart's superb *Mottetto* in C major, "Splendente Te," in which the solo vocal parts were entrusted to Madlle. Jetty de Treffz, Madlle. de Meric, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Machin. The execution of this masterpiece of contrapuntal art was all that could be desired. The most arduous part in the solos fell to the lot of Madlle. Jetty de Treffz, who undertook the principal *soprano*, and being a thorough musician, like most German singers of eminence, acquitted herself to admiration, delivering the text with a combined simplicity and energy which was admirably suited to the nervous and unaffected phraseology of the great composer of *Don Juan*.

In the popular air from Haydn's *Creation*, "In native worth," Mr. Sims Reeves gained greater distinction than in any of his previous efforts during the present festival. He sang with dignity as well as with power, and never once spoiled the chaste beauty of the text by impertinent modifications and ornaments. Mr. Reeves made a sensible impression on the audience, and had the noble President given the signal for repetition, it would doubtless have met the general wish.

Miss Catherine Hayes gave a beautifully subdued reading of the recitative and air, "Farewell, ye limpid streams," from Handel's little known, but not less beautiful, oratorio of *Jephtha* The passionate character of this most exquisite lament could hardly have been expressed with a greater intensity of feeling than by our excellent English *prima donna*.

Anything, even a fragment, from the *Requiem* of Mozart must be welcome to the lover of music; it may therefore be readily imagined with how much gratification one of the gems of that immortal inspiration, the "Benedictus," was heard with such interpreters of the four principal voice parts as Madame Castellan, Madlle. de Meric, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Pischek. The whole performance was a most intellectual treat, and the *tempo* indicated by Mr. Costa was in admirable keeping with the devotional character of the music.

Marcello's pretty, though somewhat insipid chorus, "I cieli narrani," has become out of date, and may be appropriately placed in the category of the *rococo*. It was a pity to throw away the magnificent voice and superb musical ability of Alboni—by far the greatest singer in her peculiar style that the present century has produced—on such a mere bagatelle, and the apathetic manner in which she delivered the solos plainly demonstrated that her heart was not with her labour. It is time this piece of musty antiquity, which has not a spark of genius, or a single point of ingenuity to recommend it, were laid upon the shelf.

Mr. Edmund Chipp's organ solo this morning was far more interesting than that of Wednesday night. It was from the Six Organ Sonatas of Mendelssohn, one of the most magnificent works of that great master, and the most valuable of all his contributions to the *repertoire* of the organ. The theme of the sonata is a famous *chorale* by Luther, which Mendelssohn has varied, elaborated, and developed in a masterly manner. Mr. Chipp played it like a true disciple of the great musician, and greatest of organ players, and the impression he produced was a flattering tribute to his ability and taste.

A chorus interspersed with bass solos, by Mr. Costa, "Date sonitum," was one of the great features of the morning's selection. It is, we believe, a fragment of a sacred composition of very considerable importance, and is written with musician-like ability. The solos are full of vigour and character, while the responsive choruses help to strengthen and develop the first idea. On the whole, this is the most favourable example of Mr. Costa's genius as a composer with which we have been favoured during the festival. So much did we admire it, that we regretted not to have had the opportunity of judging the entire work of which it forms a part. Lablache sang the solos magnificently, and the band and choir did ample justice to the *tuttis*. The president commanded a repetition of the *morceau*, which we are certain was in consonance with general desire.

After such a brilliant, and, not to use the term with disparagement, noisy composition, only the unrivalled voice of Mario, and the exquisitely refined vocalisation of that accomplished tenor could produce a marked effect in an *aria* so comparatively quiet and unassuming as the "A te fra tanti," from

Mozart's *Davide Penitente*, a sacred *cantata* well known to those deeply versed in the music of the celebrated composer of Saltzburgh. Mario, as usual, achieved a thoroughly artistic success. Nothing could surpass the finish with which he executed the florid divisions of the *aria*, the taste which marked his phrasing, or the satisfactory roundness and completeness of his cadenzas.

Of Madme. Sontag's talent we have already said more than enough. Her "mighty pens," from the *Creation*, was quite an original performance. The long note on the word "cooing," and the trills, where the "nightingale" is in question, had some of the Lind flavour in them, but the remainder was pure Sontag, and partook of a grace peculiarly belonging to herself, which no vocalist has attempted to rival or even copy. This performance was instantaneously re-demanded by the noble president, and repeated without abbreviation by Madme. Sontag, who exhibited no signs of lassitude or fatigue, although her exertions have been unremitting throughout the festival.

The miscellaneous selection concluded brilliantly with the superb chorus from the *Creation*, by Haydn, "The Heavens are telling," in which Mr. Sims Reeves sang the solos with well-sustained emphasis. A finer performance we have rarely listened to. The artists, choral and instrumental, not forgetting Mr. Costa the conductor, appeared inspired with their task. Altogether, the selection gave entire satisfaction."

The second part was wholly devoted to a portion of Handel's choral masterpiece, the oratorio of *Israel in Egypt*. We say a portion, since some of the finest choruses were omitted, such as "And Egypt was glad," "And the people feared the Lord," "The people shall hear," &c. This performance, overlooking the reprehensible mistake of curtailing so grand a work, for the sake of saving about twenty minutes of time, was, perhaps, the most complete and satisfactory of the entire festival. To Mr. Costa the advantage of having Handel's *Israel* according to the score was due, and for this the London amateurs can never enough be grateful to him. We only regret that the popular *maestro* had not the courage and consistency to do at Birmingham what he had already done so well in London. But this by the way; the perfection of the execution, yesterday morning, forced us to lay aside all minor causes of complaint. The choruses were really stupendous, and each one of them more than deserved the encore, which the noble president bestowed upon "He gave them hailstones," which came out with an effect that was nothing short of prodigious. The band was as efficient as the chorus, and the whole performance was alike honourable to Mr. Costa and his magnificent phalanx of vocalists and instrumentalists. Let us hope that on a future occasion, the success thus admirably achieved will induce the committee of the festival to give this immense effort of genius in its integrity. Let it not be thought that a Birmingham audience is behind a London audience in fully appreciating the masterpieces of the art. Mendelssohn wrote his *Elijah* expressly for them and he would not have paid them a compliment which has rendered the festival of 1846 a matter of history, had he not been convinced of the thorough capacity of the audience to understand and place at their proper value the very highest manifestations of musical genius and learning. A public that can at one hearing appreciate the *Elijah*, is capable of appreciating any musical inspiration, no matter how profound.

The solo voice parts in the *Israel* were sustained by Madame Castellan, the Misses Williams, Mr. Sims Reeves, Herr Pischek, and Mr. Machin. Although the chief interest in this colossal production is centred in the chorus, these excellent artists gave due effect to the songs and duets allotted them. Not to enter into minute details, we may cite that the air of Miss M. Williams, "Their land brought forth frogs;" the grand duet for two basses, "The Lord is a man of war;" the air of Miss A. Williams, "Thou did'st blow;" the recitatives for the tenor voice by Mr. Sims Reeves; and the grand soprano solo at the end, "Sing ye to the Lord," by Madame Castellan; were, each in its peculiar style, worthy of the most unqualified commendation.

At the end of the performance a tremendous cheer was given by the members of the orchestra and chorus for Mr. Costa, a compliment richly merited by the indefatigable zeal and admirable talent with which the musical affairs of this great festival have been directed by that gentleman.

WINCKELMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BOOK III.

ON THE ART OF THE ETRURIANS AND THEIR NEIGHBOURS.

CHAP. III.

(*Continued from page 549.*)

XII. The second peculiarity of this style cannot be comprised under one single notion, for it is not the same thing to be forced (*gezwungen*), and violent (*gewaltsam*). The violent refers not only to the position, the action, and the expression, but also to the movement of all the parts; while the forced can indeed be referred to the action, but may also be found in the quietest posture. "Forced" is the opposite of natural, while "violent" is the opposite of the decorous. The first is a quality even of the first style; but the other is peculiar to the second. Violence of posture proceeds from the first quality; since to obtain the strong expression and the palpable indication that was desired, the figures were placed in acts and attitudes in which the quality might be most visibly displayed. Violence was chosen instead of tranquillity and repose, and the expression was carried to its farthest limits.*

XIII. The remarks which I have here made generally, may be especially explained by single works and figures, and I would direct the reader to a bearded Mercury, on the often mentioned Borghese altar, which has muscles like a Hercules; and still more to the Tydeus and the Peleus. In these small figures, the collar-bones, the ribs, the cartilages of the elbow and the knee, the wrists and the ankles, are just as prominent as the main bones of the arm and the shin-bones. In the Tydeus, even the point of the breast-bone is made visible. The muscles in the Peleus are also in the most violent motion, though with less cause than in the other figure, in which even the muscles under the arm are not omitted. The forced attitude is shown on the before-mentioned round altar in the Capitoline Museum, and in several figures on the Borghese altar. Here the feet of the deities, who are represented frontwise, are parallel to each other; while in the figures that are seen sideways, they are placed in a straight line, one behind the other. In all the figures, the action of the hands is forced and clumsy, so that if any thing is held by the forefingers, the other fingers stand out straight and stiff. Notwithstanding their great science and art with respect to execution, the Etrurian artists were deficient in ideas of beauty; for the head of Tydeus is sketched after an ignoble fashion; and the head

* It is exceedingly difficult to render this 12th section. "Gewaltsam" and "gezwungen" refer to different species of exaggeration, and I feel that "violent" is at best an awkward expression.—*Translator.*

of Peleus, which is no more beautiful in its shape, is as much distorted as the body.

XIV. We might, to a certain extent, apply to the figures both of this and the first style, what Pindar says of Vulcan, that he was born without grace. Generally, this second style, compared with the Greek style of a good period, might be looked upon as a young man who has not had the advantage of a careful training, but whose wishes and mental ebullitions have been allowed to vent themselves without control; as such a young man, I say, compared with a beautiful youth, whose fire is restrained by wise training and careful discipline, and even whose natural advantages acquire a greater degree of sublimity through the decorum of the character. This second style may also, to use a modern expression, be blamed for *mannerism*, which is nothing but one unvarying character in all sorts of figures; for in these works, Apollo, Mars, Hercules, and Vulcan, are not distinguished by the drawing. Now, since uniform character is, in fact, no character, the censure which Aristotle passes on Zeuxis (*a*) may be applied to the Etrurian artists, *viz.*, that they are without character. We should find a similar fault with the panegyrics on celebrated persons in the history of our own time, couched in the style of the day; for these are altogether so indefinite and general in their terms, that they would suit an hundred other persons equally well.

XV. These qualities of the old Etrurian artists are still conspicuous in the works of their descendants, and may be discovered by the impartial eyes of connoisseurs in the drawing of Michael Angelo, the greatest among them. Hence, it has been said by some one, not without reason, that whoever has seen one figure by this artist has seen them all. The same defect belongs unquestionably to Daniel di Volterra, Pietro di Cortona, and others.

XVI. With respect to the Etruscan dress, I have only this observation to make:—in the marble figures the mantle is more freely worn, but is always laid in parallel folds, which proceed either perpendicularly or obliquely. However, a free manner of wearing the mantle may be seen in two of the five Greek heroes; consequently, an universal inference cannot be drawn from these works. The sleeves of the female under-garment are often broken up into small pinched folds, in the style of the Italian surplices (*rochetti*) of the cardinals and canons in some of the churches. In Germany one may form a notion of what I mean by the round paper lanterns which are laid in such folds, that they can be drawn out and shut up at pleasure. There are likewise sleeves of the sort in a male figure, namely, the statue in the Villa Albani already mentioned. The hair in most of the figures, both male and female, is so divided that the part which comes down from the crown of the head is tied at the back, while the rest hangs forward over the shoulders in stripes, according to the ancient usage adopted likewise by other nations. This has been already referred to with respect to the Egyptians, and will be again remarked in one of the following books with reference to the Greeks.

XVII. So far we have considered in the first and second styles the art which was peculiar to the Etrurians (*b*), and preceded their closer familiarity with Greek works of art, that is to say, preceded the time, when the Greeks subdued the lower part of Italy and other districts on the Adriatic sea, and confined the Etrurians within a narrower compass. When they had taken possession of that fairest part of Italy, and founded powerful cities, the arts began to flourish there earlier than in Greece itself, and even enlightened the neighbouring Etrurians, who maintained their ground in Campania. For as these, even in the earliest times, had depicted the history of the Greeks in their monuments, and consequently looked upon them as their teachers; the way was opened for them to be instructed in art by the same people. That this was really the case is probable from the coins of most of the cities in Campania, which, judging from the names in Etruscan characters, were struck at a time when the cities were still inhabited by Etrurians; for the heads of the deities on these coins are perfectly similar to those on the Greek coins and statues, so that even Jupiter, on the Etruscan coins of the city Capua, has his hair laid upon the forehead, after the Grecian manner, as will be shown hereafter.

XVIII. This then is the third Etruscan style, and that which belongs to the greater part of the works of this people, especially to the sepulchral urns in white alabaster of Volterra (*c*), of which four are in the Villa Albani, all having been discovered in this city in 1761. These urns are only three palms long and one broad, and therefore could only have served for the preservation of ashes. On the cover lies a figure of the deceased, half the size of life, supporting itself upright with one arm. Three other figures are holding a cup, and one a drinking-horn. The feet seem to have been sawn off for want of room on the cover.

SELECT VARIORUM NOTES.

(*a*) According to Pliny, this censure passed by Aristotle upon Zeuxis does not seem to apply to this artist's Penelope, "in qua pinxisse *mores* videtur."—*Fea.*

(*b*) What the author says in this chapter respecting the hardness in Etruscan works, is also confirmed by Quintilian.—*Fea*

(*c*) On several sepulchral urns, which are unquestionably Etruscan, there are some unwieldy figures caricatured in point of expression, which might be looked upon as works in a peculiar manner. Closely inspected, however, they are merely remarkable for their badness, and are doubtless works of a later date, showing the increasing decline of art.—*Meyer.*

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

NO. CCLI.

With true Olympian calmness to repose,
Confessing, though some harsh notes jar among
Earth's utt'rances, her chords are finely strung
And nought but music from the union flows;—
To see how being out of being grows,
That while some parts decay, the whole is young;
To see that ev'ry atom, which seems flung
At random, its own course appointed knows;—
This is the life at which we all should aim.
But few can climb the summit, and descry
The broad fair plain, where vanishes all doubt.
Each day arrests us with its tiny claim;
One human tear dims a celestial eye;
The slightest cares an universe shut out. N. D.

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(*Continued from page 563.*)

LXV. ALTHOUGH Egypt borders on Libya, it does not much abound in animals; all that are there, however, whether domestic or not, are considered sacred. If I were to say why these animals have been consecrated, I should trespass in my discourse on divine matters, which I specially avoid narrating, having only touched upon them where I have been induced by necessity. The law concerning animals is as follows:—Curators are appointed, both from the male and female Egyptians, for each separate class of animals, and this honourable office descends from father to son. All the persons in the cities perform the vows to the curators in this manner:

Praying to the god to whom the beast belongs, and shaving off the whole, or half, or a third part of the hair off their children's heads, they weigh this hair against silver in a balance, and as much silver as is necessary to counter-balance it they give to the curatrix of the animals, who feeds them with the fish which she buys with the silver, and which she cuts up. Such is the nourishment that is awarded to the animals. If any one kills any one of these animals voluntarily, the punishment is death; if involuntarily, he pays a penalty ordered by the priests; but he who kills an ibis or a hawk, whether voluntarily or involuntarily, must be put to death.

LXVI. The number of domestic animals is great, and would be still greater if the following accidents did not befal the cats. When the female cats have brought forth their young, they no longer follow the males, and the latter seek for them in vain. They, therefore, have recourse to this stratagem. Snatching away the young from the females, they kill them, but having done this they do not eat them.* When a conflagration arises, a miraculous fate befals the cats; for the Egyptians, standing at intervals from each other, catch the cats, while they neglect to extinguish the fire. The cats, however, slipping through and springing over the men, leap into the fire; and when this happens, the Egyptians feel exceeding grief. If in any of the houses a cat dies a natural death, all the residents shave off only their eye-brows; but where a dog dies, they shave the head and the whole body.

LXVII. The cats, when they die, are taken to sacred abodes, and when they have been embalmed there, they are buried in the city Bubastis; while the dogs are buried each in his own city. The ichneumons are buried in the same manner as the dogs. Shrew-mice and hawks are taken to the city of Butos, and the ibis to Hermopolis. The bears, which are scarce, and the wolves, which are scarcely larger than foxes, they bury in the place where their bodies are found.

(*To be continued.*)

* ὀυ πατίονται. Larcher, who says, "sans en recevoir aucun dommage," must have had some other reading in view.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

HEREFORD, Tuesday, Sept. 11.

THE festival began with the full cathedral service and a selection of sacred music, according to custom. Before the service, Martin Luther's 100th Psalm was sung by the choir, the principal singer taking the second verse, the first, third, and fourth being given in full chorus. The *preces*, responses, and chant of Tallis, were performed, the unisonous phrases of the old English master resounding through the aisles of the cathedral with solemn majesty. The "Te Deum"—Handel's "Dettingen"—was executed, on the whole, very effectively, the solo voice parts being allotted to the Misses A. and M. Williams, Miss Poole, Messrs. Hobbs, Machin, and H. Phillips. In the base solo, "Thou art the King of Glory," sung by Mr. Machin, the trumpet *obligato* was played by Mr. T. Harper. The "Jubilate" was also by Handel—the one composed for the peace of Utrecht. The general execution of this was very satisfactory; the chorus was strong and effective; and Miss M. Williams, Miss Poole, and Mr. Machin all that could be desired in the vocal solos. After the third collect, an anthem, from the *Lob und Ehre und Weisheit* of John Sebastian Bach; adapted to English words by Mr. Angel, organist of Exeter Cathedral, was given. It consists of five pieces, a chorus, quartet, chorale, and final chorus, and is an interesting example of the simpler style of the master, containing none of those complex elaborations, none of those combinations at once so free, grand, and startling, for which his motetts for double choir, his *Passions-musik*, his *Missa Solennis* in B minor, and others of his choral works are distinguished. The performance of this anthem, in which the solo parts were given to Miss A. Williams, Miss Poole, and Messrs. Hobbs and Machin, showed that it had been carefully studied. Before the sermon Dr. Boyce's anthem, "Blessed is he," was introduced, the solos by Miss M. Williams, Messrs. Hobbs, Lockey, Machin, and Phillips. Dr. Boyce's music is getting almost out of date. He was a clever musician, but wholly destitute of imagination. His melodies are perhaps more rhythmical and his harmony clearer than in the works of Dr. Green, Dr. Croft, and other English cathedral composers; but he exhibits little or none of their ingenuity, and never reaches the moments of sublimity which are to be met with, at rare intervals, in the writings of the elder contrapuntists, who, with all their dry elaboration and mechanical contrivances, have no equals for grave and lofty intention amongst the present race of composers. Indeed, the decay of our church music is a matter for serious consideration, and reflects disgrace on all those whom it concerns. Of Mendelssohn's anthem (from Psalm 115), "Not unto us, O Lord," which followed the sermon, and was executed with decision, if not with invariable clearness, we have nothing new to say. It contains many beautiful points, much of his peculiar phraseology and instrumental colouring, and a masterly and splendid double chorus, "Not unto us, O Lord!" at the end; but we are not inclined to place it among the highest compositions which the gifted author of *Elijah* has bequeathed to the church. The solo vocal parts were taken by Miss A. Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Phillips.

Mr. Townshend Smith, who conducted the musical performances with judgment, is organist of the cathedral, and may naturally be supposed to be thoroughly acquainted with the compositions we have enumerated, which must frequently come under his attention. Mr. Arnott, from Gloucester, presided at the organ, which, since it has been repairing, stands at the bottom of one of the aisles, at the side of the orchestra, so that, even with the usual expedient of a looking-glass, it is doubtful whether the performers can conveniently obtain a sight of the conductor's *baton*. The band and chorus, though not on a very grand scale, were, for the most part, effective. Mr. Blagrove was the leader.

The cathedral was much fuller than usual on the first day of a festival, when the musical attractions are generally less striking than on the other days. The weather was bad. The sermon was preached by the Lord Bishop of Hereford.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 12.

The sermon was preached yesterday by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Hereford (Dr. Hampden), after service in the Cathedral. Dr. Hampden preached with great eloquence, and illustrated his subject with many admirable precepts and glowing apostrophes. He expressed his extreme satisfaction at the renewal of divine service in the "chief temple" of the diocese (Cathedral). He dwelt upon the praiseworthy object of the triennial meetings of the three choirs, and made a fervid appeal to the noble and wealthy of his flock in behalf of their continuance, which, he justly said, depended upon themselves alone. A higher and a worthier application of the beautiful art of music, he said, could not be imagined than that in

which praise and thanksgiving to the Divine Being for His greatness and mercies were combined with a furtherance of the objects of charity—the prime virtue commanded by the Saviour. Dr. Hampden's sermon was long, occupying more than three-quarters of an hour in delivery, but it was heard with unmitigated satisfaction. That it produced a corresponding good effect may be gathered from the fact that £237. 7*s*, was collected at the doors, considerably more than the average amount on the first day of the festival.

The liturgy was "intoned" by the Rev. T. Gretton. The first lesson was read by Lord Saye and Sele, and the second by Canon Musgrave. The stewards, the Mayor and other civic dignitaries, were present at the service. We have nothing to add to our yesterday's account of the musical performances. The arrangements in the nave of the cathedral are precisely the same as at the last festival, except that the organ, as we have said, is now placed at the side of the choir, near the entry to the north transept. The reparations of the cathedral are rather slow in progress. The columns and semicircular arches, however, are restored to their former splendour, and the colours in the painted roof are beginning to soften down agreeably. The city is rapidly filling, new arrivals are hourly remarked, the principal streets are unusually crowded and animated, and, the hotels being nearly all occupied, the usual war is levied upon strangers, in the shape of extortionate prices and extraordinary imposts. The weather has threatened to change, but the threat has apparently evaporated, since the sun shines brightly while we are writing. By the way, Mr. Amott, not Arnott, is the name of the gentleman from Glocester Cathedral who presides at the organ.

The first miscellaneous concert took place last evening in the Shire-hall, a large edifice in the Doric style, built about the year 1815, after designs by Smirke. The portico in front (the finest part of the building) is modelled on that of the Temple of Theseus at Athens. The hall, where all musical performances and county meetings are held, is about 70 feet long and 48 broad. It contains fine portraits of George III. and one of the Dukes of Norfolk. We doubt if, when full, it will accommodate more than 500 or 600 persons comfortably. Last night it was little more than half full, though we are told the attendance was unusually numerous for the first evening concert. The programme contained many interesting points, amidst much that was indifferent.

The performances began with Mendelssohn's overture to *Melusina*, one of his most imaginative and beautiful orchestral works, and so rarely played in public that it came with all the freshness of novelty. The execution, on the whole, was not satisfactory. The instrumentation is very elaborate, and requires a delicacy and precision that can only result from practice and confidence. Beethoven's *cantata*, "Preis der Tonkunst," set to a new poem by Mr. Oliphant, called "Praise of Music," was also an interesting feature of the programme. This was composed for one of the *fêtes* of the allied Sovereigns in 1814, during the Congress of Vienna, where it was performed with great success. It was then entitled "Der glorrieche Augenblick," and was set to a poem of a wholly different character. We believe it was Beethoven himself who, some years after, caused the new words to be prepared, and adapted his music to them for some occasion now forgotten. This *cantata* is in the middle style of the composer, and cannot be cited among his most original and successful inspirations. Some of the melodies have become decidedly *rococo*, while others retain all their pristine beauty. There is nevertheless, the clearness and decision of a master's hand in the choral and instrumental combinations, and more than one of the effects verge on the sublime. The solo voice parts (as in the *Missa Solennis* in D minor, and the Ninth Symphony) are painfully high and difficult, and ineffective in proportion. The finest parts are the choruses. The final chorus, which commences with a fresh and melodious theme that recals in character the *finale* of the choral fantasia (for pianoforte, orchestra, and voices), has some magnificent points, and the fugue at the conclusion, on a short and bold subject, is masterly and splendid. The performance on the whole was effective, especially the choral portions. The difficult violin *obligato*, which forms a striking and novel feature in the composition, was admirably executed by Mr. Willy, who leads the band at the evening concerts, and the vocal solos were given with the utmost care and intelligence by Madame Castellan, Miss A. Williams, Miss Poole, and Messrs. Lockey and Phillips.

We can only name those pieces in the miscellaneous part of the concert that produced the most marked effect. Madame Castellan was the vocal queen of the evening, and sang two Italian cavatinas in her most brilliant style. In the "Qui la voce," from *Puritani*, her reading of the *largo*, was highly expressive and finished. But her greatest effect was produced in the "Casta diva," from *Norma*, which she gave with perfect grace of style and admirable vocal fluency. She was enthusiastically applauded. Mr. Sims Reeves also created an immense effect in the "Fra poco," from *Lucia*, which he sang with intense fervour. His voice was almost too powerful for the dimensions of the hall, but, amidst all its force, it lost none of its beautiful quality. Miss A. Williams, in Mozart's elaborate air from *La Clemenza di Tito*, "Parto," exhibited both musical feeling and vocal facility in an eminent degree. The clarionet *obligato* was played to perfection by Mr. Williams, from the London Philharmonic Concerts, who is, we believe, a native of Hereford. Miss Poole sang Haydn's "Mermaid song" delightfully, but the Page's second song, from the *Huguenots*, is out of her line; being compelled to omit the scale passages, and alter others, the character of the music is entirely lost. Meyerbeer wrote this air expressly for Alboni, and had her immense compass of voice and extraordinary flexibility in view. Miss Poole has few superiors in her own style, but that is certainly not exemplified in *tours de force* or passages demanding fluent execution. She took her revenge afterwards in Glover's comic ballad, "Twas a beautiful night," which she gave with winning archness, and obtained an enthusiastic encore, the only one (we are not sorry to relate) of the evening. Spohr's trio, 'Night's lingering shades," from *Azor and Zemira* (the Misses Williams and Miss Poole); the duet, "Io l'udia," from Donizetti's *Assedio di Calais* (the Misses Williams), and the duet from *Guillaume Tell*, "Dove vai" (Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. H. Phillips), were among the best performance of the evening. Mr. Lockey sang a new ballad by Crouch, "They say, fair Indian," as well as a ballad could possibly be sung; but there was nothing in the composition itself to call for admiration. The promised selection from Rossini's *Zelmira* dwindled down to two pieces. The first, the well-known recitative and air, "Sorte, secondami," Mr. Reeves sang with great power and animation; the second, the trio, "Soave comforto," which is either modelled upon, or served as the model for the still more familiar "Cruda sorte," (from *Ricciardo e Zoraide*), was equally well rendered by Madame Castellan, Miss Poole, and Mr. Phillips, and, in a musical point of view, was far more interesting. Mr. Hobbs and Mr. Phillips each sang a ballad. That of Mr. Hobbs (composed and accompanied on the piano by himself), "Phillis is my only joy," is musically speaking, a sort of parody on Arne's, "Where the bee sucks;" that of Mr. Phillips was the

"Auld wife sits by the fire," the words of which, by Mr. Thirlwall, contain more than one thought that would not disgrace a poet. Both ballads were well sung. Two interesting specimens of Sir H. Bishop's music—the fine glee, "O bold Robin Hood!" (by Messrs. Lockey, Hobbs, Machin, and chorus), and the finale, "Spirits advance," from the *Midsummer Night's Dream* (solos by the Misses Williams, Messrs. Lockey and Machin,) were both ably performed, and contrasted agreeably with the Italian cavatinas and English ballads with which the programme abounded. At the beginning of the second part the band played the overture to *Der Freischutz* in a very spirited and effective manner.

After the concert there was a ball, for which the majority of the visitors remained. Mr. Townshend Smith conducted the orchestral pieces with care and discretion, and Mr. Done accompanied several of the pianoforte songs in a satisfactory manner.

This morning the cathedral was fully attended. Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was the oratorio which accounted for the attraction. The vocalists were, Madame Castellan, the Misses Williams, Miss Poole, Miss Cole, Messrs. Lockey, Hobbs, Phillips, and Machin. The choruses for the most part went well. The "Thanks be to God" was redemanded. A similar honour was conferred upon the quartet. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," in which the Misses Williams and Messrs. Lockey and Machin were the principals. Madame Castellan and Mr. Phillips sang the duet, "What have I to do with thee?" with admirable effect, and Mr. Lockey gave the air of the prophet Obadiah, "If with all your hearts," with devotional fervour, and becoming simplicity of style. Miss Poole gave the fullest expression to the plaintive air, "Wo unto them." The duet in A minor, "Lord bow down thine ear to our prayer," by the Misses Williams, was one of the best performances of the morning. The band, led by Mr. Blagrove, played the overture with great point and decision, and Mr. Phillips delivered the curse with impressive solemnity. Mr. Townshend Smith conducted, and Mr. Amott presided at the organ.

The second part of *Elijah* went off even better than the first. In addition to the quartet and chorus we have mentioned, five other pieces were re-demanded:—the unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes," sung by the Misses Williams and Miss Poole; the air, "O rest in the Lord," by Miss Martha Williams; the air, "For the mountains shall depart," by Mr. Phillips; the air, "Then shall the righteous shine forth," by Mr. Lockey; and the quartet in B flat, "O come every one that thirsteth," by the Misses Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Phillips. There were never so many repetitions at any previous execution of the *Elijah* in our remembrance. It is true the pieces we have enumerated were all most ably rendered by the respective singers to whom they were intrusted, but the growing popularity of Mendelssohn's great work is the chief point of interest to be gathered from the result. Mr. Phillips interprets the music of *Elijah* admirably for the most part. He occasionally drags the time, but he gives to each song its appropriate reading, and avoids the monotony of tone which is the chief defect of the German singers, who are too much addicted to singing continually loud. The beautiful air, "For the mountains shall depart," (in which the oboe obligato part was carefully played by Mr. Grattan Cooke,) was all the more effective from the quiet repose which Mr. Phillips imparted to the execution. Madame Castellan sang the splendid air, "Hear ye, Israel," with great energy and feeling, and was equally good in the "Holy, holy," in the high notes of which her clear and powerful soprano was peculiarly effective. In the fine recitative, "Arise now," preceding the chorus, "Behold the Lord God passed by," Madame Castellan's reading was also highly intelligent. Miss M. Williams gave the recitatives of Jezebel very impressively, and Mr. Lockey sang the devotional air, "Then shall the righteous," with the purest taste. The choruses were generally well done. The most irreproachable were "He watcheth over Israel," and "He that shall endure," in which the gradations of light and shade were perfectly well managed. The larger choruses, "Be not afraid," "Behold the Lord God passed by," and the two concluding ones, were wanting in power, although the *ensemble* was generally correct. On the whole, the general performance of Mendelssohn's *chef d'œuvre* was creditable to the meeting. Mr. Townshend Smith conducted, and Mr. Amott presided at the organ. Earl Somers (president), the Bishop, the Earl of Powis, and all the stewards were present, besides many of the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. The cathedral was nearly full. All the raised seats were occupied. The collection at the doors was better than on the first day. It amounted to £262. On leaving the cathedral we found the rain pouring in torrents, much to the inconvenience of the gaily-dressed ladies, who had to make the best of their way to their carriages.

THURSDAY, Sept. 13.

The weather continuing very unfavourable no doubt injured, in some degree, the second miscellaneous concert which took place last evening in the Shire Hall. Nevertheless, although there was not, as on the preceding night, the attraction of a ball to follow the concert, the attendance was much more numerous than on the previous occasion. The programme contained 27 pieces, which, with three *encores*, amounted to 30; a musical feast of the Liverpool and Birmingham order. The concert began with a very good performance by the band, led by Mr. Willy, of Beethoven's overture to *Egmont*; and the second part commenced quite as auspiciously, with Mozart's *Jupiter* symphony. This latter was also executed with great spirit by the band, and was better received, we imagine, than Mr. Smith, the conductor, had anticipated, or he would hardly have omitted the repeats in the opening and concluding movements. A selection from Spohr's *Faust* was a feature in the first part, although the execution in the choral and orchestral departments was not so satisfactory as it might have been. The pieces selected from Spohr's finest opera were the tenor song, with chorus, in C, 'Tis wine has ever cheered the soul." sung by Mr. Lockey; the well-known duet in F, "Follow, dearest," for Faust and Rosina, by Miss A. Williams and Mr. Machin; the grand *scena* for Cunegunda, "The silent night retires," by Madame Castellan; and the wedding chorus and duet for Hugo and Cunegunda, from the *finale* to the first act, solos by Miss A. Williams and Mr. Lockey. In all these pieces the principal vocalists were excellent. Mr. Sims Reeves made a great impression in the "Adelaida," which he sang with genuine warmth of expression and refinement. Mr. W. Done played the accompaniment on the pianoforte. Miss M. Williams gave a pure and irreproachable reading of the "Voi che sapete," in which the transposition from the original key was the only point open to objection. Mr. Benedict's fine dramatic air, "Rage, rage thou angry storm," sung with great fervour by Mr. Phillips, and the pretty and catching ballad, "With love my heart is glowing," from Loder's operetta *Robin Goodfellow*, effectively given by Miss Poole, were among the best things in the first part. Madame Castellan and Mr. Sims Reeves were encored in the duet from *Lucia*, "Egli m'odia," and repeated the cabaletta. A similar compliment was paid to the Misses Williams in

the sparkling duettino of W. H. Holmes, "O'er the wild rocky Alps;" this, nevertheless, greatly suffered from the negligent manner in which the orchestral accompaniments were rendered. Ballads of Bishop and Balfe, by Mr. Lockey and Miss Poole, and the trio, "Ti parli l'amore," from *Otello*, concluded the first part. After the symphony, a madrigal, by Webbe, for double choir, "To love I wake the silver string,' was given as effectively as the tameness of the music would admit by the Misses Williams, Messrs. Hobbs and Phillips (first choir); Miss Poole, Messrs. Gray, Lockey, and Machin (second choir). Madame Castellan created a *furore* in the "Ah non giunge," in which she introduced a profusion of novel ornaments and *fioriture* that displayed to great advantage the extensive register of her voice, which is equally rich and powerful in the contralto and soprano registers. Madame Castellan was enthusiastically recalled, and was compelled to go through the rondo again. The second time she embellished the air with another set of graces, quite as effective and brilliant. A new ballad, "Farewell to the valley," composed, sung, and accompanied by Mr. Hobbs, was quite in the usual style of that artist, and produced the usual effect. A selection from Rossini's *Mose in Egitto* was more abundant than that from *Zelmira*. It included the duet, "Tutto mi ride intorno," for Agia and Constance, by the Misses Williams; the duet, "Parlar spiegar," for Prosmane and Norreddino, by Messrs. Sims Reeves and Phillips; the aria and chorus for Fatima, "La pace mia smarrita," by Madame Castellan; the quartet, "Mi manca la voce," by Madame Castellan, Miss Poole, and Messrs. Lockey and Reeves; and the chorus of nobles, "Se a mitigar." Most of these pieces are well known, and the execution was on the whole highly satisfactory. A very graceful ballad by Balfe, to some unusually sentimental verses by Mr. Fitzball, "Oh, write to me" (an attractive title for the drawing-room), was expressively sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, and much admired by the ladies. The popular "Egli e la," from the *Figlia*, sung with spirit by Miss Poole, and the air, from Haydn's *Seasons*, "When sluggish Phœbus" (by Mr. Hobbs), followed by the hunting chorus, "Hark, the merry-tond horn," concluded the concert, which, though a great deal too long, contained much that was good, and something that was comparatively new. Mr. Townshend Smith conducted, and the pianoforte accompaniments were divided between that gentleman and Mr. W. Done. By the way, it was generally demanded why there was no orchestral accompaniments to the quartet, "Mi manca la voce?" All the other pieces from the *Mose* were supplied in that essential department, and the effect of a piano-forte accompaniment, immediately in juxtaposition, was particularly meagre and unsatisfactory.

The morning performance at the cathedral was very well attended on Wednesday, but not quite so well as yesterday. All the raised seats were occupied. The president, the bishop, and the stewards were present. The selection from Spohr's *Calvary*, with which the performance began, was almost too insignificant for notice. In all there were only five pieces—the soprano, solo, and chorus (Madame Castellan), "Though all thy friends;" the chorus and solo, "O Thou eternal God" (Miss A. Williams); the chorus, "O look down" (*soli* by Miss Poole, Miss M. Williams, Messrs. Hobbs and Machin); the soprano air, "When this scene" (Miss A. Williams—*obligati* for violin, horn, violoncello, and piano, Messrs. Blagrove, Platt, Lindley, and Done); and the trio, "Jesus, heavenly Master" (the Misses Williams and Miss Poole). The execution was irreproachable, but it was a great error to have given so small a portion of a work which there is so general a curiosity to hear entire, and, on the strength of the composer's name alone, might have been made the grand feature and novelty of the festival. A miscellaneous succession of pieces followed. Three of these were re-demanded in immediate rotation,—the *chorale*, from Mendelssohn's *Paulus*, "Sleepers awake," effectively given by the chorus; the air from *Judas Maccabæus*, "Sound an alarm," declaimed with great energy by Mr. Sims Reeves; and "With verdure clad," from the *Creation*, which Madame Castellan sang with delightful purity of style. The other points of the morning performances were Beethoven's Service (Mass) in C, No. 1, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. It is too late to send further accounts, which must be deferred to your next.

BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.

No. III.—Op. 55.

(*Continued from page 556.*)

The first countersubject is now introduced in another new form; the tempo is altered to *poco andante*, the melody is accompanied with a change of harmony to every note, and the instrumentation completely varied from every form in which the countersubject has yet appeared, by all which means an entirely different character is given to it, and another beautiful contrast to the generally prevailing effect is produced. The music here indeed assumes the colouring of passion, from which it acquires an interest unlike, and I think beyond, that of all the rest of the movement. One cannot describe, one can only feel, the exquisite beauty of a new melody that forms a sort of variation of the Second Part of this fertile theme, and excels if possible the excellence of the original. The melody of the countersubject is now given by the basses, strengthened with the bassoons, and clarionets, and horns; here it assumes again a new character from the brilliant accompaniment of the full orchestra. After this the rhythm becomes more continuous, and though the often repeated melody of the countersubject is always paramount, its phraseology is no longer concisely measured, but prolonged and dispersed through a novel and effective series of modulations. The progression from the key of A flat to that of G minor has wonderful breadth and power; it is considerably similar in effect to a passage constructed on the same gradation of harmony, namely the ascent of the bass by semitones, to which I have called attention in the coda of the last movement of the Symphony in D, but the present example has an interest beyond that in the former work, from the slowly accumulated *crescendo* that is carried through it, in which, so admirably does the instrumental distribution correspond with the harmonic progression, that the power of the orchestra seems at last to attain its uttermost capable limit. We have a somewhat singular passage in G minor upon a tonic pedal, in which the countersubject is still still apparent, and is interrupted by a change of *tempo*, the *presto* which is now introduced being a coda to the whole movement. This coda consists of an alternation of tonic and dominant harmonies, in which the first four bars of the countersubject are given by diminution, and the entire orchestra is gradually introduced until, with the full power of the whole, a brilliant climax is formed.

I have, in speaking of the two earlier symphonies, suggested the identity of the style in which they are written with that of the great masters who immediately preceded our author, especially of Mozart, whose genius may be truly said to be prolonged, or to live again in the spirit that imagined the works of what is denominated the First period of Beethoven's career. Strikingly true as I think this must be admitted to be, there must, nevertheless, have been a very wide difference,

probably arising from some dissimilarity in their early study between the musical constitution of the mindr of these two composers. This difference, I think, consists chiefly in that the learning, the scholarship, the contrapuntal skill of Mozart was so complete and so entirely habitual to him, that it seems to have qualified the natural currency of his ideas, to have become, in fact, his nature; whereas, in the case of Beethoven, the application of such acquirements appears to have been always an effort, indeed an elaboration: perhaps the amount of knowledge of these two may have been equal, but the display of it in their works may be supposed to be—of the one, the result of this knowledge; of the other, the result of the long and familiar exercise of it. This is most powerfully evidenced in the movement we have just been examining, as compared with the essentially contrapuntal movements of Mozart; for example,—the last movement of the symphony in C major, known in England as the *Jupiter*, and the overture to the *Zauberflöte;* that seems to have been written with care and research, because the author had resolved to produce an elaborate composition; these, on the contrary, sound as if they were formed of the first ideas that presented themselves to the composer, without study and almost without revision. Mozart, one may imagine, thought the music, Beethoven thought of it; this made his movement, the former wrote down what may have been pre-existent in nature. In the severe music of Beethoven, the composer is felt to be most at his ease when he departs from the severe style and indulges in some purely imaginative idea; in that of Mozart, the author's imagination colours the severity, not contracts it, and he appears to be equally at his ease in whatever style he writes. The contrapuntal elaboration employed by Mozart, gives to those movements in which it is most conspicuous a grandeur and dignity that cannot be exceeded; in the case of Beethoven this is never the effect, but frequently one of stiffness, if not of pedantry. Beethoven is most grand when he is most simple; Mozart comparatively simple when most complicated. Such a comparison of Beethoven with his great predecessor, is the natural inference that forces itself upon the consideration of one whose knowledge of their respective works has led him to institute an analogy between them; while such a system of criticism—or, to speak more reverently and indeed truly, study—may teach us to distinguish the relative and peculiar merits of each, but induces, or need induce, no disrespect of either.

In concluding these remarks upon the *Sinfonia Eroica*, I may be permitted to say that I think the composition of this great work opened a new era in instrumental music. I have already advanced that this Symphony is the first orchestral production of Beethoven in which the individuality of his genius is completely developed; and we find that style which this individuality distinguishes carried here to its full perfection, since, if he afterwards equalled, the great composer never surpassed, this wonderful masterpiece. Beethoven's peculiarity, which is indeed a novelty of style, has doubtless had its influence upon the minds, and therefore upon the works, of all musicians who have written since its first manifestation, or at least since its general appreciation by artists and auditors; and such influence has, we may well suppose, been very great, since its effects may be traced, even in such music as is most remarkable for originality and independence of thought; it is not, however, only in its influence upon the style of subsequent music, but equally in its influence upon the form of compositions of the same class, and upon the constructive powers of their composers, that we are to regard this colossal work, the *Eroica* Symphony, as having had a great effect upon the progress of the art. In the first movement, and in the *Scherzo*, especially, is the plan much larger, the design more comprehensive and extended than in any previous composition; and a like largeness, comprehensiveness, extension of outline as opposed to the comparative conciseness, compactness, closeness of form in the works of the earlier masters, and in the earlier works of this master, is what constitutes one of the most important distinctions between the music, especially the instrumental music, of the present day, and that of the illustrious founders of the school. It is not here intended to imply that the extended plan of the great instrumental movements of Mendelssohn and other composers of our time is imitated from this original, which is, however, certainly the precedent, if not the model, of compositions written in the form which now very generally prevails; but there can be no doubt that if the plan of this Symphony has not been regarded as an example for imitation, the knowledge of it must have been as a seed in the minds of musical students, of which, what we may call the modern habit of construction is, under various modifications, the germination. Thus, I think, we may fairly date the composition of this great work as the opening of a new era in instrumental music.

Whether Beethoven composed this symphony more in honor of his hero, or in honor of his art, or in honor of himself, is, if of any consequence or not, entirely matter of speculation. This is, however, beyond doubt, proved, by the magnitude of the design and the careful elaboration of the details of this truly great work:—namely, that from whatever incentive our composer must have devoted himself to the labour of this production with the resolve—may one not say with the inspiration?—to give to the world something that should, in developing his new, his own style, in proving the identity of his genius, should at once immortalize it; and with the conviction that this resolve would be fulfilled, this inspiration would not be in vain. The result is, that this symphony excels in magnitude everything that preceded it, and that its large proportions are so replete with beauty as for it to have been impossible, even for Beethoven, to produce anything that exceeds the merit of this extraordinary work. True it is, that there may be so many different tastes among various classes of auditors as there are different feelings expressed in the several works of the same class of our composer, and thus each one of the symphonies may be especially the favorite of such particular admirers as have some peculiar sympathy with each, but I sincerely believe that there is no general standard of excellence by which a work of art can be tested according to which any one of the whole series can be rated higher in the scale of perfection than the *Sinfonia Eroica*.

G. A. MACFARREN.

(To be continued.)

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

SADLER'S WELLS.

AN unusually heavy press of matter, occasioned chiefly by the festivals, has prevented us from sooner noticing the opening of this popular place of public amusement, which commenced its season on the 25th of August. There are several new engagements, the most important of which is Miss Fitzpatrick, a lady who has been passing a successful noviciate in the provinces, and appeared on the 30th as Laetitia Hardy, in Mrs. Cowley's comedy of the *Belle's Stratagem*. If the fair *débutante's* future career realises the promise she has already given, she must at no distant period take her place as one of our London celebrities. Miss Fitzpatrick is young. Her

features are small, but handsome and intelligent. Lætitia Hardy is a favourite part with ambitious *débutantes* in genteel comedy, as the character combines, in an unusual degree, natural feeling with the more conventional requisites of the drawing-room. The graceful ease and self-possession which Miss Fitzpatrick showed in the early scenes, at once created a favourable impression of her. The scene in the third act, where Lætitia, proceeding on the principle she has laid down, that it is easier to turn dislike into its opposite than to change indifference into affection, appears before her husband-elect as a rustic and fool, is, after all, the only one which tasks the powers of the performer very highly. Here Miss Fitzpatrick played with a *naïveté*, archness, and humour, which fully confirmed the favourable prepossessions of the audience. The song with which the scene concludes had very nearly obtained an encore. In the masquerade, Miss Fitzpatrick danced the "Minuet de la Cour" very gracefully, and, at the end of the play, stepped forward amidst a hurricane of applause. Miss T. Bassano, a sister of the syren, and another *débutante*, played Lady Frances Touchwood. She is very young, very pretty, has a light and graceful form, and played the bashful Lady Frances with simplicity and delicacy.

On Thursday se'nnight Sheridan Knowles's comedy of the *Love Chase* was revived, with Miss Fitzpatrick as Constance; a part which, although requiring less various requisites in the actress, is a far more arduous one, and some faults were now perceptible in the fair delineator, which had not been previously visible. Miss Fitzpatrick has a cordial and musical laugh; but she availed herself of it rather too often in her early bantering scenes with Wildrake. Her description of the pleasures of the chase, in the second act, was a failure; nor did her retorts always possess that coolness and deliberation so needful to give to sarcasm its full effect. But, with these exceptions, her performance was exquisitely easy and true, often showing a raciness of humour which manifested a knowledge of the "hidden soul" of comedy, that will certainly go near to disturb the repose of some of our established favourites. Miss T. Bassano was the Lydia. Her conception was excellent throughout, and she imparted to many of the scenes the impassioned simplicity of which they are capable.

On Monday last the *Merchant of Venice* was given, with Miss Glyn as Portia, a part far better suited to her than the parts she was accustomed to play here last season. She delivered all the lighter portions of the dialogue with point and intelligence, and looked as well as Portia need look. Mr. Henry Nye, engaged to supply the place of Mr. Scharf, played Launcelot Gobbo with a fund of broad humour, and the vivacity of Miss T. Bassano, as Nerissa, elicited repeated bursts of laughter and applause. Mr. Phelps has got a decided acquisition in this young lady. Her faults are merely those of youth and inexperience, and may be very safely left to time. The Shylock of Mr. Phelps is well known.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Your second note does not alter our position at all. If Mr. Knowles had engaged the formidable list of artistes you have appended, *viz.*, Grisi, Viardot, Alboni, Angri, Lind, Persiani, Mario, Tamburini, what must he have done with them in such operas as *Il Barbiere, Don Pasquale, and Otello?* when he already had engaged Sontag, Coletti, Belletti, Calzolari, Moriani, F. Lablache, and Lablache?—both lists of names we contend are worthy to be classed as the "first talent in Europe" for Italian Opera. Why should we cavil at a word when talent, so universally admitted and admired, is in question? The worst thing about the matter is, that it will be a long time before we get *such* talent engaged to appear in Italian Opera in Manchester again.

The Gentlemen's Glee Club had a brilliant opening for the season on Thursday, the 6th inst.; the room was well filled without being uncomfortably crowded, and the singing was excellent. The programme was as below:—

PART I.—Glee and Chorus, "Welcome, sons of harmony," *Sir John Stevenson.*—Glee, (four voices) "Dull repining sons of care," *Dr. Callcott.*—Glee, (three voices) "Rise, winds of Autumn," *Dr. Callcott.*—Chorus, "Vive le Roi," *Balfe.*—Round, (for three sopranos) "Though from our cheerful home," *Sir H. R. Bishop.*—Harmonized Air, "The faded wreath," *Sir John Stevenson.*—Chorus Glee, "Come thou monarch of the vine," *Sir H. R. Bishop.*

PART II.—Sestet and Chorus, "The chough and crow," *Sir H. R. Bishop.*—Glee, (four voices) "The mighty conqueror," *S. Webbe.*—Glee, (four voices) "A Knight there came," *T. Cooke.*—Chorus, "The Huntsmen's Chorus," *C. M. Weber.*—Glee, (four voices) "The Nightingale," *Mendelssohn.*—Glee, (five voices) "Cold is Cadwallo's tongue," *Horsley.*—Solo and Chorus, "Haste, thee Nymph," *Handel.*

An agreeable variety will be noticed from grave to gay,—from the sober serious glee of old Webbe's time, to the light and sparkling chorusses of Sir H. R. Bishop,—the fine works of Sir John Stevenson, Dr. Callcott, and Horsley are interspersed with those of our great modern Germans, Weber and Meadelssohn. A slight change occurred in the order of performance, the "Huntsman's Chorus" being sung in lieu of Balfe's "Vive le Roi" in the first part, and Auber's "Away, away, the morn is freshly breaking!" from *Masaniello*, being introduced in place of Weber's, in the second. We noticed most of our old friends on the platform to sing as usual at these meetings "Glorious Appollo," at the opening of the performance, Messrs. Standage, Walton, Sykes, James W. Isherwood, Sheldrick, Abbott, &c., with a few new ones amongst them, as Messrs. Slater, Womersley, and Brooke. We were pained at missing "Old Daddy," as we still love to designate Mr. Isherwood,—one, if not the chief, founder of the Gentlemen's Glee Club. We are grieved to learn he has, for some months, been confined to the house, from severe indisposition. We can ill spare such men in his sphere,—he was a sort of Lablache,—and we may never look on his like again! The soprani were Miss Hardman and Miss Briddon. Mrs. Thomas was the contralto,—the first and last well-known and welcome favourites,—the other a *debutante*, but one who promises to become a favourite. She has a sound sweet voice, and sings with some taste and execution; but was evidently not heard to advantage from timidity. The pieces which pleased us most were, Dr. Callcott's "Rise winds of Autumn," for three voices (delightfully sung by Miss Hardman, Mrs. Thomas, and Mr. J. W. Isherwood); the "Huntsman's Chorus;" "Horsley's Glee," "Cold is Cadwallor's tongue," the solo splendidly declaimed by Mr. James Isherwood; the "Chough and Crow," capitally sung and encored, the soli being taken by Miss Briddon, Mrs. Thomas, and Mr. Sheldrick; Cooke's fine glee, "A Knight there came," (perhaps for refined expression, and as a specimen of glee singing, the gem of the night—Mr. James Isherwood and Mrs. Thomas were very great in this masterpiece of Tom Cooke's;) Mendelssohn's "Nightingale Glee;" and last, not least, immortal Handel's "Haste, thee Nymph," which merrily closed the concert, and was rapturously encored. A numerous and cheerful party remained to supper; after which some German table glees and a catch were given with great spirit. A number of songs

were given too, and a solo on the pianoforte by a Royal Academician. The most remarkable of the songs were the admirable comic ones of the talented secretary, Mr. H. B. Peacock; and Mr. Walton sang Attwood's well-known "Our bugle sang true," very well, and got much applause; altogether, we never spent a more delightful evening at the Gentlemen's Glee Club.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

This week we have had another great musical treat here, the enterprising and spirited manager of our theatre, Mr. Copeland, having afforded the public of Liverpool an opportunity of witnessing Alboni in opera. All our *dilletanti* had heard and read of her great triumphs at Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatre, and they were of course anxious, one would suppose, to hear if all was true that had been written of her matchless performances. Yet I am sorry to say, that notwithstanding all this, the audiences were far from being remunerative ones to the manager: the lower boxes were well filled; the pit and gallery about half full; and the upper boxes almost deserted. This was not owing, I think, to any want of attraction in the artistes, but solely that the *amusement* funds of the public had been nearly exhausted by the Fancy Fair and the Philharmonic Festival. But, from whatever cause the paucity of the audience arose, I am sorry for it; for Mr. Copeland has spared no exertions and expense in procuring for the theatre-going public the greatest attractions that could be had. The first opera was the *Cenerentola*, which was performed on Monday night,—Alboni being Angelina; the two Corbaris, the sisters; Bartolini, Ramiro; Tagliafico, Dandini; and Polonini, Don Magnifico. After the numerous notices and laudatory paragraphs about Alboni's performances that have appeared in the *Musical World*, it will be unnecessary to repeat "the thrice-told tale;" suffice it to say, that she excited unusual enthusiasm, and sang as well as I ever heard her in London. She was encored several times, but in the "Nacqui al' affano," she excited a perfect *furore*, the whole of it being delivered with unutterable effect, displaying a sweetness, compass, and agility of voice, that could not be equalled; it was the highest perfection (if I may use the term) of vocalism, and was loudly and vehemently encored. The "Non piu mesta," with the brilliant and easily executed difficult *broderies*, increased the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch; they cheered the fair and handsome vocalist most lustily, who seemed to be well pleased at her reception.

Tagliafico's Dandini was a capital performance, the gaucheries of the prince valet being well conceived and acted; his singing was also excellent, and I only echo the universal opinion entertained here when I state that he is, *sans exception*, the most rising and promising barytone on the Italian stage, whether we regard him as an actor or a singer. He was frequently and deservedly applauded, and has made himself "troops of friends" in Liverpool.

Bartolini sang very sweetly throughout, but at present he wants practice and confidence both in his vocalism and acting; but I have great hopes of him when all his powers are more fully developed.

Polonini appeared with great humour as the Don, but his acting wanted breadth and his voice power; he was, however, very painstaking, and worthy of a good word.

The choruses and band were very bad, the least said of them the better; the opera was not perfectly sung throughout, and the prompter was more busy than pleasing. I had quite forgot the Corbaris, more shame for me; they sang as usual with great sweetness, and played the ungrateful parts of the sisters exceedingly well. I only regret that the Liverpool public have not had a fair chance of hearing the gentle Amalia to greater advantage, but I trust that treat is in store for them; her unaffected demeanour and excellent singing at the Festival has raised her deservedly high in the opinion of our musical public.

On Tuesday Alboni appeared as Maria, in *La Figlia del Regimento*, and as she has never performed the part in London, a few words respecting it may not be out of place. She only appeared in it once, and the opera concluded at the singing lesson, so that it is impossible to form a perfect opinion from such few opportunities; but I can state, and many who saw her agree with me, that, as regards the *tout ensemble*, Alboni's performance of the Vivandière was the most *natural* and perfect that has yet been witnessed. Jenny Lind's was too pure and frigid, and totally deficient in the saucy gaiety appertaining to the orphan girl brought up in a camp. Alboni, on the contrary, without being coarse, acts in the character in a rough, life-like, joyous style, and when pathos is required, sings and acts with as much pathos as is necessary. She sang the "Ciascun lo disse" with immense spirit, and was encored in it with acclamations. The finale to the second act was also splendidly given. The singing lesson scene was the best in the opera: Alboni's archness—the transition from the dull air to the inspiring Rataplan—her marching across the stage—in fact, the whole scene was admirably done, and drew thunders of applause; the fair contralto was cheered to the echo, but only curtsied her thanks. Tagliafico was the best Sulpizio I ever saw,—singing and acting in excellent style. Polonini was an admirable Sergente, and Bartolini a very fair Tonio.

The second act of the *Cenerentola* concluded the evening's entertainments; the finale as usual being encored amidst uproarious applause. The opera altogether was much better done than on Monday, the music being much more familiar to the band and chorus; but I was sorry to observe that the audience was comparatively small, and I fear that the losses of the manager by the speculation will interfere with our having Italian operas here next year. In fact, if the vocalists do not lower their prices, it will be utterly impossible for the provincial managers to engage them for operas; for the public will not, and cannot afford to pay the monstrously high prices the managers are obliged to charge to gratify the covetousness of the singers, or at least of the London people who *farm* them out. There must be a thorough revolution in this matter, or the provincial public will loose every chance of seeing Italian operas except in the metropolis—and so art must be at a stand still. The evil will not lie with the public, but with the vocalists, whose princely earnings are, in this country at least, considered by most people to be far too great. I think your opinions on this question differ from mine, but rest assured that if art is to progress out of London, it must, like everything else—literature, &c.—be not only good, but cheap. Is it not more pleasing to an artiste to sing to a room crammed with a five-shilling audience than to a comparatively empty benches at a guinea admission? Our Philharmonic Society have found out the right way to answer this question, and so will Italian singers in time.

Pischek and a party of vocalists have been giving a series of concerts at the Concert Hall, but having been engaged elsewhere, I can say nothing of them, though I regret to hear that they were not well attended. At the Amphitheatre, the ballet of *Les Patineurs* draws good audiences, the skating scene

being exceedingly well done. Casati and his wife, and several *corps de ballet* from the Royal Italian Opera appear in it.

Sontag appears here next month, along with the Lablaches, Calzolari, and Thalberg, having been engaged by Miss Whitnall for her annual concert. Sontag's reappearance has excited a great sensation here; and I hope and think that she will fill the Amphitheatre, and so reimburse Miss Whitnall for the spirit she always displays in giving her patrons the best possible for the money. Sontag will sing "Home, sweet home," and Rode's variations, in which she created so great a sensation at Birmingham. J. H. N.

Liverpool, September 12th, 1849.

JULLIEN AT BATH.

(*From the Bath and Cheltenham Gazette.*)

M. JULLIEN, of universal renown, again visited our city on Wednesday, and on the evening of that day gave one of his charming and piquante entertainments. As usual, he managed to hit the taste of the public to a nicety. He is certainly a clever tactician; for when were his calculations, in concert-giving at least, known to fail? When did empty benches disappoint his enterprising spirit? And then his liberality—how does that noble quality of his refresh all right-thinking souls in this day of sordid avarice and cupidity. This is the second occasion on which, "at great expense," he has secured for a favoured public, the talents of an eminent vocalist. Not long ago, after announcing a grand concert, "in which the *élite* of his unrivalled band would be engaged," he actually succeeded in engaging Madame Anna Thillon, though, with unprecedented generosity, he made no extra charge for admission on that account. And, as if this were not enough, we have been favoured with a slice of similar good luck on the present occasion. Precisely the same good fortune awaited us as on the last visit, only, this time, it was Madame Persiani who was engaged, and, as before, we had the services of a talented *cantatrice* thrown in, as they say, "free, gratis, for nothing." It would, therefore, have been very unkind in the Bath public not to have received the boon in a becoming spirit of gratitude; but we are happy to say, they did display an amount of enthusiasm which must have been very gratifying to Madame and Monsieur respectively. And, what was more to the point, they mustered in pretty strong numbers; so that the giver of the feast, so liberally provided, and those who assembled to enjoy the treat, had every reason to be mutually satisfied with each other. Madame Persiani's name is so familiar to those at all acquainted with musical matters, that criticism on her style of singing would be quite out of place. She has been before the public for many years, and her talents, which are of a high order, have not been unappreciated. This visit is said to be her last. She sang twice, was rapturously received on each occasion, and retired amidst the loudest plaudits. Madame Persiani has reached the very highest rank in her profession, and no one can hear her without satisfaction and delight.

The instrumental novelties were, a selection from Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, a quadrille from *Masaniello*, and the "Lucrezia Valse," by Jullien. Neither of these calls for any particular comment: they were, in a word, unmistakably Jullien-ish. What was wanting in melody was made up in noise. Drums were beat as by a steam-engine; the brazen throat of the ophicleide brayed out in elephantine tones; fifes and fiddles screamed and shrieked like mad; trumpets, gongs, and triangles mingled in the uproar; and in the midst of the din, like some potent magician, who

"Rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm,"

stood Jullien, baton in hand, the presiding genius of the place, guiding and animating the whole, as though the performers were so many automata, and he held the strings. We were glad to see our old favourite, Herr Kœnig, in his usual place; as heretofore, he had a bit of genuine music in store for us, in his solo, entitled "First love,"—a beautiful melody of Roch-Albert, to which he did ample justice, delivering it with a sweet and simple pathos which went to the heart, "like some half-forgotten ballad of his early days, heard at eventide by an exile from the land of his childhood." He astonished his hearers by the final introduction of harmonics, "sustaining a long note in *mezza forte*, whilst accompanying it with an alternate pianissimo fourth and sixth, and third and fifth." An encore followed. Kœnig on this occasion introduced a younger brother, who, as far as we could judge, has a considerable portion of the same kind of talent as the veritable Herr. Mr. Pratten also proved himself an accomplished solo performer on the flute; and the violin solo was such a one as we should hardly have expected from plain "John Day." Had it been played by Signor This or Monsieur That, it would really have been thought an extraordinary performance! The concert concluded with the "celebrated Drum Polka," which, as usual, was pronounced a decided *hit*.

LETTERS TO A MUSICAL STUDENT.

No. XIII.

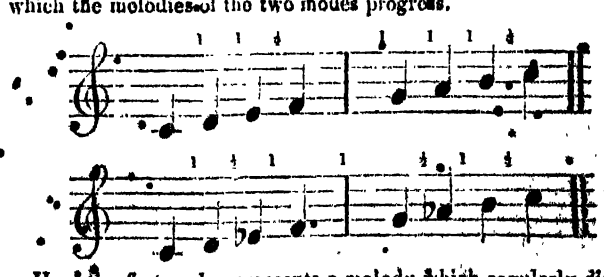
MINOR CHORDS AND THE MINOR SCALE.

(*Continued from page* 393.)

DEAR THEODORE,—I now come to the most difficult part of my subject—the examination of the causes to which the two modes are owing their different character of expression; and I am sorry to say, at the outset, that our knowledge of those causes is not by far so complete and decisive as the importance of the matter would make it desirable. That there is a difference between the two modes we know and feel, and that this difference of expression was necessary to make the art of music a truthful language of the heart, I have endeavoured to show. But what the causes of this difference are, is a question to which only conjectures can be replied. However, I shall try to express my opinion in a few words, requesting you to bear in mind, that they are nothing but opinions—Teutonius ideas—unobtrusively and hesitatingly expressed.

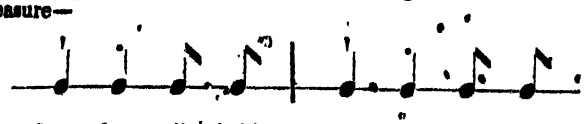
Speaking of the minor mode, we have to consider, first, its *melodious*, and, secondly, its *harmonious* character; or our examination will have to be directed, firstly, to the *minor scale*, and, secondly, to the *minor chords*.

The scale, then, consists of a series of steps, through which a melody ascends or descends in its musical motion. How the general direction of a melody gives to it a certain character, has been explained in a previous letter. In this regard the melodies of both modes follow the same laws, and the difference existing between both can therefore only lie in the *manner* in which they progress. If we take the ascent and descent from tonic to tonic through all the intervals of the scale as the normal form of all melodies, we perceive that there is a marked difference in the steps through which the melodies of the two modes progress.
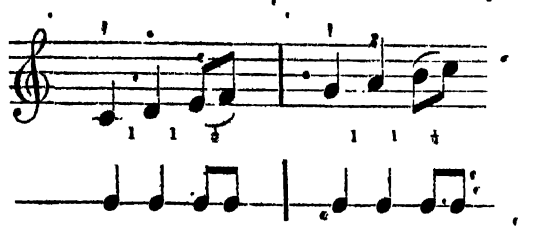


Here the first scale represents a melody which regularly divides itself into two equal halves (tetrachords), each consisting of two

large steps (whole tones) and a following small one (semitones). There is a certain regularity and decision in this motion which gives to it a character of boldness and energy, and at the same time is pleasing to the ear on account of its perfect symmetry. In this regard the major scale, as a motion of sound through space has a strange similarity to a certain rhythmical form; and it is no less interesting than surprising to find that the two different motions of sounds produce exactly the same effect, when their form is alike. We called the rhythmical motion of sound a motion through time, and we found that the three-fourth *quantitive* rhythm, with a diminishing ictus (emphasis) and two half-length at the end of the measure—



was a form of a peculiar bold and lively character. Now, if we represent the melodious steps (whole and semitones) by rhythmical ones (full and half-lengths), we find that the melodious motion of the major scale bears the greatest similarity to the above rhythmical form;

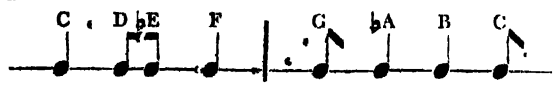


and this strange coincidence becomes still greater when we look on the mathematical proportions of the major scale—

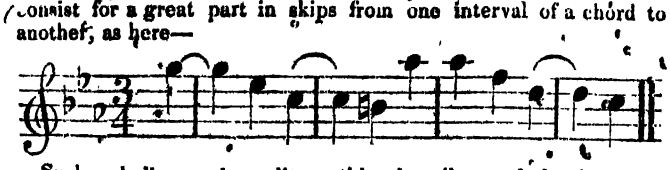
24 — 27 — 30 — 32	24 — 27 — 30 — 32
C — D — E — F	G — A — B — C

presenting the same gradual diminishment of distance in melodical regard, which appears in the accentuation of the corresponding rhythmical form.
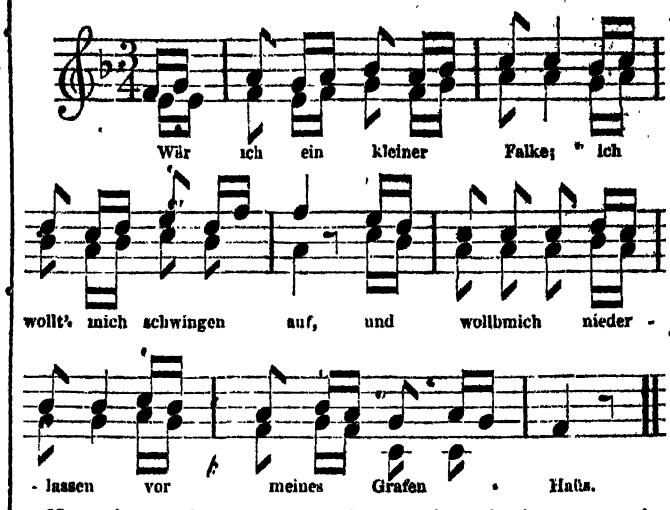
On the other hand, looking at the degrees of the minor scale, we find a half-step between the second and third, the fifth and sixth, the seventh and eighth sounds. Thus this scale, first of all, has not the regular construction,—the division into two equal tetrachords, which appears so satisfactory to the ear in the major scale. But, moreover, if we represent its melodious motion by rhythmical forms, as we have done with the major scale, we find it similar to this rhythm—



a combination, which in the second measure presents a syncopation, and in rhythmical regard has a very great similarity of expression to the melodious effect of the minor scale. It appears, then, that the irregular construction of the minor scale, and the want of symmetry, are the causes which produce that peculiar character of disquietude and dissatisfaction which we found belonging to it. If this be true in regard to the scale, it must be equally true with regard to the melodies based upon it. Here it must, however, first be observed, that not all melodies written in a minor key are based entirely upon a minor scale. It frequently occurs, that such melodies consist for a great part in skips from one interval of a chord to another, as here—
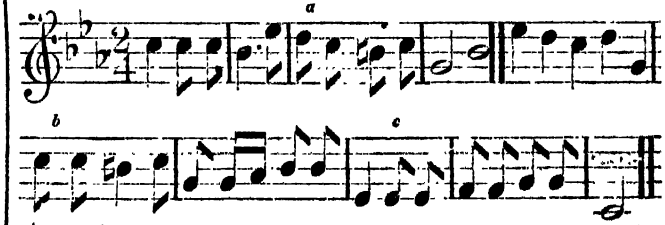


Such melodies are in reality nothing but dispersed chords. The scale itself is not to be traced in them, and only its fundamental harmonies appear. They might therefore be termed harmonic melodies. Melodies based upon the scale must show a progression of its steps. We must be able to discover in them all those essential marks which distinguish the one scale from another; as is the case with the following example—a melody from the Black Forest, which deserves especial attention for the beautiful regularity of its construction, and the characteristic energy of its rhythm:—



Here the regular ascent and descent through the consecutive degrees of the major scale is at once apparent, and the character of that scale is impressed upon the ear the more forcibly, by the repetition of the same steps every time the melody rises or falls a note. Such melodies might be termed emphatically *scalic melodies;* we find them most frequently in the songs of the people.

A melody which skips over one or more intervals of the scale may lose entirely the character of that scale, and become ambiguous, until such portions of the scale as form its characteristic features make their appearance. An instance of this is the bold, defying French song "Vive Henri Quatre."



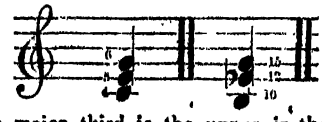
where only in the bars marked *a, b, c,* the characteristic progression of C minor is unequivocally apparent.

We now proceed to the minor *harmony.* Here we have at first to consider those harmonics which, being a combination of two different sounds only, are termed simple harmonics. We laid down in a previous letter, that the more or less satisfying and pleasing effect of a harmonious combination depended upon its acoustic condition—the proportion of its component sounds. A glance at the numerical ratios of the different simple harmonics at once show their comparative consonance.

Major—thirds, 4 : 5; fourth, 3 : 4; fifth, 2 : 3; sixth, 3 : 5.
Minor— do. 5 : 6; do. 3 : 4; do. 2 : 3; do. 5 : 8.

It is here the thirds and sixths which show a difference in their numerical proportions; and this difference is palpable enough to account for their more or less satisfactory effect upon the ear.

In the different minor *chords* these simple harmonics are combined; or if we take the common chords of the two modes as normal forms, we find both composed of the same simple harmonies; *viz.,* a major and a minor third,



In the one the major third is the upper, in the other the lower. This being the case, how is the striking difference in their respective

effects to be accounted for? The highest and lowest intervals of the two triads being the same, the difference must again be with the third. Now on looking at the third of the minor chord, we find that its nearest consonance is not the root of the chord, but its fifth; and as the ear always compares the sound of a harmonious combination first with the most important sound, the basis of the chord, it follows, that the effect of the minor chord must be less pleasing, less satisfying, than that of the major. A further consequence of the combination of the minor triad is the increase of its sound-waves. We found, in a former letter, that concords are the more perfect (satisfying) the smaller the numbers by which their ratios may be expressed; and that 5 is the greatest *simple* number which the ear accepts as a consonance. Now the ratios of the minor triad, 10—12—15, contains this number in the two most prominent sounds; it requires fifteen vibrations before a threefold minor harmony can make its appearance, and thus the very figures by which the acoustic proportions of the minor triad can be expressed, indicate its more complicated nature, and, therefore, its less concording effect.

It is, however, not the difference of expression in the two *chords*, which characterises the harmony of the major or minor mode; for in both we find, as we have seen, chords of two different kinds. The character of a mode, in regard to its harmony, depends on the *position* of the chords on the interval of the scale on which they occur. In this regard it is generally understood that the difference in the effect of the harmonies of the two scales is owing to the fact, that the characteristic chords occur on the most important intervals of the scale, the tonic and its dominants. Theorists say, the two scales themselves are composed of the intervals of either major or minor chords on the tonic dominant and subdominant:—

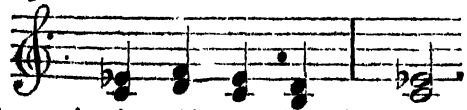
C — E — G
G — B — D — G — B
F — A — C
C D E F G A B C

C — ♭E — G
D — G — ♭B — D
F — ♭A — C
C D ♭E F G ♭A ♭B C

Therefore the two scales must necessarily bear the character of their fundamental harmonies. This is, however, a fallacy. For it is based on the error, that the scales owe their origin to the chords —that harmony existed before melody; and hence it leads to the conclusion, that the character of a mode depends solely on its harmony, — that this scale without harmony has no characteristic expression. In opposition to this erroneous opinion it will be seen, that the harmony of a mode really owes its character to the construction of its scales; and that the characteristic steps of the latter only identify a harmony as belonging either to the major or minor mode. For if a scale be formed by the combination of triads, it is obvious that its formation requires the presence of a fifth in each triad:—

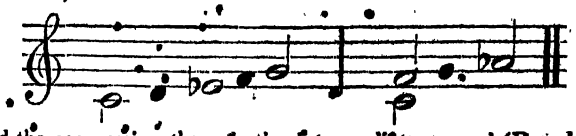
F — A — C
C — E — G
G — B — D;

and that without this fifth a scale can neither be formed, nor its harmony have a decided character. The absurdity of the first conclusion is obvious: in respect of the latter, we need only look at the following series of thirds,



in order to perceive that neither complete triads, nor harmonies of both dominants, are necessary to indicate the mode. What is it which at once shows the above series of thirds to belong to C minor? It is, because the characteristic steps of the first tetrachord of the minor scale appears in this series of thirds. In hearing the first third (C—E flat) the ear involuntarily measures the distance between the two sounds, by introducing the second interval of the scale (D), and thus discovers at once the semitone between the second and third degree. Between D and F two intervals are possible, E or E flat; but the latter, having been heard just before, the ear will take it again, and thus observe a *whole* tone between the third and fourth degrees.

And so is it with the triads. The characteristic steps of the minor scale are the semitones between the second and third, and between the fifth and sixth degrees. Now in the chord on the tonic as well as the sub-dominant, these steps lie between the octave and third,



and the ear, passing through the intermediate second (D and G), at once is impressed with the idea of the minor scale. Thus it is again the scale which characterises a harmony as a minor one, and not the chords themselves.

(*To be continued.*)

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(*To the Editor of the Musical World.*)

Sir,—In your last number there is a paragraph, copied from the *Times*, relative to the Royal Italian Opera, from which I extract the following:—"The subscriptions to the opera-house in 1848 amounted to 31,253*l.*, in 1849 to 18,195*l.* The whole receipts were—in 1848, 20,907*l.*; in 1849, 14,971*l.* There were other receipts from the cloak-room, saloon, &c., which made the aggregate sum received, in 1848, 44,008*l.*; in 1849, 29,407*l.*" Now, Sir, does not this mean the whole receipts were in 1849, *during Mr. Delafield's management*, £29,407? If this is so, will you allow this letter a corner in your columns? or state the fact; as by so doing you will oblige many of your readers, who, judging from appearances and report, had reason to suppose the season 1849 had been far more prosperous than 1848.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

V.

September 12, 1849.

[To our thinking, the printed statement is a tissue of errors from beginning to end, not, however, chargeable on the *Times*.—Ed.]

EXETER-HALL ORGAN.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—In your paper of the 1st September, there is a notice, by a correspondent, of an improvement lately added to the Exeter-Hall Organ, by means of a new invention, which your correspondent says is the discovery of a German, who has applied the same to the organs in the Cathedral Church of St. Denis, and the Madaleine Church, Paris; and that the same German has come to this country to make his invention known. Fifteen years ago I invented a mechanism exactly similar, and added it then to the organ in St. John's Church, Edinburgh. The principle on which the originality of my invention rests is so simple and certain in its action, and so entirely different from any other organ mechanism hitherto in use, that I was strongly advised by Messrs. Collard and Collard, who saw it here, to secure it by patent. I did not choose to do so, but threw it open to the world, by exhibiting a working-model of it at the meeting of the British Association, in Birmingham, about the year 1838 or 1839.* Some years ago I read in your paper of a similar mechanism being known to the organ-builders in Paris, and the invention being attributed to an Englishman there. I was naturally very anxious to see this, and in the autumn of 1846, on my return from Germany and Holland, I visited Paris. I was shewn the organs in St. Denis and the Madaleine Churches, by the builder of them, M. M. Cavaillie-Coll, who politely allowed me to inspect

* The model was presented and described at the meeting by Dr. Theodore Boisragon, of Cheltenham.

the interior of the Madaleine organ most minutely, it being his last great work. I found the invention in question to be exactly in principle the same as I had applied to the organ in St. John's, Edinburgh, and mentioned this to M. Cavaillie-Col, who was much pleased, and told me that the invention was brought to Paris some years before by a person of the name of Barker, who passed, or tried to pass it off as his own, but failed to secure a patent, as he could not prove himself the inventor; consequently it became public property; at the same time all the organ builders in Paris acknowledge it to be a British discovery. I need not enter into any description of my invention further than by stating, that the manuals of the organ act on an intermediate wind-chest of a small size, with valves similar to those of the smallest chamber organ. The wind from the intermediate wind-chest is admitted into small *air-tight levers*, about nine or ten inches long and one-and-a-half inch broad. These air-tight levers are, in construction like the feeders of a bellows, and moveable only at one end. The instant the finger open the valve of the intermediate wind-chest, the wind is admitted into the air-tight lever, which is as instantly depressed, with sufficient power to overcome the resistance of the larger valves of the great organ, or of all the organs when coupled.

Your inserting this letter in an early paper will greatly oblige,

Sir, your most obedient servant,

D. Hamilton, Organ Builder.

Edinburgh, 8th September, 1849.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Alari is a celebrated composer; *Nino* is a noisy opera; *Vivier* is a celebrated performer on the horn; *Ernani* is an opera composed by *Verdi*; *Paglieri* is a singer who lately made his *debut* in public; *Ronconi* is a celebrated singer; *Andante* is the reverse of *Allegro*; *Ollivier* is a music publisher in London; *La Donna del Lago* is a splendid *Opera*; *Arrigotti* is a well known professor of singing at Brighton; my *Concert* is always well attended; *a Piacere* is often used in music, both instrumental and vocal; *Parodi* is a popular singer; *Pilotti* conducts very often at my *Piano*; *Italian Opera* is the resort of the *Elite*; *Conte Ugolino* is a beautiful composition; *Lavenu* is a performer on the *Violoncello*; *I Puritani* is a charming opera; *Tancredi* is an admired heroic opera; *Goria* is a well known present pianist; *Tadolini* is a singer rather *passée*; *Rovere* is a buffo singer of note; my *Rival* is no one less than the *Diva*; my *Elegance*, my *Talent*, and my *Virtue*, are attributes of my whole, who is a celebrated *Cantatrice*.

Frederick Chatterton.

London, September 10th, 1849.

[Several more solutions have reached us, but they are all to the same purpose. Ed.]

THE CHARGE OF BIGAMY AGAINST LOLA MONTEZ.

(From the Times.)

At 2 o'clock on Wednesday, Mr. Clarkson, who has been retained for the prosecution throughout, entered Marlborough-street Police Court, and addressing Mr. Hardwick, the sitting magistrate, said—Sir, by your kind courtesy I have had confirmation of that which I had some reason to believe was the case, namely, that the person, Mrs. James, charged at the instance of Miss Heald with the felonious offence of bigamy, does not appear to day, or mean to appear, communications to that effect having, as I understand, been made to the officers who are employed in this case. I can only state that it is a disagreeable and unpleasant duty on my part, but one that I owe to the highly-respectable lady, Miss Heald, to ask you that the recognizances of the bail be estreated. I have only one word more to add, in consequence of a rumour that has prevailed to some extent, that these proceedings have been the subject matter of compromise or arrangement by the respectable lady who has instructed me, the sister of the father of this deluded young man. This rumour has no doubt received some apparent confirmation from the sudden appearance of the accused party in London, and her equally sudden departure. I have, however, to state that there is no foundation for such a suggestion or rumour, and the first proof I give is to pray you to estreat the recognizances of the bail. This may be depended upon—that Miss Heald was actuated, and remains actuated, by the purest motives, her only object being that which would be sanctioned and approved by yourself, Sir, and by every person of right feeling—namely, to remove the son of a beloved brother from a marriage equally illegal and disgraceful; and if we can enforce this removal when we get further information from India of Captain James being alive at the time the marriage took place, you may be certain that proceedings will be taken to remove this deluded young man from the fangs of this woman. I am obliged by your permitting me to say thus much, but I feel that the respectable lady who has commenced these proceedings is entitled to every privilege that can be granted.

Mr. Hardwick.—Let the recognizances of the bail be estreated.

It was reported that the Countess of Landsfelt and Mr. Heald, after a consultation with their legal advisers, determined not to take the chance of what might be the result of a personal appearance in court, and accordingly a precipitate journey to France was decided upon.

The interest which marked the previous proceedings had greatly abated, probably on account of the pelting rain, as the court was not thronged in any other than the ordinary manner.

ANCIENT ECCLESIASTICAL SHOWS OR FESTIVALS,

IN WHICH MUSIC FORMED AN ESSENTIAL FEATURE.

2.—THE FEAST OF THE ASS.

Of the deplorable state of religion, and of the wretched superstition that reigned in the tenth and several succeeding centuries, no stronger proof need be adduced than that of the *Feast of the Ass*, celebrated in several churches in France, in honor of Balaam's Ass. On one occasion the clergy walked on Christmas-day, in procession, habited to represent the Prophets and others. Moses appeared in an alb and cope, with a long beard and rod. David had a green vestment. Balaam, with an immense pair of spurs, rode on a wooden ass which inclosed a speaker. There were also six Jews and six Gentiles. Among other characters, the poet Virgil was introduced, singing Monkish rhymes, as a Gentile prophet and a translator of the Sibylline oracles. They thus moved in procession through the body of the church, chanting versicles and conversing in character on the nativity and kingdom of Christ, till they came into the choir. The same ceremony, as it was performed at the same season in the cathedral of Rouen, commenced with a procession in which the clergy represented the Prophets of the Old Testament who foretold the birth of Christ; then followed Balaam—mounted on his ass, Zachariah, Elizabeth, John the Baptist, the Sibyl—Erythrée, Simeon, Virgil, Nebuchadnezzar, and the three children in the furnace. After the procession entered the cathedral, several groups of persons performed the parts of Jews and Gentiles, to whom the choristers addressed speeches; afterwards they called on the prophets one by one, who came forward successively and delivered a passage relative to the Messiah. The other characters advanced to occupy their proper situations, and reply, in certain verses, to the demands of the choristers. They performed the miracle of the furnace: Nebuchadnezzar spoke, the Sibyl appeared at the last, and then an anthem was sung, which concluded the ceremony.

The *Feast of the Ass*, anciently celebrated at Beauvais every year on the 14th of January, commemorated the flight of the Virgin into Egypt with the infant Jesus. To represent the Virgin, the most beautiful girl in the city, with a pretty child in her arms, was placed on an ass richly caparisoned. Thus mounted, she preceded the bishop and his clergy, and

they all went in grand procession from the cathedral to the parish church of St. Stephen. On entering the chancel, they ranged themselves on the right side of the altar; the mass immediately commenced, and the *Introit, Lord have mercy upon us, Gloria Patri, the Creed,* and other parts of the service, were terminated by the burden of *Hin-Han, Hin-Han,* in imitation of the braying of an ass; the officiating priest, instead of saying *Ita Missa est* at the end of the mass, concluded by singing three times *Hin-Han, Hin-Han, Hin-Han;* and, during the performance, hymns were sung in praise of the *Ass.*

From the missal composed for the service of the *Feast of the Ass,* by an archbishop of Sens who died in 1222, M. Millin has given an account of the ceremony to the following effect:—On the eve of the day appointed for the celebration, before vespers, the clergy went in procession to the door of the cathedral, where two choristers sung in a minor key, and with false voices—

Light to day, the light of joy—I banish every sorrow;
Wherever found, be it expelled from our solemnities to-morrow.
Away be strife, and grief, and care, from every anxious breast,
And all be joy and glee in those who keep the Ass's Feast.

The anthem being concluded, two canons were deputed to fetch the ass to the table, where the great chanter sat, to read the order of the ceremonies and the names of those who were to assist in them. The animal, clad with precious priestly ornaments, was solemnly conducted to the middle of the choir, during which procession, a hymn in praise of the ass was sung in a major key. Its first two and last stanzas run thus, in English:—

From the country of the East,
Came this strong and handsome beast;
This able ass beyond compare,
Heavy loads and packs to bear.
Now, Seignior Ass, a noble bray,
That beauteous mouth at large display:
Abundant food our hay-lofts yield,
And oats abundant load the field.

True it is, his pace is slow,
Till he feel the quick'ning blow;
Till he feel the urging goad,
On his buttock well bestow'd.
Now, Seignior Ass, &c.

Amen! bray most honored ass,
Sated now with grain and grass;
Amen repeat, Amen reply,
And disregard antiquity.
Now, Seignior Ass, &c.

The office, being in the same style throughout, was sung in the most discordant manner possible. The service itself lasted the whole of the night and part of the next day: it was a rhapsody of whatever was sung, in the course of the year, at the usual church festivals, and formed altogether the strangest and most ridiculous medley imaginable. When the choristers in this long performance were thirsty, wine was unsparingly distributed, and the signal for that part of the ceremony was an anthem, commencing "Conductus ad poculum"—*Brought to the glass.* On the first evening, after vespers, the grand chapter of Sens, preceded by an enormous lantern, headed the jolly band in the streets, and on a vast stage prepared for their reception before the church, they performed indecorous interludes. To conclude the singing and dancing, a pail of water was thrown on the head of the grand chanter, and they returned to the church to begin the morning office. At the respective divisions of the service, the ass was supplied with drink and provender. In the middle of it, a signal was given by an anthem, beginning "Conductus ad ludos"—*Brought to play,* and the ass being conducted into the nave of the church, the people mixed with the clergy, danced round him, and strove to imitate his braying. When the dancing was over, the ass was carried back into the choir, where the clergy concluded the service. The vespers on the second day were ended with an invitation to dinner, in the form of an anthem like the rest, "Conductus ad prandium"—*Brought to dinner;* and the festival terminated by a repetition of similar theatricals to those which had taken place the day before.

Attempts were made at different periods to suppress these sottish superstitions, but unfortunately without success. Mauritius, Bishop of Paris, who died in 1196, laboured to abolish them; but the missal already noticed, which appears to have been drawn up *ex officio,* shows how completely he failed. In 1245, Odo, Bishop of Sens, prohibited the offensive disguises, and repressed some of the mummeries and licentiousness which had become part of the festival, but did not remove the whole; for, in 1444, the Faculty of Theology, at the request of several bishops, wrote to all the prelates and chapters to abolish this custom. It is, nevertheless, evident, by the acts of the council held in 1460, that the grossnesses merely of the ceremony were retrenched; the council forbids caricature habits, false and uncouth singing, and orders, that on the *Precentor of the Fools,* as he was called on this occasion, *not more than three pails of water at most should be thrown,* and that not *within the church;* the other ceremonies, if practised out of the church, were permitted. From so gentle a remonstrance, it could not be expected that the festival would be materially checked; and we are not surprised to learn that it was officially permitted, by acts of the Chapter of Sens, in 1514 and 1517. Still later permissions are found, but with gradual prohibition of indecencies, till at length it ceased towards the end of the sixteenth century.

This ridiculous festival was not limited to France. Michaelis, who supposes that annual fairs originated in the convention of the people for religious purposes, conjectures that one of the German annual fairs, denominated *Missen,* from the masses formerly said at those times, owed its rise to some ceremony of this kind. The fair is held on the Wednesday after Easter, near Querfurt, in the place called the Area Meadow. In England, Robert Grossetête, or Greathead, Bishop of Lincoln, in the eleventh century, ordered his dean and chapter to abolish, on account of its licentiousness, the *Feast of Asses,* which had been annually celebrated in Lincoln Cathedral on the feast of the Circumcision.

The festival itself probably derives its origin from that principle of accommodation to the manners and prejudices of the people which led to the adoption of rites and ceremonies, in imitation of the pagans. The *Coronation of the Ass* was part of the ceremony of the feast of Vesta, an honour conferred upon this good quadruped because, according to the pagan mythology, it had by its braying saved Vesta from being violated by the Lampsacon god.

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, LL.D.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LONDON AMATEUR OPERATIC SOCIETY. — The second concert took place at Crosby Hall, on Wednesday evening, the selection being from *Norma.* The principals were Miss M. E. Mears, as Norma; Mrs. John Roe, Adalgisa; Mr. E. Day, Pollio; Mr. T. Trotter, Flavius; and Mr. Hancock, Oroveso. The singing, if not first rate, was good; and there is no doubt that good must ultimately follow from thus rehearsing dramatic music in public. A miscellaneous concert was provided as an after-treat, in which there

was nothing new nor great to notice. The Society holds its regular meetings, one evening in the week, at Mitchell's Concert Rooms, Pantonville, for the practice of operatic and concerted music. At the second concert, on Wednesday, Mr. John Roe presided at the pianoforte, and Mr. W. Winn officiated as conductor.

Ernst has left London for Paris, where he makes a brief sojourn before proceeding to Germany.

Princess's Theatre.—This popular place of amusement commences its autumnal winter campaign early in the next month. We are confidently assured that it will open with Macfarren's new opera, *The King of Hearts*, for which Mr. Maddox has engaged a thoroughly efficient company. Among the engagements, we have much pleasure in mentioning Madame G. A. Macfarren, who will undertake the contralto parts. It will be the fair artiste's *début* on the English stage. Madame Anna Thillon, Madlle. Nau, Miss Poole, Mr. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, and several new hands, have been retained by Mr. Maddox, who is more energetic than ever in providing a good and perfect corps.

Henri Herz is being *lionized* in Mexico. A large procession of the leading musicians, amateurs and of the nobility and citizens, went out on the afternoon of the 10th of July, upwards of two leagues, to meet M. Herz, and escort him into the city, where he was received with every demonstration of respect and esteem.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Seguin have arrived in London for the season.

Boulogne.—*Amateur Theatricals.*—On Wednesday, the 29th August, the opera of the *Sonnambula* was performed at the Boulogne Theatre, by the musical amateurs residing there, for the purpose of relieving the poor of the place, whether French or English, and most ably and successfully has their charitable purpose been carried out. The parts of Amina, Lisa, and Count Rodolpho were undertaken by three able artists well known, and justly appreciated as concert singers; but the young ladies had never sang on any stage, being in this respect simply amateurs like their fellow-labourers in the cause of humanity. Mr. Frank Bodda, as Count Rodolpho, was an effective representative of the character, so well played by Tamburini and other established favourites. His aria, "d'entrata," was capitally sung, and the deep and sonorous quality of his voice was developed in the lovely air, "Vi ravviso" (in the English, "As I view"); he looked and acted the part extremely well, and assuredly deserved the applause bestowed on his performance. Miss Pyne, as Lisa, sang the music allotted to her part with great skill and judgment, which elicited many rounds of applause; she obtained an encore in the aria of the second act, which is usually omitted when Lisa has a feeble representative. She acted the somewhat repelling character she had to represent in a manner that entitled her to great praise. The Amina of Miss Louisa Pyne was a finished and studied performance. This young lady may, if she chooses the stage as a profession, become an ornament to it, as a *prima donna* in all such characters, as her extreme youth and juvenile appearance will permit, such as Lucia, Linda, and similar parts. Those who witnessed her delineation of the poor orphan's distress when abandoned by her betrothed, will be unanimous in attesting her claims to dramatic powers of no mean excellence; her distinct articulation in the dialogues, and her style of acting in the artless character of the young peasant girl, were as good as her execution of the operatic part. Her aria, "d'entrata," was rewarded with many rounds of well-merited applause; but the tumult of admiration could not be restrained until the close of the scene, when her charming voice was poured forth in all the energy of grief and despair to convince her jealous lover of her innocence, under circumstances that almost justified his incredulity. The audience testified their delight by showering bouquets on the stage, and with thunders of applause; the young *débutante* was almost overcome by such extraordinary demonstrations of approbation, especially as the scene was not entirely terminated. She, however, did not neglect the business of the scene, even in the midst of these deafening plaudits, but finished her arduous task most triumphantly. Mr. Osborne had kindly volunteered his services to get the chorus-singers into good order, as also the orchestra; and the warmest praise must be awarded to him for his kind and most efficient services. To the whole company the warmest praise must be awarded, and when it is known that the whole opera was got up in the short space of ten days, by a company consisting of 30 or 40 amateurs, the degree of perfection with which it was represented seems scarcely credible. Strange to say, not a book of the dialogue could be procured, and Mr. Frank Bodda was obliged to supply the speeches of the different parts entirely from memory. On Saturday evening, the 1st of September, a second representation was given for the benefit of the Misses Pyne and Mr. Frank Bodda, with more triumphant success, if possible, than on the previous Wednesday, and in the presence of as brilliant and overflowing an audience as was ever seen within the walls of our theatre.—*Boulogne Gazette.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. & MRS. W. H. SEGUIN

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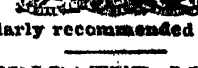
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The Musical World.

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EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF MUSICIUS (OR PLATO).

Venus thus spake to the Muses: "My damsels, revere Aphrodite,
Else she will arm as your foe, Cupid, her terrible son."
Then said the Muses to Venus: "To Mars you should prattle in this way,
Ne'er will that urchin of yours risk an attack upon *us*. J. O.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

(*Concluded from our last.*)

Hereford, Friday, Sept. 14.

Besides the pieces we enumerated yesterday, in our brief notice of the morning performance at the cathedral on Thursday, there were two choruses:—"Father, we adore Thee," and "When His loud voice," the first from Haydn's *Judah*, the second from Handel's *Jephtha*, both of which were effectively rendered. The beautiful tenor air from Mendelssohn's *Paulus*, "Be thou faithful," was exceedingly well sung by Mr. Lockey, whose performance was materially strengthened by the smooth execution and delicious tone of Lindley in the violoncello obligato. The fine mass in C of Beethoven, which we must always prefer to his second in D minor, went, on the whole, without offering any strong point for animadversion. The choral parts had been well studied and were given with precision and delicacy. The solo voice parts lost nothing by being intrusted to the Misses Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Machin, who are thoroughly at home in this description of music. The *Stabat Mater* of Rossini, with all its dramatic colouring, brilliant instrumentation, and effeminate luxuriance of melody, sounded very meagre after the lofty inspiration of Beethoven, near which it was injudicious to place it. Nevertheless, it was ably performed by all concerned, and the two quartets were redemanded. The solos were undertaken by Madame Castellan, the Misses Williams, Miss Poole, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Phillips. The most striking points were the air of Mr. Reeves, "Lord, vouchsafe;" the duet of the Misses Williams, "Power eternal," and the air of Madame Castellan, "When Thou comest," accompanied by the chorus (the "Inflammatus" in the original). Mr. Phillips took the bass air, "Thou has tried" (the "Pro peccatis"), considerably too fast, whereby it was deprived of that largeness of expression which is its only characteristic and its only merit. The "Amen" chorus, which contains one of the few attempts at fugue that are to be found in the writings of the "Swan of Pesaro," who is out of his element in sacred music, went capitally; the points were all taken up with decision, and the *ensemble* was powerful and satisfactory. Between the Mass of Beethoven and the *Stabat* there was a short miscellaneous selection, consisting of the trio and chorus from the *Creation*, "The heavens are telling" (solos by Miss Poole, Messrs. Hobbs and Machin), and a duet, "Remember now thy Creator," for the Misses Williams. This duet was interesting both on account of its novelty and its intrinsic merits. It is the first of a set of "Six sacred duets," composed on texts of Scripture by Mr. Sterndale Bennett. The style is devotional, the melody flowing and expressive, and the voicing pure and harmonious. We are glad to find that Mr. Bennett has not entirely abandoned composition, and congratulate him upon this, we believe, his first published essay in the sacred style, to which the highly-finished singing of the Misses Williams gave the utmost possible effect. The collection for the charity fell off considerably, reaching only to £144.

The Shire-hall was crowded to overflow last night, at the third and last miscellaneous concert. Besides the clergy, nobility, and gentry, there was a large muster of the farmers of Herefordshire, Shropshire, and the adjacent counties. The concert was decidedly the best of the three, and, to make it all the more agreeable, the shortest. The first part, which terminated about half-past 9 o'clock, was entirely devoted to a selection from Weber's romantic opera of *Euryanthe*. The selection was highly interesting, and was very judiciously made, with a view to contrast of effect. It began with the overture, which was played in dashing style by the band, Mr. Willy, as usual, leading. The choruses of women and cavaliers, "All hail to Peace," followed. The theme of the first of these, allotted to the soprani, recals the Invocation to Spring, which follows the instrumental prelude in Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*. Mendelssohn was a devoted lover of Weber, whose influence on his works can be traced in more places than one. Nothing can be fresher, more vigorous, or more entirely Weberian than these animated choruses. A graceful cavatina, "Where the Loire's bright waves," a kind of romance, each verse differently instrumented, came next, and was sung by Mr. Sims Reeves in his best style. A short and spirited chorus, "Hail, happy fair," joined the cavatina to a trio and chorus, "My course, my task, is now before me," a very dramatic composition, in which some of the opening part of the overture is effectively introduced. The solos were taken by Messrs. Reeves, Phillips, and Machin. A tender and graceful cavatina, "Flowers of the valley," charmingly sung by Madame Castellan, followed, and gave way to a brilliant march and chorus, "Hail, ye heroes," full of martial and heroic character, and sparkling with the brightness of the orchestral treatment. A quartet, "Count Lysiart," for Madame Castellan, Miss Poole, Messrs. Lockey and Machin, with chorus, we liked less,—it is rambling and fragmentary, and evidently suffers from want of the scenic effect. Moreover, at the commencement the choruses were omitted, which left one or two unaccountable gaps in the execution. The last strain, however, "Songs sweetly sounding," for soprano, solo, and chorus, is a delicious melody overflowing with animation and originality. An air for the tenor (sung by Mr. Reeves), "Soft airs around me play," is chiefly remarkable for the introduction of the second theme of the overture, one of the most genial and beautiful melodies of Weber. A duet for Madame Castellan and Mr. Reeves, "Now let my soul depart," is brief and animated, but not strikingly new. A hunting

chorus, "The valleys smoke," solely accompanied by four horns, is beautiful and spirited, and full of those delightful peculiarities of harmony and melody which characterize the style of the composer of *Der Freischutz*. An air, "'Tis May," for Miss Poole and chorus, is exceedingly pretty, and suggests occasional reminiscences of the duet, "Now be gay," for the two women, in *Der Freischutz*. This ended the selection somewhat unsatisfactorily. A grand chorus, or a part of one of the *finales*, would have been preferable. On the whole, the selection from *Euryanthe* was most satisfactorily executed, and may be regarded as the chief point of interest in the three evening performances. The wedding march from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* brilliantly played by the band, concluded the first part. There was a strong attempt to obtain a repetition of this; but the ball was coming, and the attempt proved a failure.

The second part of the concert was less interesting, although it offered some good points. The two best things were decidedly at the beginning—Sterndale Bennett's concert-overture, *The Naiades*, and Spohr's sparkling little song, "The Bird and the Maiden." Bennett's imaginative and beautiful overture was played with the utmost care by the band, and was loudly applauded. The introduction of this work confers credit on the taste of Mr. Smith, the conductor, who, moreover, directed its performance as though he had studied it thoroughly. Spohr's song was beautifully sung by Miss A. Williams, and the obligato clarionet part was cleverly played by Mr. R. Blagrove upon the concertina. The original instrument would, nevertheless, have been far more acceptable and appropriate. The encore was general, and this time was obeyed. Of the remainder of the concert we need say little; it was made up of the most approved materials, fashionable and popular—everything, in short, but classical. Mr. Sims Reeves and Madame Castellan gained the principal honours, and deserved them. The gentleman gave the "Tutto e sciolto," from *Sonnambula*, the lady "O luce di quest' anima," from *Linda*. Madame Castellan, who has not sung more brilliantly throughout the festival, was encored with acclamations, and Mr. Reeves was compelled, by unanimous request, to repeat his air, not immediately after he had sung it, but at the end of the concert. Glees, ballads, cavatinas, duets, &c., in which the Misses Williams, Miss Poole, Messrs. Reeves, Hobbs, Phillips, and Machin took part, made up the residue effectively enough, and the performances concluded with the National Anthem, ascribed in the bills to Dr. Bull, who was organist of Hereford Cathedral in his day, and for that reason, we presume, had this honour conferred upon him.

Almost all the company remained for the ball, which was very brilliant, and kept up till a late hour, although the crowded company and the comparative narrowness of the area made dancing both difficult and uncomfortable. Many persons went away in consequence, however, and, the room being thinned, the dancers had quadrilles, waltzes, and polkas to their soul's content, and free from the interruption of mere lookers on.

The *Messiah* was given to-day at the Cathedral. The attendance was thinner than either on the first or second day. The vocalists were, Madame Castellan, the Misses Williams, Miss Poole, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lockey, Phillips and Machin. The performance was very satisfactory and complete.

In anticipation of a few general remarks which we shall have to make, the following account of the collections for the charity at the festivals of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, since 1838, will be read with interest:—

			£
1838	..	At Gloucester	704
1839	..	Worcester	953
1840	..	Hereford	1,060
1841	..	Gloucester	642
1842	..	Worcester	1,061
1843	..	Hereford	901
1844	..	Gloucester	893
1845	..	Worcester	908
1846	..	Hereford	843
1847	..	Gloucester	723
1848	..	Worcester	969

Thus it would appear that Hereford, though with the smallest population, and the smallest diocese, does not always play the most insignificant part in its contributions to the widows and orphans of its ill-paid clergy.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 16.

The morning performance on Friday terminated as satisfactorily as it had begun, and there was little or nothing to find fault with in the execution of the remaining part of the *Messiah*, with which the conductor, organist, chorus, band, and principals are naturally so familiar, that nothing short of negligence could have induced the smallest blunder. The "Hallelujah" was, of course, the grand point in the choral performance; and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," sung by Madame Castellan with the chastest expression, was instantaneously redemanded. Mr. Sims Reeves being absent from indisposition during the latter part of the oratorio, his place was supplied by Mr. Lockey, who, by the effective manner in which he sang the fine air, "Thou shalt break them," quite atoned for the loss of the most distinguished and popular of our English vocalists. Mr. Phillips gave his usual energetic reading of "Why do the nations," and Mr. Machin sang "The trumpet shall sound" with vigorous expression, the admirable manner in which the trumpet *obligato* part was executed by Mr. T. Harper adding materially to the effect of the air. The oratorio terminated about 3 o'clock. £190 14*s*. was collected at the doors, which, added to the donations of the three preceding days, brought the gross amount bequeathed to the charity up to £833 14*s*. Had it not been for the extra day (the number of morning performances having been hitherto limited to three), the collection would have fallen far short of the average. In 1840, indeed, £1,061 2*s*. 1*d*. was obtained for the charity—nearly £230 more than on the present occasion, in spite of the extra performance. The committee of management, however, continue to receive donations for the charity from such of its well-wishers as have been unavoidably prevented from attending the festival, and £60. has been already, we understand, added to the sum collected at the doors. We announce with pleasure the names of the ladies who aided the stewards in holding the plates, and by their personal appeals were the means of enforcing many valuable contributions:—Lady Emily Foley, Lady Cornewall, Ladies Franklin and Teresa Lewis, Lady Lucy Herbert, Lady Hastings, Lady Price, Mrs. and Miss Hampden, Mrs. Bailey, and Miss Cornewall. The numbers of persons who attended the performances at the Cathedral were as follows:—

	Raised Seats.	Floor.	Aisles.	Total.
On Tuesday ..	147	93	145	385
Wednesday ..	356	82	111	549
Thursday ..	218	67	75	360
Friday ..	253	120	222	595

Thus, the *Elijah* attracted the most fashionable, and the *Messiah* the most popular, assembly. It is worthy of remark that on no previous occasion was any other oratorio ever known to rival the *Messiah* in attraction. It has been sug-

gested that the ball on Thursday night kept many of the aristocracy and gentry away from the Cathedral on Friday morning; but this suggestion is of no value, since there was also a ball on Tuesday, the evening before *Elijah* was given. The numbers at the evening concerts were—Tuesday, 165; Wednesday, 202; Thursday, 515, which, as the hall was quite full on the last evening, verifies our calculation of the accommodation it is capable of affording.

On the whole, this festival has produced more than ordinary excitement in Hereford and its vicinities. That the result has turned out less disadvantageous than was anticipated may be gathered from the fact that Earl Rodney, Earl Powis, and the Bishop of the diocese have already accepted stewardships for the ensuing meeting of 1852, and that in a fortnight the list is expected to be filled up entirely. That each of the stewards on the present occasion will have to supply a certain sum to cover the difference between the expenses and the receipts, may be regarded as certain; but in such a praiseworthy cause surely not one of them will have the heart to complain at a slight pecuniary sacrifice.

On reviewing the morning and evening performances, we find reason to congratulate Mr. Townshend Smith on the general excellence of the programmes. The weakest selection at the Cathedral was that of Thursday, which might have been made a strong day, had the whole of Spohr's *Calvary* (*Crucifixion*) been performed, instead of a few fragments, bolstered up by Haydn's *Seven Last Words*, Beethoven's *Mass in C*, and Rossini's hacknied *Stabat*. By the way, we did not hear a single objection made to the two last-named works being introduced into a Cathedral—a fact worth noting, as a sign of progress where progress has too long been checked by mistaken intolerance. The evening concerts, though they were too long, and involved much flimsy matter in the shape of drawing-room ballads and other trivialities, unworthy of a place in a great festival, were still commendable as offering, among many fine compositions, some interesting novelties. The selection from *Euryanthe* would alone have conferred distinction on the meetings at the Shire-hall, without reckoning the *Jupiter* symphony, the overtures to *Melusina* and the *Naiades*, the *Praise of Music* (*cantata* by Beethoven), and other works scarcely inferior in merit. There was a very general complaint, however, at the entire abandonment of instrumental solos, which for more reasons than one are advisable, and even necessary, in miscellaneous concerts. With such artists as Blagrove, Willy, Dando (violins), Williams (clarionet), Baumann (bassoon), Jarrett (horn), J. Harper (trumpet), Lindley and Lucas (violoncellos), Hill (tenor), Howell (contra-basso), and Prospère (ophicleide), at their disposal, there was no excuse for the directors overlooking this important element of attraction. Instrumental solos have the double advantage of breaking the monotony of a long succession of vocal pieces, and exhibiting the capabilities of talented performers. In long rambling concerts, like the evening selections at festivals, they are indispensable.

RAPHAEL AND MOZART.

(From the German.)

RAPHAEL's father was a painter, and Mozart's a musician. Both those fathers honoured and loved their art; both pursued it zealously, and perfectly understood the true principles of it; both also, though they did not possess a high genius, or any thing more than ordinary and well-cultivated natures, still knew how to teach others, and consequently their sons, the rules of their art.

Raphael zealously, and with simplicity of heart, copied the pictures of his father, and those of Pietro Perugino; Mozart practised the strictly regular pieces of his father, and the uniform works of most of the esteemed German composers of his time.

Two great men had begun to diffuse a new spirit over the age in which these two youths lived, and to exercise over their respective art a powerful and almost arbitrary dominion. Exalted but mysterious, bold, but without a tender taste; mighty, but without gentleness; were the spirit and the works of those great men. Michael Angelo, and Sebastian Bach, are their names; between whom perhaps not only a resemblance might be traced, but a continued parallel might be drawn. Raphael became acquainted with Angelo's, and Mozart with Bach's works; and both were so enraptured, that the one abandoned his former manner of painting, and the other his former manner of composing.

But the obscure and deliberate manner of those two great masters was irreconcilable to the juvenile fire of our two young artists; and though they tried to adopt it, both, particularly Mozart, became harsh, extraneous, quaint, and confused. They made several attempts in this style, but without giving finish, and in most instances without even completing the works they began. Proofs of both may still be found, in Raphael's altar-piece of the church of the Santo Spirito at Sienna, and in some concertos, as well as several masses by Mozart, which he still composed at Saltsburg, or soon after.

However, the beneficent and milder light of a finer taste now began to rise in the era of both our young artists. For though they did not shun the gloomy sanctuary of those two oracles, and, on the contrary, still valued and studied their works to acquire a true knowledge of their art, they introduced the intricacies of that art more sparingly and with better judgment; they followed the impulse of their heart, studied effect, and tried more to raise the spirit, through a noble and sweet simplicity, than to overload it with the mazes of misapplied learning. And now they began to please, when before they had only surprised; they conquered more by beguiling than by assaulting the ears of their hearers. The age then had the choice between the dictating Minerva and the milder Apollo; they decided in favour of the latter, and now most of the artists also laid the laurel at his feet. Leonardo da Vinci, and his party, at the time stood foremost among those painters; and Hasse, with some Italians, among whom also there was a Leonardo—Leonardo Leo—among those musicians.

The majority of painters at the time of young Raphael, and the majority of musicians at the time of young Mozart, now eagerly and almost exclusively imitated these new patterns; but they themselves did otherwise. They were too deeply impressed with the original spirit of former times, and felt themselves strong enough to act according to its impulse. They also did justice to the charms of the new period, and made use of what is natural, true, fine, and charming in its style. And now arose in both of them, that independent original genius, that heavenly gift, which, not merely like a growing child, gradually increased in strength, but, which, like a man, nourished by substantial aliments, and strengthened by beneficent, animating cordials, presented itself in them with all the energy of perfect maturity; and they themselves were now, in the principal points, arrived at the meridian of their art. Nothing more, therefore, could be wanting for both, but an *opportunity* to employ their extraordinary talents to advantage; and such a *patronage* as would procure them an easy and encouraging existence. And this they found. Raphael, the former, in the Vatican, and the latter, principally in the

Popes Julius II. and Leo X.; and Mozart, both the former and latter, in the journeys of his happy, unsettled, independent life of an artist.

And how do both of them now appear in their works?—what is the true characteristic, the predominant, distinct quality of them? It is *invention!* Here the resemblance between the genius of our two artists is so striking, that I may be permitted dwelling a little on a closer contemplation of them.

Invention is either *poetical* or *artistic*. Poetical invention shows what a work of art shall be; artistic invention, the means by which it is to obtain its intended nature and qualities. The former is the idea of the work; the latter the manner of expressing that idea. All *invention* exclusively belongs to genius; but the *execution* of an invention to talent, which will be examined in the sequel. The *poetical* genius suggests not only the principal idea, but also the most favourable moment, and the leading features, which are requisite for substantiating that idea: the *artistic* genius finds the most successful expression of it within the limits of that art in which it acts; it regulates and treats every part of the whole, not merely so, as a true representation and expression of the idea required, but particularly, so as to beautify the subject of representation, and to heighten the expression of it.

These two qualities are united in a true artist; and yet nevertheless he may not be able to produce his conceived work of art. This requires divers abilities which he ought to learn, viz.: the use of the pencil in a painter, the art of speech in a poet, the treatment of an instrument in a musician, and so forth. This is what I call *execution*. It is no more a property of genius, but of talent and experience.

But let us return to our subject—though indeed we are in the midst of it! for *invention*, richness—inexhaustible richness, success, invariable success in invention—poetical and artistical—are exactly the first characteristics of Raphael and Mozart; and certainly are the means by which they have arrived at their eminence. In both of them we always find choice, noble, fine ideas; in the former a world of living musical figures, and in the latter a world of living musical thoughts, each of which is speaking, interesting, and appropriate in itself, and equally important in its connection with the whole. All may be compared to the different limbs of a body, and to beautiful limbs of a beautiful body; all are judiciously arranged, so that nothing which can interest in itself, and add to the effect of the whole, remains unobserved; and even none of those limbs are disproportional or incorrect. However, the latter must be understood only of Mozart's finished works of his mature age; and not of his juvenile ones, or of those where circumstances sometimes obliged him either to write in too great haste, or to make his art stoop to meaner comprehensions, and to the arbitrary whims of the times.

Through this exalted peculiarity of the works of both our artists, both rose above the age in which they lived; both founded a new school, and with them commenced a new era of their art.

Raphael, though he was great, and *felt* that greatness, still incessantly studied his art, and, without self-sufficience, indefatigably endeavoured to raise it and himself to a higher degree of perfection; and, so it was with Mozart. If this was not recorded history, the least attentive chronological examination of both their works would prove it. Raphael lived in his art alone, and found in it all the enjoyment he was desirous of. Even in his hours of recreation he drew light, though unfinished but very expressive sketches; and Mozart did the same, as can be proved by many pieces which are published among his other works. Raphael was obliged, by men and circumstances, to execute, in the latter period of his life, several grand, but more delightful and charming works than it was his usual fancy; yet though he drew the history of Pysche and Galatea, according to the ideas of those who ordered them, he executed them so that throughout the great and profound artist was discoverable; and the same Mozart did with his *Magic Flute*, *Clemenza di Tito*, and some lesser productions.

But both Raphael and Mozart had their little imperfections, like other human beings. Their works, therefore, have not in *all* respects arrived at the highest degree of perfection. And where is there to be found a mortal who can perform *all* that his immortal spirit conceives, feels, and intends? Both of them seem now and then less successful in what we have called *execution*, but which ought not to be confounded with what is commonly understood by treating a thought or subject. Raphael was rather weak in shortening a scene, and not very strong in perspective; his coloring is not always good, it contains black shades and red flesh, and sometimes his pencil is hard. The same is the case with Mozart. Several of his full compositions are overcharged, his modulations not unfrequently *bizarre*, his abrupt changes of the key often harsh; he seldom writes plaintively without some single traits of secret grief, which it is not easy to describe in words, but easily may be felt. He seldom writes tenderly, without some painful sighs of as ardent a passion. As far as in this respect Raphael ranks behind the soft Correggio, and the charming Titian, Mozart ranks behind the Italians of the middle age, and even behind *some* that are still living.

The uncommon *diversity* in the works of both our artists, and this not only with regard to contents, but also to treatment (though in all of them we find the above characteristics) must create astonishment; and it would, like the *number* of them, be almost incredible, reckoning the short life of those masters, and their having indulged themselves in divers excesses, if it were not known how both of them lived solely and entirely for their art; how they commenced their distinguished career so early; and how their spirits, unconcerned about every thing which they did not find in a great measure connected with their principal object. Anything else they dispatched quickly, and often carelessly; their principal concern only engaged their whole, eager, and persevering attention. It is very remarkable, that notwithstanding the incessant pressing of their spirit from one subject to another, the crowded succession of new works, and the inviting advantages of new engagements, neither Raphael nor Mozart (in their riper years) offered to the world any work done only superficially, and carelessly finished. Both of them worked with dispatch, but without over-hurrying themselves; and this is visible in all the original scores of Mozart, in which he has most carefully expressed in *every part*, all that is material, even every piano and forte. And wherever we meet in their works with deviations from what has been considered as established rules, it is done with good reason; either on account of the imperfection of the rule, or as a proof, in which cases a small deficiency in one respect may answer greater purposes of a more important nature.

Another beautiful feature in the character of both artists I cannot leave unnoticed, though it is generally known, viz: that both of them did justice to all other merit. For Raphael always testified the most lively regard for his master Pietro Perugino, and of his patron Bramante, though he exceeded them so much. Out of respect for the former, he even preserved the ceiling painted by him in the third chamber of Signatura; he openly expressed his regard for the mighty braving rival, Michael Angelo; and even supported the re-

spectable Julio Romano, who exceeded his master in fire. And so also was Mozart. His conduct towards Joseph Haydn, his defending Jomelli, his veneration for Sebastian Bach and Handel, his supporting and aiding respectable young artists, are too well known to require particulars.

In this manner our two artists made use of their short but crowded life, and both felt towards the age of thirty-five a decline of their bodily strength; whilst their mental powers still increased their noble exertion, and thereby speeded the destruction of the former. Augustin Chigi then prevailed on Raphael, and other influence on Mozart, to undertake the above-mentioned works, of a more delightful and charming nature; and both of them became, through the good will of their encouragers, involved in a still more sensual life. Their bodily strength was soon exhausted, but their spirits once more burst forth with redoubled strength and nobleness. Both felt the chilling hand of death, which already seized them, and tried still to raise themselves a monument for posterity.

Both chose the *Transfiguration*—Raphael that of the Redeemer, Mozart that of the Redeemed. With the zeal of those who already perceive themselves attended by the shades of death, and who feel that they perform their last work, both of them exerted themselves to the utmost, and produced, as it were, the quintessence of their most sacred feelings. Both these transfigurations transfigured our artists themselves. The work of Raphael became the first of new painting, and that of Mozart the first of new religious music; though in both of them many good judges find the effect of some of the parts a little too dark.

In finishing these works, both Raphael and Mozart died—and both in the thirty-seventh year of their age.

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(*Continued from page* 580.)

LXVIII. The nature of crocodiles is this. During the four winter months they eat nothing, and although they have four feet, they live both on land and in water. For they lay their eggs on the land, and hatch them, and the greater part of the day they pass in dry places, but the whole of the night in the river, since the water is warmer than the air and the dew. Of all the animals that we have seen, there is none which, from having been so small, becomes so large; for the eggs which it lays are not much larger than those of a goose, and the young one is in proportion; but when it grows, it becomes seventeen cubits long, and even more. It has the eyes of a pig, and large teeth and tusks in proportion to its body. Of all animals, it is the only one that does not possess a tongue (*a*), and the only one which moves the upper jaw towards the lower one, the lower one being immovable (*b*). Its claws are very strong, and the skin upon the back is scaly, and cannot be broken. In the water it cannot see, but in the air its sight is extremely penetrating. As it passes its time in the water, it has its mouth quite full of flies (*c*). Other beasts and birds fly the crocodile, with the exception of the trochilus, with which it is at peace, on account of the services it receives from it. For when the crocodile comes out of the water, and then yawns (as it is always accustomed to do towards the west wind), the trochilus entering its mouth, eats up the flies. The crocodile being thus relieved is pleased, and does no injury to the trochilus.

LXIX. To some of the Egyptians, crocodiles are sacred; to others not, and these treat them as enemies. The inhabitants about Thebes, and the lake of Mœris, esteem them to be extremely sacred. They both of them choose one crocodile, which they bring up, teaching it to be tame. Into the ears they put pendants of gold and imitative stone, and about the fore-feet they put bracelets, and they feed them with sacred meats, generally prohibited, taking care that the animals shall live as pleasantly as possible, and when they die, embalming them and burying them in sacred chests. On the other hand, the people who live about the city of Elephantine do not think them sacred, but even eat them. These animals are called, not crocodiles, but champsæ. The name of crocodiles was given to them by the Ionians, who likened them to the crocodiles found in the hedges in their own country.

LXX. The ways of taking them are various. The one which seems to me most worthy of notice I shall describe. When they have fastened the back of a hog to a hook, they let it down into the middle of the river. The hunter then having a live pig on the edge of the river, beats it, and the crocodile hearing the cry, moves towards the voice, and coming up to the back, swallows it, and is pulled out of the water. When it has been brought ashore, the hunter first of all covers up its eyes with mud. Having done this he manages the rest easily enough; but if this is not done he has a difficult task.

LXXI. The hippopotami are by a certain law sacred at Pampretis, but are not so to the rest of the Egyptians. The nature of their form is this: they are quadruped, cloven-footed, with the hoof of an ox; they have a flat muzzle, projecting tusks, the mane, the tail (*d*), and the voice of a horse, and are of the size of the largest oxen. Their skin is so thick, that when it is dry polished darts are made of it.

There are also otters in the river, which they deem sacred; and of all fish the one called "lepidotus" and the eel are considered sacred. These they consider sacred to the Nile; and among birds the sacred one is the chenalopex (*e*).

LXXIII. There is another sacred bird, called the phœnix, though I have not seen it, except in painting; for it appears but rarely, namely, only once, according to the Heliopolitans, in 500 years. They say, that when it comes its parent is dead. This is the size and shape of it, if it resembles the paintings: Its wings are partly gold-coloured, partly red. In the *contour** of its form, and in its dimensions, it is very like an eagle. This bird, they tell me, uses the following contrivances, saying things that are to me incredible. Coming from Arabia, it takes the body of its parent to the temple of the Sun, wrapping it up in myrrh, and then burying it in the temple. It carries the body thus: first of all, it makes a ball of myrrh, as large as it supposes it is able to carry. It then tries it by lifting it, and when it has finished making these trials, it hollows out the ball, inserts the body, and then with more myrrh stops up the orifice. When the body is thus placed in the ball, the latter is of the same weight as it was before; and the phœnix, having enclosed it, takes it to Egypt to the Temple of the Sun. Thus is this bird said to act.

NOTES.

(*a*) It has since been discovered that the crocodile has a very small tongue.

(*b*) This is not strictly true. The crocodile does move its lower jaw, but to a very trifling degree.

(*c*) The word "bdellæ" is ordinarily rendered "leeches," but that interpretation is supposed to be incorrect, as it seems there are no leeches in the Nile.

(*d*) It has *not* the tail of a horse.

(*e*) The "Vulpanser," or, if we turn it exactly into English, the "fox-goose."

(*To be continued.*)

*** *Winckelmann's "History of Art" will be continued next week.*

* So says Schweighæuser.—Creuzer and Bachr, say "details."

SONNET.

NO. CCLII.

A doubt must surely be a living thing,
Which on the human heart can scarcely fall,
But it must cast about its fibres small,
And to a soil too genial firmly cling.
Whate'er varieties a world can bring
For nutriment, 'twill feed upon them all,
Until it grows a stately tree and tall.
Pleas'd its huge branches far and wide to fling.
Those branches with their heavy leafage make
A canopy, and the wide prospect close;
In such dense union all the twigs are cross'd,
Light is shut out, and they so wildly shake,
So that 'tis vain to think upon repose;
We grasp the fruit—if *that* we taste, we're lost. N. D.

PAULINE VIARDOT GARCIA.

(*From the Liverpool Chronicle.*)

Pauline Garcia is born of a musical family, which for centuries has illustrated the lyric stage. Her father was the famed tenor, Emanuel Garcia; and her mother, Joaquina Sitchès, was a celebrated actress, under the name of Briañés, on the Madrid stage, who sang the part of Fidalma in Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, with Madame Fodor and Madame Camporese, in 1817. The sister of Pauline was the lamented Malibran, and her brother, Manuel Garcia, now the Professor of Singing at the Conservatoire, in Paris, who has written one of the best standard works on the art of singing, was master to Jenny Lind. The school of Garcia in vocalization is in fact European.

Pauline Garcia was born in Paris, on the 18th of July, 1821. At four years of age she spoke with fluency four languages—Spanish (her maternal tongue); French, that of the country in which she was born; English, which she acquired in the family travels; and Italian, destined to be the study of her future art. At a later period, when invited to appear on the great lyric stages of Germany, she made herself thoroughly conversant with the Teutonic language. Her genius in painting and drawing was as soon developed as her faculty for languages, and her aptitude for music. Her surpassing talents for sweet sounds were displayed from her earliest infancy. At seven years of age she accompanied, on the pianoforte, her father's pupils, when he gave his singing lessons. Such was her manual dexterity, facile fingering, and poetical touch, that at first it was proposed she should pursue the career of a pianist, and she became one of the most accomplished scholars of Liszt. After having accompanied the family migrations, first to England, then to New York, and afterwards to Mexico, Pauline returned to Europe, in 1828, and completed her education in the Belgian capital. At sixteen years of age her voice became fixed. Like the organ of her sister, in quality it combined the two registers of the soprano and contralto, having that soul-stirring tone which exercises such a potent spell on her hearers. In compass, her voice had three octaves. In the month of May, 1839, before she had attained her eighteenth year, she made her first appearance on any stage, at the King's Theatre, in London, in the character of Desdemona, the same season that Mario first made his *début* in this country. Her success was most brilliant. She sang an aria composed by Costa, introduced in *Otello*—she was recalled several times during the progress and at the end of the opera. In the month of October following, engaged for the Italian Opera in Paris, then playing at the Odèon, she created equal enthusiasm, by her *début* in the same character. In the month of April, 1840, she was married to M. Louis Viardot, *homme-de-lettres*, at that time director of the Italian Opera, who, on his marriage, resigned that post. M. Viardot is a distinguished publicist in Paris, and was recently offered the post of Chargé d'Affaires at Madrid, by the Provisional Government of the Republic.

The appearance of Pauline Viardot Garcia was, indeed, quite a musical event, and European managers were eager to offer her engagements. Her last appearance in London was in the season 1841, when she sang in Cimarosa's *Orazi et Curiazi*, with Mario. Her health was not in the best state, and her physical strength not sufficient to answer to the calls upon her ardent nature, in giving vent to the dramatic excitement of the scene, as the peculiar characteristic of Garcia is, her stage abstraction is so perfect that all traces are lost of the *artiste* in the character she is so vividly presenting. It was for this reason that she declined to receive the offers made to her by the Academie Royale de Musique in Paris. She preferred to travel, and visited Spain, singing in Madrid and Grenada, and then passed another season in Paris, singing with Grisi and Persiani. Her next engagement was for two seasons in Vienna, where her triumph was immense, singing every school of music, so as to satisfy the exigencies of the most classic musician, as well as to astonish and delight the general body of amateurs of Italian music. When Rubini formed the *troupe* at St. Petersburgh, Madame Viardot Garcia was the selected *prima donna*, and there, by the side of Madame Castellan and Madlle. Alboni, she had three triumphant seasons, the rigour of the climate alone compelling her to try a more congenial atmosphere. Finally she appeared at the Italian Opera in Berlin, and when Madlle. Lind had quitted the German Opera, Madame Viardot took her place in the *repertoire*.

Hamburgh, Dresden, Frankfort, Leipzig, &c., were cities in which she created unparalleled enthusiasm. Her last engagements were at Berlin and Hamburgh, in German Opera, completing her career, in March last, in the former capital.

The following are the operas in which Madame Viardot Garcia has sustained characters:—Desdemona, in Rossini's *Otello;* Rossini's *Cenerentola;* Rosina, in *Il Barbière;* Camilla, in Cimarosa's *Orazi et Curiazi;* Arsace, in *Semiramide; Norma;* Ninetta, in *La Gazza Ladra;* Amina, in *La Sonnambula;* Romeo, in the *Capulettee Montecchi* of Bellini and Vaccaj; Lucia, in *Maria di Rohan;* Leonora, in Donizetti's *Favorita.* In Mozart's *Don Giovanni* she has been equally successful in Zerlina and Donna Anna. In Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* she has doubled in one night the parts of the Princess and Alice, the latter being one of her best assumptions. In Berlin, latterly, she took the amateurs by storm in Glück's *Iphigenia en Tauride,* and in Halevy's *Juive.* Her Valentine, in Meyerbeer's *Huguenots,* has been also the admiration of the Berlinese connoisseurs.

In every relation of private life Madame Pauline Garcia Viardot is endeared to her family and friends.

Madame Garcia made her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera, in 1848, under peculiar discouraging circumstances; the Jenny Lind furor was then at its height, in addition to which she debuted in a character somewhat unsuited to her peculiar genius, with a *bad* tenor, quite unknown to fame—Mario being *suddenly* taken ill, and Salvi refusing to supply his place. Notwithstanding that her *debut* was stated by interested parties to be a failure, she never lost her courage; and soon showed herself to be—what all acknowledge she is—the greatest lyric actress of the age. Her voice is of extensive compass, being a contralto soprano, managed with the most consummate skill. Her triumphs in the *Prophète* and the *Huguenots* are too well known to be mentioned here;

they have excited the admiration of even her most jealous contemporaries, and have procured from the hypercritical Meyerbeer a letter of praise evidently written from his heart.

MISS CATHERINE HAYES.

(From the Liverpool Chronicle.)

Miss Catherine Hayes is a native of Limerick; and from an early period her genius for music was manifested. She commenced her studies in Dublin, her master being Signor Sapio. She was then sent to Paris to cultivate her talents, and her master was Manuel Garcia, the brother of Malibran and Viardot, and the master of Jenny Lind. At the end of nearly two years, M. Garcia recommended that she should proceed to Italy, to acquire the language and to reap the fruits of her indefatigable labours. She, however, continued her studies under Signor Felice Ronconi, brother of the artist Giorgio Ronconi, at Milan.

Her first engagement was for the Italian Opera in Marseilles, for three months. On the 10th of May, 1845, she made her *début* as Elvira in Bellini's *Puritani*. She then sang in *Lucia*, and next in Rossini's *Mose in Egitto*. She had larger offers made to her to appear on the French lyric stage, but she declined them, and returned to Milan to pursue her studies. It was at one of the concerts of Ricordi, the musical publisher, that she was heard by the managers of the Imperial theatres of Milan and Vienna, who immediately engaged her to make her *début* at the Scala. It was in Donizetti's *Linda di Chamouni* that she passed through the trying ordeal, and raised the enthusiasm of the Milanese to the highest pitch. Her next character was Desdemona, in Rossini's *Otello*.

In the spring of 1846 she appeared at Vienna, with signal success; and in the autumn returned to Milan, appearing with unprecedented success in *Lucia*. At the Scala she sang in the *Mosé* and Mercadante's *Giuramento*, and also in *Mortedo*, an opera composed expressly for her. During the Carnival of 1846-7, she was at Venice, where two new operas were composed for her—*Griselda*, by Frederico Ricci; and *Albergo de Romano*, by Malaspero. In the spring of 1847 she passed a second season in Venice, Ricci writing *Estalla* expressly for her. She also added Norina in *Don Pasquale*, to her *repertoire*. After the Viennese season she returned to Italy, and sang at Bergamo and Verona, where Donizetti's *Maria de Rohan* was one of her new parts, as well as the *Due Foscari* and *Masnadieri* of Verdi.

From Verona she went to Florence, and went the round of her characters. Madame Catalani was much struck with her vocal powers, and prognosticated her success in London. The final season of Miss Hayes was passed at the Carlo Felice, in Genoa, this winter, where she remained until her engagement at the Royal Italian Opera called her to London. Miss Catherine Hayes' gentle and captivating manner has secured for her the sympathies of the *élite* of society in every city she has visited on the Continent; and she came to this country with recommendatory letters in the most influential circles in London—a proof of the personal estimation in which she is held.

A Rival to Jenny Lind.—The *Pirata*, Milanese journal, in an article on the performance of *Ernani* at the Theatre Ré, speaks of the new prima donna, Mademoiselle Cagnolis, in terms of extravagant praise. Her voice is described as combining all that is grand, powerful, and beautiful, and her acting as evidencing every histrionic requisite. The journal styles Mademoiselle Cangolis as "Vera Rosa d'Aprile." Here is a chance for Mr. Lumley, or the Royal Italian Opera.

BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.

No. IV.—Op. 60.
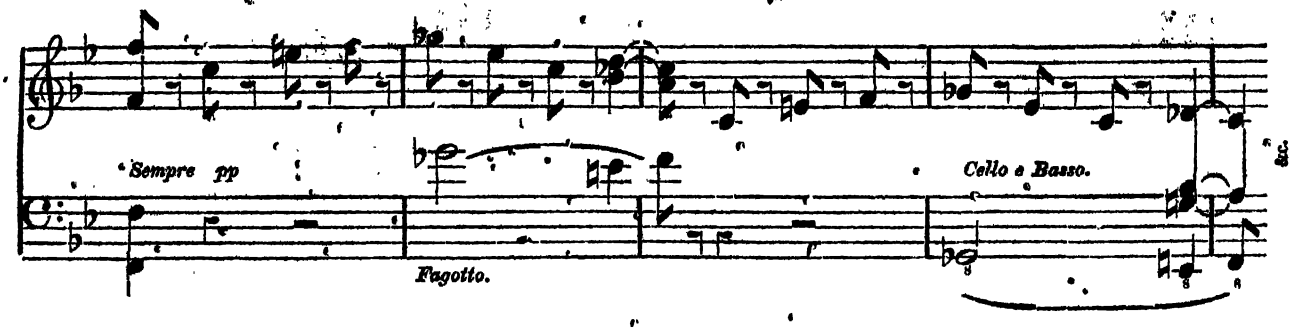
(Continued from page 584.)

The symphony in B flat was written in the year 1806. It was composed immediately after the great public excitement, occasioned by the entry into Vienna of the French troops under Napoleon, had ceased,—an excitement in which Beethoven could not but have been, to some extent, a participator; and we may suppose this production to be the fruit of such reaction in his mind as was the natural result of the subsequent general repose. According to M. Schineller, the biographer of our composer, the present symphony appears to have been written under the influence of an ardent attachment, if it were not the intentional expression of it, which Beethoven felt for Madlle. Giulietta Guicciardo, to whom is dedicated his wonderfully impassioned *Sonata quasi Fantasia* in C sharp minor, which attachment is said to have ended only with the life of him that felt it. How far the emotions of his heart may have affected the productions of our composer's mind, can be little more than matter of supposition; the existence, however, of several of his letters addressed to this lady, which are dated about the period of the composition of this symphony, evidences the highly enthusiastic tenor of his feelings at the time; and the knowledge of this must, with many, if not qualify their appreciation of the work, at least colour the impression they receive from it, and, in some degree, modify the sympathies its beauties awaken in them.
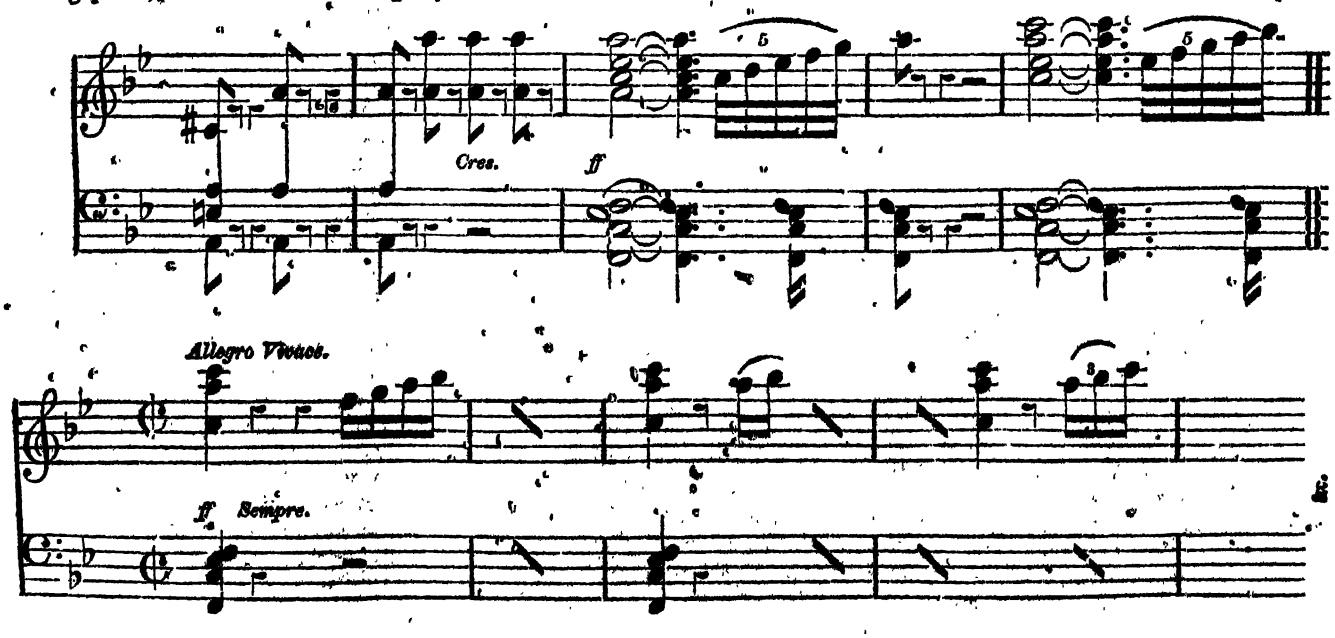
This symphony exhibits a still further progress in the style which in the *Eroica* is fully developed; in the latter, we first learn to know the style of Beethoven, in the present work we become familiar with it as distinct in many important characteristics from that of every composer who had preceded him, and we find that what at first might have been supposed to be a temporary peculiarity of thought, is a decided originality of mind, a confirmed individuality and identity of the inventive and constructive powers. That colossal extension of place, that largeness without diffuseness, that length without excess, for which the previous symphony is so eminently remarkable, is not to be noticed in the same degree in this work, which, upon the whole, may be considered as comparatively of a much lighter character; indeed, we find realised in the present composition rather maturity of manner than profuseness of proportion, and we recognise throughout less of the elements of grandeur than of beauty, but these last to an extent that has rarely been exceeded.

The first movement opens with a short introductory *adagio*, which prepares the way for the following *allegro* in a manner that renders the entry of the principal subject wonderfully impressive. Such is the main, if not the only, purport of this introduction, in so far as it forms a part of the general musical design of the entire movement, which, I believe, will be readily perceived; in addition to this, I cannot but suppose that the *adagio* embodies a very high poetical intention, and that its technical importance to the general musical design, only qualifies to increase its power as a medium of passionate expression. This introduction contains no distinct subject, but is formed, instead, of a series of progressions, which convey most intensely an idea of gloom, almost of despair, that nothing less than the prodigious elation produced by what succeeds could dissipate. I hesitate to enlarge upon the feeling thus suggested, fearing that to do so will be superfluous in the case of those who receive from the music a similar impression to my own, ridiculous in the case of those who have different sympathies excited by it; but, as I find it impossible to trace the musical

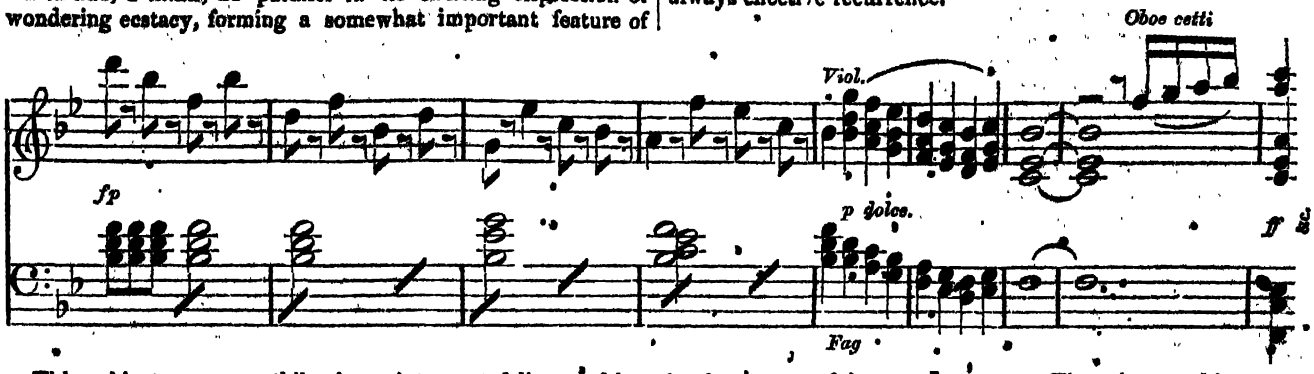
conduct of this very striking prelude, wholly apart from what I conceive to be its poetical expression, I must proceed with my analysis accordingly. We have first a passage in the key of B flat minor for all the string instruments in unison, through which the key-note is sustained by flute, clarionets, bassoons, and horns in several different octaves; this comes to a half-close on F, when we have seven bars, principally based on the dominant harmony, which introduce again the same long-sustained note with the same unisonous passage. We cannot but feel the breathless effect, as of a long drawn sigh, which the opening of this movement produces, and to which the staccato notes that follow form a striking relief, while they interrupt not the general character; there is great pathos in the few notes that are sustained against this staccato passage, and wonderful art in the disposition of them in the orchestra, being such, as by the particular quality of the tone in that part of the compass of the instruments to which they are assigned, as to give to them a peculiar and a most poignant expression.



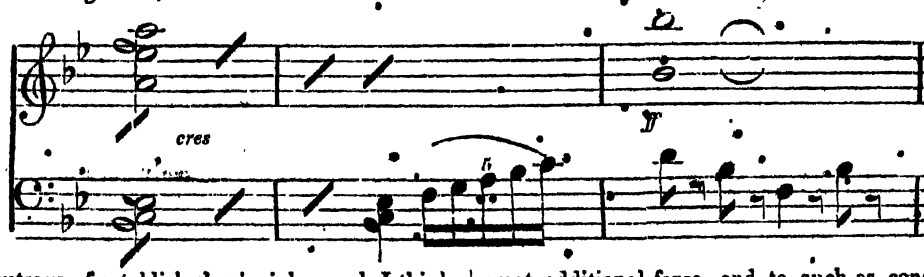
As has been said, the opening bars are now repeated, but, this time, by an enharmonic change, we are brought to a half-close on F sharp instead of F natural, and the following passage is given a semitone higher than before. From this place, the interest of the music appears to be drawn closer and closer together, and proportionably to accumulate power. The full-close in B minor, to which this passage would naturally lead, is interrupted by the resolution of the dominant seventh on F sharp upon a chord of G; this becomes the dominant of the key of C, and thus commences a series of more rapid but less startling transitions that closes on a chord of A major. In all this I feel the expression of utter desolation, the desolation of one to whom the world seems to be wholly empty, or rather, to be replete with presentations of his own loneliness: the idea is to me irresistible of a mighty void in the heart and in the mind, in which all hope, half memory, the very power of thought, seem struggling vainly for a resting-place; then desire looks vaguely round the blank to seek an object, but nothing is the universe, the echo only can be found of the soul's consciousness, and all alone! Such is the feeling of a lover unbeloved, of a poet unacknowledged, of any enthusiast whose ardour knows no congenial ardour which gives as it receives the nourishment of light and warmth, of happiness and power. Now comes, however, the true illumination of the soul, the re-kindling of existence; what might not be expected, what could not be hoped, what dared not be desired, suddenly IS, and the heart dilates at its possession near to bursting, so full it is of the rapturous conciousness of an owndom that seems to be bounded only by its beginning, and such bound to be lost in the belief of its endlessness. Thus only can I feel, thus only attempt to describe the effect of the following wonderful burst, which conveys a sense almost of awe in the intense excitement of wondering suspense that precedes the entire cumulade of conviction.



Thus is introduced the chief subject of the principal movement, and this extraordinary passage which leads to it, and which had, I think, no parallel in its exciting expression of wondering ecstacy, forming a somewhat important feature of the whole by reason no less of the first forcible impression it cannot fail to create upon the hearer, than of its frequent and always effective recurrence.



This subject opens worthily the uninterrupted litany of joy which until its close the *allegro* presents—a litany that has its involuntary responses in the echoing sympathies of the hearts of all that hear it. It is repeated with the full power of the orchestra, which variety gives it a new interest, and greatly enforces its character. We have now an exciting passage (there is scarcely a passage in this whole movement but is highly exciting) of some length upon a tonic pedal, which speaks the fluttering of an overflowing heart, that seems to be bewildered in the excess of its own rapture. There is something, perhaps, more to wonder at than to admire in the measure in which this pedal bass is quitted; instead of retaining the pedal until the accolation of a dominant discord that is taken upon it, as would be according to precedent, according to rule, and, I think, according to the natural requisition of a cultivated ear, the bass rushes up to the third of the tonic chord, and thus resumes the subject.



This is a bold outrage of established principles, and, I think, a not very satisfactory one, but it is still not without its effect, as, by being introduced thus abruptly, the subject acquires a great additional force, and to such as consider, perhaps with propriety, the effect rather than the means, this is sufficient justification.

G. A. Macfarren.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DRAMA AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Mr. Macready commenced an engagement at our theatre on Monday evening last, in, perhaps, his most popular characters, Macbeth. So much has been said of the great tragedian's powers in this character, that it is needless for me to say more than that he played it with his wonted matchless power and art; notwithstanding, the house was anything but what was expected, considering it was the eminent tragedian's farewell appearance amongst us, previously to his quitting the stage. Macduff was well acted by Mr. James Bennett. The part in the fourth act, where he receives intelligence of the storming of his castle and death of his children, was suitably conceived, and a total absence of exaggeration, we not unfrequently see exhibited in the character, rendered it the more effective, and stamped him as an *artiste* of taste and judgment. Malcolm met with an able representative in Mr. John Davis; and Mr. Warde played Banquo with good dramatic skill. Mrs. Gordon was the Lady Macbeth, and a better I have seldom seen on the stage. Her "make-up" in the banquet scene was magnificent, and she displayed throughout the tact and judgment of an accomplished *artiste*. Locke's music was sung with unusual care and precision, and the greatest credit is due to Mr. Dodsworth (an excellent Hecate) and Mr. Reid, conductor of the orchestra, who drilled a numerous band of auxiliaries, engaged for the occasion. Altogether the tragedy was carefully put upon the stage, and Mr. Macready was called at the end amid immense enthusiasm. Mr. James Bennett was also called for.

In the farce of *Too Late for Dinner*, Mr. Newcombe, as Frank Poppleton, kept the audience in roars of laughter, and sent all home in high good humour.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Macready appeared as Werner, in Lord Byron's tragedy of that name, and although the critics of the day censured the composition as a poem, it is without doubt admirably adapted for dramatic representation, being full of powerful language and startling dramatic effects. The first scenes of the play are tame to a certain extent, and it is not until the fourth act, where the great scene between Werner and Ulric, calls forth the powers and tries the capabilities of the two *artistes* engaged in them. Mr. Macready in this displayed talents worthy of the great reputation he enjoys, and excepting, perhaps, the original representative, James Wallack (second to none in anything he undertakes in his own immediate line), there is hardly any one on the stage who could have played Ulric with more dramatic skill than

James Bennett; nor could Gabor have scarcely fallen into better hands than Davis's, who gave point and effect to all his speeches. Ray was very humourous as Idenstein; and made it one of the most prominent characters in the play. The part of Josephine, by Mrs. Harding, was ably acted. This lady on all occasions displays talent of no ordinary power. Mrs. Gordon looked pretty and interesting as Ida, a point infinitely below her talents. I regret to say that the house was badly attended, which is not to be wondered at as the cholera is making fearful ravages here.—T. E. B.

MUSIC AT MAIDSTONE.

(From a Correspondent.)

Madame Dulcken gave a morning concert on Wednesday at the Assembly Rooms. The lady had for her co-assistants in the performance Monsieur de Kontaki, the Prussian violinist; Mdlle. Sophie Schloss, soprano to all the concerts in Germany, but having no theatric insignia appended to her reputation; Herr Hausmann, the well authenticated violoncellist from the Royal Italian Opera; and Herr Schönhoff, first baritone of the Imperial Opera, St. Petersburg.

The programme had more German names than I remember to have seen in programme before. There was Hummel, Spohr, De Konteki, Beethoven, Kücken, Mayer, Blumenthal, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Hausmann, Weber, Schulhoff, Proch, Liszt, and Meyerbeer;—in short, it was a regular, and in every respect, a Teutonic concert. The good folks of Maidstone cannot complain that Madame Dulcken did not provide them novelty; verily, and she provided them nothing else—there was scarcely a single piece which they ever heard before: nor if they failed to understand what they did hear, can any blame attach to the fair and talented pianist, who came to our good town—would that there had been more inhabitants and less cholera for her sake—not merely to alleviate, but to prescribe; in homelier phrase, to instruct as well as please.

Of Madame Dulcken's pianoforte playing it is unnecessary for me to say one word in praise—your readers have too oft read your warmly expressed eulogies in her favour. She played several times, and each time she acquired new admirers, especially among the fairer section of the assembly; and among the fairer section of the assembly more especially among the more juvenile branches; and among the more juvenile branches more especially among such as have devoted themselves to the art of a Thalberg, a Dulcken, and a Kate Loder.

Of Madame Dulcken's many efforts, the audience apparently seemed more pleased with the "Cracovienne" of Wallace. Her other performances were a trio of Hummel's, with Messrs. de Kontski and Hausmann; a solo *fantasia* of Schulhoff; a duet for piano and violin, with Mons. de Kontski, of Osborne, and de Beriot; a quatuor of Mendelssohn for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello, with Messrs. de Kontski, Demas, and Hausmann; and the *Lucia* fantasia of Liszt.

Madlle. Schloss has a fine-toned, powerful voice, and sings with much expression and taste, although, perhaps, her feeling might become a little warmer, and lose nothing in the gaining. Her voice has less of the Teutonic throatiness than I have heard in any German singer, not excepting Jenny Lind, for many years. The grand "scena" from *Freyschütz* was very finely executed, and drew down loud and frequent bursts of applause. She was also very successful in songs of Beethoven and Mendelssohn.

Herr Schonhoff, the Imperial baritone, has a very strong voice, and makes admirable use of its strength. Vigor and emphasis are the chief characteristics of Herr Schonhoff's singing; and when vigor and emphasis are required, I am free to confess that I do not imagine that there are many Imperial baritones who could stand wear and tear of organ like Herr Schonhoff.

M. de Kontski is really a most surprising player on the violin; but I am not ashamed to confess that I have heard hundreds of others I should prefer hearing to M. de Kontski. Much of what M. de Kontski accomplishes on his instrument is seriously difficult: but if it were even impossible, I don't see why I should be compelled to lie down and adore M. de Kontski. I have a great respect for M. Kontski, as a prodigious surmounter, but I should like him a great deal better if he would unlearn all he has taken the trouble to teach himself, and render himself able to play "Robin Adair" *without* variations. In short, M. de Kontski is a wonderful player, and that is the reason I do not like him. F. M.

MUSIC AT BATH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was given last night at the Assembly Rooms, with an unusually strong band and chorus, and an excellent staff of solo performers. Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, and Herr Formes, were the principal artistes. The performance went off with much spirit, and greatly to the satisfaction of a fashionable audience. Miss Birch, as a vocalist of no mean powers, is already well known to the Bath public. On the present occasion, she seemed determined that no effort of hers should be wanting to give every effect to the pieces entrusted to her. Her clear musical tones were heard to great advantage in the various concerted pieces in which she took part; and in the few solos which the composer has allotted to the soprano voice, she exhibited all that flexibility and richness of tone which are her characteristics.

Miss Dolby is well qualified for the important parts she had to sustain. Many of the chief solos fell to her share. In the air, "Woe unto them that forsake him," she showed a just appreciation of the characteristic traits of sacred music—pathos, dignity, and simplicity, and an absence of meretricious ornament. She was received with great favour throughout, and loudly applauded in all her songs. Mr. Lockey gave us a repetition of the same natural and admirable vocalization which elicited so much applause on his recent visit to this city. The great source of attraction, Herr Formes, remains to be described.

We were prepared, from reading the criticisms of the London press, on his performance of the part of Elijah at Liverpool, to expect a vocalist of no mediocre standing, and were not disappointed. His greatest effort was in the magnificent air, "Is not his word like a fire?" in which power and sublimity are strikingly displayed. He was completely successful in his interpretation of this fine composition. There are other passages, the very reverse of the bold declamation required in the air to which we have alluded, into which Herr Formes infused all the grief and resignation which the subject demands; we mean, in those fine passages, abounding in deep pathos, where the prophet, disappointed at the result of the miracle on Mount Carmel and heart-stricken at the fruitless result of his mission, requests for himself that he might die, saying, "It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life." It is this facility in Herr Formes to identify himself with the varying situations of the inspired servant of God, whose deeds, suffering, and triumph, form the subject of this oratorio, wherein consists the chief merit of his performance. The choruses were well rehearsed;

and, under the conductorship of Mr. P. J. Smith, went off, as a whole, with much spirit.

Mr. Chute, the lessee of the Assembly-rooms, has made arrangements with some of the first vocalists, for a concert here in October. The names of these distinguished artistes comprise Sontag, the great Lablache, Signora F. Lablache, Calzolari, Belletti, and Mons. Thalberg.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

ADELPHI.

The Haymarket closed its Adelphian performances on Saturday, and the transplanted company returned to their native quarters in the Strand, and commenced business on Monday night, to make use of a new expression, "under the most favourable auspices." The pieces were four, *Marie Ducange; A Bird of Passage; Going to the Derby;* and *The Dancing Barber.*

Madame Celeste reappeared in her original character of Marie Ducange. She was received with immense favour, and was loudly cheered throughout her performance. Her acting in this part is exceedingly forcible and striking. The other characters are almost *nil.* Wright never had a more thankless task to undergo, than to take upon his shoulders the assumption of such a silly person as Mr. Charles Claude Prong, an erratic M.C.; and the introduction of his tattered orchestra throws an air of ridicule upon, in most respects, a well-written drama. Notwithstanding our objections, the comic portion of the piece obtained the universal cachinnatory suffrages of the audience, and Wright kept every mouth wide open.

The *Bird of Passage* is one of the neatest and most legitimate farces we have witnessed for a very long time. In its concoction and coloring, it decidedly belongs to the old school of comic writing. It is more than probable an extraction from the French. Wright's Mr. Carey Chick is nothing less than a wonderful piece of acting. We had scarcely a true notion of this actor's real power before we had seen him in this part. Wright's ease and presence of mind on the stage have never been surpassed, if, indeed, equalled. His quietude also, is astonishing, and his patience, immense. With Wright you never lose a point. He will pause in the middle of a sentence; nay, the word will be half suspended from his tongue, if he fancy his joke will be interrupted. And what a face for genuine humour! No features shattered into funny fragments, broken up into groteseque and exaggerative parcels, with the eye, lip, brow, and cheek quarrelling for predominance of expression, meet the glance of the spectator; but a solid-meaning aspect, a face that seems to think more of the author than the audience, a soft placidity of comic look, perfectly satisfied with producing *one* effect; in short, a face derived from observation and thought, showing that the actor took lessons from Art's schoolmistress, even Nature herself. If we find Wright sometimes succumbing to the excited imaginations of his friends in the Strand, and foregoing legitimacy for effect, he may be well pardoned. The wonder is, he is so close an adherer to truth. Since Liston's best days in Paul Pry, we have seen nothing to surpass Wright's Mr. Cary Chick—would that the name were better for memorial associations. The house was greatly filled, and every body seemed perfectly satisfied.

MARYLEBONE.

On Monday last, this theatre re-opened with a tragedy entitled *Velasco*, imported from the American stage. The piece, according to *The Times*, is taken from Pierre Corneille's tragedy of *The Cid.* The acting has considerable interest—Velasco (Mr. Davenport), a young and noble Spaniard, has just returned from the wars against the Moors, in which he has distinguished himself above all the chivalry of Spain. He has in early youth been the lover of Isadora (Miss Fanny Vining), although they have not been formally affianced. The mystery that involves his fate, together with a report of his having joined the Moorish camp, has induced her to become the betrothed wife of Hernando (Mr. J. Johnstone). This connection is, on the return of Velasco, formally dissolved by the King, and Isadora becomes the affianced bride of her former lover. Hernando, however, in revenge, and in the hope of still possessing her, foments a quarrel between the parents of the lovers, in which Velasco's father receives a blow from the parent of Isadora. Velasco, to revenge the insult, challenges and slays him: Isadora, informed by her lover himself of this sad catastrophe, arraigns him before the King for the death of her father, but the cause is dismissed and Velasco set free. He has in the meantime contrived to soften Isadora's resentment by rescuing her from the power of Hernando, into which she has fallen, and her union with him is finally resolved on, with the especial sanction of the King; but Julio, her brother, horror-stricken at seeing his sister about to become the wife of the man who has killed their father, determines to prevent it by administering a poisoned cup to Velasco at the bridal banquet. The design is discovered by Isadora, who seizes the cup as Velasco is raising it to his lips; she fails, nevertheless, in saving him, for Julio, maddened at the frustration of his design, stabs Velasco on the spot, and Isadora swallowing the contents of the poisoned cup, dies immediately afterwards. The piece savours, on the whole, somewhat of a melo-dramatic character; but the incidents are numerous and striking, and the catastrophe ingeniously veiled until the moment of its taking place. The scene in which Velasco discloses to Isadora the destruction of their hopes by his fatal duel with her father, is powerfully wrought, but was somewhat spoiled in the execution by the practical comment of a thunder storm, which had no effect but that of interrupting and marring the acting of Mr. Davenport and Miss Fanny Vining. Mr. Davenport was excellent throughout the piece, but a little more energy in the lady was now and then desirable. Mr. G. Cooke should not play in tragedy; his talents are considerable, but they lie in an entirely different direction. Mr. J. Johnstone made an able representative of Hernando—in the quiet and cynical expression of malignant passion, this gentleman has few superiors. Miss Oliver played a half jocular, half blustering court page with great spirit and humour, and looked, as she always does, exceedingly charming. The house was well filled. After the play, Miss Beaufort, from the Dublin theatre, appeared as Kate O'Brien in Haynes Bayly's pleasant piece of *Perfection;* the lady's attractions are personal rather than histrionic; she is handsome and has a figure admirably adapted to the stage; she has a nice voice and acted and sung in a pleasing and satisfactory manner.

Mrs. Mowatt, the fairest dramatic star of the west, will renew her engagement on Monday next.

SIGNOR GIUSEPPE DE BEGNIS.

(From the New York Message Bird.)

The departure of this distinguished musician has been announced by the press with no ordinary feeling. And considering the intrinsic merits of the individual, and the prominent position which he has occupied in the musical world for the last half century—the result of rare attainments in a most

difficult department of vocal art—it cannot be surprising that his death should produce a sensation wherever genius is properly appreciated. He died at his residence in this city on the 1st instant, after a terrific attack of cholera of only a few hours. As there is a biography of De Begnis extant, a very brief notice of his history will be sufficient in this place.

He was born at Lugo in the year 1795, and until his fifteenth year he officiated as soprano at the chapels at that place. He then studied for the stage, and made his *debût*, in his eighteenth year, as *primo buffo*, in the carnival at Modena. He presently acquired great celebrity in the character of Uberta, in Paer's opera of *Agnese*, which he performed with such success, that for years afterwards no other actor would attempt the part. His subsequent career was brilliant and successful. At Bologne, where he had been appointed director, he married Madlle. Ronzi, a celebrated cantatrice, and was also appointed Philharmonic Academician to the Musical Institute at Bologna.

Shortly after this he obtained the friendship of Rossini, who composed the parts of Dandini and Figaro expressly for him. De Begnis made his *debût* at Paris in the year 1819, where, with his wife, they performed with unexampled success. Here they remained three seasons. They afterwards went to London, and appeared in all the comic operas of Pacini, Rossini, Mosca, Generali, and Mozart. On the night in which Catalini left the stage, De Begnis first introduced his unrivalled performance in the opera *Il Fanatico per la Musica*, for which he has obtained a universal reputation. De Begnis remained twelve years in England, and introduced the Italian Opera at Edinburgh, Dublin, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham. His success as a teacher, was equally surprising: and his reputation was that of one of the best directors and Italian masters in England. But financial difficulties induced him to leave England for this country, where he arrived about eight years since. During this time his residence has been chiefly in this city, where he has exercised his great talents as a teacher of the science, making many excellent performers, and introducing into private circles a superior style both of vocal and instrumental music.

For more than a quarter of a century, De Begnis stood at the head of his profession as a buffo-singer. His Figaro has ever been unrivalled, and his reputation in Europe is even greater than here; for he has never here had the same opportunity to display his great and varied talent. De Begnis was the intimate friend of Rossini, and it was for him that the latter wrote his opera, the *Barber of Seville*. The world-renowned Donizetti, in his early life, was a pupil of De Begnis, and it was under his direction that the first dawnings of his great genius appeared. Signor De Begnis, as manager, once gave Donizetti a cantata, for which he was to arrange orchestral accompaniments. When completed, the Signor not being pleased with it, or finding some error in the arrangement, tore it up in great rage and with a severe rebuke, and obliged him to do his work all over again. The second arrangement received encomiums which far overbalanced the previous rebuke. Many amusing incidents are told of the Signor, who, like most of his countrymen, was of an excitable temperament.

Signor De Begnis' acting was characterised by exceeding grace and fidelity to nature. It was entirely divested of any approach to low buffoonery or stage juggling. His voice was second only in power to Lablache. His personal and mental characteristics are thus feelingly and graphically described by a contemporary in this city. "De Begnis was a rough, wild, impetuous, grotesque, yet noble and powerful soul that astonished you by its vigour and rapidity, and yet melted you with a sense of its childlike simplicity and confiding trust. No one who knew him well could help entertaining for him the strongest affection; and it is not without pausing to press back a tear that has mounted from our heart to look down on our words, that we write, in the words we have so often received from him —*Addio caro!* Farewell, De Begnis!—Long shall we miss his loud and joyous greeting, and his merry face in Broadway, in the concert-room, and at the theatre. May he rest in peace!"

POWER OF MUSIC.

(From Sir John Malcolm's History of Persia.)

The chief delight of the wandering tribes of Persia is to sit together smoking their pipes and listening to songs and tales, or looking at the tricks and grimaces, and enjoying the witticisms of buffoons,* (who are to be found in every quarter of Persia,) and some of whom are perfectly skilled in their art. A Persian chief of a Kurdish tribe, who remained several days with the British missions near Kermanshah, in 1801, had in his train a jester, who possessed very versatile and extraordinary talents. One day upon the march, the fellow, addressing the English envoy, said, "You are no doubt very proud of the discipline you have established amongst your Persian servants, who march in your front in as regular style as your own soldiers. How long, sir, has it taken you to introduce this order among my countrymen?"—"About six months," was the reply. "Now," said he, "if you will permit me, you shall see that I will, in less than six minutes, destroy all that you have done in six months." Leave being granted, he rode near the Persian horsemen, who were leading the state-horses, and who had strict orders not to leave their ranks. He had noticed that they were almost all of the Lac and Fylee tribes, whose chief residence is among the mountains of Louristan; and he began to sing, as if to himself, but in a clear and loud voice, a song which commenced, "Attend to me, ye sons of Louristan; I sing of the glorious deeds of your forefathers." Before he had finished the song, to which all were listening with attention, the whole cavalcade was thrown into confusion by the kicking of horses, the Persians having broken the line of march and crowded round to hear him more distinctly. The jester laughed heartily at the success of his joke, and said to the envoy, "Do not be distressed at the state of your fine discipline: I have heard of a man who, with nothing but the song I have just sung, collected an army, and was called a king for several weeks."

This, I am assured, was the fact. A chief of no pretensions had, during the confusion that followed the death of Nadir Shah, gone about Louristan with some musicians and singers, who continually played and sung this favourite air; and he by this means collected about five thousand followers, and proclaimed himself king.

On the subject of Persian Music in general, Sir John Malcolm has the following remarks:—

"The Persians deem music a science; but they do not appear to have made much progress in it. They have a gamut and notes, and different kinds of melody, adapted to various strains—such as the pathetic, voluptuous, joyous, and warlike; the voice is accompanied by instruments, of which they have a number; but they cannot be said to be farther advanced in the science than the Indians, from whom they are supposed to have borrowed it. The strains are often pleasing, but always monotonous, and they want that variety of expression which is amongst the principal charms of this art."

* The Persian definition of a good *Lootee*, or buffoon, is, that he ought to be able to laugh, cry, weep, sit still, and dance at the same moment. Some of the jesters approach very near to this idea of perfection.

LETTERS TO A MUSICAL STUDENT.

No. XIII.
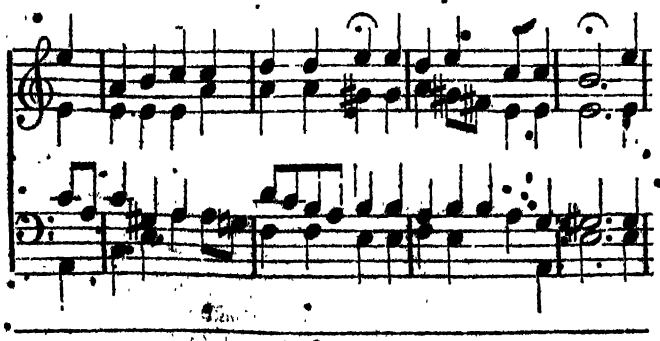
MINOR CHORDS AND THE MINOR SCALE.

(*Concluded from page 589.*)

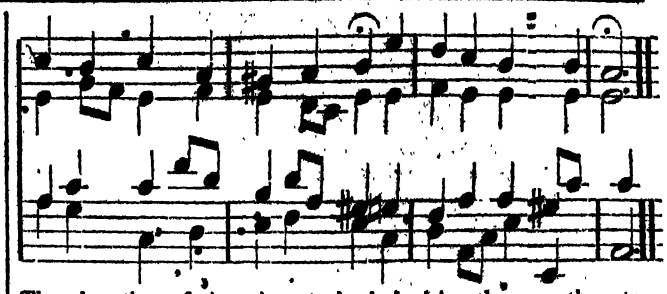
I HAVE now to say a few words about the construction of our modern minor scale. It is obvious that this scale was originally the same as that of the Aeolian mode:—



with a whole tone between the two last notes of each tetrachord. In this original form, the scale contained fundamental minor chords on the dominant as well as subdominant, and thus the progression of the melody, as well as its harmony, stamped it unmistakably and energetically with the character of the minor mode. When, however, the harmonious element in music became more extended and cultivated, it was observed with what peculiar force the *major* chord on the dominant, and still more the dominant chord itself (chord of the seventh), led into the concluding tonic harmony. It was felt desirable to procure this advantage to the minor mode also; but as this required a major third above the dominant, an alteration in the scale became necessary, the seventh degree of the scale had to be raised a semitone. We find this already done in very early instances of Aeolian harmony, and this is the only case in which the structure of the scale has been made subservient to harmonious purposes. This exception was justified not only by the advantage of an energetic close, but also by a deeper artistic principle—that of introducing a momentary sound of cheerfulness before the plaintive termination on the minor tonic chord. And this alteration of the scale might, moreover, be effected without destroying the character of the scale. For, in the Aeolian scale, it was not the whole tone between the seventh and octave which distinguished it; but the *minor sixth* (*A* — *F*). A whole tone also occurred between the same intervals of the Dorian mode (on *D*), and consequently was no characteristic feature of the Aeolian scale. By altering the seventh in one mode, and leaving it unchanged in the other, the ancients obtained an advantage of very great artistic value—that of having two essentially minor modes, of which the one was more calculated for the expression of subdued plaintiveness, the other for feelings of a gloomy but more energetic character. The old church composers accordingly employed the Dorian mode, with its major subdominant chord (G—B—D) in songs of gravity, solemnity, and religious resolution; and the specimen of this mode given in my last letter, shows this character in a striking manner. The Aeolian mode, on the other hand, with its minor subdominant chord (D — F — A), was used in songs of a softer character, and here the plaintiveness and submissive melancholy of the mood was often enhanced by its application in the *plagial* form, a form much less energetic than the *authentic* one, in which the Dorian mode generally appeared. As an instance of this, I subjoin Jacob Frisch's beautiful choral, "*Nun sich der Tag geendet hat.*"*



* Taken from Marx's Komposition's-schule, Bk. 1., Pg. 351.



The alteration of the minor scale, by raising the seventh note a semitone, became a still greater necessity to the modern system of harmony, as the latter employs the dominant chord almost exclusively as a means of modulation; and as the freedom of modulating into any desired key was the only advantage which could counterbalance the variety of expression offered by the different church modes. That alteration introduced, the minor scale assumed this form:—

A — B — C — D — E — F — ♯G — A.

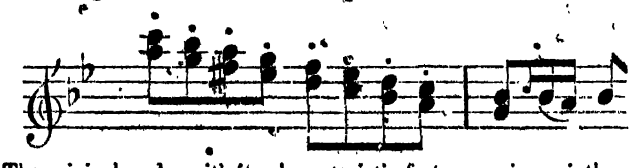
But this form is different from the one taught in almost all instruction books. We find it stated invariably that the minor scale has a major sixth and seventh when ascending, but that these intervals are minor ones when descending.

Ascend., A — B — C — D — E — ♯F — ♯G — A.
Descend., A — G — F — E — D — C — B — A.

It is obvious that here are two essentially different scales; the one is exactly like the unaltered Æolian mode, the other is a scale which has scarcely any trace left of the minor mode; for not only is its second tetrachord a major one (E — ♯F — ♯G — A), but the chords on the subdominant as well as the dominant are major ones, and thus the character of the minor scale is entirely destroyed. According to this system, we have therefore in fact two different scales, neither of which corresponds with the normal minor scale. This must be no less perplexing to the student as it is in contradiction to artistic principles. What was the cause of this deviation from the original scale? It was the erroneous idea, that the first and principal object of music is to please and flatter the ear. The step from the sixth to the seventh degree, being that of a supreme second (F — ♯G), was found more harsh than any other occurring in a *diatonic* scale; and as the major seventh, for reasons stated above, could not be given up, it was considered as the only possible remedy of removing this harshness—or, as some theorists facetiously express it, restoring the diatonic form of the scale!!—to raise the sixth by a semitone. That by this arbitrary change the real character of the minor scale was almost annihilated, would not long escape observation; what was to be done? "Why," said the theorists, "as it is mainly for the sake of the close that a major dominant chord is wanting, and as in this case the major seventh always must *ascend*, we may use the original minor seventh whenever the melody is *descending*, and shall thereby be enabled to introduce the minor sixth and preserve the characteristic step from the sixth to the fifth.

I am not going to point out the strangeness if not absurdity of such a remedy; if you want to see it pointedly exposed, take up G. Weber's work on composition—a work so rich in criticism and sarcasm, so poor in genuine artistic feeling and inventive imagination. However, the double scale has prevailed during the last two centuries and longer, and finds still more its ready defenders. It is true, if we only consider the melodious form of the scale, the step of a supreme second sounds harsher than any other our ear is accustomed to; but it would be a proof of little insight in the nature and purpose of our art, were we to think that its object be to tickle the senses, and hold ourselves justified in sacrificing a characteristic and most expressive musical form for the pleasures of an effeminate ear. It is said, in justification of the adopted alteration of the minor scale, that all great composers have employed it in the form prescribed by the standard rule. This assertion, however, shows little acquaintance with the works of our master-composers. We find, on the contrary, that they were well aware of the great powers of expression and peculiar effect of the minor scale in its

original form; and although they employ it in its adopted form when a flowing melody is wanted, or when it can be done without injuring the intended effect of a passage,—yet when considered necessary, they always return to the unaltered scale, with its piercing and startling step from minor sixth to major seventh. As an example, I need only point out the finale to Beethoven's *Sonate Pathétique*, to the commencement of his sonata in F minor, and above all, to the finale in Mozart's *Don Juan*, where the whole character and career of the hero is depicted in those few bars where the minor scale appears alternately in its softened form and its natural harshness and shudder-creating wildness. This observation only refers to the minor scale as the basis of *melodies*. In harmonical regard, the adopted rule of changing the scale in its ascending and descending directions is altogether impracticable, as its application would entirely destroy the psychologic character of the minor scale and harmony; and therefore, even when only descending in thirds, as here,



The original scale, with its characteristic features, minor sixth and major seventh, is almost invariably retained by our masters.

TEUTONIUS.

P.S. In one of the former numbers a correspondent asks for proofs that the scalic system of the North Asiatic tribes was similar to the scales of the Gaeles. The passage in my letter where this occurred was misprinted; it ought to have been *North-east* instead of *North* only. The inquirer is quite right in stating that all we know *directly* of the music of the Asians points to India and China as the sources of music; but the Chinese historians give no reason to believe that they obtained their system from the north. It is stated in their annals, that (about 1600 years before Christ) *Floang-ty*, the ruler of the eastern empire, ordered the sage, *Lyng-lu* to propound a regular musical system. The philosopher repaired to the north to the province of *Si-jung* (the present Chatshot-Manguly), from which, after an absence of three years, he brought back a scale of thirteen semitones. An interesting account of this journey, as well as the history of the Chinese music, may be found in Finks "Aelteste Wanderungen der Tonkanst," and Amiot's "Memoires concernans l'histoire des Chinois." (Paris, 1789.)

ANCIENT ECCLESIASTICAL SHOWS OR FESTIVALS, IN WHICH MUSIC FORMED AN ESSENTIAL FEATURE

No. III.—THE BOY BISHOP.

THE *Boy Bishop* was, for a long period, a very favourite pastime of the Church. It was not confined to one country, and of course, therefore, it may be easily imagined that it assumed a very different complexion according to time and place, being in one locality of a serious character, and in another verging closely on the burlesque. The best account we have of it in the first of these forms, is from the learned John Gregorie, whose attention was called to the subject by happening to find that "in the cathedral of Sarum, there lieth a monument of stone of a little boie, habited alh in episcopal robes, a mitre upon his head, a crosier in his hand, and the rest accordingly. The monument laie long buried under the seats near the pulpit, at the removal whereof, it was of late years discovered, and translated from thence to the north part of the nave, where it now lieth betwixt the pillars, covered over with a box of wood, not without a general imputation of raritie and reverence, it seeming almost impossible to everie one, that either a bishop could bee so small in person, or a childe so great in clothes." Finding that he could obtain no solution of this mystery from the learned, Gregory obtained a sight of the old statutes of the cathedral, and was fortunate enough to find one amongst them with the title, *De Episcopo Choristarum*, of the *Chorister Bishop*. This referred him to the *Sarum Processionale*, in which he found the following minute and curious description of the ceremony.

"The Episcopus Choristarum was a Chorister Bishop chosen by his fellow children upon St. Nicholas daie From this daie 'till Innocent's Daie at night, the *Episcopus Puerorum* (Boy Bishop) was to bear the name and hold up the state of a bishop, answerably habited with a crosier, or pastoral staff in his hand, and a miter upon his head; and such an one too soon had, as was *multis episcoporum mitris sumtuosior*, saith one—verie much richer than those of bishops indeed. The rest of his fellows from the same time being, were to take upon them the style and counterfaict of prebends, yielding to their bishop (or els as if it were) no less than canonical obedience. And look what service the verie bishop himself with his dean and prebends (had they been to officiate) was to have performed, the mass excepted, the verie same was done by the Chorister Bishop and his canons, upon this Eve and the Holiedaie. By the use of Sarum—for 'tis almost the onely place where I can hear anie thing of this, that of York or their *Processional* seemeth to take no notice of it—upon the Eve to Innocent's daie, the Chorister Bishop was to go in solemn procession with his fellows *ad altare Sanctæ Trinitatis et omnium Sanctorum in capis, et cereis ardentibus in manibus*, in their capes, and burning tapers in their hands, the bishop beginning and the other boies following, *centum quadraginta quatuor, &c.* Then the vers, *Hi empti sunt ex omnibus, &c.* And this is sung by three of the boies. Then all the boies sing the Prosa *sedentem in supernæ majestatis arce, &c.* The Chorister Bishop in the mean time fumeth the altar first, and then the image of the Holie Trinitie. Then the bishop saith *Modesta voce* the vers *Intimini*; and the respond is *Et gloriamini, &c.* Then the praier, which wee yet retain, *Deus cujus hodierna die*," &c. After several other forms, "the procession was made into the choir by the north door, and in such order that the dean and canons went foremost, the chaplain next, the bishop with his little prebends, in the last and highest place. The bishop taketh his seat, and the rest of the children dispose of themselves upon each side of the quire, upon the uppermost ascent, the canons resident bearing the incens and the book, and the petit canons the tapers, according to the rubrick. And from this hour to the full end of the next daie's procession, none of the clergy, whatever may be their rank, ascend to the upper seats.

"Then the bishop from his seat says the vers, *Speciosus forme, &c.* Then the praier, *Deus qui salutis æterna, &c.* Then after the *Benedicamus Domino*, the bishop of the children, sitting in his seat, is to give the benediction or bless the people in this manner; *Princeps Ecclesiæ, pastor ovilis, cunctam plebem tuam benedicere digneris, &c.* Then, turning towards the people, he singeth or saith (for all this was in plano cantu; that age was so far from skilling discants or the fuges that they were not come up to counterpoint), *Cum mansuetudine humilitate vos ad benedictionem*, the chorus answering *Deo Gratias*. Then the cross-bearer delivereth up the crosier to the bishop again, and then the bishop, having first crossed his forehead, says, *Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini*, the chorus answering, *Qui fecit cœlum et terram*. Then, after some other like ceremonies performed, the Episcopus Puerorum, or Chorister Bishop, beginneth the *Completorium* or *Complyn*, and that done, he turneth towards the quire, and saith *Adjutorium, &c.* Then, last of all, he

saith, *Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus Pater, et Filius,' et Spiritus Sanctus.*"

The ceremony of the Boy Bishop is supposed to have existed not only in collegiate churches, but in almost every parish; he and his companions walked about in procession. A statute of the collegiate church of St. Mary, Offery, in 1337, restrained one of them within the limits of his own parish. On Dec. 7, 1229, the day after St. Nicholas's day, the Boy Bishop, in the chapel at Heton, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, said vespers before Edward I., on his way to Scotland, who made a considerable present to him and the other boys who sang with him. In the reign of King Edward III., he received a present of nineteen shillings and sixpence, for singing before the King, in his private chamber, on Innocents Day. Dean Colet, in the statutes of the school founded by him, in 1512, at St. Paul's, expressly orders that his scholars shall, every Innocents Day, "come to Paulis Churche, and hear the Chylde-Bishop's sermon; and after be at the hygh masse, and each of them offer a penny to the Chylde Bishop; and with them the maisters and surveyors of the scole." By a proclamation of Henry VIII., dated July 22, 1542, the show of the Child Bishop was abrogated, but in the reign of Mary it was revived. One of the flattering songs sung before that queen by the Boy Bishop, and printed, was a panegyric on her devotion, and compared her to Judith, Esther, the Queen of Sheba, and the Virgin Mary. The accounts of St. Mary-at-Hill, London, in the 10th Henry VI., and for 1549 and 1550, contains charges for the Boy Bishop of those years.

At this period his estimation seems to have been undiminished; for on Nov. 13, 1554, the Bishop of London issued an order to all the clergy of his diocese to have a Boy Bishop in procession; and in the same year he went about St. Andrew's Holborn, and St. Nicholas Olaves in Bread Street, and other parishes. In 1556, the Boy Bishop again went abroad singing in the old fashion, and was received by many ignorant but well-disposed persons into their houses, and had much good cheer.

Warton affirms that the practice of electing a Boy Bishop subsisted in common grammar-schools; for St. Nicholas, as the patron of scholars, has a double feast at Eton College, where, in the papal times, the *scholars* (to avoid interfering, as it should seem, with the Boy Bishop of the *college* on St. Nicholas day,) elected *their* Boy Bishop on St. Hugh's day, in the month of November. Brand is of opinion that the anniversary *montem* at Eton is only a corruption of the ceremony of the Boy Bishop and his companions, who by the edict of Henry VIII. being prevented from mimicking any longer their religious superiors, gave a new face to their festivity, and began their present play at soldiers, and electing a captain. Even within the memory of persons alive when Brand wrote, the *montem* was kept in the winter time a little before Christmas, although it is now kept on Whit-Tuesday. A former provost of the school remembered when the scholars were accustomed to cut a passage through the snow from Eton to the hill called Salt Hill. After the procession had arrived, the chaplain with his clerk used to read prayers, and then, at the conclusion, the chaplain kicked the clerk down the hill.

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, LL.D.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—This popular place of amusement opens for the season on Monday, with a favorite comedy, supported by the entire strength of the company. On Monday, October 8th, Mr. Macready commences his first series of farewell performances, previous to his taking leave of the stage in June next.

ALBONI appears in a concert at Leeds on the 25th instant.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.—This distinguished philosopher accomplished his 80th year last Friday, he having been born upon the 14th of September, 1769. It will be gratifying to his admirers and friends in England, and in many other parts of the globe, even to the mighty Andes and far-distant Himalayas, to hear that the illustrious author continues in the full enjoyment, not only of sturdy health, but of all those mental faculties which have crowned his name with immortal glory, shed lustre upon his native land, and conquered for him a permanent place among the princes of the intellectual world.

MADAME SONTAG will visit Glasgow professionally in the course of next month.

MAURICE POWER, son of the late Mr. Power, the comedian, has just published a book of "Sketches in New Zealand with Pen and Pencil."

AUBER'S NEW OPERA, *L'Enfant Prodigue*, which is just completed, will be produced during the winter at Paris.

MADAME GIULIETTA BORSI-DELSERIE, the fair vocalist, who created so favourable a sensation at Liverpool, Birmingham, Hull, and other northern towns, leaves London next week to fulfil an engagement in Italy.

SALVATOR ROSA'S HARPSICHORD.—Salvator Rosa's confidence in his powers was as frankly confessed as it was justified by success. Happening one day to be found by a friend in Florence in the act of modulating on a very indifferent old harpsichord, he was asked how he could keep such an instrument in his house? "Why," said his friend, "it's not worth a scudo." "I will lay you what you please," said Salvator, "that it shall be worth a thousand before you see it again." A bet was made, and Rosa immediately painted a landscape with figures on the lid, which was not only sold for a thousand scudi but was esteemed a "capo d'opera." On one end of the harpsichord he also painted a scull and music books. Both the pictures were exhibited in the year 1823 at the British Institution.

STIEGLITZ, one of the minor poets of Germany, has just died of the cholera at Venice; he was, formerly an assistant custodian in the Royal Library there, and editor of the *Musen Almanack*; but his name is chiefly known for an extraordinary and tragic event connected with it. He was married to a lady of varied accomplishments, who committed suicide with the avowed purpose of rousing her husband, by the shock of such a dreadful act, to a greater poetical activity and the production of some work more worthy of his genius than the petty efforts on which he had hitherto wasted his powers! Such are the reasons for the deed stated in the *acten* of the enquiry into the case, and no others are known to have existed. The poor lady's self-immolation produced the very contrary effect to that she hoped in her unaccountable delusion. Stieglitz left Berlin and became a wanderer, living mostly in Rome, where he was well known among his numerous artist countrymen; but, instead of the "great work" that was to be inspired by horror, a few fugitive pieces, of which it is believed no collection even exists, are all that afterwards proceeded from his pen. He became a violent associate of "Young Italy," and was so deeply involved in the insurrectionary movement in Venice, that it is probable the cholera has but saved him from the bullets of an Austrian firing party. The story is a fit pendant to that of Kleist, who shot a lady to whom he was attached, by her own desire, and afterwards himself. Our records of the "calamities of authors" are tame and common-place compared with the incidents, often combining the ludicrous with the horrible, which are to be found in the lives and deaths of the literary men and women of Germany.

CHOIR AT THE POPE'S CHAPEL.—Basses may be said to form the principal ornament of this chapel; they are equally effective when exerted at the full, or employed in passages *a mezza voce*. The manner in which these singers know how to modulate their voices—the delicacy with which they produce the tone—the certainty with which they sustain it—their incomparable and ever-varied cadences, and their fine shades of expression, relieve, in an admirable manner, the beauties of every composition.

MILTON'S DEFINITION OF POETRY.—I think nothing can be added to Milton's definition or rule of poetry—that it ought to be simple, sensuous, and impassioned; that is to say, simple in conception, abounding in sensible images, and informing them all with the spirit of the mind.—*Coleridge.*

Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Poole, Herr Damske, M. Burdini, and M. Benedict, are engaged by Mr. Beale for a series of concerts in the provinces during the month of November.

Signor Guidi, the tenor who accompanied Madame Montenegri's party in their tour, departs shortly for America, to undertake a professional engagement at New York.

Mr. Templeton's Entertainment.—This gentleman made his first appearance here on Monday evening last. He possesses from nature the gift of a superb tenor voice, to the full development of which all the resources of art have been applied with eminent success. Mr. Templeton is a musician as well as a singer (the two qualities are not always combined), and never offends by inappropriate ornament, or "comes tardy off" by want of theoretic acquirement. He is equally at home in the simple ballad, and in the more elaborate refinement of modern vocalisation. The feeling with which he sings a simple air is surpassing, whilst the more ornate passages of a modern score are delivered with true artistic skill. The narrative by which the several songs are introduced was delivered with great neatness and point, and added considerably to the treat derived from the music. "Old Towler" which we used so often to hear "in our ward youth, when George the Third was King," (alas! how many years ago), absolutely renewed our youth. It is but a trifle, but shewed what a trifle may become in the hands of genius and industry. The song was delivered with great polish and appropriate energy. Mr. Templeton's entertainment was crowded by the *elite* of our town, and gave the utmost satisfaction. —*The Manx Sun.*

Serious Accident to M. Dumas.—M. Alexandre Dumas, the celebrated romance writer, a few days ago, was returning with his family from a hunting excursion, in a two-wheeled carriage drawn by one horse. In descending a steep declivity near Compiègne, the horse was unable to sustain the weight of the chaise, and endeavoured to throw himself into a valley some 40 feet below the level of the road. Happily the drag of the vehicle acted as a sort of anchor; but the sudden shock threw the four travellers to a distance of 10 or 12 feet. Poor Alexandre Dumas escaped with some severe bruises and a broken gun; his son with a torn pantaloon, and their friend with a long swoon from sheer fright.

Foreign.—New York.—The opera season opened in New York at the Broadway, with *Ernani*. Tedesco as *prima donna*, and the Italian *troupe*.—Tedesco, Barili, Vita, Perelli, Novelli, &c., will appear at Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, during September.—Signora Biscaccianti has left the banks of the Hudson for Newport, where she purposes giving one or more *soirées musicales*, assisted by Signor Perelli, Mr. Hatton, and Signor Biscaccianti.—Mesdames Laborde, Seguin, and Pico Viotti, with other distinguished vocalists, male and female, are in the city at this present writing. Of course, neither of them will be long out of engagements.—Miss Frazer, the young lady who made her appearance last season, at the Astor Place Opera House, in a secondary part in *La Favorita*, is a resident of this city, and we learn, intends teaching pupils in singing and playing.—The Distins are giving concerts at Rochester and other places, reaping a large harvest, and ditto reputation.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW WORK—JUST OUT.

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Contributed to by Miss AGNES STRICKLAND (Authoress of the "Lives of the Queens of England"), Mrs. TRAILL and Miss JANE STRICKLAND (Sisters to Miss AGNES STRICKLAND), CAMILLA TOULMIN (now Mrs. N. CROSLAND), Mr. JOHN OXENFORD, Mr. OTTLEY, Mr. DESMOND RYAN, Mr. F. W. N. BAYLEY, Mr. PIERCE EGAN, Jun.; and other Writers of eminence. It is a New Weekly, Instructive, and Family Magazine, devoted to the Interests of the Middle Classes. It is the Best and Cheapest Work yet published. It contains entirely addressed to every Member of the Home Circle. There are 16 pages of matter, carefully selected—Literature, History, First-rate Tales, Education, Biography, Travels, Popular Science, Epitome of Trades, Public Institutions, Places of Amusement, Reviews, Cookery, Gardening, Knitting, Recipes, Selections, Answers to Correspondents, &c., and addressing itself to Fathers, Mothers, Girls, Boys, Servants, Everybody, individually and collectively. Weekly, 1d. only; Monthly Parts, 6d. Part I., stitched in a very handsome Wrapper, is now ready. To be had of all Booksellers.

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The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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No. 39.—Vol. XXIV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1849. PRICE THREEPENCE. STAMPED FOURPENCE.

EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF ASCLEPIADUS.

Heraclia, thou lamp, swore solemnly thrice in thy presence
She would come, but came *not*. Lamp, now, if thou art a god,
Punish the false one, and when with her love she fondly is toying,
Be thou extinguish'd at once,—give her no ray of thy light. J. O.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

This favourite place of amusement opens on Monday next in a most ambitious manner. The opera of *Don Giovanni* has been chosen to exhibit and certify the capabilities of the new company. Mr. Maddox could have selected no fitter work to do so. Mozart's *chef-d'œuvre* is sufficient to test the capabilities of the greatest artists and the best company in the world.

As we must henceforth look upon the Princess's as the real "English Opera House," we are pleased to find that the manager is pursuing the only course by which the works of native musicians can be fairly tested. He has brought together first-rate materials for a good working company; he has got one of the most accomplished musicians in England as the director of music and conductor of the orchestra; he has secured all the available talent, and, with one or two exceptions, the best in the country; and he *has promised* the aid of a "powerful band and a powerful chorus." We have printed the word "promised" in italics, not because we doubt Mr. Maddox's word, but simply because we think that our notion and his of an efficient band and chorus are widely different. The company announced as belonging to the Princess's include the names of Messrs. W. Harrison, Allen, and Williams, tenors; Messrs. Weiss, Herman, Corri, Burdini, Borani, &c., basses; and the Mesdames Anna Thillon, Nau, Louisa Pyne, Poole, Weiss, soprani; and Madame Macfarren, contralto. This is an excellent working company for an English opera; but we contend they will be but half available unless supported by a good orchestra. Good Orchestra! Yes, Mr. Loder knows what we mean. We do not require a Royal Italian band, nor a Philharmonic band, but simply an efficient band;—but it must be efficient, and each performer should be a workman. We know not Mr. Maddox's plans on this head, but that he may not spoil, or nullify so excellent a vocal corps, we tell him openly he must provide a better orchestra than he did last year. It remains with the manager of the Princess's Theatre whether he establishes, or not, his theatre as the English Opera House of London.

Of the company above-named, two will make their *début* on the English stage, *viz.*, Madame Macfarren and Miss Louisa Pyne. Of the former lady our highly favourable opinions have been frequently expressed in the pages of the *Musical World*. Of Miss Louisa Pyne, whom we only know as a graceful and elegant concert singer, rumour speaks in terms of sounding praise. She appeared at Boulogne a few weeks since,—we believe, her initiative essay on the stage,—as Amina in *Sonnambula*, and created the greatest enthusiasm. Indeed the eulogiums of the journals were lavish and ultra-laudatory; whether they were extravagant or not time will certify.

Miss Louisa Pyne will *début* as the Princess's in Zerlina, in *Don Giovanni*. The music and acting of Zerlina will give us a taste of Miss Louisa Pyne's vocal and histrionic capabilities. Her next part will be in Macfarren's new opera, *The King of Hearts*, which is now in rehearsal, and will be produced the second or third week from the opening of the theatre.

Mr. W. Harrison will be a great acquisition to the Princess's. We doubt the policy of his playing Don Giovanni, from which he is somewhat incapacitated by voice, manner, feeling, and taste; but, nevertheless, we have no doubt he will be an immense favourite.

Mr. Allen and Mr. Weiss are old favorites, and will be welcomed as such.

Three new works are announced in the bills, by Macfarren, Signor Schirra, and Edward Loder. Macfarren's opera will be the first produced. It is a comic opera, and founded on the comedy of *Charles the Second*. Its title is *The King of Hearts*.

If we are to judge from all we hear, nothing less than the greatest possible success can be anticipated from Macfarren's new opera. It is described to us by several who have heard it more than once, as abounding in melodic beauties of the most striking and captivating kind; as instinct with tune from beginning to end; and as a perfect and complete work.

Of Mr. Loder's opera we know no more than that it is founded on the popular story of Monk Lewis's *Agnes, or the Bleeding Nun*, is to be called *Agnes and Raymond*, and is not yet finished. From the accomplished composer of *Giselle* we may expect a treat of no ordinary kind.

Of Signor Schirra's opera we know still less. It is founded on Scott's *Kenilworth Castle*, and the libretto is, or is to be, furnished by Mr. Fitzball.

Halevy's opera, the *Val d'Andorre*, is also promised in Mr. Maddox's announcement.

Thus far all looks well. The manager has the game in his hands—it remains to be seen how he will play his cards. The *King of Hearts* is, at all events, likely to prove an Honour.

THE PRIMA DONNA AND FRENCH GALLANTRY.

(From the "Nationale" of Florence.

The singer, Madame Rebussini, had been loudly applauded for some time past by the French who crowd the Argentina theatre. The *rondeau* of *Marino Faliero* one evening excited the most enthusiastic applause, in the midst of which a French captain threw a bouquet on the stage from his box. The singer did not pick it up, but as soon as she had retired behind the scenes she sent a servant to pick it up; she re-ap-

peared afterwards, but without the bouquet. The French officers were offended at this, and resolved upon revenge for the affront. Next evening the theatre was nearly full of French; there were only about 100 Romans in the pit, and very few in the boxes, which had almost all been taken by the French. After the *rondeau*, the bouquet, as before, fell before the feet of the singer, who made her exit without picking it up. Immediately, the French drew whistles from their pockets, and commenced a most terrific concert, mingled with cries of "Take the bouquet!" All the Romans who were in the theatre, on the contrary, applauded, and cried, "Bravo! bravo! no! no! Show them our sympathy!" At last the Romans, seeing that the French officers persisted, left the theatre; the French desisted, and the act of *Columella* began. About fifty Romans then re-entered, when the French recommenced their clamours; a Roman then exclaimed, "Let all Italians leave the place!" But instructions had been given to the gendarmes who were at the door, and who prevented the Romans from leaving. Meanwhile, some French officers, having taken the stage by assault, forced the singer to appear with the bouquet, the cause of so much tumult. Madame Rebussini appeared pale and dishevelled, with tears in her eyes; she held the bouquet in her left hand. The French then loudly applauded, in the midst of the whistles of the Romans, and of the violent apostrophes they had addressed to the singer who had been weak enough to give way. This little history, for the present, has had no further consequences.

MEYERBEER.

This celebrated composer was born at Berlin, the 5th September, 1794. His father, John Beer, a rich landholder, had several children, one of whom afterwards became a dramatic poet of much merit, and the author of a celebrated tragedy, entitled, "The Pariah." His brother, Jacques Meyerbeer, also gave early indications of that dramatic genius, which, united with his musical talent, has made him one of the most effective composers of the day. He enjoyed, through his father's affection and foresight, the advantages of an extensive and liberal education, and soon became remarkable above all for his musical taste. At seven years of age he already performed on the piano at public concerts; but it was not until he had reached the age of fifteen that he commenced his deeper and more scientific musical studies. He was fortunate in his choice of a master. The Abbé Vogler, who was one of the greatest theorists, and certainly one of the first organists in Germany, had opened a school, which was numerously attended, and amongst the fellow pupils of Meyerbeer were young men whose names are now never spoken of but with the deepest admiration; such as Weber, Winter, Knecht, Ritter, Gaensbacher, &c., and the first of these was Meyerbeer's bosom friend. With such worthy subjects for emulation, it is not wonderful that the young musician's genius daily expanded. At eighteen years of age he produced his first opera, *La Fille de Jephté*. In this production all the ancient scholastic rules were strictly observed. It obtained a fair portion of success, and the Abbé Vogler, in his enthusiasm, signed the *brevet* of a *maestro* for the young composer, adding his blessing, and giving up his tutelage.

At Vienna, Meyerbeer appeared as a pianist; he acquired such a reputation, that he was entrusted with the composition of an opera for the Court, entitled *The Two Caliphs*. This, however, was a complete failure. Italian music was, at that period, in the highest vogue, and Salieri, the author, a great friend of young Meyerbeer, advised his travelling in Italy, to acquire a style of composition more in unison with the prevailing taste. Once arrived there, the Italian music fascinated his imagination. Delighted with the sweet and flowing melodies and varied manner of Rossini's *Tancredi*, he immediately adopted this style, and wrote an opera for the famous Pisaroni, entitled, *Romilda e Costanza*, which he brought out in Padua, 1817, and which was very successful. In 1819, he wrote the music for Metastasio's *Semiramide Riconosciuta*, and brought it out at the Grand Theatre of Turin; the same year, at Venice, he produced *Emma di Resburgo*, and both were extremely well received. In 1821, Meyerbeer, not unmindful of his native city, and anxious to redeem his fame, wrote, in the Italian style, *La Porte de Brandebourg*, to be performed at Berlin, but he could not succeed in getting it produced there. He was more fortunate in his *Emma di Resburgo*: it was translated, and performed at all the German theatres, in spite of the violent opposition of that school of composers to which he had a short time before belonged. Even Weber deplored the change of style of his friend, and, while *Emma* was performed at the Italian Opera-house, brought forth again *The Two Caliphs* at the German Theatre, hoping to throw the balance in favor of Meyerbeer's earliest production. Meanwhile our composer produced another opera—*Margherita d'Anjou*—at the Scala at Milan; and in this, Levasseur, now a distinguished artist at the Grand Opera at Paris, made his *debut*. *L'Esule di Granata* followed—the first act was hissed on the first performance, by a cabal formed against the composer; a fine duet between Lablache and Pisaroni, however, carried the audience by storm, and on the subsequent nights its success was undoubted. One of Meyerbeer's best compositions, *Il Crociato in Egitto*, sustained by the united talent of Madame Meric-Lalande, Velluti, and Crivelli, obtained a more brilliant success than any of his preceding works, and the composer was crowned by the audience. This opera, after making the tour of the Italian theatres, was performed at Paris, whither Meyerbeer himself, at the invitation of M. de la Rochefoucauld, repaired. Every one remembers the effect that Velluti produced in this opera.

Our composer had married in 1827, but the death of his two children threw a gloom over this part of his life; he passed two years in retirement, and it was doubtless during this time that he brought forth those compositions of a more serious cast which have so highly distinguished him as a composer of sacred music. Amongst them we may remark the *Stabat Mater*, *Miserere*, *Te Deum*, and an oratorio, entitled *Dieu et la Nature*. But the effect of all these compositions were only a shadowing forth of the brilliant success of *Robert le Diable*, brought out in Paris in 1831. This splendid music did more towards raising the reputation of our composer than all his previous works. Admirably adapted for popularity by its stirring melodies, and, above all, its strongly marked contrasts and dramatic effects, it seized immediate hold of the imagination. Repetition and study were not needed to advance its claims, for it addressed itself to the sight, to the fancy, and the heart as much as to the ear; and though evidencing the most intense labour, it had every quality for attracting the vulgar mind. The composition of the *Huguenots*, brought out five years later, must have been a work of considerable difficulty, for an enormous reputation was to be sustained in a production of the same *calibre* and pretensions. The success of the *Huguenots* did not perhaps equal that of *Robert le Diable*, but it was felt and understood as a work of genius.

Certainly the best operas of Meyerbeer are those he had written for the French stage. In his native country he has

been unfortunate; having returned there after a great lapse of years, his most ambitious production since his stay there has been the *Camp of Silesia*, of which so many different opinions have been given. But it is beyond a doubt that this opera is inferior in every respect to the productions we have mentioned; and this is testified by the infrequency of its performance at Berlin; the reason given by the King of Prussia—that of wishing to reserve it for state occasions alone—appearing to be merely as a feint to conceal the comparative failure of a composer so highly esteemed.

More lately, the production of his last work, the *Prophète*, has, we think, added to, rather than diminished, his great reputation. The *Prophète* may not have, perhaps, the grand moments of the *Huguenots*, nor does it abound in the stirring melodies of the *Robert le Diable*. It is, nevertheless, a more equable work, and more satisfactory on the whole.

Meyerbeer, though enormously rich, lives in a most unpretending style, and is not very partial to society. He carries his love for his art to an extraordinary degree. In other things he is quiet and simple in his manners, but possesses a fund of good sense and general information. He is small of stature, his hair is black, and his face bears the type of his Hebrew origin.

Much of the peculiarity of this composer's productions may be explained by referring to the history of his life, his early studies, and predilections. In his works may be traced the peculiar science and musical knowledge which he acquired in the outset of his career—the sentimental sweetness of the Italian school, and the profusion of embroidery, the employment of dramatic effects, characteristic of the musical taste of the French nation, amongst whom he produced his later compositions.

At the head of his style of musical art, he may be said to have founded the school to which he belongs. But greatly as the productions of this composer must be admired, his followers, not possessing his genius, will, it is to be feared, rather injure than forward the advancement of pure musical taste. The peculiarities of his style, indeed, are such as will be readily resorted to, for reasons far different to those by which he was actuated; for in finding the possibility of substituting noise for melody, and startling contrast and effect for merely scientific combinations, many a composer who would otherwise have lived unsung, may be induced to offer his meagre and trashy productions to the world.

WINCKELMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BOOK III.

ON THE ART OF THE ETRURIANS AND THEIR NEIGHBOURS.

(*Continued from page 579.*)

CHAP. III.

ON ART AMONG THE NATIONS BORDERING ON THE ETRURIANS.

THE third section contains reflections on the art of the nations bordering on the Etrurians, whom I have comprised under one head,—*viz.*, the Samnites, the Volscians, and the Campanians; especially the last, among whom art flourished no less than among the Etrurians. I shall conclude with an account of the figures which have been found in the island of Sardinia.

I. Of the works of art among the Samnites and Volscians, we have, as far as we can ascertain, retained nothing but a few coins; (*a*) from the Campanians we have coins and painted earthen vessels. With respect to the former, then, I can only give general information touching their constitution and mode of life; from which conclusions may be drawn as to their art. This will be the first division of this section. The second treats of works of art among the Campanians.

II. The art of these two nations is in the same predicament as their language, which was the Oscan, and which, if it is not to be considered a dialect of the Etruscan, is, at any rate, not very different from it. But since we do not know the distinction of dialogue between the two people, we are unable to give the necessary characteristics, if any of their coins and gems have been preserved.

III. The Samnites loved magnificence, and were, although a warlike people, much addicted to the luxuries of life. In war-time, some of the shields were inlaid with gold, some with silver; and at a time when the Romans do not seem to have known much about linen, the men distinguished as Samnites wore linen tunics even in the field. Livy informs us that the whole Samnite camp, in the Roman war under the consul L. Papirius Corvus, which was 200 paces square, was surrounded with linen cloth. (*b*) Capua, which was built by the Etrurians, and which, according to Livy, was a city of the Samnites, that is to say, was taken by the latter from the former, was noted for its voluptuousness and effeminacy. (*c*)

IV. The Volscians, like the Etrurians and other neighbouring nations, had an aristocratic government. It was only in the event of a war that they elected a king or general; and the internal policy of the Samnites was similar to that in Sparta and Crete. The great population of this nation is still shewn by the frequent ruins of destroyed cities on the hills in the immediate vicinity, while their power is proved by the history of their many sanguinary wars with the Romans, who could not subdue them with less than four-and-twenty triumphs. Their great population and splendour excited the brain and the industry, while freedom elevated the mind,—circumstances which are very advantageous for art.

V. In the earliest times, the Romans employed artists from both nations. Tarquinius Priscus caused an artist named Turrianus to come from the land of the Volscians, who made a statue of Jupiter in terra-cotta; and from the great similarity of a coin of the Servilian family at Rome to a Samnite one, it has been conjectured that such coins have been struck by Samnite artists. A very old coin, from Anxur, a city of the Volscians,—the present Terracina,—bears a beautiful head of Pallas. (*d*)

SELECT VARIORUM NOTES.

(*a*) Bas-reliefs, or rather fragments of bas-reliefs, in terra-cotta, and washed over with various colours, were in 1774 found at Velletri, and were considered Volscian works. The drawing of the figures is stiff, the form is slender, and the features of the face are barbarously deformed. These monuments represent charioteers contending for prizes, and other objects, and seem to be really very ancient. The taste, or, if you please, the style, of these works has the closest similarity to the black silhouette figures on the oldest painted vessels in terra-cotta. Fea, who has had one of these fragments engraved in copper, likewise mentions their affinity to the paintings on ancient Greek vases, and conjectures that they may be imitated from those originals,—a point which we leave undecided.—*Meyer.*

(*b*) Not the *whole camp*, but a place *parted off* in the middle of the camp, was *covered* tent-fashion (not *surrounded*) by linen cloths. A legion consisting of 15,000 men was called "linteata," because every man was obliged to make a solemn oath in this covered place,—not because the men wore white linen.—*Fea.*

(*c*) The same may be said of the Etrurians; for Dionysius tells us that they liked a luxurious mode of life and golden ornaments, and spent large sums, both in peace and war; since, besides the necessary implements, they brought with them valuable articles for their recreation. According to Athenæus they had magnificent banquets twice a-day, when the tables were decorated with flowery tapestry and silver vessels.—*Fea.*

(d) Fea doubts that this coin really came from Anxur, the present Terracina. Beger (the authority cited by Winckelmann) probably, says Fea, had a badly preserved copy before him, and therefore probably read AQVP as "Axur," considering the letter Q as Volacian, and answering to the Greek Ξ. For on another coin of almost similar impression, in excellent preservation, in the Borgia Museum at Vellatri, the name AQUINO may be read perfectly. The slight distinction between the coin at Velletri and the one in Beger consists in the fact, that in the former the cock is turned to the left side, where there is the circumscription AQUINO, and on the right side, near the cock's head, the star may be perceived; while in the latter the cock looks towards the right, where the circumscription is, and has the star near his head to the left. This variation may be as well found in the coins of Aquino, as another, which may be seen in Guarnacci, where there is a coin of Aquino without the star. Hence Fea believes that the coin in Bezer also belonged to this city, especially as no coin that can unquestionably be attributed to Anxur has yet been found.—*Meyer.*

(To be continued.)

*** *The "Euterpe" of Herodotus will be continued next week.*

SONNET.

NO. CCLIII.

GIGANTAMACHIA.

THE giants, who assail'd Olympus, cast
Huge mountain masses in a cumbrous heap,
And hoped, by clamb'ring up that ladder steep,
That they should rule the Universe at last.
It seemed no pow'r could shake a mass so fast:
But Jove, the youthful monarch, did not sleep:
One rattling thunder-bolt sufficed to sweep
The lumber down—all like a dream had passed!
If fate, relentless, should the object take
Which thou pursu'st, another yet may come;
The loss, though it be great, thou still may'st bear.
But if the base whereon thou stand'st should shake
And fall, the blow indeed is stricken home:
Give up all hoping then—despair, despair!

N. D.

LADY BLESSINGTON AND D'ISRAELI.

(From Willis's Rural Letters.)

I MET Lord Durham once or twice when in London, and once at dinner at Lady Blessington's. I was excessively interested on that occasion by the tactics of Disraeli, who had just then chipped his political shell, and was anxious to make an impression on Lord Durham, whose glory, still to come, was confidently foretold in that bright circle. I rather fancy the dinner was made to give Vivian Grey the chance; for her ladyship, benevolent to every one, has helped Disraeli to "imp his wing" with a devoted friendship of which he should imbody in his maturest work the delicacy and fervour. Women are glorious friends to stead ambition; but effective as they all can be, few have the tact, and fewer the varied means, of the lady in question. The guests dropped in, announced, but unseen, in the dim twilight; and, when Lord Durham came, I could only see that he was of middle stature, and of a naturally cold address. Bulwer spoke to him, but he was introduced to no one, a departure from the custom of that *maison ouverte* which was either a tribute to his lordship's reserve, or a *ruse* on the part of Lady Blessington to secure to Disraeli the advantage of having his acquaintance sought; successful, if so, for Lord Durham, after dinner, requested a formal introduction to him. But for D'Orsay, who sparkles, as he does everything else, out of rule and in splendid defiance of others' dulness, the soup and the first half hour of dinner would have passed off with the usual English fashion of earnest silence. I looked over my spoon at the future premier, a dark, saturnine man, with very black hair, combed very smooth, and wondered how a heart, with the turbulent ambitions and disciplined energies which were stirring, I knew, in his, could be concealed under that polished and marble tranquillity of mien and manner. He spoke to Lady Blessington in an under tone, replying with a placid serenity that never reached a smile, to so much of D'Orsay's champagne wit as threw its sparkle in its way, and Bulwer and Disraeli were silent together. I should have foreboded a dull dinner if, in the open brow, the clear sunny eye, and unembarrassed repose of the beautiful and expressive mouth of Lady Blessington, I had not read the promise of a change. It came presently.

With a tact, of which the subtle ease and grace can in no way be conveyed into description, she gathered up the cobweb threads of conversation going on at different parts of the table, and by the most apparent accident flung them into Disraeli's fingers, like the ribbands of a four-in-hand. And, if so coarse a figure can illustrate it, he took the whip-hand like a master. It was an appeal to his opinion on a subject he well understood, and he burst at once, without preface, into that fiery vein of eloquence which, hearing many times after, and always with new delight, has stamped Disraeli on my mind as the most wonderful talker I have ever had the fortune to meet. He is anything but a declaimer. You would never think him on stilts. If he catches himself in a rhetorical sentence, he mocks at it in the next breath. He is satirical, contemptuous, pathetic, humorous, everything in a moment; and his conversation on any subject whatever embraces the *omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis.* Add to this that Disraeli's is the most intellectual face in England, pale, regular, and overshadowed with the most luxuriant masses of raven-black hair, and you will scarce wonder that, meeting him for the first time, Lord Durham was (as he was expected to be by the Aspasia of that London Academie) impressed. He was not carried away as we were. That would have been unlike Lord Durham. He gave his whole mind to the brilliant meteor blazing before him; but the telescope of judgment was in his hand, to withdraw at pleasure. He has evidently, native to his blood, that great quality of a statesman, *retenn.* Disraeli and he formed at that moment a finely contrasted picture. Understanding his game perfectly, the author deferred, constantly and adroitly, to the opinion of his noble listener, shaped his argument by his suggestions, allowed him to say nothing without using it as the nucleus of some new turn to his eloquence; and all this with an apparent effort against it, as if he had desired to address himself exclusively to Lady Blessington, but was compelled by a superior intellectual magnetism, to turn aside and pay homage to her guest.

With all this instinctive management there was a flashing *abandon* in his language and choice of illustration, a kindling of his eye, and what I have before described, a positive foaming at his lips, which contrasted with the warm but clear and penetrating eye of Lord Durham, his calm, yet earnest features, and lips closed without compression, formed, as I said, a picture, and of an order worth remembering in poetry. Without meaning any disrespect to Disraeli, whom I admire as much as any man in England, I remarked to my neighbour, a celebrated artist, that it would make a glorious drawing of Satan tempting an archangel to rebel.

Well, Disraeli is in parliament, and Lord Durham on the last round but one of the ladder of *subject* greatness. The viceroy will be premier, no doubt; but it is questionable if the author of *Vivian Grey* does more than carry out the moral of his own tale. Talking at a brilliant table, with an indulgent and superb woman on the watch for wit and eloquence, and rising in the face of a cold, common-sense House of Commons, on the look-out for froth and humbug, are two different

matters. In a great crisis, with the nation in a tempest, Disraeli would flash across the darkness very finely, but he never will do for the calm right-hand of a premier. I wish him, I am sure, every success in the world; but I trust that whatever political reverses fall to his share, they will drive him back to literature.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT BRISTOL.

(From Felix Farley's Journal.)

SELDOM, we believe, have the favoured lovers of sublime and hallowed music enjoyed a richer repast, than that to which they were envited on Monday last in the Victoria Room, Clifton; and eagerly and numerously did they accept the invitation. With many, it was the first opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Elijah of the recently-departed Mendelssohn. Fresh from a scene so impressive, we indulge our excited feelings with some few slight, detached, and general remarks, which may serve at least to clear our remembrance of the parts observed.

The principal vocalists were Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Mrs. P. J. Smith, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Collins, and Herr Formes. The instrumentalists comprised Cooper, Rice, &c., &c., on the violin; Hatton, Patton, &c., on the violoncello; Richardson on the flute; Nicholson on the oboe; Jarret on the horn, Baumann on the bassoon, &c., &c. Altogether the band and chorus numbered 250 performers. Mr Cooper led with his accustomed ability, and the task of conducting the whole was ably discharged by Mr. P. J. Smith.

The opening of this Oratorio with a *vocal passage preceding the overture*—so unusual, if not unprecedented—has, in *this* instance, a very sublime and striking effect. And certainly the German basso, Herr Formes, presents a good representative of the Hebrew prophet, with his manly brow and his glorious voice, as he pronounces this grave, stern, majestic recitative; "As God the Lord of Israel liveth," &c. Our impression, however, with respect to his capabilities as a singer, is, that he has begun too late to school his splendid voice. His lower notes are not fully brought out; and in impassioned strains, delivered in his middle notes, he is addicted to shouting a little. There is a want, too, of flexibility in his execution, which consequently produces a hardness of effect, and too mechanical beating out of the time, as if he were leading a single class.

Of the succeeding overture, we deem it presumptuous to attempt a character; it was an instrumental masterpiece of composition, appropriative prelusive to the coming scenes.

Sweet and pathetic was the choral strain, "The harvest now is over, and the summer days are gone," &c. The serious air, "If with all your hearts ye truly seek me," &c., was given by Mr. Lockey with an unaffected simplicity and earnestness that satisfied the mind. Miss Dolby, with her deep, rich, transparent contralto tones, her expressive face, and artless manner, gave full effect to the pathetic recitative, "Now Cherith's brook is dried up." Beautiful was the dialogue, and beautifully sustained by Miss Birch and Herr Formes, between the widow and the prophet. Her first address, "What have I to do with thee, O man of God?" &c., so expressive of passionate grief, must have moved even the *least* musically sensitive portion of the vast auditory. Nor could the same less favoured portion fail to be awakened from inattention by the impetuous, impassioned chorus, in which the priests of Baal turbulently invoke their unattending god; while Elijah bids them again and again, in loud ironic tones, "Call him louder."

Devoutly solemn was Elijah's appeal, "Lord God of Abraham," &c., followed by that exquisitely sweet quartett, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," &c., which we understand to be an ancient Lutheran hymn-tune, and which might well be re-demanded here as it had been at Hereford. Elijah's bold and most expressive air, (in which the energy and fire of Handel revive), "Is not His word like a fire, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock?" &c., sung by the German basso, Formes, justly re-demanded, cannot soon be forgotten, even by the most forgetful hearer. The very beautiful, plaintive, and devotional air, "Woe unto them that forsake Him!" was perfectly represented by the deep and serious tones of Miss Dolby's voice. Passing over the interesting dialogue between Elijah and the youth, in which the "little cloud, like a man's hand," was *painted to our ear*, we must take leave of the First Part with the noble chorus, "Thanks be to God," so expressive of fervid and rejoicing thankfulness, which we are inclined to regard as the finest of the choral strains.

The Second Part, if it does not surpass, sustains the bright character of its predecessor. The introductory air, which is finely appropriate, was expressed by Miss Birch with great spirit, eloquence, and power, especially the latter part, "Be not afraid! who art thou that art afraid of a man that shall die," &c., the chorus nobly reiterating the charge, "Be not afraid." After the accusations of the Queen Jezebel, and threatenings of the chorus, Obadiah, personated by Mr Lockey, cheers Elijah, with much dignity and feeling, in the recitative, "Man of God! the Lord thy God doth go with thee; He will not fail thee." In Elijah's reply, we observed the singer's judicious utterance *diminuendo* of the words, "I journey hence to the wilderness," thus imaging the idea of lonely distance.

After this, the same vocalist poured forth the air, "It is enough, take away my life!" with emphasis and pathos, which he changed for the due impetuosity of the succeeding clauses, "They have thrown down thine altars," &c. This was relieved by the sweet, unaccompanied trio, angelically given by the female vocalists, with the rich deep second of Miss Dolby's voice to complete the charm, "Lift up thine eyes to the mountains," &c. The man that could sit unmoved by this concord of sweet sounds, would certainly incur the Shaksperian anathema of being "fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils." It was irrepressibly re-demanded by our own as by the Birmingham audience. For our own part, we must confess that nothing in the mighty whole has left so melodious and so haunting an echo in our memory's ear, as the delicious, tranquillising air, so charmingly uttered by Miss Dolby, and so naturally re-demanded, "O rest in the Lord, wait patiently for him!" What a transition from this composing strain, to the chorus, so thrillingly expressive of elemental agitation, "A mighty wind rent the mountains, brake the rocks," &c.

In the succeeding recitative, the delicately expressive change of key on the Angel's warning words, "Thy face must be veiled," deserves our nice observance.

Solemn and sublime were the quartett and chorus, "Holy, Holy, Holy!" religiously impressive the solo air of the Prophet, "The mountains shall depart; but the kingdom shall not depart from Me:" magnificent the chorus, "Then did Elijah the prophet break forth like fire, &c.; and he went by a whirlwind into Heaven!" After which with a sacred seriousness and grace, Mr. Lockey so feelingly pronounced the glorious words, "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun," &c., that we wonder not if all sympathised in the desire and demand to hear them so pronounced once

more. The charming quartett, "Oh, come every one that thirsteth; oh, come unto Him!" constrained us to lament the near conclusion of this most interesting musical drama. In the closing chorus, we observe a singular mistake: "The glory of the Lord *shall reward you*;" substituted by the translator for—"*shall be thy rereward*;" *i. e.* "shall bring up thy rear."

We consider that *Elijah* holds that place of pre-eminence among the works of Mendelssohn, which the all-surpassing *Messiah* holds among the works of the inspired Handel.

The Bristol Classical Harmonist Society, to whom the public are indebted for the production of Mendelssohn's immortal work in this city, repeated it at Bath on Tuesday evening, where the same pieces were encored as at Bristol. We regret to hear that the attendance was by no means remunerative.

Mr. P. J. Smith's Concert.—The oratorio of *Elijah* causing the influx of many eminent instrumentalists to this city, Mr. Smith, of Park Street, availed himself of the opportunity of affording the amateurs and lovers of classical music a treat, seldom to be participated in, by giving an instrumental concert, culled from the choicest *morceaux* of the most eminent composers, and executed by artists of high order. Whether the musical *furore* of this ancient city had been expended on the oratorio, or the concert at the Music Hall trod too closely upon the heels of its predecessor at the Victoria Rooms, we know not; suffice it to say, the audience on Wednesday evening was as select as the admired compositions offered to their notice, and the judicious few appeared fully to appreciate the admirable instrumentation of the artists, who met with the just reward of well-merited applause; whilst the gem of the evening (the trio by Messrs. Hatton, Hill, and Howell) justly obtained an unanimous *encore*.

MUSIC AT BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

(*From the Bury and Suffolk Herald.*)

For the great musical boon presented to the public of Bury at the Assembly Rooms on Thursday last, the heartiest thanks are due to the Messrs. Nunn, who have demonstrated not only a high feeling for the Divine art, but a desire to gratify their distinguished patrons, by the spirited engagement of the delightful cantatrice, Madame Sontag, and her operatic party. By this single act of musical enterprise, it is but fair to say, the Messrs. Nunn have done the state of Apollo "infinite service," inasmuch as they have shown to the more profound lovers of practical music that surpassing power and delicacy of professional treatment of which the musical mediocrity of provincial amateurs can give us but a faint and feeble idea.

So rare a combination of talent as Sontag, Signor and F. Lablache, Belletti, Calzolari, and Thalberg, at a provincial concert has seldom been before presented, and the public testified their appreciation of the spirited effort of the Messrs. Nunn by the largest attendance of the nobility and gentry of this town and neighbourhood we ever saw assembled on any similar occasion. We wish we could say that Mr. Nunn was any gainer by his spirited undertaking.

The concert was held in the Assembly Rooms, Angel Hill, which the proprietors had very kindly granted permission to use for a concert of this unusually rare and attractive character. By half-past one not less than 500 ladies and gentlemen had been admitted.

Madame Sontag, notwithstanding the stern perils of time through which she has been compelled to pass since last we heard her mellifluous pipings at the Italian Opera House, has yielded her vocal genius but little, if any, to the iron hand of the ruthless "thinner of flowing hair." Donizetti's beautiful recitative and aria, "O luce di quest' anima," were exquisitely rendered, and afforded a remarkably bewitching contrast to the celebrated "Singing Lesson," in which with the most consummate skill she revelled (with her inflexible Maestro Lablache), reminding us, not unfrequently, of the magic warblings of the semi-divine Malibran, of whom it may justly be said, "none but herself could be her parallel." To Sir Henry Bishop's pretty household trifle, "Home, sweet home," (which, by the bye, she chanted with so much simplicity as to give it a visible place in many a fair eye) succeeded, by particular desire, Rode's popular and not less difficult variations, a work of such infinite elaboration as none would presume to approach, with any hope of success, but an artist of the highest vocal capabilities. Mozart's "Non piu Andrai," from the opera of *Figaro*, was as usual most felicitously sketched by that great vocal delineator, Lablache, who, upon his first appearance in this country, at once set his broad seal upon this comique emanation of Mozart's genius, and made it his own operatic property. The vocal stamina of this perfect Prince of Leporellos still remains in every respect unimpaired, of which the vigorous duetto buffo, "Se finto in corpo avete," from *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, is sufficient evidence. Donizetti's superb duetto, "Venti scudi," from *Elisir d'Amore*, was skilfully and truthfully presented at the opening of the first part of the concert by Calzolari and Belletti. Signor Calzolari takes a position in the tenor ranks, surpassed by very few in the profession. He is an excellent artist, as the manner in which he treated the barcarole from Marino Faliero, "Or che in cielo," will bear an enduring proof.

It is not often that we hear a baritone organ so perfectly vigorous, sound, and uniform as that of Signor Belletti, and it may be truly said with reference to this gentleman, that Nature, in her vocal bestowments, has been unusually bountiful to him, insomuch that there is no place in his extensive register that betokens the slightest infirmity. His "Piff, paff," from *Les Huguenots*, (a labour of peculiar melodic quaintness, and by no means easy), was a bold and faultless interpretation of Meyerbeer, the story of which would, doubtless, have been more effectively told with the dramatic concomitants of Her Majesty's Theatre. Of the vocalities submitted to the charge of that excellent musician, Signor F. Lablache, we must in justice say, they were not only delivered with artistic skill, but gave to those, by whom operatic accomplishments are appreciable, a pleasing proof of his advancement in the art of which he is a popular professor.

The only other vocal trio harmony of the programme was Rossini's "Pappataci che mai sento," which was given with the utmost precision by Calzalari, Lablache, and Belletti. To attempt particularization of any one achievement of the day where everything was so superbly exhibited by the fingers of the Goliath of modern pianists, M. Thalberg, it were a perfect waste of time to writer and reader of this notice: suffice it to say, that the brilliant sallies of his genius throughout his marvellous performances, proved to demonstration that he still maintains that exalted and perfectly unapproachable position in which he has so long been established, to the admiration and astonishment of the severest critics of the musical world.

M. Thalberg, the most accomplished scholar of the very best school, is decidedly without a parallel in modern times, and equal in every respect to the very best of those who have travelled before him on the great high road which leads to the temple of fame, in which he has already cut for himself an

imperishable niche. The total absence of every species of trickery and mechanical frivolity (the popular trap, by the bye, by which the plaudits of the morbid-minded million of the modern concert room are too often caught) is the distinguishing character of M. Thalberg's style, legitimacy of touch, dignity of conception, and purity of expression, are the great charms of his masterly performances, nor is it possible to conceive of a higher degree of instrumental intelligence than that which marked his extraordinary and brilliant execution of the three subjects with which he so learnedly grappled from the *Sonnambula*, *Masaniello*, and *Don Pasquale*, those astounding delineations of the subjects of the tuneful art, are the true landmarks of practical science, the standard by which amateur efforts can alone be properly tested and proved to be mere shadows at an immeasurable distance, of musical substances, existing in the boundless region of the Divine science.

[We have to apologise to our readers for extracting the above doleful article; but as it contained news of artists, to whose whereabouts there is always interest attached, we think it may prove acceptable, and that information will make amends for doubtful taste and questionable grammar.—Ed.]

THE MUSICAL LETTER-WRITERS.

(*From Punch.*)

The song-writers have at length happily exhausted the Loves of the Lights; and we hope soon to be released altogether from further invitations to evince our affection towards the Merry Sunlight, the Dewy Starlight, the Gentle Moonlight, the Gaudy Gaslight, and the Dreary Rushlight, which have been recently the musical idols of our great Metropolis. The degrees of comparison have also, we trust, had their day; and we shall no longer be apostrophised as "*Dearest*," with a promise of being "*loved more*," or "*less than then*," or "*then as now*," or "*now or never*," or "*once again as half*,"—a style of song-writing which has so severely worked the grammatical degrees, that comparisons have been rendered doubly odious.

The Grammarian, however, having been laid aside by the balladists, the Writing-master has been taken up with much earnestness, and a shower of "*Wilt thou write to me's?*" "*Yes, I'll write to thee's.*" "*Did'st thou write to me's?*" and "*May I write to thee's?*" has been poured forth from the London music-shops.

We know how very apt the balladists are to be seized with corresponding sentiments; for one of them has only to say or sing, "*Wilt thou meet me?*" and a dozen voices respond immediately with "*Yes, I'll meet thee,—Price two shillings;*" so that if the Letter-duet mania has once regularly set in among the song-writers, we may expect that there will be a dozen answers by return of post to every one who puts in the form of a ballad the exceedingly suggestive question, "*Wilt thou write to me?*"

As the subject begins to be pursued in earnest, we may anticipate its being carried further than mere invitations to write, and we shall find the balladists diving deeper into the matter by asking, "*Dearest, didst thou pay the post?*" or inquiring, in reference to a letter received, "*Was it headless then as now?*" followed by an exclamatory ballad of "*I was charg'd a penny more!*" together with a variety of songs in the same strain, which the postal turn lately taken by our lyric poet will be suggestive of.

We beg leave to throw out a few hints in the shape of "Titles for Songs," inasmuch as the difficulty of "making a title" is the chief one that occurs in creating a good interest in lyrical as well as in landed property:—

"SIX LESSONS I HAVE TAKEN, LOVE!"
"WILT THOU TAKE SIX LESSONS MORE?"
"DEAREST, IS IT WRONG TO WRITE?"
"OH, GIVE ME BUT A PENNY STAMP!"
"THY LETTER, LIKE MY HOPES, IS DEAD!"
"MY INK'S MY OWN, MY PEN IS FREE!"

[By the way, has not friend *Punch* been extracting a leaf from our journal without acknowledgment? Vide *Musical World*, pp. 490, 491, present volume.—Ed.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

SADLER'S WELLS.

Comedy seems at length to be rearing its head at Sadler's Wells. Thalia has hitherto possessed a far less number of votaries than Melpomene at this Temple of the Muses. Mr. Phelps has judiciously strengthened his comic company, and a very full house assembled to witness the revival of Cibber's Comedy of "*She would and she would not*," on yesterday sennight. The piece was an excellent one of its class, in which the broad extravagance of the situations, and the ingenuity and humour with which they are developed, take the place of the higher attributes of comedy as we find them in Congreve, Murphy, Sheridan, *et id genus*. Miss Fitzpatrick, as *Hypolita*, played with the graceful ease which we have already remarked in her, and made many felicitous points, her best being the more quiet ones, which induces us to think that her proper sphere of action will be found among the last named dramatists. We await the test with some interest, for Miss Fitzpatrick has effectually piqued public curiosity. The new farce called *Plots for Petticoats* is by Mr. Wooller, and has been written for Mr. Hoskins, who personates with great success a rustic Yankee lover of an English lady (attached to a young gentleman of her own country) who disgusts his *inamorata* with his national wit and slang. The piece has been highly successful. G.

MARYLEBONE.

On Monday evening Mrs. Mowatt made her re-appearance to a house crowded almost to suffocation. The play was *Much Ado about Nothing*, which we noticed on its revival, within a few days of the end of last season. Mrs. Mowatt was enthusiastically welcomed, and played the arch, laughter-loving, yet noble-hearted Beatrice, with the spirit, vivacity, and social graces which seem natural to her, and the audience testified their admiration by a shower of bouquets at the end of the play. In Mr. Davenport's Benedick there is a truth and subtlety in the conception, and a *gusto* of humour in the execution, which certainly place this part among his very best efforts. The other characters are well filled, especially the Leonato of Mr. J. Johnstone, and the Dogberry of Mr. G. Cooke.

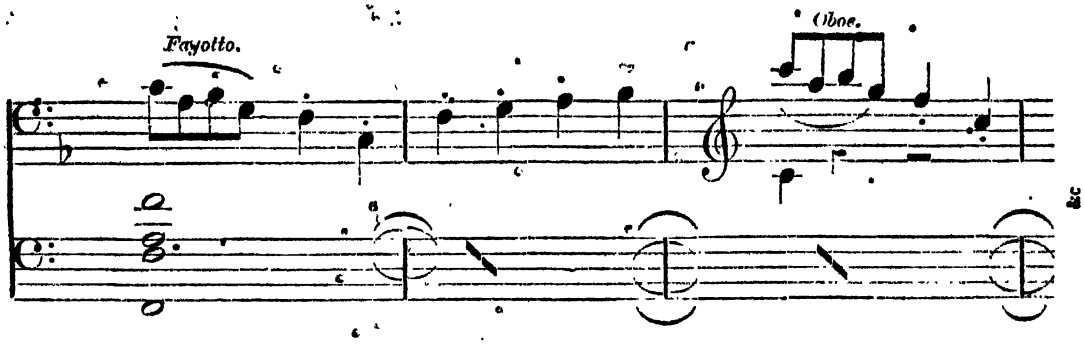
Ashton.—Cheap Concerts for the People.—Following the example of Manchester, our musical men have determined on giving a series of concerts upon a cheap scale, the first of which was held in the New Theatre, on Wednesday evening, under the patronage of Mr. Geo. Mellor, mayor of the manor. Amongst the vocalists engaged were Miss Parry, Mrs. Tomkins, Messrs. Heelis, Womersley, Brooks, Heap, &c. Mr. James Grimshaw presided at the pianoforte. The performances appeared to give satisfaction. The audience, we are sorry to say, was not so numerous as we anticipated.

BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.
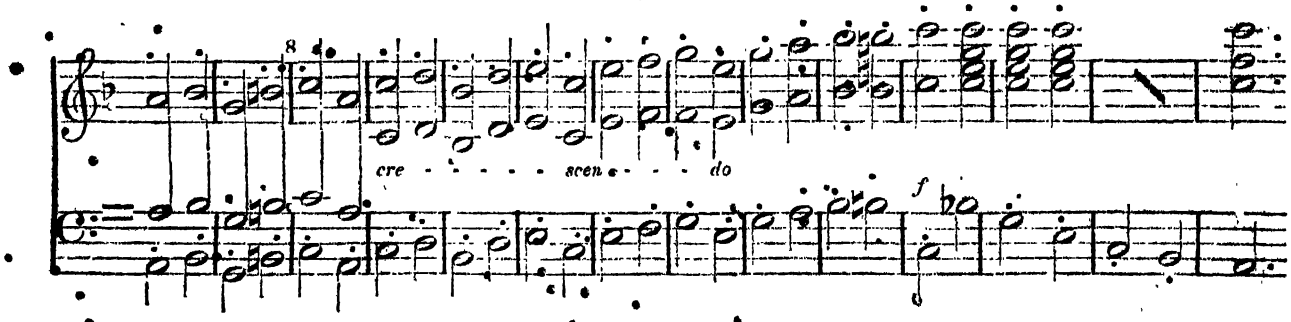
No. IV.—Op. 60.

(*Continued from page* 601.)

The subject now appears in a new form, being assigned to the basses, with the addition of a counterpoint above it of long-sustained notes, which is given with the utmost force of the score, namely, with the violins in octaves, strengthened by the flutes, oboes, clarionets, and bassoons, and we have thus an effect of unsurpassable breadth and clearness. Here we may feel that the expression of joy, which cannot be restrained, bursts out anew, and tells how he, whose all the world is the co-feeling of a loving heart, knows now the whole world in his power and for his keeping. This passage is then inverted, and in this form it is prolonged uptil, after some bold progressions, it comes to a half-close on C, the dominant of F, in which key is to be introduced the second subject. Previous to the entry of this subject, there is a passage, on an inverted dominant pedal, that deserves well the careful scrutiny of the musical student, on account of the somewhat unusual harmonic progressions that are comprised in it, and of the original and very bold manner in which the pedal note is treated in the orchestral arrangement, it being assigned to instruments of the same quality, as, or of a similar quality to, those which bear the harmony; and yet is the instrumentation so balanced as for the effect to be entirely satisfactory. This passage, conspicuous also for its syncopated accent, forms a temporary climax to the current of excitement which, but for the repose that is about to follow, might want relief. The second subject is of a decidedly playful rather than impassioned character, and may be felt to speak the happy complacency of an all-contented heart.
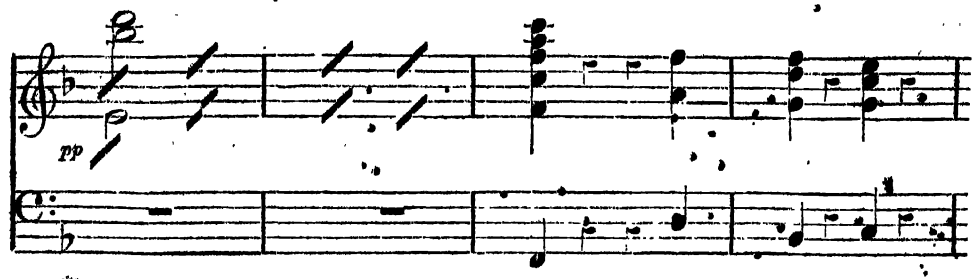


There is a peculiar archness and pleasantry in the expression of this phrase; we may trace in it the same spirit as would, if words instead of musical sounds were the medium of utterance, pour forth its exuberance of gaiety in the most brilliant witty sallies. Thus feels Romeo when with his friends, knowing his love to be reciprocated—Juliet to be his; whereas, in the gloomy vagueness of the introduction, we may suppose the morbid despondency, the indefinite yearning of his dreamy love of Rosalind; and in the truly unique passages which introduces the *allegro*, that wonderful electricity of passion, and in what immediately succeeds it, his meeting with Juliet, and his recognition, in her feelings, of the identity of his own. This spirit of playfulness melts almost imperceptibly into what is no less exquisitely tender, and then, all in man which feels and thinks and desires and enjoys, all which enables him to conceive the existence of a Deity, which assures him that himself is a type of the Divine Intelligence, all that is believed to be immortal of mortality, seems to expand itself beyond the outward form of material humanity, like the Afrite, in the eastern tale, when released from the brazen vessel which had been his prison, and, resting still on earth, to extend up even to heaven;—such to me is the irresistible suggestion of the extraordinary passage for all the string instruments in unison, which seems to utter in the pride of ecstacy—the worthiest pride and the most engrossing—"The world cannot bound, all space is full of, my enjoyment."
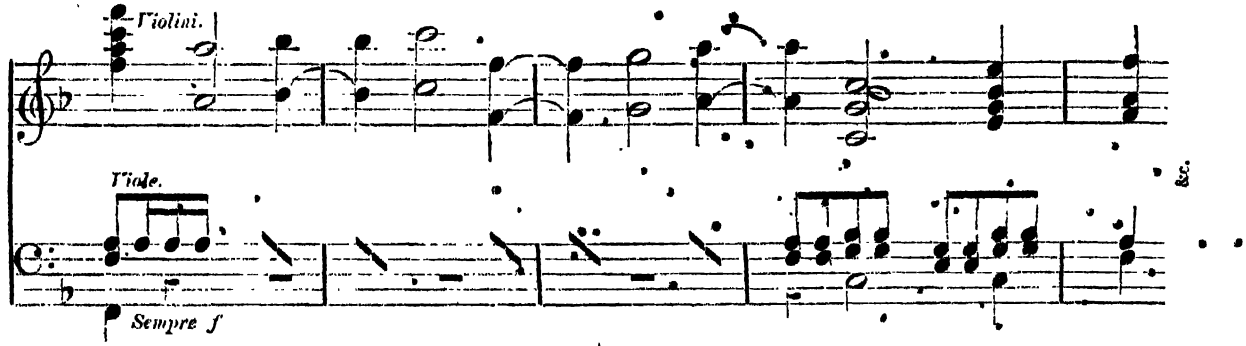


We have now what may be termed a third subject, distinctly separate from the second, and equally unlike to it, but forming an essential portion of, and holding its necessary place in the general design of the movement. This third subject consists of eight bars of canon in the octave, with a free accompaniment; the canon is commenced by the clarionet and answered after the first bar by the bassoon; the whole passage is repeated by the string instruments. It would be to disparage the many beauties with which this movement abounds, the general completeness of the whole, which is the chief beauty, and from which even the exception I am about to make does not detract, and the imperishable greatness of Beethoven, were I not to own that I cannot but feel this passage to be weak, to be somewhat frivolous, and even puerile; it has an air more of research than of inspiration, and it is yet as short as to seem more like the idea of a young student who was experimenting in the art of imitation, than of a skilful master who could fluently and familiarly apply the more profound resources of

his art. We very soon forget entirely the seeming poet, and are impressed with the presence of the poet, with his infinite imagination and with his boundless flow of passionate expression, even the more for this temporary lassitude in his mind, inaction of his feelings. The true genius of our composer prevails once more, and the former excitement renews itself in the following passage :—
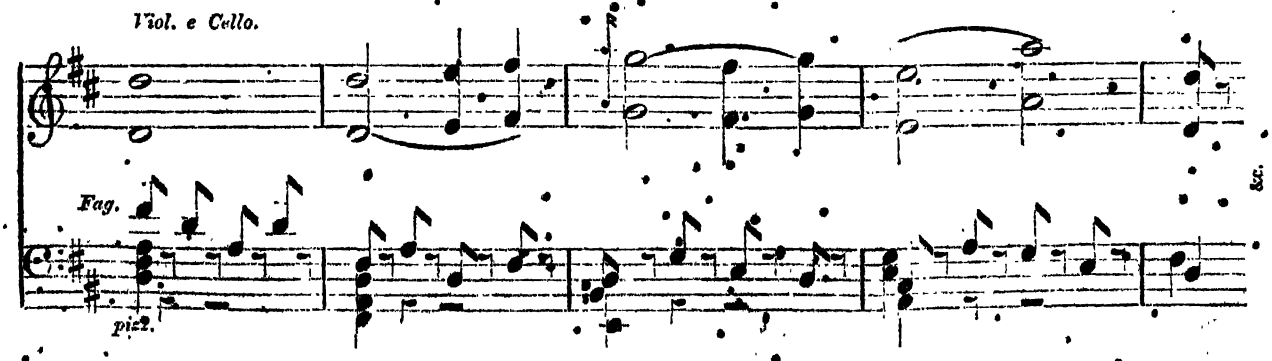


Here there seems to be a half implied doubt imperatively answered; the same is repeated, and then the idea, considerably extended, is carried on through a progression of very striking harmonies, till it comes to a full-close in F, a passage that may be felt to pourtray the gradual growth of conviction where doubt was want of courage to believe, not want of faith in the subject of belief. The passage that concludes the First Part is one of extreme simplicity, but of marvellous effect; to describe it technically would give but an idea of an ordinary application of the most familiar resources of orchestral arrangement; but to hear it, one might, in the enthusiasm it creates, well fancy the blue vault of heaven opened, and a stream of radiant rapture poured in sound upon the world, even as though sound were light, and light filled all the universe :—



The same exciting passage that first introduced the principal subject, and is always associated with it, now brings about the repetition of the First Part.

The free fantasia with which the Second Part opens is very much more concise than the corresponding portion of the *Eroica* Symphony, and indeed than is generally the case with Beethoven in this form of movement, whether in orchestral or chamber music, excepting in some of the lightest pianoforte sonatas, and I think, in accordance with the character of the music, it aims not at any of those contrapuntal elaborations, which, not being formally and pedantically introduced, give so much solidity and dignity to the character of such movements as are thus developed; this being, as I believe there can be no question, much more a movement of passion than the first movements of either of the three previous symphonies, such a treatment of the subject would have been very much out of place. There are two things for which this Second Part is very remarkable. The first is the wonderful felicity of a counter-subject constructed upon the principal theme, and carried on through various modulations to a considerable length :—



This is not the product of elaborate pedantic research; the progressions from ninth to eighth in the second bar, and from eighth to ninth in the third bar, fully prove that it is not a piece of contrapuntal contrivance, since, had it been so, it

could surely have been more regularly contrived; apart from this technical evidence, the exquisite beauty of the new melody proves itself to have been created, not made; for it is such as could only have emanated from the brightest genius in its happiest hour, and it is such as to charm us with its loveliness to that extent that the ear observes not, nor is indifferent to the grammatical irregularities, which, however the eye may detect the fault, the judgment cannot censure. It is not with the surpassing sweetness of this one phrase that the thought ceases, nor in it that we find our only delight, nor by it that the divine inspiration of the composer is principally proved; the chief beauty of the passage lies really in its long unbroken continuity, a stream of song, as it most truly is, that seems spontaneously to gush from the fountain of all tender feelings, and to suffuse the hearts of all who hear it,—indeed a flood of unpremeditated art. How much this adds to, or intensifies the expression of the original subject, how completely it modifies what was before sensation into passion,—how it illustrates with the glow of poetry the fervor of natural emotions, I need not say; whoever hears must feel, and feeling is the only true judgment of such, the highest things in art, the only worthy criticism. The second remarkable feature of this portion of the movement, and this appeals more particularly to the examination of technical analysis than the other, is the extraordinary manner of the return to the subject in the original keys. By an enharmonic change, we are brought to a chord of the dominant seventh on F sharp, and this harmony continues for a considerable time, the passage that introduces the principal subject, and a section of this subject being worked upon it, then by another enharmonic change, this chord becomes a chord of the augmented sixth on G flat, and this is resolved upon a second inversion of the tonic harmony of B flat major. Now, the ear demands that after the second inversion of a concord the next change of harmony should have for the bass either the same note as bears such second inversion, or the next degree of the scale above or below, chromatic or diatonic; whereas, in this case, the second inversion is not, so to speak, resolved, for we have no change of harmony until the entry of the principal subject with the key-note in the bass, and the tonic pedal is then maintained, as at first, through the first four bars of the subject; these four bars are this time even repeated before we have the passage of sixths that leads us to the dominant bass with the suspended fourth resolved upon the chord of the dominant seventh, the long deferred, but the only real satisfaction to the ear of the expectation, the necessity created by the F bass, first introduced forty-two bars before. This I cannot regard as the result of negligence, nor even of accident, neither can it, I think, be justly considered to be the fracture of one of the most important, and what should be the most imperative law of harmonic progression, but, on the contrary, we should esteem it as an intentional, and obviously designed, extension of the principle that law embodies, with a view to the application of which, if not the whole movement was conceived, certainly the whole second part was constructed. Let us review the metaphysical characters of the entire movement; the vagueness of the Introduction, the eagerness of the passage that leads into the *Allegro*, the enthusiasm of the extraordinary unison passage that precedes what I have called the third subject, which seems to be such a mighty, gradual expanding of sound, as that when it reaches its climax the hearer's comprehension can no more than receive it—words fail me to describe the always growing excitement of the progressive unfolding of this wonderful succession of impassioned thoughts; let us review all this, and then we must feel we have been from step to step prepared for the point under consideration—the acme of the whole, the all-surpassing drawing together of every faculty of the hearer's attention, the almost painful suspense, and the ample, the complete, the unqualified satisfaction that succeeds it.

We must notice, with the greatest admiration, the ingenious but most natural prolongation of the subject when it appears in the bass, to bring about a half-close on F, instead of, as before, on C, the artifice of which is entirely lost to the hearer in the effect it produces, worthily sustaining, as it does, the ardent excitement with which the whole movement is instinct. From this point we have an exact recapitulation of the dominant portion of the first part, now in the original key of the movement, and the whole is wound up with a short and very brilliant Coda, formed entirely of sections of the first subject.

I have said so much of the general characteristics of this movement in the course of my analysis, that there remains for me now nothing to suggest. Of its merits I believe it may candidly be said, in cool judgment, apart from the enthusiasm it excites, that it is of a lighter character than the majority of the great orchestral works of the master—perhaps than any, excepting the eighth, in F—though written in his very highest style; but that in musical interest and passionate expression it is exceeded by nothing that Beethoven ever composed.

G. A. MACFARREN.

No. IV.—Op. 60. Errata.

Page 599, second column, line 33, for "That colossal extension of place," read, "That colossal extension of *plan*."
Page 601, second column, line 5, for "measure" read "*manner*."
Ibid., line 7, for "accolation" read "*resolution*." The sentence should have stood thus:—"There is something, perhaps, more to wonder at than to admire in the manner in which this pedal bass is quitted; instead of retaining the pedal until the resolution of a dominant discord that is taken upon it, as would be according to precedent, according to rule, and I think according to the natural requisition of a cultivated ear, the bass rushes up to the third of the tonic chord, and thus resumes the subject."
Ibid., first musical example, fifth bar, for "*Viol.*" read "*Oboe & Clarinetti*;" and, in the eighth bar, for "*Ob. e call.*" read "*Violins*."

ALEXANDER VON HOMBOLDT.

(*From the Frankfort Journal.*)

"What a man!" exclaimed Göethe once, after receiving a visit from Humboldt. I know of no man to compare him to; he resembles a source of ever-gushing sweet waters; he knows thoroughly what he does know."

The poet was right. Alexander von Humboldt, who completed this 80th year on the 14th of September of this year, who with all the undiminished vigour of his mind, and with a body still hale, is one of the greatest and most comprehensive minds that have flourished in any age, and one of the most important men of our own. He has been most appositely called the Napoleon of natural science, in order to convey the idea that he stands forth without compare from among ordinary mortals.

There have been perhaps few men so entirely fortunate as he has been, for nature endowed him with a sane body and a gigantic as well as sane mind. It is seldom that a European from a northern clime can rove with impunity among palm trees, but on Humboldt neither the heat of the tropics nor the icy cold of the Ural and Altai could exert any baneful influence. From an early period he was independent as to fortune, and there was no adverse circumstance to prevent him from giving himself to the impulse of his genius. Even as a youth he enjoyed the society of the wisest and best in Germany. To a calm perspicuity of understanding he unites a wonderful acuteness of penetration, and his first impression is unerring.

In powers of combination he has seldom been equalled, and besides his colossal memory, that never deserts him, that is equally faithful as it is rapid, his whole intellect is infused with a rich poetic vein, and again so vivid a fancy is all his own, his taste is so exquisite and fine, that he throws the charm of attraction over the very dryest subject he may happen to treat. Geographers unanimously recognize him as their master; historians gratefully confess that their lore is deeply indebted to him, and philologists have received no little light from him to illumine what had been hitherto obscure for them in antiquity. Hardly is there one scientific inquiry that Humboldt has not enriched; he has even enlightened the fathers of the church on their æsthetic side. The Spaniards as well as we Germans, so likewise the French and the English enrol this wonderful man among their classic stylists, for in addition to the most accurate Latin, Humboldt writes Spanish, English (?), and French with skill, precision, and force as his own native language. When he gave public lectures thirty years ago in Paris, the French willingly admitted that few of their own great countrymen came up to him in luxuriance, correctness, and clearness.

This man, in the plenitude of his understanding and with the clearest consciousness, has lived with and through a period of transition, such as the world has never seen since the earliest centuries of Christendom. Born in the same year with Napoleon, he knew the Great Frederick; his youth was coeval with the North American contest for liberty; he admired the great Washington; the drama of the French revolution that convulsed the world and that shed torrents of blood, he saw, and not remotely, pass before him, with its martial feats and its giants. But while the German empire of a thousand years was tumbling into ruin, and the German land was becoming the prey of the potent conqueror, Humboldt was wandering through the table-lands of the Andes or the low plains near the Orinoco and Rionegro: he was not an immediate witness of the disasters of his countrymen bewailed at Ulm or Jena. During the long time of the Restoration he employed his leisure in the composition of those literary works that will remain as patterns in all ages for the natural sciences, for future research in the antiquities of America, and for every branch of geography. He, the man of four score years, who has so stirred men by the living word and so genially promoted study, has seen too, in the evening of his infinitely rich life, how the German people still struggle for a new conformation, for unity and freedom. So enlightened a soul, so clear a thinker, a head so incapable of all narrow-mindedness, must be devoid of prejudice, must be favourably inclined from the depths of that soul to the cause of freedom and progress. Yet for any immediate political activity his nature has been as little disposed as Göethe's was. Humboldt has ever been content with employing his influence preferably in behalf of science, which owes an infinite debt of acknowledgment to him.

There are very few scientific great individuals of the last sixty years with whom he had not personal relations. If anything in him, in addition to the immense comprehensiveness of his acquirements, could raise our astonishment, it would be his almost unparalleled industry, and that wonderful activity that distinguishes this great man. He has enlarged the science of navigation, especially enriching the history of nautics; geology, zoology, botany, are no less indebted to him than the collective physical sciences, more particularly meteorology, magnetism, that science which treats of the distribution of heat over the earth; geography, the history of nations, and political history; lastly, statistics, agriculture, and trade. Almost in every field this German gigantic mind has formed new paths of exploration.

When a young man of twenty, after he had completed his university studies in Gottingen and at Frankfort on the Oder, we find him in the company of George Forster descending the Rhine on his way to Holland and England; he writes his work on the basalts near the Rhine. Immediately after this he proceeds to Friburg, for studying under Werner, the founder of geological science, and he writes on fossil plants. He then enters, for a short time, into the Prussian civil service; but the routine of administrative duties not satisfying his ardent mind, he applies with redoubled ardour to the study of animal electricity, goes to Vienna, where he labours intently on botany, then travels, accompanied by Leopold Von Buch, and to whom it is still permitted to behold the light of day, through Salzburg and Styria, but is compelled to renounce the plan of exploring Italy. He, however, repairs with his glorious brother Wilhelm to Paris, where he forms the acquaintance of his future travelling companion Bonpland; and in 1799 sets out for the court of Madrid, to obtain there the permission of travelling through the Spanish colonies of America. In his eighteenth year he had resolved on visiting the American continent, and what he had studied and laboured on up to his thirtieth year he considered as a mere preparation for the accomplishment of a greater task. The youth had, indeed, had his fancy fired at first by the splendid and luxuriant vegetation of the plant world, by the forests of gigantic trees interwoven with lianas and the foliage of countless shrubs, by the peculiarity of the lofty steppes on the Andes, the boundless extent of the Savannahs, of which he subsequently traced so vivid a picture in his "Views of Nature." Gradually, however, with his increasing knowledge rose the purely scientific interest, and Humboldt commenced his voyage across the Atlantic Ocean.

The hardy traveller, so carefully pre-instructed, traversed the mounts and plains of modern Venezuela, ascended the Orinoco to where it branches off, and thus forms a junction with the Amazon, explored Guayana, concerning which another German traveller, Schomburgk, has lately given such valuable contributions; he then sailed across the sea to Cuba, that pearl of the Antilles, then back to the continent again, which he mounted along the valley of Magdalena up to the table-land of the Cordilleras. Thus he scanned the majestic solitudes of Quito, and navigated the coasts of the Pacific; he has conjured up for us the departed world of the state of the Incas in his life-breathing pictures and true delineations, thus he wandered through Mexico and classically described it, returning then by the United States to Europe. But while he was partly editing, partly preparing, his works on the New World, he received in 1829 the summons to travel, accompanied by Rose and Ehrenberg, to Northern Asia, and he consequently, at the age of sixty years, visited Siberia and the Altai.

Humboldt's gigantic work on America, comprehends in the large edition, seventeen volumes in folio, and eleven volumes in quarto. It treats of the geography of plants, of zoology, and comparative anatomy, astronomy, and geognosy; it presents a physical picture of the tropic regions, and especially treats also of their climatology. It contains views of the Cordilleras, and depicts the old Peruvian monumepts, gives a political description of Mexico and Cuba as they then were, and concludes with a general representation of those travels that formed an epoch in science, and—if we may use the expression—which form the point of departure for a new "school of viatorial description," which likewise has obtained its wor-

thiest disciples in Germany, for instance, Spix and Martius, Poehpig, Schombergk, Meyen, Erman, Ehrenberg, Rose, Eichwald, and so many more besides.

Humboldt has described the Asiatic journey in the fragments on the climatology of Asia, but then wrote a masterpiece of historical research, the "Critical Investigations into the historical development of Geographical Knowledge respecting the New World, and into the progress of nautical astronomy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries," a book with which we, as far as our literary knowledge extends, can compare no other for comprehensive erudition. In the German edition of it we meet with the remark, that one copy of the whole collection of Humboldt's works on America, in the large edition, now costs more than 10,000 francs, twice as much as the celebrated "Description of Egypt," for the publication of which the French Government advanced 3,000,000 francs; whereas Humboldt's voyages, although the 1,200 copperplates, the printing, and paper, cost 840,000 francs, or more than 42,000 gold Fredericks, were brought to completion by the patronage of the public alone.

At an age of seventy-four years, when other old men repose, Humboldt began his last work, the "Cosmos," the sketch of a physical description of the world, and which is now completed, in the late evening of a busy life—a work, whose outlines have been pourtrayed in the soul of the author for almost half a century. He wished to delineate how everything that is treated on earth, and in celestial space, had been taken up by him into his conception of a physical cosmical description.

With this work, that is also unique in literature, that ha been translated into the language of all civilized nations, the powerful mind wishes to close its honourable scientific career. He has been, we repeat, a fortunate man, during the whole period of his life. So propitious has destiny been to him, that it vouchsafed to him a brother, who in other departments of genius was nearly quite as great, and in many respects even still more conspicuous than himself. Both brothers, Alexander and William, bound by the strictest friendship to each other, have tended to the perfection of one another. Alexander has survived the other; but the names of both these heroes in science are inseparable from each other for all future time. They form radiant stars in the bright crown of German science, and they have diffused the renown and glory of the German name over all the world.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MINOR CHORDS AND MINOR SCALES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Dear Sir,—I rejoice to find that my friend Teutonius has at length arrived at the complete development of his labyrinth of the major and the minor modes. The elaboration seems to me to have been most perplexing. He has fully convinced me of the simplicity and the truth of the theory which I committed to your care seven or eight months ago. My friend Teutonius has not been so wise in his generation as Moses was. Moses obediently took up the serpent, as he was instructed; Teutonius has disregarded my intimations.

I am one of those who consider Harmony to be the parent of Melody. Every stick or stone from which I can derive a sound, assures me that the elements of harmony are coeval with the creation. Without harmony there can be as little *real* melody, as there would have been of grass, and the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit, without their parent earth.

The differences in the effects of the major and the minor modes can be more naturally accounted for by the contrasting notes, which Teutonius has overlooked, than by tones, semitones, and syncopations. It is a very simple operation.

If the notes C—D—E—F | G—A—B—C, in page 588, which are surmounted by the numbers 24—27—30—32 | 24—27—30—32, be intended as notes in the harmony from C only, I feel curious to see the fundamental bass-notes for them.

Yours truly, J. Molineux.

Liverpool, 22, Hope Street, September 25, 1849.

THE LATE MR. ROOKE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—Can any of your professional readers inform an amateur whether there is any idea, amongst his numerous quondam associates and pupils, of erecting some kind of memento to the late composer Rooke?

As a handsome tablet has been placed in the cemetery at Kensall Green to the memory of the late "Tom Cooke," the more prosperous, though not more gifted contemporary of the composer of *Amilie*, it seems strange that no subscription has been got up, or other means adopted to raise the very small sum that would suffice to erect some token, however humble, over the resting-place of departed talent, and the more so as many of Rooke's pupils are now enjoying the fruits of professional eminence acquired, or at least founded, upon his meritorious instruction. I am, Sir, your constant reader, Harmonicus.

Bayswater Sept. 26, 1849.

MUSICAL ENIGMAS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—Allow me to make a few remarks upon the two musical enigmas which have lately appeared in your journal. I am afraid you will think me a day after the fair, but country folks are ever behind-hand, so that you must excuse me.

Two of your correspondents seem to have puzzled themselves about one name in the first enigma. Salieri is, by the misprint of a figure, made Oalieri. Salieri was the inveterate enemy of Mozart, *vide* Holmes' Life of Mozart, p. 349, and others.

The second enigma is clever and amusing, but it is difficult to solve, on account of the numerous mistakes in it, which I will point out. In the first place, the name "Pauline Viardot Garcia" consists, according to my reckoning, of twenty letters, not nineteen. The inventor of the enigma has forgotten the *r* in Viardot. Alari is a celebrated composer; *Nino*, not Nini, 6, 8, 6, 12, instead of 6, 8, 6, 5, is a noisy opera; Vivier is a celebrated performer on the horn; *Ernani* is an opera composed by Verdi; Paglieri is a singer who has lately made his *debut* in public (query, where?); Ronconi is a celebrated singer; Andante is the reverse of Allegro (there is a mistake here—19, 4, 4, 14, 16, 12, is written instead of 19, 4, 4, 7, 14, 16, 12); Ollivier is a music publisher in London (another mistake—12, 4, 4, 19, 8, 5, 7, 16 would be Ollavier—12, 4, 4, 18, 8, 5, 7, 16 is right; *La Donna del Lago* is a splendid opera; Arigotti is a well-known professor of singing at Brighton; my concert is always well attended; a Piacere is often used in music; Parodi is a popular singing; Pilotti conducts very often at the piano at concerts (and accompanies singing remarkably well, as I can testify from experience); the Italian Opera is the resort of the *elite*; *Contengolino* (is this right) is a beautiful composition—I am sorry to say that I am so ignorant as never to have heard of this composition; who is the composer of it? Lavenu is a performer on the violoncello (here is another mistake—4, 2, 3, 7, 6, 3, is written, instead of 4, 2, 8, 7, 6, 3; *Puritani* is a charming opera (9, 3, 16, 18, 13, 2, 6, 9, ought to be 1, 3, 16, 18, 13, 2, 6, 9; *Tancredi* is an admired heroic opera; Goria is a present pianist; Tadolini is a singer, rather *passee*; Rovere is a buffo singer; my rival is the Diva; and elegance, talent, and virtue are attributes of the cantatrice, Pauline Viardot Garcia. The enigma is capable of being made longer, and would, I think, be improved by it,

Fides.

THE SNOW-SPIRIT.

(Written in Bermuda.)

No! ne'er did the wave in its element steep
An island of lovelier charms;
It blooms in the giant embrace of the deep,
Like Hebe in Hercules' arms.

The tint of your bowers is balm to the eye,
Their melody balm to the ear;
But the fiery planet of day is too nigh,
And the snow-spirit never comes here.

The down from his wings is as white as the pearl
Thy lips for their cabinet stole,
And it falls on the green earth as melting, my girl,
As a murmur of thine on the soul.

Then fly to the clime where he pillows the death,
As he cradles the birth of the year;
Bright are your bowers and balmy your breath,
But the snow-spirit never comes here.

How sweet to behold him, when borne on the gale,
And brightening the bosom of morn,
He flings, like the priest of Diana, a veil
O'er the brow of each virginal thorn.

But think not the veil he so chillingly casts,
Is the veil of a vestal severe
No, no! you will see what a moment it lasts,
Should the snow-spirit ever come here.

Then fly to his region, lay open his zone,
And he'll weep all his brilliancy dim,
To think that a bosom as white as his own,
Should not melt in the day-beam like him.

Oh! lovely the print of those delicate feet
On his luminous path will appear;
Fly! fly! my beloved, this island is sweet,
But the snow-spirit cannot come here.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS (*From our own Correspondent*).—Monday, Sept. 24, 1849.—Roger has returned from Germany, after adding largely to his reputation by his performances in sundry capital cities. He appeared at the Opera on Friday as Ferdinand in *La Favorite*. The theatre was crowded to excess, and the favourite tenor was received, applauded, and féted even as Nourrit and Duprez in their most popular and palmy days. He sang well, but I do not think the music suits his voice, nor does the passion of the part suit his style of acting. I cannot help feeling that Roger's forte is decidedly comic or romantic opera; the grand opera is beyond him. I do not say this in dispraise of him, for I am one of his staunch admirers; but every man has his specialty, and Roger constitutes no exception to this rule. Madame Julliennè made a very poor substitute for Madame Stoltz in Leonora, and M. Beaterbeck a still worse for Baroilhet. Sophie Fuoco and Marie Taglioni were the divinities of the ballet, but the sun of dancing did not seem to shine out, having lost the presence of La Carlotta for that night. All I know about the new ballet is, that it is to be in two acts. By the way, all the walls of Paris, and every spare board in the metropolis, is placarded with the name of Madame Wenetozza in gigantic letters, who is announced to make her debut as Fenella in the *Muette*; yet nobody seems to know who this new-risen or, more properly, newly expected star happens to be. Some say that she is no other than simply Madame, or Madlle. Caroline, who belonged to the *Theatre de la Nation*, a fair *danseuse* who never ventured, or was never allowed to venture, beyond a *pas d'ensemble*. The *Freyschutz* is in rehearsal for Castellan and Roger; and your *caro amico*, Hector Berlioz, is inditing the recitatives. I do not anticipate the least success from this performance; I may be premature in this opinion, but I cannot help suspecting strongly that Weber's music will be found *rococo* and *ennuyeuse* to the good folks of the French metropolis. The *Italiens* is still a bone of dissension; Ronconi and the minister have disagreed, and Ronconi, as I learn, has thrown up his dictatorship. If this be true, all the engagements entered into with Angri, Persiani, Lablache, Rosetti, Flavio, Moriani, Morelli, and others, must become null and void; although how Ronconi would fare should the artists have recourse to law, I have not legal knowledge enough to guess. Mr. Lumley, I understand, has applied for the dictatorship—how far true, I know not. Had Ronconi retained the management of the *Italiens*, he intended to have carried on affairs with a very high hand. He would have added Sontag, or Jenny Lind and Corbari to his *troupe*, and rumour goes so far as to say that there was a possibility of his procuring the services of RUBINI for a certain number of nights. Of one thing I would advise you, which is, not to pay the least attention to the intimations of the majority of the French journals. Very few indeed know anything of these matters. L. K. F.

NAPLES (*From a Correspondent*).—Vico Carminella, Sept. 10, 1849.—I should have written long ere this, but have had nothing of the slightest interest to relate. The state of music at Naples is at a very low ebb. The performance at St. Carlos is very indifferent, the singers, with one exception, being mediocrities. The exception is Bassini, or De Bassini, as he is sometimes styled. He has a fine, powerful organ, and sings with great fervour. He reminds me of Coletti much, but I think him better. The worst of it is, now-a-days, Verdi's works are so much the rage, that the singer runs the risk of having his voice broken down in a very short time. I am convinced nothing can stand the wear and tear of the "Young Maestro's" force-pump operas. Bassini is a young man, with a strong, fresh, and uninjured voice as yet; but how long will this last if he goes on night after night screaming and tearing the roof off his palate in *Ernani* or *Due Foscari*? Among the numberless operas in which Tamburini and Lablache have appeared, how many of Verdi's can be named? Can ONE? We believe not. Bassini's talents will not only be lost in Italy, but his capabilities will be endangered. I have seen him several times, and without calling him a Tamburini or a Ronconi, I think he would be a great acquisition to either of your London Italian houses.

By the way, I went to a grand concert lately, and was much pleased with the singing of a young Irishman who writes himself Gustavus Geary. He has come all the way from Dublin to Naples to study vocalization under Signor Rossi, who is the best master in this place, and, as Mercadante told me lately, one of the best in Italy. Mr. Geary has a well-toned, strong, manly, tenor voice, and sings with great feeling. He has the best middle voice I have heard for a long time. He was loudly applauded, and was encored in the aria, 'Come rugiada al Cespite," from *Ernani*, and in a romanza of Mercadante, "La dea di tutti core." In fact, he more than afforded universal satisfaction, and has been, I understand, invited to several musical *reunions* since. A gentleman belonging to the *Athenæum* was present, and it is more than probable that you will find an article in that journal corroborative of my feelings on Mr. Gustavus Geary.

I could tell you much of politics, but I fear that would but indifferently interest your readers; so, having nothing further musical to relate or discuss, I shall bid you farewell. I shall be at Vienna in December, and at St. Petersburgh, perhaps, in January. You may depend on hearing from me. E. E.

REVIEWS OF MUSIC.

"The Royal Italian Opera Quadrilles;" dedicated to the Subscribers of the Royal Italian Opera, by H. A. B.—W. Wybrow.

The author, or authoress we suspect, in selecting themes from operas produced at the Royal Italian Opera, has been more fortunate in the themes than the operas from which they were selected. It is no compliment to Covent Garden to specify *Anna Bolena*, *Favorita*, and *Donna del Lago* as among the productions of the great establishment, for, being dedicated to the subscribers, we take for granted the author, or authoress, intended to compliment the theatre and all belonging thereto; and we are at a loss to understand why the *Huguenots*, *Masaniello*, or the *Prophète* were not called out to furnish subjects. The quadrilles, nevertheless, are very good and are set simply and neatly.

A NUT FOR THE JAWS OF

MUSICAL ENIGMA HEROES.

My whole is a fool.

My 6, 11, 4, 5, 17, 7, 13, is the name of three well-known 1, 2, 2, 3, 10, 5, 4, 6, 9, 3.

My 6, 1, 17, 7, 7, is the 11, 5, 16, 1, 6, 9, for 13, 12, 10, 9, 17, 16.

My 13, 7, 7, 15, 11, 16, 4, has immortalized himself by 1, 4, 3, 15, 16, 15, 16, 15.

My 6, 7, 7, 4, 11, 16, 17, and 3, 5, 14, 9, 8, 7, 7, are the same.

My 6, 1, 17, 16, 17, 3, 17, demands feeling.

My 6, 9, 5, 17, 16, 13! is the reward of a good 3, 4, 0, 11, 8, 16.

My 13, 9, 10, 1, 2, 5, 5, 4, 6, wrote 1, 6, 3, 3, 8, 3, for 9, 8, 16, 10.

My 13, 16, 4, 17, 9, saved his life by his 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

My 6, 16, 9, 15, made money by it.

My 13, 3, 17, 16, was a kind of harp.

My 5, 6, 8, 5, 4, 7, 10, 13, is said to have invented 17, 6, 11, 13, 9.

My 5, 13, 9, 17, 8, may be *apertus*, *firmus*, *enigmaticus*, *perpetuus*, or *finitus*.

My 5, 8, 5, 14, 4, was a celebrated 3, 10, 9, 11, 15, 16.

My 5, 14, 6, 9, 3, 17, 9, 11, is a 3, 17, 9, 11.

My 5, 14, 17, 16, 6, 7, is sung in 5, 14, 2, 16, 5, 14.

My 5, 4, 1, 6, 16, 17, 3, 13, was the successor of 3, 13, 7, 4, 8, 16, 10, and the composer of 3, 8, 1, 10, 16, 6, 12, 4, 3, which has also been composed by 16, 17, 3, 3, 4, 9, 10, and by 14, 4, 12, 1, 8, 7.

My 5, 17, 16, 8, 7, 7, 4, was termed the musical 13, 16, 5, 14, 6, 9, 11, 8, 7, 17.

My 15, 5, 14, 17, is a repercussion of sound.

My 8, 4, 5, 14, 17, 16, 9, are two brothers of great musical talent.

My 11, 6, 11, 7, 10, 6, 9, 17, was one of the founders of the modern dramatic music.

My 11, 4, 9, 10, 3, how rare art thou!

My 11, 10, 11, 2, 3, is a sort of dance, now nearly obsolete.

My 11, 7, 6, 3, 15, 16, three German musicians of talent.

My 11, 16, 6, 2, 9, a favourite of Frederic the Great.

My 11, 16, 8, 5, 15, is not in every melody.

My 11, 16, 17, 3, 14, 15, 4, 1, was a celebrated German writer on music.

My 14, 13, 3, 3, 8, the celebrated singer whom the Italians called 4, 7, 5, 6, 16, 17, 3, 13, 3, 3, 17, 9, 15.

My 14, 17, 16, 9, the name of a brass instrument, of two celebrated organ builders, and a composer.

My 14, 2, 12, 1, 15, 7, a great pianist.

My 7, 13, 9, 9, 3, 16, is one of the favourites of the ball-room.

My 7, 8, 17, was a true musical *lion*.

My 7, 17, 7, 17, the musical grammar of the Chinese.

My 12, 6, 16, 15, was one of the greatest German singers.

My 12, 15, 16, 5, 8, 7, 7, 17, was the celebrated composer of fifty psalms.

My 12, 13, 16, 8, 9, 5, 4, 17, *il pia dolce legno*.

My 12, 6, 16, 3, 15, 10, 7, 7, 12, 4, 3, 3, "Allons enfans de la patrie!"

My 12, 4, 9, 9, 10, 1, look at the 150th Psalm to find me out.

My 12, 10, 3, 3, 16, 15, 16, 3, "Have mercy on me."

My 12, 17, 3, 5, 14, 3, 7, 15, 3, as great a pianist as 14, 2, 1, 12, 3, 7.

My 12, 2, 3, 7, 7, 16, 16, the name of no less than seventeen musicians and composers.

My 12, 2, 3, 3, 3, are the patrons of 1, 2, 3, 10, 5.

My 9, 6, 8, 11, 15, 7, 4, "Life let us cherish!"

My 9, 3, 1, 12, 6, were musical signs.

My 17, 16, 11, 13, 9, a wind instrument.

My 16, 6, 1, 8, 13, 2, the inventor of a peculiar musical system.

My 16, 8, 4, 5, 14, 6, a musical theorist.

My 16, 3, 3, 17, 9, 13, 3, 5, 15, a necessary quality of a music room.

My 16, 17, 3, 6, 7, 10, 8, a musical term, which derived its name from the first line of an Italian song.

My 16, 17, 3, 3, 4, 9, 10. "Sleepest thou, Ligna?"

My 16, 17, 2, 3, 3, 15, 13, 2, was the creator of the melodrama.

My 14, 6, 9, 3, 3, 13, 5, 14, 3,

"Who was a shoe-
Maker, and a poet too."

My 3, 13, 7, 17, 1, 17, 9, a benefactor to the music of England.

My 3, 5, 14, 4, 7, 7, 10, 9, 11, the editor of a book worth many.

My 3, —, 14, 4, 7, 7, 10, 9, 11s, to the musician.

My 3, 4, 14, 2, 9, 6, 9, 9, a great piano player, married to a still greater one.

My 3, 8, 5, 5, 6, 16, 13, 16, 6, an exciting dance.

My 3, 8, 3, 3, 4, the name of seven celebrated singers.

My 12, 2, 3, 10, 5, 6, 7, 15, 3, 10, 11, 12, 13, a musical humbug.

My 12, 2, 3, 4, 5, 13, 7, 11, 7, 6, 3, 3, 8, 3, probably the instrument on which Harriet A. B——e, the compounder of the last enigma, excels.

My 6, 7, 13, 2, 11, 14, the reward for pains taken to solve my enigma.

THE DANCING CHANCELLORS.

(*From Punch.*)

It seems that the illustrious Nathan is not the only Baron who seeks distinction in the mazy dance; but his brother Barons, Brougham and Lyndhurst, are ready to contest with him the Terpsichorean crown, and we should scarcely be surprised to hear of the first-named Peer having rushed into the eggy arena as a competitor with the hero of a hundred eggshells. We shall begin to think when such noblemen as Lords Brougham and Lyndhurst begin to pride themselves on their dancing, it will become a question whether Nathan may not become "a discontented Baron," if he is not called up to the House of Lords as first Earl of Entrechat.

We had imagined that the accomplished Brougham had already distinguished himself in every science and art, but this wonderful man has yet to make a saltatory reputation, and we have no doubt, that though he only begins at a period of life when the dancing days are usually considered to be over, he will leave the imprint of his footsteps on the sands of time as he goes dancing down to posterity. As he has lately adopted the science of agriculture, he will perhaps render the more graceful subservient to the more useful pursuit, and we may expect to find him inventing a new ballet to be danced in wooden shoes, and to be called the "Clod Crushers." Every novelty had apparently been exhausted in the shape of Sylphides, Daughters of Air, Spirits of Water, and Children of Fire; but it will be reserved for Lord Brougham to compose a *divertissement*, called *Les Fils de la Terre*, or the Sons of Earth, introducing a *Pas de Clod-crushers*, with real clods; and as a final *tableau* is always considered necessary, an effect, *à La Fiorita*, with its real fountains, might easily be produced by a grand distribution of liquid manure, on the newest principle. The ingenious and indefatigable Mons. Jullien will of course avail himself of the story told by Lord Brougham, to prepare for his next series of concerts—

THE LEGAL QUADRILLE.

And since the Army and Navy have long had their respective quadrilles, it is only fair that the Law should be similarly honoured.

This very novel feature of next season's Promenade Concerts will of course be got up with the liberality usually be-

stowed by the Mons on his new productions; and the same enterprise which took him into the mountains in search of cow's horns, upon which to accompany the "Ranz des Vaches," for the Swiss Quadrille, will inevitably carry him into the Courts of Law in quest of all kinds of legal instruments to be added to his orchestra for the purpose of making the performance of the Legal Quadrille as perfect as possible. The drums and tambourines will be covered with the parchment of real deeds, and that very piercing instrument, a *fi-fa*, will be added to the ordinary fifes on the occasion. The Time will, of course, be 6-eight throughout; and a rapid movement, consisting of a run up and down the scales of Justice, will form a part of the accompaniment. We may anticipate from the descriptive powers of the Mons Jullien, something like the following announcement of the contemplated novelty:—

FIGURE 1. Rising of the Sun, and sitting of the Court—Slow movement of the Motions of Course—Filing and double-filing of the Bills—Slow advance of the professional combatants, and rapid advance of the Money by the Suitors.

FIGURE 2. Slow movement in sixteen Crotchets—Grand chassez-croissez of the Counsel from side to side, and balancez of the Chancellor.

FIGURE 3. Down the middle of the Long Vacation, and back again—Hands across, and hands over—The Suitors handing the fees across to the Solicitors, and the Solicitors handing them over to the Counsel.

FIGURE 4. The leading couple of Counsel pair off in opposite directions, leaving the junior couple, or couple of juniors, setting to each other, and coming round to their first positions.

FIGURE 5. Grand round for all the Counsel, and final advance by the Suitors, who, after their last advance, are thrown off on both sides, and are left to retire—Both couples of counsel join hands, and the Quadrille concludes with a Grand Crash in two flats, followed by a movement of four sharps in a *scherzo* through several rapid passages leading up to A minor, whose notes go off into minims until they reach the lowest minimum.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. LEWIS, so well known as the manager of the Liverpool theatre, died in Paris last week, suddenly, after a short illness.

MADAME BORSI DELEUBIE, the fair *cantatrice*, whom we announced in our last as about to leave London immediately, does not depart for some time yet, her engagements in Italy not requiring her attendance so soon.

THE HAYMARKET commences operations on Monday night, with the *Love Chase*, in which the charming Nisbett will charm all hearts that are liable to be charmed.

FUNERAL PEAL FOR A VETERAN RINGER.—On Sunday, the change-ringers of Oldham rung a touch of 1100 changes of Grandsire Cinques, in memory of John Brierly, a change-ringer of that place, who died of cholera on the 13th inst., after a sickness of nine hours, in the 69th year of his age. The deceased had been a ringer upwards of forty years, and has rung in the following peals, viz.:—In 1821, he assisted in ringing Mr. Eversfield's peal of Kent Treble Bob Major, consisting of 14,016 changes; in 1822, in a peal of Treble Bob Maximus, consisting of 7392 changes; in 1826, in a peal of Grandsire Major, consisting of 9999 changes; besides upwards of fifty peals of more than 5000 changes each. He lived respected and died lamented.

SIGNOR PALTONI has been engaged to perform the part of Don Pasquale to the Norma of Madlle. Albini, at Cheltenham, where the great contralto-soprano appears to-night in Donizetti's pleasing opera.

MADAME SONTAG has presented a donation of £50 to the Birmingham General Hospital.

JOHN PARRY is advertised for Cheltenham, October 26th, where he will give one of his Entertainments, and which will also be under the care of Messrs. Hale and Son.

LIVERPOOL ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.—The spirited proprietor of this theatre has gratified his townsmen for the past week in giving them an opportunity of again witnessing the performances of Mrs. Fitzwilliam and Mr. Buckstone. During the engagement, a fine selection from the drama and light comedy has been performed nightly to crowded audiences, who have shown their approval of the entertainments, and the manner in which they have been produced, by exclamations of delight and peals of unbounded laughter. It would be superfluous in us to pass any eulogy on the performances of Buckstone or Mrs. Fitzwilliam, as their merits are too well known to require this at our hands, and all that we need say is, that they have on this occasion added one leaf more to the wreath which has been weaving for them since their first appearance on the stage. We must not, however, forget to mention the song, "The maid with the milking pail," sung by Mrs. Fitzwilliam, in the comic drama of the same title. It is a simple but a pretty composition, and was sung with much sweetness and taste, and called forth rapturous applause. We were glad to see the theatre so well filled.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—On Wednesday evening this popular place of entertainment was re-opened, under the superintendence of Mr. Wardell, the former proprietor. It was not to be expected that the gardens would be very numerously attended at a period of the year when the world of London is supposed to be "out of town," and when those who are fond of amusements are inclined to seek them within doors. But notwithstanding the disadvantages under which the "royal property" laboured on this occasion, there was a tolerable sprinkling of visitors. The entertainments consisted of a vocal and instrumental concert, in which Miss Rafter, Mrs. Aveling Smith, Miss Hodson, Mr. Rafter, Mr. S. Jones, and Mr. Sharpe, appeared; the extraordinary evolutions of the "renowned Bedouin Arabs;" equestrian performances in the circle; and a display of fireworks after the most approved fashion. The select few who honoured the gardens with their presence appeared perfectly satisfied with the amusements provided for them, but there was necessarily an absence of that spirit and animation which are observable in more genial seasons.

A NORMAL SCHOOL OF MUSIC FOR MANCHESTER.—We have received a long letter addressed by Dr. Mainzer to the Mayor of Manchester, with his worship's answer appended, for neither of which can we find space; but as the object of the writer is one we cordially approve, we cheerfully announce that it is his intention to open in Newall's Buildings, Market Street, under the name of "The Normal Music School of Manchester," classes for male and female teachers of day and Sunday schools, apprentice teachers, monitors, and monitresses, children of the various schools of the town and its vicinity, and for the operatives in workshops and factories. Dr. Mainzer argues for the universality of the language of music, and then says,—"If this universal language of music, when brought into close association with select, sacred and moral poetry, appropriated to age and circumstances, afford the means of pure, innocent, cheering, and elevating recreation for every man, and especially for the labouring classes, then measures should surely be taken to make music an element in the education of youth, and available as a powerful moral agent in the promotion of the progress of society and the happiness of man. There is, however, little practical attention paid to the extension of music, and hence the singing in churches is often void of dignity, and bears not always the stamp of sacredness appropriate to place and purpose. Let sacred music," he adds, "be taught in schools, and it will soon be heard in churches—will soon embellish and adorn domestic life. Until, however, the future teachers have found schools at which they can obtain for themselves the necessary knowledge and acquirements, no national results can possibly be expected." Dr. Mainzer asks for the support of the public in the experiment, which he makes on his own responsibility. He has already received the assurance of the countenance of the mayor, who has promised to invite such of his fellow-townsmen as are most likely to feel an interest in the plan, to meet at the Town Hall, for the purpose of considering in what way and by what means the object can be most efficiently promoted.—*Manchester Courier.*

THE LATE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.—The *Clonmel Chronicle* says:—"A Dublin solicitor has just been in Clonmel, for the purpose of exactly ascertaining the age of the late Countess of Blessington, in reference to an insurance claim. She was not so old at her death as the newspapers said, having been married in 1804, at the early age of fifteen years, so that she was only sixty years old at her decease."

THE YANKEE.—An American has said of his countrymen, that the genuine Yankee would not be able to repose in heaven itself if he could not travel westward. He must go a-head. Prophecy looks forward to the time when the valley of the Mississippi shall overflow with this restless population—and Europe be subject to a new migration. "What do I consider the boundaries of my country, sir?" exclaimed a Kentuckian. "Why, sir, on the east we are bounded by the rising sun, on the north by the aurora borealis, on the west by the procession of the equinoxes, and on the south by the day of judgment!"—*Athenæum.*

GIARDINI, when asked how long it would take to learn to play on the fiddle, answered—"Twelve hours a day for twenty years together." The great violinist must have given this answer in joke; if six hours a day for a dozen years will not make a first-rate player—nay, much less, if the learner possess what is called genius—the whole long life will not accomplish the object. No point connected with musical study is more mistaken than that of practice: it is not so much the time bestowed as the undivided attention, the fixedness, the "concentration" of the mind while practising.

RULES FOR WRITERS.—A contemporary lays down the following pithy code of newspaper bye-laws. They are the best we have ever seen drawn up:—1. Be brief. This is the age of telegraphy and stenography. 2. Be pointed. Don't write all round a subject without hitting it. 3. State facts; don't stop to moralize—it's drowsy business. Let the reader do his own dreaming. 4. Eschew prefaces; plunge at once into your subject, like a swimmer in cold water. 5. If you have written a sentence that you think particularly fine, draw your pen through it—your pet child is always the worst in the family. 6. Condense. Make sure that you really have an idea, and then record it in the shortest possible terms: we want thoughts in their quintessence. 7. When your article is complete, strike out nine-tenths of the adjectives. The English is a strong language, but won't bear too much "reducing." 8. Avoid all high flowing language; the plainest Anglo-Saxon words are the best. Never use stilts when legs will do as well. 9. Make your sentences short. Every period is a milestone, at which the reader may halt and rest himself. 10. *Write legibly.*

CHELTENHAM.—Sontag, Lablache, and Thalberg, perform on Saturday next (to day), and our correspondent informs us every reserved seat has long been taken, and others added, which are eagerly sought after, five shillings premium was offered for tickets previously disposed of, but none could be had. The concert is under the management of Messrs. Hale and Son, which, as in most former cases, will ensure a bumper.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF ASCLEPIADES.

Still art thou timid and coy? Oh, why? When once into Hades
Thou hast descended, be sure, maiden, no love wilt thou find.
Venus bestows her delights on the living. In Acheron, maiden,
When we are laid, we shall be—nought except ashes and dust.

J. O.

MUSICAL POT POURRI.

Balfe is at Frankfort, superintending the rehearsals of the *Bohemian Girl*. He is engaged to conduct it for three nights.

Mr. Lumley is in Paris. His business is not generally known, but it is anticipated to be in connection with the Italian theatre.

Ronconi will be in London on the 24th. He is engaged by Mr. Stammer's to sing at the first of the Wednesday Concerts.

Sims Reeves has recovered from his illness, and has commenced a provincial tour of five months with Miss Lucombe.

Alboni is at Brussels. She started from London on Tuesday, the 2nd inst. It was at Leamington, not at Cheltenham, that Alboni played Norina, not Norma, to the Don Pasquale of Signor Paltoni, on the previous Saturday. The band consisted of two fiddles, a bass, a clarionet, and a pianoforte. Luckily Benedict was at the pianoforte, and that accomplished conductor is an orchestra in himself. Alboni sang also at a concert at Brighton, on Monday morning, with Bartolini, Polonini, and Menghis. The great *contralto* is now enjoying her *otium cum dignitate* at the Hotel de Bellevue.

Polonini left for Paris on Monday, the 1st inst.

Madlle. Corbari, Madlle. Louise Corbari, and Tagliafico returned to London from Edinburgh on Friday, the 29th ult., having concluded their tour with Mr. Beale. On the following evening they set out for St. Petersburgh, *viâ* Lubeck, where it is to be hoped, by this time, they have safely arrived. The French papers announced their arrival there long ago, in company with Mario, Grisi, Tamburini, and Gardoni, who started a long time in advance of them. Mario and Grisi left immediately after the Birmingham Festival, taking Brighton by the way, where they gave a concert with Ronconi, which was crowded.

Jullien is rusticating and aquaticising at Brighton. He will soon be home to prepare for his concerts at Drury Lane Theatre.

Jetty de Treffz will leave Vienna on the 20th for London, to fulfil an engagement of three months with M. Jullien.

Benedict is at Dover, with his family, enjoying a little repose after the fatigue of the festivals and his recent tour. He will start for another tour, with Miss Hayes, at the beginning of November.

Meyerbeer is at Dresden, superintending the rehearsals of his *Prophète*.

Mr. Gye, the future manager of the Royal Italian Opera, is enjoying a trip on the Rhine.

Costa.—The indefatigable *chef d'orchestre* has been in London, since the Birmingham Festival, making arrangements for the opera next season. He starts for the Isle of Wight, where he intends to repose for a while from his labours, and gather strength for the re-commencement of the performances of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

Jarret is taking a tour in the Belgian towns, previous to paying a visit to Paris.

Strauss, the celebrated composer of waltzes, &c., died at Vienna of the scarletina, about ten days ago. He is universally regretted.

Luigi Mei, the tenor, intends passing the winter in London.

Paris.—The *Academie Royale*, or Grand Opera, or *Theatre de la Nation*, opened last week with *Lucia*, which was very poorly executed. Espinasse was the tenor, Madame Massen the Lucia, and Portheau the Enrico. Berlioz is very severe on the performance. The *Favorite* has since been produced for the *rentrée* by Roger and Madlle. Masson. The popular tenor, who has just returned from a highly successful tour in Hamburgh, and other German towns, was received with enthusiasm. A new opera by Halévy, *La Fée aux Roses*, has been produced with a success not exceeded by that of the *Val d'Andorre*.

Vivier has returned to Paris and has already caused commotions in various social circles.

Rachel is positively going to leave the *Theatre Francaise* after Christmas. She goes thence either to St. Petersburgh, or the United States, but has not decided which.

Ernst is at Paris, reposing himself from music and publicity. On the 26th ult., he gave a concert at Boulogne-sur-Mer, with Miss Hayes and Osborne. The concert was very successful. He is *not* going on a tour in the French provinces, but will probably return to London during the winter.

Mr. T. M. Mudie, the well-known composer and pianist, has resumed his professional avocations at Edinburgh.

Madame Sontag will shortly visit Edinburgh and Glasgow. On the 4th she gave a concert at Birmingham for the benefit of the poor.

Madlle. Jenny Lind is still at Ems. She recently gave a concert there for charitable purposes, which concert was crowded.

Lola Montez is at Boulogne-sur-Mer, with her young and ardent spouse—they are as happy as turtle-doves.

Sacred Harmonic Society.—The Season will commence in November, with Handel's *Solomon*.

The Italian Opera at St. Petersburgh.—In consequence of the death of the Emperor's brother, the Grand Duke Michael, the theatres will be shut for three months, during which our Italian favorites will have nothing to do but to keep themselves warm, and take a trip to Moscow.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

In our preliminary notice, last week, we expressed a fear that Mr. Maddox would endanger the success of his excellent *corps dramatique*, by not providing an efficient band and chorus, and that the promises held forth in his bills would be carried out cautiously and scrupulously, after the usual mode of managerial economising, rather than determinedly and regardless of expense to render the works produced at the Princess's complete in every respect. It affords us no small pleasure to acknowledge we have been most agreeably disappointed. Mr. Maddox, or more properly, Mr. Loder, Mr. Maddox assenting, has collected together one of the most complete body of instrumentalists we have heard in London for very many years, apart from the Opera houses. The improvement on last season is so striking, as to be manifested immediately. The first four bars of the overture to *Don Giovanni*, on Monday night, at once exhibited the precision and force of the performers, and, ere the conclusion, we recognised the presence of ready and well-practised artists. In short, no better orchestra could be desired for a theatre like the Princess's, and the triumphant success they achieved for themselves in *Don Giovanni*, is a strong warranty that no music can henceforth come amiss to them. The first violins, with Mr. Thomas, from the Royal Italian Opera, acting as leader,—a most excellent performer is Mr. Thomas—are all good; the tenors equally so; the basses no less so; in short, were we so inclined, we should feel at a loss to pick out a weak point in the band. This is a splendid move in the right way, and Maddox may *now* congratulate himself on having laid the foundation stone of an English Opera-house.

The chorus is also deserving of praise, although not to the same extent as the band. They sing well together, and have power enough for the size of the theatre. They seem to lack strength in the middle voices. No doubt Mr. Loder will remedy any fault of this kind, if fault there be, for, after all, we may be in error.

The opening night of the season was perhaps the most brilliant first night since the theatre was built. There was much curiosity to hear Mozart's *chef-d'œuvre* done in English; there was curiosity also to hear the popular tenor, Mr. Harrison, after his two years' absence from the metropolitan boards, and a great desire to welcome him back; a still greater curiosity was awakened anent the *début* of Miss Louisa Pyne, who was so loudly vaunted in Boulogne journals, and praised by so many admiring friends; and if to all these curiosities be added the curiosity which a "first night" at a favourite theatre never fails to excite, those who were not enticed to the theatre may have some idea of the anxiety and speculation that prevailed previous to the performance, and of the crowds which were attracted.

There is nothing like flying at the very highest quarry: if you fail, the failure carries with it its own pardon—if you succeed, the success is trebly glorious. *Don Giovanni* is the most difficult of all operas to have executed completely in all its parts. Every individual character requires a first-rate artist to realise the intention. Never was there dramatic creation which exacts such universality of powers and such lavishment of nature's gifts as the hero, Don Giovanni. To render the personification, not perfect merely, but even adequate and satisfactory, the artist must be endowed with form and face, surpassing grace, ease, elegance, noble bearing, and every seeming accomplishment of mind; he must combine the highest comic and tragic powers, and must be a thorough master of the vocal art. Rarely, indeed, do we find one who is so accomplished and so gifted. We have seen ONE only in our own times.

The entire of the music of *Don Giovanni* was given on Monday night, with the exception of the final chorus of demons, which, although we cannot tell exactly why or wherefore, is almost invariably omitted in the performance. We thank Mr. Loder for restoring Ottavio's beautiful aria in the first act—the "Della tua pace" of the original (we kept no count of the English words)—and are only sorry he did not add the chorus of demons to the restorations. However, we should be deeply grateful for what we did get; for not even at Covent Garden was the opera given in greater integrity and entireness.

One fault only have we to charge Mr. Loder with, and that is, the performance of the overture with Winter's alterations, or more properly new conclusion. This innovation was effected by Winter in no meddling spirit, but with a view to render it playable in a concert room, seeing that, as it is written, it modulates into Leporello's opening air, and could not be so played apart from the opera, at least, effectively. The alteration is anything but an improvement, and unto ears accustomed to hear it performed righteously, is positively disagreeable. We might point to another "introductory" departure from the text, namely, the flute symphony to the duet, "La ci darem," which in the original has no symphony at all, but commences at once from the recitative. Perhaps the want of the recitative necessitated Mr. Loder's symphonic introduction. With these exceptions, the general getting-up of the opera is entitled to the most unqualified praise; and we may venture to say that Mozart's great work was never given in so finished and complete a state before on the English stage. As a first performance, too, it was unexceptionable. Every body seemed well acquainted with his part, and indeed we do not remember having ever attended at the first representation of a great work in which the prompter's office was so nearly a sinecure. This reflects the highest credit on every artist concerned in the performance, and exhibits their reverence for the mighty composer, no less than their ambition to please, and gain favour with the public.

While the general performance was so creditable to all the parties engaged, we have to select for particular notice Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Weiss, who, in their respective parts of Zerlina and Leporello, obtained each a success seldom achieved on the English operatic boards. Miss Louisa Pyne's success was immediate and unequivocal. Her voice is a pure soprano, of a sweet and pleasing, rather than a powerful and brilliant quality. It is slightly veiled, but is, notwithstanding, clear and true. The intonation is invariably correct. Miss Louisa Pyne's method and style are both entitled to praise. She sings with the best possible taste, and evidences both skill and judgment in her vocalization. Her first effort in the duet with Don Giovanni, stamped her at once as an artist of no mean order. She sang with great purity of tone, and infused into those delicious "bye-bits" Mozart has given Zerlina, a sweetness of expression and delicacy of feeling that would have reflected credit on any singer. The "Batti, batti," and the "Vedrai carino," were both rendered with equal sweetness, and freshness of tone, but were perhaps not equally effective from the want of a little more archness and piquancy infused into the acting.

To judge from Miss Louisa Pyne's ease and practised bearing on the stage, we should feel inclined to pronounce her decidedly no novice; yet we are assured she had not previously appeared six times on the dramatic boards. If this be so, the natural talent of the young *debutante* must be something

remarkable, as, through all the deficiencies of her Zerlina in he acting, we espied a purpose and a grace which spoke volumes for the future. Nay, in some of her efforts on Monday night, there was evidenced a simplicity and a *naiveté* that were quite charming. The prevailing defect of Miss Louisa Pyne's acting appears to be a want of sufficient warmth, and a fear of pushing her endeavours into extravagance. Both the "Batti, batti," and the "Vedrai Carino," would have been considerably improved by the addition of a little animation and vivacity, with a slight besprinkling of coquetry. We have no doubt but that the fair vocalist will amend as she becomes more used to the stage, and we look forward to her as being one of the ornaments of the English operatic stage.

A greater success than that achieved by Miss Louisa Pyne could not be desired by her warmest admirers. She was received throughout with every demonstration of applause, and was called for twice during the performance.

Miss Louisa Pyne is rather *petite* in stature; she is neatly moulded in figure, which inclines to *embonpoint*. Her features are lively and intelligent, her hair is light, and she has very small feet. Such reader, are our first impressions, mental and personal, of the fair and youthful *débutante* at the Princess's Theatre.

Mr. Weiss pleased us vastly in Leporello, and, had he refrained from certain voluminous extravagance, would have entitled himself to our unqualified praise. He sang splendidly throughout. In the "Catalogue" song and the grand sestet, more especially, he was admirable, his powerful voice telling with great effect. In the last scene we were much pleased to see Mr. Weiss lay aside his extravagansies, and follow the view Formes takes of Leporello's scene with the ghost, in preference to that indulged in by Lablache and his copyists. His terror, though great, was natural, and he did not evoke a single titter in the house—the best compliment which could be paid to him in the situation. Mr. Weiss has improved in his singing since last season. He seems to *feel* his power now, where formerly he appeared to be groping in the dark: —and this is no small advance.

We expressed an opinion in our last number that Mr. W. Harrison was somewhat incapacitated from the performance of Don Giovanni by voice, manner, and feeling. We had no desire to underrate or deny the acknowledged abilities of the popular tenor by this expression. We meant simply, that the character and the music were unsuited to Mr. W. Harrison—we felt perfectly convinced of it,—and after witnessing the performance a second time, we see no reason to alter our opinions. In the first place, Don Giovanni was written for a barytone, and Mr. Harrison has a tenor voice. It certainly has sometimes happened that tenors have performed the part of Don Giovanni, but then it was either such tenors as Braham and Donzelli, whose middle voices were as powerful as those of any barytone; or else it was a broken down tenor, like Garcia, who, by the force of his transcendent acting, could make multitudinous amends for any vocal deficiency. In the next place, Mr. Harrison has gone out of his way (for the first time, we believe) to sing Italian or German music, the feeling of which is scarcely identical with that of our own music, to which, and to which alone, he has devoted his talents, and in which he has gained his reputation. No one will pretend to deny that there is a different feeling, taste, and skill required in interpreting the very pretty air, whose words (if we recall them right) commence—

"Ill-gifted ring,
Full many a vow,"—

and the loveliest of all serenades, the soul-entrancing "Deh! vieni alla finestra," and that it demands a different course of study and practice altogether, to render them both effective as they might be made. It must not, therefore, be considered unreasonable on our part that we were not deeply impressed with Mr. Harrison's acting and singing in Don Giovanni, a character which, as we said above, is the most difficult to realise in the whole range of the lyric drama. Mr. Harrison's Don Giovanni, if we are to take applause as a criterion, certainly found favour in the eyes or ears of the audience. He was encored frequently, and applauded lastily, and called for at the end with vociferous acclamations.

Heretofore we have found no real fault with Mr. Harrison for his performance of Don Giovanni; for, allowing the character to be out of his line, we did not think it offered grounds for legitimate criticism; but for the liberties, and the very puerile ones, which Mr. Harrison took with Mozart's score, we cannot pronounce reprehension sufficiently strong. For a tenor to show off his falsetto voice and exhibit his high chest notes, more especially when the best parts of his voice may be thus displayed, it is both usual and natural; but to do both at the expence of Mozart is "most tolerable, and not to be endured." In the trio beginning the second act, "Ah! taci ingiusto core," the harmonies were destroyed and the feeling by no means improved by alto displays and ill-judged cadences; nor could we by any tenor stretch of favour be seduced into tolerating the vocal pirouettes in the serenade, which, but for such pirouettes, would have been excellently sung by Mr. Harrison. Indeed, when Mr. Harrison attempted little or nothing, he was most successful. In the "La ci darem" duet, with Miss Louisa Pyne, he sang with almost unexceptionable taste, and the song of Masetto in the second act, when Don Giovanni is disguised as Leporello, was admirable in every respect.

Mr. Allen sang the music of Ottavio with his customary musical feeling and skill. He introduced the generally omitted air, "Dalla tua pace," which he rendered with much expression and taste. The famous "Il mio tesoro," although perhaps taken too slowly, which gave it a sombre cast, was vocalized with neatness and delicacy, and the passages executed forcibly with great facility. A better Ottavio than Mr. Allen could hardly be desired on the English stage.

Of Mrs. Weiss's Elvira, and Madlle. Nau's Donna Anna, we can speak most favourably. The former lady literally took us by surprise by the manner in which she sung the music of Elvira, perhaps the most difficult in the whole opera. To say Mrs. Weiss's singing was all that could be desired, would be saying something too much, but the very fact of her rendering so difficult an air as the "Ah! chi mi dice mai," and the still more difficult "Mi tradi," with even comparative success, speaks largely for the lady's improvement. Mrs. Weiss had at one time one of the finest soprano voices in England. Of late years—at least, since her *début* on the stage—her voice appeared to have lost its quality, its character, and its power. From what we heard on Monday night, we have reason to hope Mrs. Weiss is recovering her vocal powers.

Madlle. Nau's Donna Anna, as might naturally be expected, was deficient in power and intensity; nor did her *Opera Comique* style accord forcibly with the breadth and depth required in the music of *Don Giovanni*. She sang well, however, and was highly effective in the trio in the mask scene, the florid passages of which were rendered with great facility and accuracy.

Mr. Herman—a German importation from the Munich

Theatre—who played the Commandant, has a gruff, powerful, and sometimes *telling* voice, but the quality is not of the most captivating kind. His strong, rough tones were by no means ineffective in the last scene, which, independent of his singing, he went through with great propriety.

Mr. H. Corri, from Covent Garden Theatre (of old), and, we believe, from the Hawkins Street Theatre, Dublin, made his first appearance as Masetto. He has a tolerable voice, and is a brisk actor,—too brisk, perhaps, as he seemed to exert himself exuberantly in every scene. We hope it may occur sometimes to Mr. H. Corri, that there is a slight difference between comic acting and gross caricature. The audiences of the Princess's do not all come from across the water.

The dresses, appointments, and scenery, were excellent, and nothing appeared to have been spared in procuring a complete and perfect *ensemble*.

The utmost enthusiasm prevailed throughout the opera, which, increasing to the end, became a *furore* when the curtain fell, and all the artists appeared.

We have to congratulate the manager on so brilliant an opening night, which we trust may prove but the forerunner of many such successes.

The opera was followed by a very amusing extravaganza, taken from the French, called, *The First Night*, in which Mr. A. Wigan made his appearance, and other actors, of whom we shall have more to say bye and bye. The piece was highly successful, and excited roars of laughter.

Don Giovanni has been performed every night during the week with undiminished success. Miss Louisa Pyne improves and gains on the audience with every performance.

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(*Continued from page 597.*)

LXXIV. There are sacred serpents about Thebes, which do no injury to man. They are small, and have two horns, which grow from the top of the head. When they die they are buried in the temple of Zeus, to which god, it is said, they are sacred.

LXXV. There is a place in Arabia, not far from the city of Buto (*a*). To this place I went to enquire about winged serpents. When I came there I saw the spinal and other bones of serpents in an innumerable quantity. There were many heaps of these spines, larger, smaller, and smaller still. The place in which the bones are scattered is of this kind: there is an entrance from the narrow mountain passes to a large plain, and this plain borders upon the Egyptian plain. It is said, that at the beginning of the spring, winged serpents fly from Arabia into Egypt, but that the birds called ibis, meeting the serpents on their entrance into the latter country, do not let them pass, but kill them. The Arabs say, that it is on account of this service that the ibis is greatly honoured by the Egyptians, and the Egyptians themselves confirm this statement.

LXXVI. The form of the ibis is this: it is extremely black all over, has the legs of a crane, a back extremely curved, and is of the size of a *orex*. This is the form of the black ibis, which fights against the serpents. Of those which have more intercourse with men (for the ibis is of two kinds), the form is as follows: part of the head and all the throat is bald; the plumage is white, except that of the head, the neck, the tip of the wings, and the end of the tail, all of which are extremely black. The thighs and the beak are similar to those in the other kind. The shape of the (flying) serpent is like that of a water-snake. Its wings are not covered with feathers, but are as similar as possible to those of a bat. Let so much suffice with respect to the sacred animals.

LXXVII. Among the Egyptians, those who reside about that part of Egypt which is sown with seed, (*b*) exercise their memory (*c*) more than all the rest of mankind, and are far more wise than any people I have learned to know. Their mode of life is as follows: they take purgative medicines for three successive days in every month, and seek health by means of emetics and lavements, thinking that all the diseases of mankind proceed from the food. Indeed, after the Libyans, the Egyptians are the healthiest of all mankind, on account (to my thinking) of the invariability of the seasons. For it is at the times of change that diseases mostly attack mankind, especially change of season. The Egyptians eat bread, which they make of *olyræ* (spelt), and call the loaves "cyllestis." (*d*) The wine they use is made of barley, for they have no vines in their country (*e*). Of fish they eat some raw, after drying it in the sun, and some pickled with salt (*f*). Of birds they salt and eat raw quails, ducks, and some small birds. All the other kinds of birds and fish which they have, excepting those which are held sacred, they eat roasted and boiled.

LXXVIII. At the feasts held among the rich, when the repast is over, a man carries round in a coffin the likeness of a corpse in wood, most perfectly imitated, both in the carving and painting, and in size a cubit or two cubits long. Showing this to each of the guests, he says: "Look at this, drink and be merry, for you will be such as this when you are dead." This then is their practice at their symposia.

NOTES.

(*a*) This "Buto of the Arabs" is not the Buto previously mentioned.

(*b*) That is to say, the husbandmen, as distinguished from the nomad herdsmen.

(*c*) According to Schweighæuser, Herodotus does not here use memory (*μνήμη*) in its usual sense, but it signifies carefulness in preserving the record of past events.

(*d*) The "cyllestis," according to Casaubin's conjecture, was a sort of long roll.

(*e*) As the ancient Egyptians were really acquainted with grapes and their juice, it is supposed that only the "part sown with seed," or the "corn country," mentioned at the beginning of the section, is here understood.

(*f*) As the Egyptians regarded the sea with abhorrence, as intrinsically evil, it is supposed that fossil salt is here intended.

SONNET.

NO. CCLIV.

"Away with gloomy fancies, and the train
Which dotard Superstition leads along—
A shapeless, orderless, and aimless throng,
Whose senseless gestures deepest wisdom feign;—
Scatter with clear bright glance these visions vain!
When they attack thee, let thy heart be strong,
So shall thy path-way lead thee straight among
Things firm and real, palpable and plain."
Aye, if the road were broad, it might be so;
But to our eyes a thread that pathway seems,
Stretched faintly glist'ning o'er a chasm profound.
From the abyss, strange forms their gaunt arms throw,
And lead us tott'ring to a world of dreams,
Where will and intellect alike are drown'd. N. D.

MR. CATHCART, THE TRAGEDIAN.—This talented gentleman has been engaged by Mr. Charles Kean to perform two leading characters in *Julius Cæsar* and *Henry IV.* before Her Majesty, at the forthcoming theatrical performances at Windsor Castle. Mr. C. is further engaged by Mr. Anderson for the approaching season at Drury Lane.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

The season commenced on Monday night with the *Love Chase*, and three favourite farces. Mrs. Nisbett was the cynosure of the night; she appeared in her own part of Constance.

The theatre has undergone a thorough cleansing; it looks all the better for its well-washed face.

The company, in most respects, is identical with that of last season; in some instances, serious alterations have been made. In one case, a secession has taken place which leaves a vacuum Time himself, with all his patience, will find a difficulty in filling up; need we say we allude to Mrs. Glover's withdrawal from the company. Mrs. Humby has also left for another establishment.

The additions are Mrs. Nisbett, Mrs. Warner, Miss Jane Mordaunt, and Macready *pro tem.*

The *Love Chase* on Monday night was admirably acted throughout. Mrs. Nisbett's Constance is a jewel of a piece of acting, obnoxious to criticism, certainly, but so hearty, so buoyant, so whimsical, so pouting, so life-like, and so touching, that did it contain a thousand major faults, instead of a few minor blemishes, we should still venerate it as a real performance, and forego all animadversion.

Mrs. Nisbett was received on her entrance in the most enthusiastic manner. Cheer after cheer deafening the silent, if there were any in the house, followed in rapid succession. She looked as lovely as ever, and her smile acted like sunshine on the audience—it dazzled all eyes. We shall not say more of her performance than that it was instinct with all those stirring and peculiar beauties which marked and individualized her former efforts.

Mr. Webster's Wildrake is certainly one of his best pieces of acting. It is rough, homely, hearty, and quick, the very realization of the poet's intention.

Mrs. W. Clifford played the Widow Green, Mrs. Glover's original part, for the first time, with eminent success. There is, perhaps, no living actress besides Mrs. W. Clifford, who could attempt a great part of Mrs. Glover's and not be swamped in the doing; but Mrs. W. Clifford bore herself stiffly up, and, as one deeply cognizant of the ordeal through which she was about to pass, determined not to fail—nor did she fail. In pomposity of appearance, and grandiloquence of verbosity, Mrs. W. Clifford has no equal on the stage, and this style, to a certain degree, suits the character of the vain-glorious and weak widow. The last scene was admirably acted, and excited roars of laughter.

Tilbury's Sir William Fondlove was not so despicable, but again he fell back into his old "senile system," making every old man he plays ninety-two. Sir William Fondlove is sixty-two, and boasts of his straight back and firm muscles: nor is there any reason why at sixty-two his back should not be straight, nor his muscles firm. But Mr. Tilbury has to play an old man:—enough; he straightway opens his legs wide apart, puts on a snow-white wig, and borrows the ague. So much for theatric old men—according to Mr. Tilbury's notion.

Miss Jane Mordaunt made her first appearance as Lydia. She is ladylike and easy, and is not deficient in energy and feeling. She was most favourably received.

The other characters were well sustained. Mr. Stuart's Trueworth was excellent, and Mr. Howe's Master Waller wanted nothing but a little more quietude and gentlemanly ease.

On Tuesday, *London Assurance* was given, Mrs. Nisbett, Keeley, and Brindal playing their original parts—Lady Gay Spanker, Mr. Spanker, and Cool; and Mr. Webster, Mr. Buckstone, and Mr. James Wallack assuming the parts of Sir Harcourt Courtly, Mark Meddle, and Charles Courtly, respectively, for the first time.

The performance could hardly be otherwise than excellent with such a cast; but it suffered considerably from some of the actors not knowing their parts sufficiently well. No doubt it will go better next time.

On Wednesday, *Much Ado about Nothing* introduced Mr. James Wallack as Benedick, Mrs. Nisbett as Beatrice, Miss Jane Mordaunt as Hero, Mr. Keeley as Dogberry, and Mr. Buckstone as Verges. This was a most delightful treat, and was, moreover, very nearly a complete performance at all points.

On Thursday, the *Love Chase* was repeated, and to-night the *Taming of the Shrew* will be revived for Mrs. Nisbett and Mr. Webster.

On Monday Macready makes his first appearance as Macbeth.

LYCEUM.

The season commenced on Monday night with Mr. Morton's drama, the *Sentinel*; Mr. Planché's farce, the *Garrick Fever*; and the *Follies of a Night*. The first two pieces are transportations from the Olympic under the management of Madame Vestris to the Lyceum. The *Follies of a Night* was first produced at Drury Lane during Macready's reign; it is capitally adapted for exhibiting Madame Vestris's talents. Both Mr. Charles Matthews and Madame Vestris were received with great enthusiasm.

Mr. Oxberry from the Princess's and the Olympic, and Mrs. Humby from the Haymarket, have joined the company, which in other respects remains the same as last year.

The house was respectably and crowdedly attended.

SADLER'S WELLS.

On Monday evening *Othello* was given here, and introduced us to a new Desdemona, in the person of Miss Aldridge, another provincial performer of some note. The lady is young, and gave decided indications of ability, the best of which was her first petition to her husband in favour of Cassio, which was delivered with a *naïveté* and playfulness that received a just tribute of applause. But her performance on the whole wanted repose. She must not forget that she is the gentle lady married to the Moor; neither was her energy altogether free from rant. We speak plainly, because the young *débutante* shewed latent talent, which we should regret to see turned from its legitimate purpose by bad habits. Miss Aldridge's action was graceful and appropriate as far as she would allow us to judge of it, for one of her hands was constantly employed in holding up her dress, which was of such unconscionabe length as to put her in manifest danger of falling at every step she took. When a little time and study have rid her of the provincialisms we have named, she may, we should hope, look forward to a successful career. The stage certainly at present possesses few performances superior to Mr. Phelps's Othello, many of the strokes are admirable. The theatre was crowded to excess.

The revival of *Antony and Cleopatra* is postponed *sine die*, the uniform fullness of the houses precluding the necessity of further novelty for the present.

On Wednesday the *Tempest* was repeated, with Miss T Bassano as Miranda. With some of the timidity natural to her youth and inexperience, there was a truth and delicacy in her reading which more than compensated for all deficiencies and she looked charmingly as Prospero's daughter. G.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Verily, unless there be a change, and that speedily, in matters musical in this (falsely) so-called musical town or city, we may throw away our pen. "Othello's occupation's gone!" There is something anomalous in the state of music here. Some few years ago we had no less than four choral societies, all fairly supported at the time; gradually, one by one, they have gone out, until at last the falling off in the number of subscribers to the last and best of them, "The Hargreaves Choral Society," is so great, that the committee are, with very great reluctance, compelled to suspend the concerts for the ensuing season. We subjoin a copy of the resolution as sent round to the subscribers:—

"That it appears to this committee, from the number of withdrawals from the society, and consequent large diminution of income, the general state of music in Manchester, and the increasing difficulty of obtaining suitable accommodation for the holding of the concerts, that they will be unable to continue the concerts in a style to secure the satisfaction of the subscribers, and in accordance, at the same time, with the principal object of the society's foundation—'the practising of sacred music with an instrumental band:'—That the concerts be therefore suspended, with the intention of resuming them whenever such a course shall appear expedient."

"That the executors of Mr. Hargreaves be requested to take charge of the music and other property of the society, and keep the same, along with the Hargreaves Library, and other property held under the Hargreaves' bequest, and to defray the rent, insurance, and other attendant charges; and further, to restore the same to the committee, and again to afford their own valuable co-operation, upon due application for that purpose.—[The executors have kindly acceded to the request set forth in this resolution.]"

"That a sub-committee, consisting of the chairman, vice-chairman, treasurer, conductor, and secretary, be appointed, to settle all claims upon the society, and to attend to the necessary details."

"That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be sent to each of the subscribers."

"That the most grateful thanks of the committee and the society at large are due to John Owen and John Waddington, Esquires, the executors of Mr. Hargreaves, for their courteous and valuable co-operation, at all times, with the committee, and for their liberal encouragement, during the last eight years, of the cultivation of sacred choral music in Manchester."

Why is this? and how is this? your musical readers will very naturally ask. It is more difficult to answer the inquiry. It is certainly a great discredit to Manchester that so excellent a society should be in such a position, and it will be a lasting disgrace to the town if a choral society, second to none in the provinces, and in its public performances (making allowance for the difference in numerical force) equal to any in the metropolis itself, should be allowed to sink into desuetude for want of support. A few stirring and energetic individuals might cause a fitting hall to be erected in which to hold the society's concerts. Here is one great obstacle to success, which has existed since the society's commencement. Once established in a building suitable in every way for the purpose, and we cannot but think that the Hargreaves Choral Society might soon be in a similar position to the "Gentlemen's Concerts at the concert-hall—that is, in our opinion. It would always have the full complement of subscribers, with a list of candidates for admission when there was a vacancy. The question next arises, where are the funds to come from to erect such a hall? It is our belief that if judiciously set about it might be made a safe investment for any parties having money to lay out at interest: that is, by choosing a central situation for a chief or front entrance, covering the front or expensive land with shops, offices, or warehouses, as may be most profitable, and leaving the bulk of the building behind, with ingress and egress as well at the back and the sides. If we recollect rightly, Exeter Hall is something on this plan, by which is saved all expense of exterior architecture, as at the Birmingham Hall, or the newly-erected splendid Philharmonic Hall at Liverpool. Many hints and suggestions have been thrown out in our local newspapers to the committee, but all liable to some serious objection—the chief difficulty, after all, is means: how are the requisite means to be supplied? We say, by a permanent body of some six to seven hundred and fifty subscribers. If such a number cannot be kept together in the Free Trade Hall, would there not be a greater probability of their permanence in a suitable hall erected for the purpose?

By the way, the Free Trade Hall, after being occupied for some weeks by Franconi's equestrian *troupe* as a circus, was last week engaged by "The Hungarian Vocalists," who must have sustained a nightly loss, there seldom being audience sufficient to pay for the room. Their performance deserved better support; we never listened to finer chorus singing from ten male vocalists; some of the effects they gave to "Lützow Wild Hunt," were quite new to us, and the echo was beautifully given. The German National Hymn, by Speyer, was also very fine, and (like Lützow) was encored; a Mr. Scates varied the entertainment by some clever solos on the concertina, but the empty hall was enough to throw a chill on the cleverest performance. The cheap "Concerts for the People" have opened for the season at the Free Trade Hall, and the Saturday evening concerts at the Mechanics' Institution; and we trust both will go on and prosper. At the same time we do hope something may be done *soon* to cause the Hargreaves Concerts to be renewed, else we fear the present subscribers, who are now anxious to continue their subscriptions and for the concert to go on, may be difficult to reunite another year for such an object.

Macready is here this week, playing a round of his best characters as a farewell visit; the theatre was crammed on Saturday, the first night, and his reception must have been highly gratifying to him. Mr. Knowles will this week recover something towards his serious losses by Italian opera.

MACREADY AT MANCHESTER.

(From the Manchester Examiner and Times.)

The opening night of the Theatre Royal, on Saturday last, will be one worthy of a place in the dramatic annals of Manchester, being the first of a short series of performances which are to be the concluding scenes, among us, of the greatest of living actors. The play selected for the occasion was *Macbeth*, in which Mr. Macready displayed the various passions of the weak and wicked hero with all his wonted power. His entrance on the heath was the signal for applause the most deafening and enthusiastic, peal after peal, and cheer after cheer, following each other, until it appeared as though both lungs and hands must be wearied of their boisterous, but hearty occupation. The subtle anatomy of the human mind; the fine development of those hidden mysteries which prompts to guilt only to abandon, leaving the spirit prostrate when strength is most required,—the agony of crime,—the weariness of suf-

fering,—the spirit sinking under the gilded, but blood-smeared, trappings,—and last, the terrific energy of despair, were all pourtrayed with an artistic mastery such as we are permitted to enjoy at lengthened intervals only. Mr. Graham was the Macduff of the evening, and met also with a hearty welcome from many who remembered him during his former engagement at this theatre; he displayed much judgment throughout his performance, particularly in the celebrated scene where he receives the news from Ross of the murder of his wife and children; nor should we omit to notice the sensible delivery of these lines by the gentleman to whom they were entrusted—a Mr. Clifford, his first appearance here. The character is too frequently given to an incompetent, and the fine scene thereby destroyed. A clearer enunciation, on the part of Mr. Graham, would raise him very considerably in the vocation he has chosen, and for which he possesses so many natural gifts. When true poetry has to be uttered, we cannot afford to lose a word, more particularly when the cause is that of a false style of elocution. Banquo was respectably played by a Mr. H. Cooke, his first appearance; and Hecate by a Mr. Val. Roberts, who took pains with the music, and exhibited a fair barytone voice. Of those who assisted him, we had better say little,—we have rarely heard the chorus sung so badly, and never anticipated hearing it so sung in Manchester in these days of musical advancement. The Lady Macbeth of Mrs Weston was a very pains-taking performance: she was well received by the audience, and in her sleep-walking scene showed very considerable talent. She possesses discretion, and thereby rarely exaggerates a part, however tempting the opportunity may be. By the way, we cannot agree with those who would set aside the visible presence of the ghost in this romantic tragedy. Were we to have such an introduction in a play of modern times, there would be ground of complaint; but Banquo's appearance is in harmony with the tradition of the time, as well as with the superstition of the people. That stage managers are incompetent is no argument against the consistency of such appearance; and that it may become powerfully effective Mr. Macready proved, when Drury Lane Theatre was under his direction,—a circumstance which makes the mismanagement of Saturday the more surprising, though that was an improvement upon the usual theatrical blundering.

The farce of the *Rendezvous* followed, in which we were introduced to several new faces. Quake, by Mr. W. H. Stephens, did not possess much humour; but it was played with judgment, and we thought there was something about it very like good promise in a part of more importance. Mr. J. Wood made Simon broad enough certainly, and brought down the laughter of the gods: but there was a vast amount of extravagance, and very little of that quiet, consistent humour, which would have been still more telling with the judicious part of his audience. He began the part with one dialect, and ended it with another. However, in a piece of such boisterous absurdity, much may be forgiven which, in more sterling comedy, we might hope to see amended; and, certainly, there were a few very racy touches in the performance. Mr. H. Beverley was clever, as he generally is, in parts like that of Smart; and Mr. Clifford again appeared to advantage in Charles. We must see Miss Lacy and Miss Soane again before we can give judgment; but of Miss Anderton (who met with a cordial welcome from her Manchester friends) there can be but one opinion. Her acting of the unsophisticated Sophia was a genuine piece of comedy, and received the applause it so well deserved.

The tragedy of *Othello* on Monday evening introduced Mr. Macready as Iago to a Manchester audience for the first time. The performance was one of astonishing intensity and power. In this, as in the other of his Shakesperian delineations, Mr. Macready stands unrivalled among our actors of the present day. His address to Roderigo, "Follow the wars,—put money in thy purse," was a masterly touch of genius, and the whole manner and bearing of the part a study of rare originality. Last night he appeared as Werner. The house was again densely crowded, and the incidents of this terrible play followed by all present with intense interest; nothing could be grander than the conception of Werner by this great artist: his performance was a masterpiece, harrowing in the extreme, a picture to live in the memory of all who had the feeling and faculty to appreciate its truth. His last interview with his son, when the latter retorts upon him the excuse for his own guilty act in the early scene of his misfortune, "There are crimes which circumstance makes venial," was amongst the finest displays of histrionic power, even of the palmiest days of the English stage; whilst it was finely sustained by the artistic manner of "the last scene of all," when, dying in the arms of the attendant, he drops with his face to the earth, and there in death still carries out the prostrate and broken spirit of the living.

A Miss Agnes Kemble appeared in the two plays last referred to; in the former we saw too little to warrant a correct judgment. In *Werner*, she had so small a share as to give scarcely the opportunity for observation. She is tall, with the Kemble features, and a good voice, but apparently new to the stage, if we may infer from her want of grace in action and carriage. We cannot help speaking favourably of Mr. W. H. Stephens, in the part of the old intendant of the castle. It was played in excellent taste. The Gabor, too, of Mr. H. Cooke was a dashing and energetic effort; but Mr. G. Vining's Ulric was a very inefficient attempt, and amid the rising interest of the play, immediately before the discovery to his father of the murderer, his shortcoming greatly interfered with the real intention of the author. The audience, as well as the father, should have been kept in ignorance of the guilty one, but Mr. Vining, by his expression of feature, anticipated the denouement, and thereby destroyed much of its fine effect. To-night, it will be seen, Mr. Macready plays King John, on Thursday Richelieu, on Friday Lear,—in our opinion the greatest of his many great achievements,—and on Saturday he bids farewell to his Manchester friends in the part of Hamlet. Let us hope that he will be met on each of these occasions with similar enthusiasm, and a crowd of admirers equal to that which has already greeted him on each appearance during his present engagement.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

No concert that has been given in Liverpool, for many years past, with the exception, perhaps, of Jenny Lind's first appearance, has excited so great a sensation, and given such general and unmixed satisfaction, as the last annual concert of Miss Whitnall, which took place on Monday evening last, at the Amphitheatre. This vast edifice was filled to the ceiling by one of the largest and most respectable audiences ever contained in it: the élite of the town and vicinity, the officers of the garrison, and even royalty itself were present to do homage to one of the most delightful singers that ever charmed the ear of the fickle public. Other circumstances, which are well-known in relation to Madame Sontag's re-appearance on

the stage, were doubtless as attractive as her vocal powers; and the only regret connected with the concert is, that the greatest portion of the receipts will not fall to the share of the enterprising *beneficiaire*, but will be pocketed by Mr. Lumley. This is a painful fact, respecting which we spoke a few words a week or two ago;—if our native professionals wish to make a gain of their "Grand Concerts," they must, in a body, refuse to submit to the preposterous demands of the metropolitan managers, music-sellers, *et hoc genus omne*. The other artistes engaged were the two Lablaches, Signori Calzolari, Belletti, and M. Thalberg, Mr. J. Robinson being the conductor. On Madame Sontag presenting herself, the applause, which lasted for several minutes, was most vociferous, being perfectly enthusiastic for a Liverpool audience, the greater part of whom only knew of the vocalist's powers by report. Her first effort was the beautiful cavatina from *Linda*, "O luce di quest' anima." We have heard this favourite *morceau* sung by dozens of vocalists, but we never heard it interpreted with more grace, delicacy of feeling, and purity of tone. The *fiorituri* were not very elaborate, but of the most chaste and perfect description. Madame Sontag's voice is a *pure* soprano, not quite so powerful or of so great compass as Jenny Lind's or Persiani's, but far surpassing the former in pure evenness of tone and liquid facility and the latter in intonation. She does not rouse the listener by outbursts of dramatic fervour, like Garcia and Grisi, nor does she dissolve you in liquid blissfulness like Alboni, but she holds you enchanted by a fairy-like delicious sweetness, to which is added a facility of execution which has been aptly designated as bird-like. Her *sotto voce*, which seems attenuated to the veriest whisper, creeps as it were, all over the house, like the soft tones of the Œolian harp. She was encored in everything she sang, and repeated each piece with the utmost willingness and grace. In fact, as regards quantity in her singing at concerts, she far surpasses most *prima donnas* as much as she does in quality. Her next effort was a bolero by Dessauer, "Ouvrez," which she dashed off with great effect: as a composition it had nothing to recommend it. Great anxiety was evinced to hear her sing "Home, sweet home," which she did with a pathetic effect, joined to a depth of feeling and purity of voice that is indescribable. Every word was pronounced with unerring distinctness, and the whole performance sensibly affected the audience, who encored it rapturously. Rode's air and variations was a perfect contrast to this; the air is first sung slowly, and afterwards embellished with *fiorituri* of the most elaborate and beautiful description, executed with the greatest possible ease and fluency—rivalling the best efforts of Richardson on the flute; all the charms and beauties of her voice were displayed to the greatest possible advantage in this difficult display of vocal facility, the arpeggio variation at the termination being perfectly unaccountable. As may be guessed, this effort excited a perfect *furore*, and was encored amidst thunders of applause from the delighted audience. She also sang in the prayer from *Mosè*, the duet with Miss Whitnall, "Sull' aria," and "God save the Queen," which the audience insisted upon having at the conclusion of the concert. This ended Sontag's first appearance in Liverpool, which will long be remembered with pleasure by the audience and herself. Her reception throughout the evening surpassed that of any singer we ever heard in Liverpool.

Signor Calzolari also made his *début* in Liverpool on this occasion. He is one of Mr. Lumley's new tenors, and has been highly eulogised by M. Fétis, the great Belgian critic—for what we are at a loss to discover. His voice is hard, as he sings principally from the head, and possesses a peculiarly disagreeable tone, indescribable by language: he is also totally deficient in fervour and dramatic feeling, but in this respect he will doubtless improve by practice. He sang the divine air, "Il mio tesoro," and a barcarole by Donizetti, with but average effect, though he displayed considerable facility of execution, for which he is more particularly remarkable. Lablache, père, created the usual roars of laughter in the "Non più andrai," "Miei rampolli," and Cimarosa's duet, with his son, interspersed, as usual, with "bits" of English and French. Much as we admire this great vocalist, we should much like to hear something new from him, more particularly of a serious cast. A singer of his wonderful powers ought to do something more than make an audience grin.

Belletti, who is a very pleasing singer, was totally unequal to give the "Piff paff" due effect. It is too dramatic for the concert-room and demands the voice and powers of a Lablache or a Marini to please the listener and do justice to the composer. He was much more effective in a dashing song of Ricci's, "Sulla poppa," one of the most pleasing Italian buffo songs we have heard, and which reminded us much of a Spanish melody sung by Madame Lozano. Belletti dashed it off with great abandon, and was deservedly encored. Talking of encores, we never heard so many at a concert as there was on this occasion; it became at last a perfect nuisance, and ought to be put down by the sensible portion of the audience, who wish to hear all the music and reach home at a reasonable hour.

Thalberg's splendid performances on the pianoforte are too well known to call for detailed criticism, and evinced the same dexterity, purity of tone, and fineness of touch for which he is famous, gaining encores in both his pieces, an unusual honour for a pianiste; for the first he substituted "Come è gentil," and for the latter selections from *Masaniello*, both of which were perfect in their way and loudly applauded.

Miss Whitnall was received most enthusiastically on her first appearance, and never sang better: her first song was "O Erin my country," which was sweetly and pathetically sung and deservedly encored, as was also the popular "Sandy and Jenny," into which she infused more spirit than usual. The whole concert in fact went off with the greatest possible *éclat*; everybody was greatly pleased, and we hope that Miss Whitnall will on this occasion be repaid for her praiseworthy attempt to give her patrons and the public a musical treat of so unexampled and expensive a character.

Mr. Copeland, nothing daunted by the loss resulting from the engagement of Alboni and party, has engaged an efficient English operatic corps, who commence their engagement to-morrow evening. The artistes are Sims Reeves, Miss Lucombe, Mr. Whitworth; conductor, Mr. Lavenu. The operas to be performed are *Lucia*, *Sonnambula*, *Puritani*, and *Ernani*, the two latter of which are quite new here in an English dress. As Sims Reeves is so well known here, numbers will doubtless go to judge for themselves if the eulogistic critiques of yourselves and your metropolitan contemporaries are worthy of credence; for to tell the truth, as regards his vocal capabilities, he does not stand so very high here; what he may do in opera remains to be seen. Miss Lucombe is a perfect stranger, and will, it is to be hoped, make a hit, though it is doubtful if she will efface the memory of Miss Anne Romer's late operatic triumphs here with Howard Glover's company. But you shall hear "a full, true, and particular" account next week. The Hungarian vocalists have been singing during the week at the Concert Hall, with more than average success. A local paper says of them very justly, "We should say these singers are superior to the general run

of professional vocalists, inasmuch as they have the appearance of being educated men. They have the Hungarian features strongly marked, and are good specimens of that race of people. The suavity of these people is very remarkable, as is evidenced by the cheerfulness with which they comply with any demand for an encore. Altogether, we should say, a more agreeable evening could not be spent than in listening to the Hungarian vocalists, independently of the claim they have upon English feelings in their recent struggles for national liberty."

A new and very promising society, called the Welsh Choral Society, who have given several very successful concerts, intend coming out strong this winter, to the great delight, no doubt, of the many Welshmen resident here.

I hear that Sontag and Formes are engaged for the next Philharmonic Concert. J. H. N.

Wednesday, Oct. 3, 1849.

MUSIC AT CHELMSFORD.

THE Concert given at the Institute of this town on Monday last, by Mr. Land, with the assistance of the Misses Pyne and Mr. Frank Bodda, proved a rich musical treat to those who were fortunate enough to be present, and from whom we doubt not much disappointment will be felt by many who were absent. The programme gleaned from the most delightful compositions of our favourite glee writers, Lord Mornington, Sir H. Bishop, Horsley, and Cooke, interspersed with some sweet songs and ballads, was executed without a failure, and it is difficult to select any one portion as more worthy of notice than another. We must, however, make mention of the soothing melody, "Peaceful Slumbering," the harmony of which is most exquisite, and the taste with which was given by the four voices induced a rapturous encore. "Hark! 'tis the Indian drum," and "Here in cool grot," were also redemanded. Auber's duet, "The Brigands," by the Misses Pyne, was a masterly performance, and by its boldness of style, gave the great effect to Mr. Land's admirable Scotch ballad, "The Lass o' Gourie," which followed, and drew forth great applause. Mr. Bodda's power of voice, and facile execution, was evidenced in that old favourite duet of Barnett's, "The Singing Lesson," and Rossini's "Largo al factotum," whilst his depth and value of tone imparted the finest effect to the concerted music. Mr. Land's talent as an accompanyist (in addition to his vocal acquirements) are too well known, from his frequent public appearances with the lamented Wilson, to need notice here; and in closing our remarks, we think we may fairly state that, as a whole, a Concert affording more entire satisfaction has not been heard in Cheltenham within our recollection.—*Cheltenham Chronicle.*

MUSIC AT FOLKESTONE.

THE first vocal and instrumental morning concert that has ever been given in Folkestone, took place on Wednesday, the 19th ult., to the entire satisfaction of the highly respectable auditory who attended our Town-hall on the occasion. It is to Mr. Thomas Goodban, our highly esteemed resident professor, that we owe this gratification. The vocalists (from London) were Miss Rafter, late of the Princess's Theatre, her brother, Mr. Rafter, recently of Drury-lane and the Princess's, and Mr. William Ball. The instrumentalists were the Messrs. C., H., and T. Goodban, having with them the assistance of that admirable violinist, Mr. Henry Blagrove, who had just returned from his leadership at the Hereford festival. This distinguished performer, who unites the finest skill with the most charming ease of manner, opened the selection, in conjunction with Messrs. H. and C. Goodban, with Beethoven's grand trio for the violin, violoncello, and pianoforte, the execution of which was marked by a consummate finish, and afforded a capital earnest of the treat provided in the rest of the programme. Mr. Blagrove's other performances were his own solo on "Tu vedrai," the concertante duet with Mr. C. Goodban (on subjects from *La Sonnambula*), and the violin obbligato accompaniment to "Somaq cielo," sung by Miss Rafter. This accomplished young lady received throughout the concert the most hearty and unqualified applause. Her voice is of extensive range, and combines flexibility with strength and sweetness. Her scientific treatment of Pacini's elaborate aria was of the first character, and thoroughly felt and appreciated by her admiring audience. Miss Rafter also sang "Natali" (a Bohemian melody,) and joined her brother in Donizetti's "Tornami a dir," and Wade's favourite duet, "I've wandered in dreams," eliciting for each the highest approbation. Mr. Rafter's voice and manner of rendering his duets and songs, Italian and English, left nothing to be desired; and of Mr. Ball's comic contributions ("Capt. Ross," and "I remember,") we may not omit to say that they were both heartily encored. Mr. H. Goodban's masterly performance of a solo (by Eranchamme) on the violoncello, formed a delightful portion of the selection. Mr. C. Goodban gave an extract from the "Leider ohne Worte," of Mendelssohn, and a "Valse" of Osborne's on the pianoforte, with infinite cleverness, legerity, and grace. Mr. T. Goodban himself conducted throughout, with the talent and correctness of an excellent musician; and the concert, without the slightest disarrangement, was brought to a close at about half-past four.

MUSIC AT BURY ST. EDMONDS.

ON Sunday evening last, a sermon was preached in Paul's Church, Bury, by the Rev. John Walker, B.A., incumbent, on occasion of the death of Mr. James Openshaw, of Walker Terrace, violoncello player, and formerly organist of St. John's, Bury, who died of cholera, on the 19th September last, aged 49. The rev. gentleman took for his text the Job xix., v. 25, 26, and delivered a very impressive discourse to the most crowded congregation ever assembled at Bury. The deceased in his lifetime was an ardent admirer as well as professor of music. A selection of sacred music was also performed by upwards of sixty performers from the neighbouring choirs, including Miss Parry, Miss Chapman, and Mrs. Waddington, of Manchester; Miss Poker, of Heywood; Mrs. Leeming, of Bury; also Messrs. Scholfield, Brooks, and Sheldrick, of Manchester and Prestwich. The following is the programme:—

Voluntary on the Organ:—Hymn 77. French, C. M. *MS.*—Magnificat (chanted), *Morley.*—Nunc Dimittis (chanted), *Dr. Croft.*—*In the Anthem's place*:—Psalm lxvii., "O God, thou art my God." *Purcell.*—*Before the Sermon*:—Song, Miss Parry, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," *Handel.*—Chorus, "But thanks to God," *Handel.*—*Before the Blessing*:—Hymn 80, Solo and chorus, *M. Luther.*—Chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb," *Handel.*—*Conclusion*:—Chorus, "Hallelujah!" *Handel.*

The choruses were sung with that energy and precision for which Lancashire is famous. Miss Parry sang Handel's song of "I know that my Redeemer liveth" very sweetly. The service concluded about nine o'clock in the evening.

LOVE IN HER BOWER.

LINES FOR MUSIC.

O, my ladye love sits in her lonely bow'r,
And she looks from the latice o'er moor and fell;
She heeds not the tempest—she recks not the hour,
Tho' shadows fall round and the night-winds swell.
My steed is an Arab of lineage high—
As fleet as the lightning that courses above—
There is pride in his hoof, there is fire in his eye,
As he bears me home to my ladye-love.

My serfs carouse by the gay hearth's blaze;
The wine-cups flash on the groaning board,
The wolf-dogs howl to the minstrels' lays,
And eye the porch for their absent lord.
But wassail, nor revel, nor vassals' loud cheer,
Nor music below, nor banners above,
May warrant me greeting half so dear
As one sweet smile from my ladye-love.

"Come hither, come hither, my liegemen all
Hear ye his courser with hoof of might?
Fire, fire the red beacon—man turret and wall—
I see his glad plume thro' the shades of night."
What waves from the battlements high in the air?
What gleams like the moon over mountain and grove?
It is the bright scarf of my ladye-fair—
It is the white hand of my ladye-love.

F. M.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE "BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR."

'Tis now some years since Sir Walter Scott wrote his beautiful novel, the *Bride of Lammermoor*, and some years since Donizetti produced his opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, founded thereon. Each has had its own share of popularity during its period, and is likely to keep its place amongst the standard works of our first poets and musicians, far beyond the age of its production.

The drama itself involves an historical fact, although Sir Walter has suppressed the real name of the parties implicated, and adopted that of Ashton instead, for reasons specified in his introductory chapter.

In the composition of the novel he has, as might be expected, adorned the tale much after his own fancy, by drawing largely upon the legendary lore and superstitions of the times. The incident, as related by the bard, may be briefly summed up thus:—The estates of Lord Allen Ravenwood seceded from him, partly by the ruthlessness of the revolution, partly by his own negligence, but mostly by the stratagem of a wily old lawyer, Sir William Ashton, who taking advantage of the equivocal state of affairs, succeeds in getting possession of the estates, and of ejecting the rightful owner. In vain does Lord Ravenswood wage war in the courts with his antagonist, who was at the time in favour with the popular party. Defeated and disgraced, he falls a victim by sudden passion to a frenzied death, and even his funeral obsequies are interrupted by the emissaries of his usurper. Sir William is not however to be couched upon a bed of down in his new possession. Lord Ravenswood has left an only son, Edgar, a bold, daring youth, of noble spirit and fiery temper, who thus thrown upon the world imbued with wrongs done to his family and himself, vows to Heaven he will not rest until he has avenged them. He manages to hold unmolested possession of an old tower on the estate, called Wolf's Crag; his attendants are Caleb Balderstone, an old butler of the family, and Mysie, a female domestic; and his only source of livelihood is on the contributions of the villagers around, which are regularly levied as may be required by Caleb, and readily granted for the honour and respect to the house of Ravenswood. Edgar feeds more upon revenge than the scanty fare provided within the ruined walls of Wolf's Crag, for Caleb has a conscience for the inhabitants of Wolf's Hope as well as a pride for the noble inmate of Wolf's Crag. The one he would not willingly trouble too often with his visits; the other he would sooner die than let it be supposed his poverty compelled them. The pride of this foolish old faithful servant, who had the fidelity of the dog towards his master, was ever coining excuses to stray visitors sometimes found within the precincts of the tottering old edifice, for the lack of provision and accommodation he had to offer them. His invention, to keep up appearances in all emergencies, was as fertile as it was ridiculous, and wanting in veracity. If "No, to say its our best dwelling," Caleb would add, "but for its antiquity maist folk think that the outside of Wolf's Crag is worthy of a large perusal." If grooms are scarce and stables bare—"A' gaes wraing when the maister's out;" but Caleb will look to the cattle himself. If there be no brood hen at the tower to kill, "wad ye have but five or ten minutes, or, at maist, a quarter of an hour's patience?" this would be Caleb's respite for concocting some ingenious plan to evade the difficulty, or to furnish some fair tale to be served up with fat poultry said to be ready for the spit, but which turns out to be a thrice-sacked mutton ham; "and for eating," quoth Caleb, "what signifies telling a lie? the nearer the bone the sweeter the meat; and if he wadna just presume to recommend the ale, the maut was ill made, or the thunner had spoil'd it, and siccan water as the tower well ye'll seldom see." According to Caleb's representation, Wolf's Crag was the land of plenty, whereas poverty stalked about in every nook of their dreary dwelling.

Nevertheless 'twas here—yes! in these dilapidated apartments, that the secret spring of this eventful drama was first set in motion.

'Twas in Wolf's Crag the depths of two fond hearts were sounded and made known.

'Twas here, by accident, that a noble, high-born youth, in the midst of his dire misfortunes, was entranced by the soft, and feminine graces of a gentle and beautiful maiden, and his sterner passions subdued. 'Twas at Wolf's Crag that the sweet-tempered Lucy Ashton touched the heart of Edgar Ravenswood, and taught him well nigh to forget the family feud which existed between himself and her father, so as to induce him to visit the home of his childhood simply as a guest—the mansion of the Ravenswoods—which he still called his own, and of which he had been deprived by the man who now insultingly proffered him an invitation to accept its hospitality. What an insult to such a mind as Ravenswood's! But art and beauty took away its sting, and left a new impression there.

The accident which brought Sir William Ashton and his daughter to Wolf's Crag was a thunder-storm, that suddenly overtook them at a hunting party, where Ravenswood was present, and Edgar himself conducted them to the old fortress for shelter. The mutual recognition did not take place until they arrived there, when Edgar announced himself Master of Ravenswood! for although Sir William had seen Edgar on one occasion before this interview, it did not recal his features to his memory. Sir William, however, naught abashed at the announcement, and with the coolness and natural plausibility of his character and profession, made the moment his own. He succeeded in softening the hostile feelings of young Ravenswood, and lastly invited him to the mansion, which he

had much beautified, and which he told him was fast going to decay in the time of his father. He moreover told him, in skilfully-chosen terms, that had the estates remained in the possession of Lord Allan Ravenswood, his father, they would have descended to him a disgrace to the family and house of Ravenswood, with nothing but the empty titles remaining.

The presence of the fair Lucy contributed in no small degree to arrest the attention of the youthful Edgar, and Sir William was too keen an observer to let such an adventure pass unprofitably.

The person and character of this sweet girl are thus drawn by the novelist:—"Lucy Ashton's exquisitely beautiful, yet somewhat girlish features, were formed to express peace of mind, serenity, and indifference to the tinsel of worldly pleasure. Her locks, which were of shadowy gold, circled on a brow of exquisite whiteness, like a gleam of pallid sunshine upon a hill of snow. The expression of the countenance was in the last degree gentle, soft, timid, and feminine; and seemed rather to shrink from the most casual look of a stranger than to court his admiration. Something there was of a madonna cast, perhaps the result of delicate health, and residence in a family, where the disposition of the inmates were fiercer, more active, and energetic than her own. Yet her passiveness of disposition was by no means owing to an indifferent and unfeeling mind. Left to the impulse of her own taste and feelings, Lucy Ashton was peculiarly accessible to those of a romantic cast. Her secret delight was in the old legendary tales of ardent devotion, and unalterable affection, checquered as they so often are with strange adventures and supernatural horrors. This was her fairy realm, and here she erected her aerial palaces. But it was only in secret that she laboured at this delusive, though delightful architecture. In her retired chamber, or in the woodland bower, which she had chosen as her own, and called after her name, she was in fancy distributing the prizes at the tournament, or raining down influence from her eyes on the valiant combatants; or, she was wandering in the wilderness with Una under the escort of the generous lion: or she was identifying herself with the simple, yet noble-minded Miranda in the isle of wonder and enchantment. But in her exterior relations to things of this world, Lucy willingly received the ruling impulse from those around her. The alternative was, in general too indifferent to her to render resistance desirable, and she willingly found a motive for decision in the opinion of her friends, which, perhaps she might have sought for in vain in her own choice."

But to return to the interview at Wolf's Crag, which was not, however, their first, but second meeting: for Edgar had recently been instrumental in delivering Lucy and her father from the attack of an infuriated bull in the forest, by the skilful aim of a shot which struck the animal in the spine, and produced instant death.

The fright lay Lucy senseless on the ground, and Edgar their unknown deliverer was charged to watch and lead her while Sir William run to procure further assistance. Edgar raises Lucy from the ground, and luckilessly carries her to a neighbouring fountain, which according to the superstitions recorded of it was a fatal spot consecrated by many a legendary tale of woe. On the brink rested Lucy until consciousness returned, when at the sight of a stranger unaccompanied by her father, she became greatly agitated. But upon being apprised of his safety she was more composed. Sir William at length arrives in company with several assistants, and rejoins his daughter, to their mutual joy. Sir William immediately offers compensation to Edgar for his generous and noble conduct; but the latter refuses the proffered return, and informs him that he is the Master of Ravenswood, and then takes a hasty and haughty leave of the party. Startled with surprise at this information, Sir William's mind is filled with fears for the evil that might follow, should the Master of Ravenswood cherish his latent hope of avenging the family loss, for Edgar was not left destitute of faithful adherents; neither lacked he the courage to rally them around his banner at any convenient time that might offer to crush his oppressor; and of that Sir William was fully aware. He sent the forester that had accompanied him to call Edgar back, but received a stern refusal, as well as a message which left Sir William to reflections that impressed him with anything but agreeable ideas. To Lucy, who knew little of the family disputes, the noble bearing of Edgar, coupled with the knowledge of his having saved her life, was ever in her thoughts. He became her idol and enchantment. Her romantic mind revelled in the idea until it united itself with her very being, enchained her heart indissolubly, and spread its fervid charms over her whole earthly existence: and at the second interview, before mentioned, her attachment received that impulse which time could never change: while the visit of Ravenswood to the mansion brought the lovers to that sweet intercourse which ended in so true a union of hearts and solemn promises.

In this way events might have progressed favourably, had not Lady Ashton, proud and most inflexible woman, stepped in to embitter them. She had other views for her daughter; and to her must be attributed the exception of all the direful consequences that ensued. Lady Ashton was, in all practical rules, Sir William's better half. She ruled her household as it were with a rod of iron, and Sir William most of any. Her will was law on all subjects and occasions in which she thought proper to interest herself. Her dauntless spirit feared not the enmity of Ravenswood; nor did she consult the wishes of her daughter, so that the plan which Sir William had laid to cement the interest of Edgar to Lucy's, and ultimately to his own, was boldly and deliberately over-ruled by this stern and haughty woman. The tale is now soon told. It happened that Edgar was called away on business to France—that on this event all communication was cut off with the lovers by the interception of their letters—that falsehood was substituted for truth, and wafted to the ears of each by the tongue of slander—that the mother was resolved to marry her daughter to one certain Buckland, a country squire—that Lucy resisted it while the last forlorn hope remained—that she was helpless in her situation—that by unremitting authority being exercised, she at last consented to sign the contract in favour of Buckland—that Edgar returned on Lucy's wedding-day, and that Lucy died mad the same night. After this, Edgar was lost in the Kelpie's flow in going to fight a duel with Henry Ashton; thus fulfilling the prophecy recorded of him; and ending a strife, which, if not so fatal in its results, too often mars the peace of "hearts and homes."

"The family of Ashton did not long survive these events. Lady Ashton was the last survivor of the group of unhappy persons whose misfortunes were owing to her implacability. She lived to the verge of extreme old age. That she might internally feel compunction, and reconcile herself with heaven we will not, and we dare not deny; but to those around her, she did not evince the slightest symptoms, either of repentance or remorse. In all external appearances she bore the same bold, haughty, unbending character which she had displayed before these unhappy events. A splendid marble monument records her name, titles, and virtues, while her victims remain undistinguished by tomb or epitaph."

E. C.

CONCERTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

(From the Manchester Guardian.)

The interest taken in these concerts by large masses of the people was fully evidenced on Monday evening, when, on the occasion of the first of the second series, an audience of between two and three thousand people collected within the walls of the Free-trade Hall. This, too, in spite of the crowded state of the Theatre Royal, and many other attractions presented the same evening. The room looked brilliant and cheerful, each favourite was received with warm applause, and the encores were numerous and enthusiastic. Mr. D. W. Banks again took his post as conductor, and lost no opportunity of rendering effective the many beauties of composition presented in the programmes. There were glees, choruses, ballads, with instrumentation of organ and piano; the composers from whom these many choice things had been selected being Mendelssohn, Bishop, T. Cooke, Calcott, Haydn, Shield, &c. Music of this character must tend eventually to elevate the taste of those who are made familiar with it by regular visits to these musical gatherings; and in elevating the taste, do we not advance a step towards the elevation of the mental and moral character of the people? We should think few present on Monday, watching the eager and delighted faces of the multitude, would feel disposed to deny the powerful influence of this character of recreation among a class were it is perhaps the most required. Mrs. Sunderland, who has been engaged as principal soprano, gave sufficient proof of the value of her services. Her voice is one of rare we may add of pure, *English* quality, her execution brilliant, and in good taste, and throughout she sang with an earnestness of feeling which seemed to be inspired by the animated and interesting scene. She was loudly encored in Balfe's song, "Woman's heart," as well as in Haydn's canzonet, "My mother bids me bind my hair," but her services being required in another piece immediately following, she substituted that, which met also with a similar compliment. Mrs. Winterbottom is another acquisition of importance; her rich deep tones gave a charming expression to the pretty ballad of "Little Nell," which seemed to touch to tears many of those who are sometimes styled "the horney-handed," and the encore was loud and general. Mrs. Thomas was absent from indisposition, but her place was taken by Miss Parry in Tom Cooke's beautiful glee, "A knight there came," and the music sung by her with a nice feeling, and greatly to the satisfaction of the audience. Mr. James Isherwood sung with his usual good taste Shield's ballad, "The heaving of the lead;" there is no provincial singer, within our knowledge, who delivers his words with so clear an enunciation, or with an expression so truthful. His glee singing, like that of his father, is the perfection of that nice art, where individual prominence requires to be sacrificed to the general blending and harmony of the whole. We had frequent occasion, during the evening, to notice the fresh young voice of a rising tenor, Mr. Slater, who, let us hope, may be sufficiently industrious to take, not long hence, a prominent position in this character of music. The tenor voice is greatly wanted in Manchester, and there is a fine field open for any one possessing a good organ, with taste and a sufficient love of his profession to prompt to steady practice, under judicious guidance. The chorus has been strengthened, and exhibited a volume of tone and a firmness and correctness of reading highly creditable as well to themselves as to the able conductor. The only drawback to the completeness of the evening was the singing of a new tenor, his first appearance in Manchester. A repetition of this mistake will no doubt be avoided, and merit nearer home meet with such encouragement as it may deserve. Indeed, this ought to be one of the leading features of such a gathering together of local talent. The concert wound up with a humorous song by Mr. Pigot, who met the usual compliment of an enthusiastic encore.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

AMATEUR *v.* PROFESSIONAL SINGERS IN CATHEDRALS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—In the *Illustrated Times* of Saturday last, I read, that the chapter of Hereford have advertised for five clergymen to undertake the duties of vicars-choral in that cathedral, to supersede, I presume, the singing men, or lay vicars. Some of these, perhaps, have been there from an early age—have gone through a regular musical education. Doubtless, much time and expense has been devoted for that special pupose, with the hopes and prospect (if their voices do not break) of being appointed when there might be a vacancy, to the office of lay vicars. By their daily practice also singing at oratorios, sacred concerts, &c., they are competent, at a very short notice, to perform sacred melody, and, as a matter of course, in their proper sphere, are nowise dauntless or abashed. What may be the motive of the chapter to part with these valuable, and I may assert, indispensable members of a choir, I will not now pretend to enter into. But, I would fain ask, how far is any gentleman, in holy orders, qualified to undertake their places? A good singer, and a bold singer, is not the work of a day, nor a year; neither could any clergyman, in my humble opinion, ever sing in a cathedral, in the style and manner Machin did, at the Abbey, on Sunday afternoon last. The power, beauty, and tone of his magnificent voice, could never have been heard to greater advantage or effect, than in that sublime anthem from Job v. verse 8; and many who were there will coincide with me. Again, some few weeks back, I was at St. Paul's Cathedral, Mr Lockey sung a solo, in the anthem from Psalms civ., "Thou spreadest out the Heavens like a curtain." The boldness, harmony, and expression he displayed on that occasion, my pen cannot do justice to. I never shall forget the beautiful manner in which he sung. I have repeatedly heard him, but in this instance I was indeed surprised.

Now, do you think it possible for any reverend gentleman even to attempt to sing in the manner and style of these celebrated men, or would it be in unison for a minister of the Gospel, even if he were blessed with superior vocal powers, to display them as Mr. Lockey did, which was strictly appropriate as a professional man, but decidedly inconsistent in any divine; were the intentions of the chapter of Hereford to be adopted by other choirs, it would be an act of gross injustice. There would be no inducement for any parent to endeavour to get his son into a choir, with the idea, at some future day, of his being lay vicar; he would be there only as a chorister for a few years, unless his voice broke, when he would be dismissed; and if clergymen are in future to be also as singing men,—lay vicars,—there is no reasonable prospect or inducement to let a youth follow a profession for a few years to be debarred any permanent advantage ultimately. Let any impartial person visit the cathedral or the abbey on Sundays—notice the great assemblage of persons,—many of the humbler classes,—the good order, attention and decorum observed—what is the principal fascination to many?—the beautiful singing and intoning of the service. We are getting a musical nation, despite of illnatured critics, who allege we think of nothing but worldly gain; but only take away from those sacred buildings such talented men as Messrs. Lockey, Francis, Shotridge, Buckland, and Bailey from the cathedral, or Messrs. Machin, Hobbs, Gray, Bradbury, Benson, and Baruby from the abbey, you would experience very little difficulty in obtaining either a stall or a seat there on a Sunday, which, at this time, is crowded to excess.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
CIVIS.

Westminster, 17th September, 1849.

[We are sorry that the publication of this letter should have been delayed; it would have appeared the the week after it was sent, but was mislaid with some other papers.—ED.]

MUSICAL ENIGMA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Hush, sir, is your "nut" cracked for you; but as, in its own nature, it is quite hard enough for any mortal jaws, it is rather unfair to increase that callousness by errors in the numbers given to form the various words.

In the very first, ('Agicola,' the name of three well known *musicians*,) by doubling the No. 2, you would produce rather an uncommon orthography. In the second, ('A moll,' the *German* for a minor,) the No. 5 instead of 8, considerably embarrasses the unfortunate Œdipeus who is groping in the dark for your hidden meaning. The 3rd, 'Allegri,' immortalized by his *Miserere*, is correct; which is more than can be affirmed of the next. 'Allegro' is the same as Schnell, but your giving 4 instead of 8, makes it *Alligro*. After this, there is a considerable space without error. 'Amoroso demands feeling;' 'Ancora is the meed of a good singer;' 'Animuccia wrote masses for Neri;' 'Arion saved his life by music;' while 'Arne supported his by it;' 'Asor was a kind of harp,' (a piece of information that was quite new to me;) then 'Cæcilia was the reputed inventor of the organ;' but not of the *oagan*, which your No. 6 would lead us to suppose. A 'Canon may be apertus, firmus, enigmaticus, perpetuus, or finitus;' and 'Cechi was a celebrated singer;' but '*Chansong*, intended for the French of song,' certainly only exists in *your* orthographical dictionary. Your 'Choral may be probably sung in church;' and we all know that 'Cimarosa succeeded to Salieri, and that he, as well as Rossini and Himmel, composed an opera called *Semiramis*. 'Corelli was termed the musical Archangelo;' and 'Echo is a repercussion of sound.' The brothers 'Eichorn possess much musical talent;' and 'Gagliano was one of the founders of modern dramatic music.' But now, surely the "rare gift of *genius*" is required to make out that word from the numbers you have allotted to it. That the 'Gigue' is an absolute dance we may all rejoice at, as well as in the talent of the German named Glaser. Frederic the Great exhibited good taste in his admiration of "Graun;" 'Grace,' alas! is not to be found in all melodies; but what is *Grâce?* so you have spelt it. 'Grosheim,' 'Hasse, il caro Sassone,' 'Horn,' 'Hummel,' 'Lunner,' 'Leo,' 'Lolo,' have all their due honours: but surely the next great singer should be named 'Mara,' not *Mare*. 'Marcello' too, we know composed fifty exquisite psalms, but I never heard of *Mercello*. After that, 'Marencio,' 'Marseillaise,' 'Minnim,' (though of this last I doubt your meaning), 'Miserere,' 'Moscheles and Hummel,' 'Mueller,' Muses, the patroness of music,' 'Naegeli,' 'Nemma,' 'Organ,' 'Rameau,' 'Reicha,' 'Resonance,' 'Rosalie,' 'Rossini,' 'Rosseau,' 'Hanssachs,' 'Salomon,' 'Schilling,' 'Shillings,' all appear without error; but the following 'Schumann,' the talented husband of the gifted Clara Wieck, would certainly not recognize his name as it would stand in your orthography. All the remainder, from 'Seccamara,' with 'Sessi,' 'Musical Enigma,' and 'Musical Glasses,' inclusive, are correct, and appropriately wound up by the 'Laugh,' which is to crown the labour of, Mr. Editor.

A MUSICAL ENIGMA HERO.

P.S. Since writing the above, I have discovered that, by the omission of a figure, the very first name is wrong, as it should be 'Agricola.'

Bath, Oct, 1849.

THE LATE MR. ROOKE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Perhaps your correspondent "Harmonicus" is not aware that when it was made known that Mr. Rooke had left a widow and a numerous family wholly unprovided for, the musical profession entered into a subscription, and got up a concert for their benefit. Mr. Cooke's widow was left in very excellent circumstances.

J. P.

MUSICAL COMPOSITION.

The composer who draws his materials from his instrument, is little else than a child of distress; or, at all events, is on the highway to poverty of spirit, and its inseperable companions, vulgarity and commonplace. Even his hands, and fingers, which by eternal hammering and practising assume, at last, a kind of independency and will of their own—even these become the ignorant tyrants and task-masters of the creative faculties

They invent nothing new; nay, what is worse, they are ever ready to war whatever is not old. Cunning and roguish, like true handicraftsmen, they patch up, from musty antiquated materials, forms of tone that have almost the look of new figures; and these, as they have something taking in their sound, bribe the ear, which sits as judge in the first instance, and secure a favourable reception.

How very differently does he create, whose inward ear is the judge of what is created, and which, in the very act of its invention, is submitted to the ordeal of criticism. This mental ear has a wonderful tact in receiving the forms of tone, and assigning to them their relative value. Herein lies that divine secret, which is known only to the initiated, and remains incomprehensible to the many.

An ear like this hears whole periods, nay, entire pieces at once. It passes over little occasional lacunæ and irregularities, content to leave them to be filled up in some happier moment; and afterwards, as time and opportunity serve, will review the whole in its parts, and not refuse to abbreviate and retouch, where maturer judgment shall point out.

An ear like this delights to *see* some finished whole; a form of tone with that individuality of features, which, if but once seen by the eye of a stranger, will be recognised again. This is what it desires, and not a mere *lay-figure*, a thing of shreds and patches. If the mind has conceived such an image, it must be content to let it go its time; for good things will have their due season of maturity; it must be fed with proper nourishment, and be feared with care.—*Carl von Weber.*

LOLA MONTES IN BOULOGNE.

LATE on the evening of the 10th or 11th ultimo, a lady, accompanied only by a large black Newfoundland dog, arrived at the Hotel de Londres, from the Folkstone packet; and, having summoned Madame Boutoir, the proprietress of that well-arranged establishment, to her presence, she informed her that she had been recommended to her hotel, and meant to take up her abode there until the arrival of her husband, saying at the same time that the name she went by was Mrs. Trafford, to whom her letters would be addressed, but that ere long she should know who she really was. The clever hostess made no further inquiries; and the lady, who was joined next packet by her *fille de chambre*, continued to walk about the town and call at the post without observation or remark. In the course of her morning rambles, she called at Duchocois', the jeweller's shop in the Grand Rue, with a superb ring—a royal (*quere* Bavarian) crown in brilliants—to be repaired, leaving her name and address as above. The words "Graffinn von Landsfeldt" were afterwards discovered engraved on the inner part of the setting; and on the same day a letter addressed to the Countess of Landsfeldt was brought by the postman to the Hotel de Londres, but refused by Madame Boutoir, who could not recognise under that name the lady with the dog. In the course of that day it was whispered that Lola Montes was in Boulogne; and the lady in the grey dress and mantilla of the same colour and texture, with bonnet trimmed with orange (not orange flowers), protected by the large Newfoundland dog, became at once an object of attention; and it was then and only then observed that her eyes were of a peculiar size and lustre, and that the pale cheeks and *svelte* figure may lately have been all beauty and

symmetry. On the evening of the 16th, a youthful gentleman, with downy light moustache and *nez retrousse*, apparently not out of his teens, came from London, and claimed the lady with the dog as his wife, giving his name as Mr. Heald; since then there has been no disguise, and the lady and the youth may be seen almost daily inhaling the sea-breeze on the "Porte," or enjoying rural excursions in the environs; the former riding a donkey, seated on a *Peau de Mouton*, while the latter devotedly leads the passive animal, they being now known as Lola Montes and Mr. Heald. We understand that Mr. J. A. Jones, the sculptor, is now at Boulogne modelling a bust of this singular personage.—*Correspondent of the Dublin Evening Packet.*

THEY'RE AT IT AGAIN.

Our nerves have recently undergone a violent galvanic shock by the announcement of two new songs with the following titles—"*Of what are you thinking?*" and "*I'm thinking now of thee.*" We do not wonder at the song writers beginning to ask each other what they can possibly be thinking of, for it is a question that common sense has long been anxious to find an answer for. We shall expect in a few days to see the music publishers announcing at the usual price of 2*s.*, "*What are you up to?*" which is quite as sentimental as "*Of what are you thinking?*" and we may anticipate an immediate reply to "*What are you up to?*" in the form of a poetical exclamation of "*Oh! now I'm up to snuff!*" The combination of the familiar with the poetical is becoming so frequent that we may look for a string of interrogatories being set to music one of these days, and a bill in Chancery arranged as a ballad in 6-eight time, to be followed in due course by the answer drawn by an equity draughtsman, and treated as a composing draft by one of the many composers who are always on the alert to furnish an echo to the ideas of others.—*Punch.*

MUSICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 40 letters.

My 24, 17, 34, 33, 9, is the composer of 35, 4, 11, 38, 6, 32, 33, 21, 31, 36.

My 34, 24, 7, 2, is celebrated for his 22, 17, 23, 17, 33, 13.

My 33, 9, 5, 18, 30, is a renowned violinist.

My 13, 29, 39, 4, 17, 13, 18, is a favourite composer of dance music.

My 16, 33, 23, 19, 32, 4, 8, is a splendid oratorio.

My 26, 39, 32, 13, 32; 4, 31, 34, 15, 25, 32; and 18, 15, 25, 40, 24, 27, are great 7, 4, 25, 14, 18, 40, 39, 32, 7, 32.

My 1, 33, 30, 14, 10, 29, 9, 33, 22, 22, 37, is a charming singer.

My 19, 24, 21, 21, 4, 7, 33, is famed for his 35, 4, 39, 32, 40, 38, 25, 18.

My 9, 12, 18, 13, 32, 5, 32, is a celebrated composer.

My 29, 3, 4, 21, 34, 33, 39, 26, is the king of pianoforte players.

My 7, 24, 24, 37, 20, 31, 24, 39, 32, is a pleasing tenor, who lately made his *début*.

My 1, 17, 21, 21, 32, 33, 6, is a popular conductor.

My 34, 2, 29, 29, 33, 11, 32, 6, 32, plays on the 7, 36, 25, 30, 39, 38, 34, 24, 18, 18, 2.

All musicians, professional and amateur, join in the praise of 7, 20, 18, 14, 38.

My 35, 4, 9, 32, 28, is a celebrated tenor.

My 16, 17, 18, 32, 7, of 19, 33, 34, 33, 9, pleases all.

My 21, 24, 18, 15, 5, 4, 16, 34, 17, 31, 38, is a beautiful opera by 34, 33, 21, 21, 32, 6, 32.

My 3, 4, 9, 16, 20, 25, 32, 28, 17, 18, my 33, 5, 7, 8, 38, 25, 40, 32, 25, 27, and my 11, 17, 34, 21, 32, 35, 33, are epithets of my whole, the composer of 22, 32, 23, 24, 39, 12. E. M. B.

MODULATION.

THE frequent use of abrupt and surprising modulation, has, for half a century past, been a besetting sin of ambitious composers; but in the present day, the rage for this species of writing, and also for chromatic harmonies and accompaniments, has infected the style and composition to a remarkable degree. This practice has undoubtedly been resorted to by the best masters, but only on fit occasions, and even then sparingly. It has likewise been decried by the best theoretical writers. M. Schneider, in his chapter on modulation, p. 44, has the following sensible remark on the subject. "Upon the whole, however, it is impossible to establish defined and invariable rules in this respect (modulation), and the judicious artist will feel of his own accord, that he ought only to resort to extraordinary means, in cases where he wishes to produce great and extraordinary effects; and further," he adds, "it will be of use, in this respect, to examine the classic works of good masters."

It may be learnt from the works of the best masters, that the charm of modulation does not consist in passing abruptly to non-related or extraneous keys, but in making occasional excursions into the relative keys. This is the system, says Reicha, which was followed by the most celebrated composers, from the days of Palestrina to Sebastian Bach; and to which, unfortunately, so little attention is given in our times.

But this would be spurned by the young and ambitious composer of the present day. What! cramp his genius by confining it to so contracted a circle of modulation as the tonic and its five relative keys afford!—and yet there are seven hundred and twenty ways in which the order of these keys may be varied—thus affording ample room for the composer's imagination to range, without the risk of mystifying himself and his hearers. FINLAY DUN.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. MACREADY will commence the first of his series of farewell performances, at the Haymarket, on Monday. He will appear in *Macbeth*. Among the characters he intends to personate, will be comprised Iago, the performance of which we have always considered one of his greatest efforts. Mr. Macready has lately played Iago in Manchester with immense effect.

MR. HENRY NICHOLLS has been delivering a series of Shaksperian readings at Blagrove's Rooms, Mortimer Street.

BANVARD'S PANORAMA OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—This magnificent painting will remain but for a very short period on view in Liverpool. We would, therefore, earnestly recommend all who have not seen this unequalled panorama, to avail themselves of the present opportunity, and at once see this truthful and splendid representation of the great father of waters. On Wednesday afternoon, we understand, about 250 boys, and 150 girls, from the Blue Coat Hospital, were admitted gratuitously by Mr. Banvard to view his great work of art, and that he has it in contemplation to invite the children of some of the other public institutions to view the panorama before it leaves town. The children of the Blue Coat Hospital, whose neatness and propriety of conduct during the exhibition attracted much attention, seemed much delighted with the treat thus kindly afforded them.—*Liverpool Mail.*

FINE ARTS IN CORK AND DUBLIN.—It is a curious fact, that fifty-two subscribers have been obtained in Cork to Winterhalter's picture of the royal family, although the picture was only exhibited here for three weeks; while not more than seventy subscribers could be found in Dublin, although it was exhibited in that city for three months, and the Earl and Countess of Clarendon were at the head of the list. Have we more taste or greater loyalty in Cork than there is in Dublin? Three proof engravings of the artist to whom the picture is entrusted for execution were sold here for fifteen guineas.—*Cork Examiner.*

MACCLESFIELD.—SERIOUS ACCIDENT AT THE THEATRE.—On Saturday evening, the 22nd ult., Mr. Acraman and Mr. Calhaem were going through a desperate fight, introduced in the second act of the *Forest Foundling*, when, by accident, the former stabbed the latter in the face with a dagger, inflicting a wound which, for some time, was considered serious.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—There was a grand concert at the Sussex Hotel Assembly Room on Wednesday, which was attended by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent and suite, as well as by all the rank and fashion of the place and neighbourhood. There was an extraordinary combination of talent, consisting of Madame Sontag, Signor Lablache, F. Lablache, Calzolari, and Bellini, with Thalberg as pianist. It was the most brilliant affair of the season, and the reception of the several distinguished artistes was most enthusiastic and flattering.

LIVERPOOL.—MR. LOVER'S ENTERTAINMENT.—Sam Lover' is as notorious a character as Sam Weller, and quite as amusing, though a little more highly polished. He has this week been giving, with his usual success, his celebrated and justly popular "Irish Evenings." They literally overflow with Irish wit and humour, and as in these eventful times nothing is more beneficial for body and mind than a hearty laugh, we advise all who would enjoy a good side-shaking to spend an evening—an Irish Evening—with Mr. Samuel Lover. He appears to night to his old friends and admirers—the frequenters of Saturday Evening Concerts.—*Liverpool Mail.*

THE AMPHITHEATRE.—The success which attended the recent engagement of Mrs. Fitzwilliam and Mr. Buckstone has induced the manager again to bring them before the public at this theatre for a limited number of nights. Their drollery is inimitable, and the auditories, which are respectable, are almost convulsed with laughter. Miss Fielding has also gained many admirers in the pathetic; and Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. H. Chester, being less boisterous than heretofore, are more natural in their declamation, and of consequence are much improved. Both these gentlemen have many high qualifications for their profession, if they would get rid of some of their faults. The style in which the pieces have lately been produced at this theatre is beyond all praise. There has also been some pretty dancing by Mademoiselle Deulin, and Gribbin's military band has attracted much attention.—*Liverpool Mail.*

FOLKESTONE.—HARVEIAN LITERARY INSTITUTION LECTURE ROOM.—On Friday week Mr. John Parry, for the first time gave his popular entertainment, "The Lights and Shadows of Life." He was received by a crowded and fashionable audience with enthusiasm, such as is seldom witnessed. The lecture-room was for the first time lighted with gas.

MANCHESTER.—We have much pleasure in directing attention to the programme of lectures and musical entertainments issued by the directors of the Athenæum for the ensuing quarter. Our musical favourites, John Parry and Henry Phillips, are not the least of the attractions here offered for the patronage of the Manchester public. The new number of the *Athenæum Gazette*, containing much interesting matter, will, it appears, be distributed gratuitously to the members on Thursday morning.—*Manchester Examiner.*

THE POPE ON THE STAGE.—A good deal of conversation has been excited by the production of a piece at the theatre of the Porte St. Martin, bearing the ambitious title of *Rome*. The hero of the piece is no less a personage than the Pope himself—the actual present living Pope, Pius IX. His Holiness having in his younger days served as an officer in the Russian campaign, contrived, like a romantic young officer, to fall in love, was disappointed, and then, renouncing the world, entered the Church, rose to be Pope, threw the world, with the best intentions, into flame, and had to fly. All which circumstances are boldly woven into a play.

MUSIC IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.—Instrumental music, during the reign of Elizabeth, made but small progress towards that state of perfection which it has since attained. The lute and virginal were the only instruments for which any tolerable music seems to have been expressly composed. The violin was then hardly known by the English; and therefore that superior power of expressing almost all that a human voice can produce, except the articulation of words, seemed at that time so utterly impossible, that it was not considered a gentleman's instrument, or worthy of being admitted into good company. Viols of various sizes with six strings, and fretted like the guitar, began indeed to be employed in chamber concerts; for when the performance was public, these instruments were too feeble for the obtuse organs of our Gothic ancestors; and the wretched state of our regal music in the time of Henry the Eighth, 1530, may be gathered from the accounts given in Hall's and Hollinshed's Chronicles, of a masque at Cardinal Wolsey's palace, at Whitehall, where the King was entertained with a concert of drums and fifes! But this was soft music, compared with that of his heroic daughter Elizabeth, who, according to Henzner, used to be regaled during dinner, with twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums, which, together with fifes, cornets and side drums, made the hall ring for half an hour together!—*Burgh's Anecdotes of Music.*

THE TWO NOBLE PORTESSES.—Lady Margaret and Lady Anne Lindsay were attached to each other through life by unusually warm feelings of sisterly affection. Of Lady Margaret's personal charms and mental accomplishments, the recorded admiration of her contemporaries, and many beautiful poems, original or translated from the German, are surviving proofs. "Beauty and grace," says Lady Anne, "formed her figure; feminine mildness and dignity her manners. Her conversation was as gay as it was enlightened, and had often so much of the brilliance of harmless wit in it, that nothing could have saved her from the envy which pursues it, but the softness of her manner, which so blunted, or rather veiled its point, that the listener went away, charmed with her as a beautiful woman, without having found out that her capacity was even superior to her beauty. Her eyes were dark blue, and, though small, were full of animation, when she smiled, though softness was their character; but it was the eyelids which gave to them that singular expression of beatitude which involuntarily suggested the word "angel" to the gazer on whom those mild rays fell. Her hair was auburn, inclining to red, her nose Greek, approaching to acquiline; her mouth might be supposed a little too wide, but it was surrounded with smiles which shewed a set of teeth so pure and fine, that it was impossible to have wished the house smaller that lodged such tenants. Her general form and stature had the fulness in it of youth's first bloom, while her skin and complexion had all its lustre and delicacy; but the turn of her face and throat—it was Grecian beauty's own self! Never have I heard any voice in singing so melodious; it had that perfect affinity with her appearance which lent and borrowed from it additional charms; it possessed that natural *affettuoso* which often surprised tears from the listener he knew not why. Her understanding and abilities were of the first class, although disregarded and almost unknown to herself. She possessed that which I have rarely met with in women, that clearness of thought and facility of expression which involuntarily led her to give back the idea she had received so embellished and improved, that its author, like Dr. Brocklesby, was 'astonished at his own success.' Often have I found the advantage of this, when, as Sir Sheriff Cross said, 'I could not see the wood for trees,' while Margaret saw not a twig more or less than she ought. Languages were easy to her, and she could argue on any subject which occurred naturally, with a discrimination and justice rarely to be met with. I knew not how she acquired knowledge,—our old library, in which we had leave to 'cruise through the sea of books without pilot or rudder,' and which was next our bed-chamber, afforded the same musty volumes to both sisters; but the owls hooted away all the philosophers taught me, while Margaret's memory retained everything. It was in acquirement only her natural indolence was laid aside; in everything else it appeared as if she left me, her elder sister, whom she loved and looked up to, to think, feel, and act for her. Along with these varied accomplishments, let me not omit to add her perfect benevolence, her tenderness for the sufferings of others, her patience in bearing with their infirmities, her purity of principle and natural piety, deep and calm. It was her only imperfection, that nature had given her a sensibility so acute to ridicule or blame, that it was difficult to find words so tender as not to hurt her feelings or alarm her pride—she needed my cheerful careless view of things, the hope and hilarity of my self-content, to reassure her respecting herself.

"With such a figure for a partner, with such a friend to my heart, I entered life; nor is that tie dissolved, nor is that form escaped to its sky—all remains unimpaired, except by the ravages of the cruel scythe, which mows down every flower and every charm, to make us think of that spot where they will fade no more."—*Lives of the Lindsays.*

Signor de Begnis Insulted.—A correspondent of the *Message Bird*, New York paper, says:—"One afternoon the signor stepped into my office, and said, 'I go to one grand parlie to-night—one beautiful lady—very fine, in ze fourteen streets.' Next morning he made his appearance rather earlier than usual, with almost a thunder-cloud on his brow. I saluted him—'Well, signor, why do you look so cross this morning?' 'Cross, you say, by gar, cannot I so look as I please?' 'Well, I guess that the pretty lady must have given you the mitten last night.' 'Ze mitten, what is he? what you call ze mitten?' 'Why you must have had a quarrel with your beautiful lady.' 'Yes, by gar, vat you tink'—punching me in the ribs with his finger. 'I go to ze parlie, I see ze lady—oh, beautiful lady—she sit down by me and talk about ze opera, very fine lady—talk about Donizetti. I say, 'Madame, I have teach Donizetti—I have tare his manuscript in his face, and make him write him one, two, three times—I have make him sing for him his first composition, when I was the manager.' Madame say,' Signor de Begnis, you play piano?' 'Yes, madame.' I play for madame. I sing, 'J'ai de l'argent;' madame very much pleased,—oh, very fine lady—she talk with me once more. 'Signor,' you know the opera, *Il Barbiere de Siviglia?*' '*Il Barbiere?* madame, Rossini had writ him for me—I ait ze *Barbiare*; wiz me ze *Barbiere* has been born. Madame ask me to play guitar; I play for Madame—so beautiful lady I could not refuse. By gar, what you tink she ask me next? What you tink?' at the same time shaking me by the shoulder as if to rouse my thinking faculties. 'She say, 'Signor de Begnis, you play accordion? I never so insult—I get up—I leave ze house—I never go there once more!' With this he paced up and down the office at a most furious rate, almost frothing at the mouth at the indignity offered him."

English Glees.—In our madrigals, catches, and glees, especially in the latter, we possess the richest stores of vocal harmony in the world. The glee is peculiarly English. There may be a few specimens of foreign imitation, but they are little cared for in their own countries, and nowhere are they of any worth. Here, on the contrary, we count our glees of first-rate merit by hundreds, and regard them with heart-felt admiration. Almost all our great composers have written glees; and many, of excellent knowledge and original genius, have won enduring fame by writing glees alone. A glee in its original sense was justly described by Doctor Burney as being "a song of three or more parts, upon a gay or merry subject, in which all the voices begin and end together, singing the same words." But the glee was found capable of expressing other moods of feeling besides mirth and gaiety, and so its sphere came to be extended so far as to include the expression of well-nigh every leading sensation and passion of the brain and heart of man. We have now accordingly glees in every strain, from the sublime and pathetic to the social and jocose. And exquisite they are as pieces of *vocal* harmony, whatever may be the character of tone they assume, and the class of feelings they evoke.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Tonbridge Concert.—The Harmonic Society gave a miscellaneous concert on Thursday night week, in the Odd Fellows' Hall. Miss Shaw and Mrs. Peace, from Yorkshire, were engaged on the occasion, and gave great satisfaction. Combined with their talent was that of Messrs. James Sutcliffe, John Chadwick, Thomas Greenwood, and R. Lord. The pieces selected were from the best authors, and were performed in good style. The society is rising in the estimation of the public, and bids fair to be one of the first of its class. The audience was both numerous and respectable. Mr. Charles Greenwood presided at the pianoforte, and was loudly encored in the performance of a fantasia.

Music in a Coal Pit.—On Wednesday last, a party of eleven gentlemen, by permission of the Messrs. Crouse, agents to Mr. Rylands, manufacturer, descended a new coal pit, now being sunk under the superintendence of Mr. Houghton, and on a scaffold lowered about 100 yards from the surface, sang a selection of Anthems and Psalms, accompanied by Mr. Wyseall on the violin, and Mr. Adams on the violoncello. After spending two pleasant hours, they again safely ascended the shaft, and afterwards adjourned to the Messrs. Crouse, where dinner had been provided for them. —*Wigan Times.*

A New Musical Instrument.—Herr Ferdinand Sommer, professor of music to the Prince of Wurtemberg, has invented a new instrument, which he has named "Euphonia." It is said to possess greater power and deeper tones than the "Ophicleide." No doubt Jullien, the indefatigable in research, will not allow so huge a novelty to escape his observation, and we may reckon upon having the gratification of hearing the "Ophicleide"-surpassing "Euphonia" at Jullien's Drury Lane Concert.

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No. 41.—Vol. XXIV. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1849. PRICE THREEPENCE. STAMPED FOURPENCE.

EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF CALLIMACHUS.

Thus, oh, thus may'st thou sleep, Conopion, e'en as thou mak'st me,
Pinch'd by the cold; cold night, sadly repose at thy door!
Oh, may thy sleep be no better, thou false one! than this thou bestowest
Now on thy lover!—thou sleep'st, dreaming no pity to him.
Even the neighbours can weep for my lot—thou dream'st not of pity.
Ah, when thy locks become white, they will remind thee of this. J. O.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

These popular entertainments, under the direction of Mr. Stammers, commence operations on the 24th instant. The prospectus has been sent us, but has arrived so late that it is impossible to enter into details. We shall give full particulars in our next. Meanwhile it must suffice to state that the promises held out by the director are various and novel, and far surpass all that has hitherto been effected at the Wednesday Concerts. Thus much, we may add, that Ronconi and Formes will sing at the first concert, and that Mozart's *Il Flauto Magico* will furnish the first operatic selection. Mr. Braham is announced to take his final leave of the public after a series of performances. Further remarks must be deferred until next week.

ARRIVAL OF THE DISTIN FAMILY IN LONDON.

Mr. Distin and his sons have arrived in England, after an absence of twelve months. During their sojourn in America they gave concerts throughout the whole of the Canadas and the United States with signal success. On their passage home, the American Minister, who was in the same boat with them, presented Mr. Distin, sen., with a massive silver snuff-box, which bore the following inscription:—

PRESENTED TO
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BY THE PASSENGERS OF THE STEAM SHIP "EUROPA,"
AS A TOKEN OF THEIR REGARD FOR HIS
CHARACTER AS A MAN AND AN ARTISTE,
WITH THE HOPE THAT HAPPINESS AND HARMONY MAY CONTINUE
TO DWELL IN HIS FAMILY.
VI. OCTOBER, MDCCCXLIX.

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HAYMARKET THEATRE.

MACREADY'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

It is eight years since Macready last appeared at the Haymarket Theatre. That theatre was then in the very zenith of its glory. Poor Power—it was his last year—played every night, and, if we remember rightly, so did Macready. The "eminent tragedian" was receiving from Mr. Webster a salary of £300 per week, and Power £90: that is, the manager, who never stints expense when the public are to be amused, was paying at the rate of £50 a night for one, and £15 for the other. These were indeed the palmy days of the Haymarket, when you might have seen Macready, Anderson, Elton, Phelps, and Helen Faucit, Mrs. Warner, &c., &c., in the first piece; and Power—poor Power! to make use of an Irishism, a "power" in himself—Mrs. Glover, and Farren in the after-piece. We forgot Tilbury—well, never mind: perhaps he was not born then.

During Macready's engagement at that time, which lasted two years, several new pieces were written for him, and several old ones revived. Among the former, were the *Sea Captain*, by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer; *Glencoe*, by Serjeant Talfourd; and others which we cannot call to mind. Among the revivals, the most successful was the *Bridal*, an adaptation from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy*. Macready's Melantius was an exceedingly powerful and striking performance. Mrs. Warner played Aspasia with great effect. It was during this engagement that Macready first played Shylock in the *Merchant of Venice*. His version of the Jew, of Shakspere was so different from all who had attempted it before, that it startled and appalled the conservatives in theatrical affairs, and all such as attached themselves to precedents in matters belonging to the stage, and had no idea of acting beyond what they gleaned from the performance of a favourite. To such as looked keener into Shakspere and nature—or nature and Shakspere, it is no matter which you put first, the terms are synonymous—Macready's Shylock was pronounced a masterpiece of tragic acting, and a performance which, although it failed in realising the intense malignity of the character to the utmost degree, and was not free from faults of execution, was wonderfully true and highly finished. The critics were divided—they never agree, except when *they praise a bad actor*. We have known them to coincide in an extraordinary degree on such occasions. "When they are unanimous, their unanimity is wonderful."

It was much to be lamented that any differences should have arisen between the best of managers and the best of actors. With such difference the public and ourselves have nothing to do, nor do we or they care one jot who is in the right or who is in the wrong. The loss fell on the public at first, and on Macready at last; for the public were deprived of seeing their favourite actor in their favourite theatre; and the actor shortly after was driven—O, horrid compulsion!—to take upon his shoulders the management of Drury Lane, whereby his private resources were "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd," and Macbeth finally impelled to seek the weird sisters of remuneration in the provinces.

Talking of Drury Lane, there is a vague rumour abroad that some theatrical Murat has taken the theatre, and is about to break the solid squares which Lady Fortune has ever presented to the success of any dramatic speculator. We cannot even guess at the gentleman's name; were we acquainted with the imaginative tenants of Hanwell or

Bethlehem asylum, we might venture on a surmise. This Murat of speculation has, according to rumour, engaged Mr. Anderson, Mr. Lyon, Mr. Hicks, Mr. Osbaldiston, and Miss Vincent, for tragedy and comedy; and Miss Romer, Miss Nelson, and Mr. Travers for opera. If this be really true, we fear our Murat will prove a very Quintus Curtius. We would willingly warn this noble Roman, or insane Frenchman of his inevitable ruin; or scare him from becoming a laughing-stock to the whole theatrical world. Is it possible that where Macready failed in reaping success with nearly *all* the first talent of the day, histrionic and lyric, in his company, that Mons. Quintus Curtius will swell his treasury coffers with no talent whatsoever in either line? Of all the mad-bull speculations that have engaged active minds in this most speculative age, that of Mons. Quintus Curtius Murat is the most outrageous. But we digress from the immediate subject before us.

Mr. Macready made his *rentrée*—as we say in our operatic articles, copying the French—on Monday night, in Macbeth, one of his finest and most popular performances. So crowded a house we have not witnessed for years at the Haymarket. Every seat was occupied, and every standing place had a tenant some time before the curtain drew up. The pit and galleries were thronged to inconvenience, and the performance was interrupted several times by playful apostrophes from the excited and over-crowded gods of the upper gallery. On one occasion Mr. Wallack had to come forward and state that they who could find no room might obtain tickets for the next performance. Mr. Wallack's gentle words fell like oil upon the troubled waters of the multitude, and straightway allayed them. No further interruption took place during the evening.

Long before Macready came on a buzz and murmur ran through the theatre, like the low breathing of the winds that precede the hurricane. Every eye was bent in the expected direction of Macbeth's entrance, and curiosity appeared on a stretch awfully painful. At last poor old Duncan came on, and some of the innocents, in both pit and gallery, mistaking Rogers for the hero of the night, raised a terrific shout, which was mingled with screams of laughter from the initiated benches. Wallack next came on—he was recognized, and at once, without any mistake, and was received with great applause.

The first scene with the witches passed off, and the next in Duncan's palace, and then came the scene on the "blasted heath," where the "weird sisters" wind up their charm, and confront Macbeth. We can compare the deportment of the immense crowd at this moment to nothing better than the horses ready to start for the Derby, and only waiting the fall of the flag to leap off in one instantaneous bound. There was the eager eye and ready hand—each individual on the alert to obtain the earliest advantage in the contest. The instant Macready appeared on the scene—nay, ere he had advanced entirely from the side wing—the whole house jumped up to a man, and gave vent to one general shout—

"One universal shriek,
Louder than the loud ocean,"

which, could noise have done so, would have torn the roof off the theatre. We never heard anything more deafening from human lips, and we have witnessed O'Connell's reception at the Corn Law League held at Covent Garden—perhaps the greatest reception of any individual on record. We do not think the applause of Monday night endured so long a time as that accorded to Macready at the Princess's a few years ago, after his return from America; but while it continued, it was far more vehement and general. Indeed, the applause of Monday must have died of its own violence, as no human being, unless he had lungs of brass and gutta-percha muscles, could have kept up such roaring and clapping beyond two or three minutes.

It is not our purpose, nor do we feel now called upon, to enter upon any criticism of Macready's Macbeth, a performance which is so universally known and acknowledged, and which has so repeatedly employed our critical pen on former occasions. Enough, it is one of his greatest, although not one of his grandest, impersonations, and exhibits, in a truly astonishing degree, the variety of his powers and his immense vigour. We have, perhaps, seen Macready play Macbeth in a more complete manner than on Monday night, for he then failed in producing some of his greatest effects. Nothing could surpass the horror of his look in the dagger scene, after the return from the murder, or the manner in which he managed his voice and his whole bearing in this most appalling conflict with nature, the acting of which by Macready we are inclined to set down as among the very greatest achievements of art. But the actor did not wind it up in that transcendent manner we can remember in his previous efforts;—we particularly allude to the delivery of the lines—

"To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.—
[*Knocking heard.*]
Wake Duncan with thy knocking. O! would thou couldst!"

which we never heard before uttered by the great actor without feeling ourselves shaken to our inmost soul. In other respects he was as great as ever, and in some particular cases we liked him better.

How Macready was applauded throughout, and how he was called for at the end, may be easily guessed. When he came on at the end of the play, the same enthusiasm, nearly, was again shown in his favour. Every man in the house stood up and cheered, and roared, and clapped, and stamped, and hats were flung about, while the ladies waved handkerchiefs and scarfs, and flourished fans. In short, it was a proud night for the actor, and must have made him multitudinous amends for his transatlantic treatment.

Mr. Wallack was the Macduff, and, we venture to say, a better Macduff never appeared on the stage. His great scene in the fourth act was a great effort of acting, and provoked the loudest applause from all parts of the house. The fight between Wallack and Macready at the end was admirably managed, both artists displaying first rate tactics at the broad sword.

Mrs. Warner was the Lady Macbeth, and, with the exception of an occasional tendency to rant, a fault which we have not hitherto laid to her charge, was as excellent as ever in the part. It is unnecessary to say that Lady Macbeth has been considered the best Shakesperian effort of Mrs. Warner. The sleep-walking scene was played better than ever we have witnessed it by this artist.

On Wednesday Mr. Macready appeared in *Hamlet*. The house was again immensely crowded, and the demonstration of the Monday all but renewed.

Macready's Hamlet contains more beauties than his Macbeth, but, we think, it is liable to more objections. His grief is too fragmentary and too "externe." So much outward show leaves nothing for the mind to contemplate, and the imagination must be complimented at the expense of a little reality. In all the quiet portions of the play, we prefer Macready to any one we have seen. His speech to the player, his dialogues with Horatio, and declaration of affection for him, and some of the soliloquies, were quite perfect. The

vehemence and irritability displayed in the third act, at the play-scene, were finely artistic, and the whole scene was worked up with tremendous force, and produced an immense effect. The last act was admirable in every respect, and from the first question to the grave-digger, to the death-scene, all was exquisitely subdued, touching, and natural. Sorrow was never so beautifully attuned in speaking as by Macready, when he does not break his tones, or force his voice beyond its natural register.

Mrs. Warner supported the Queen with dignity and impressiveness, and added powerfully in lending reality to the scene with Hamlet in the closet.

We could have wished for a better Laertes than Mr. B. Wentworth, and a better Osric than Mr. Selby. The former gentleman did not improve his position by his second appearance. Mr. Selby fancied he was performing a Cockney fool in place of a court fop. What a number of actors there are who do not understand Shakspere!

Mr. Stuart played the Ghost with great judgment. This gentleman has the finest possible appreciation of Shakspere, and, if his execution were equal to his conception, he would reach the very highest point of excellence in his profession. His second exit particularly impressed us with the feeling, how intently he had studied his author.

Miss P. Horton played Ophelia with much sweetness. She sang the music simply and pleasingly. Her mad scene was acted right well.

The other characters are entitled to honourable mention. Even Tilbury came off with flying colours in Polonius, a part, however, which would have suited our pet actor a little better, had it a little more senility and a little more fatuity to recommend it to his peculiar style.

Last night *Macbeth* was repeated: the house was crowded to suffocation, and the performance much finer in every respect than on the Monday. On Monday *Hamlet* will be given for the second time.

WINCKELMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BOOK III.

ON THE ART OF THE ETRURIANS AND THEIR NEIGHBOURS.

(*Continued from page* 612.)

CHAP. IV.

ON ART AMONG THE NATIONS BORDERING ON THE ETRURIANS.

VI. The Campanians were a people inspired with voluptuousness by the soft climate which they enjoyed, and the rich soil which they cultivated. In the earliest times, both this country and that of the Samnites was comprised in Etruria. The people, however, did not belong to the Etrurian state, but had an independent existence. The Greeks came afterwards, settled in the country, and introduced their arts, as may even now be proved, not only by the Greek coins of Naples, but by those of Cuma, which are still older.

VII. I do not mean here to shew that the latter of these cities is older than the former, for both of them were built at the same time, Cuma by Megasthenes, and Naples by Hippocles, who both left Cuma in Eubœa, their native place, with a number of superfluous inhabitants, and sought their fortune elsewhere, as Martocelli has proved more clearly than was previously known. However, older coins of Cuma than of Naples have been preserved; and my intention is to shew that both the cities were founded in the very earliest times, which we cannot fix with accuracy; for Strabo says, that Cuma was the oldest of all the Greek towns in Sicily and Italy. From the same island of Eubœa there likewise came inhabitants of Chalcis, the metropolis, who settled on the island in the vicinity of Naples, called Ischia, but afterwards abandoned it on account of the frequent earthquakes and fiery eruptions. Part of them built Naples, on the neighbouring coast, while another part proceeded to Vesuvius, and founded Nola. (*a*) Hence the coins of this city are impressed with Greek characters. I pass over various other Greek states, as Dicæarchia, afterwards called Puteoli, which was subsequently founded by the Greeks, as indeed the whole coast of this country was inhabited by this nation; from which it follows that the Greeks practised their arts also at a very early period, and at the same time instructed their inland neighbours, the (*aboriginal*) Campanians. We may thus comprehend by which nation a number of the *terra-cotta* vessels were made and painted, which have been frequently dug up from the sepulchres in Campania, and particularly about Nola. Hence, if the honour of many of these works is to be given to the Campanians, it will do them no harm to look upon them as students of the Greek artists, which needs no proof, if it is true that the Campanians did not begin to be a seperate people till the 85th Olympiad, as Diodorus alleges.

VIII. Unquestionably we may look upon as Campanian, and as peculiar to this nation, the coins of those cities which lie inland, and to which the Greeks brought no colonies, as Capua, Teanum (now Tiano), and other places. These coins are impressed with an inscription in their own language, which is similar to the Etruscan, and this has been taken for Punic by some learned men, as in the case with Bianchini, with respect to a coin of Capua. Maffei confesses, with respect to the same coin, that he does not know what is the meaning of the inscription. In the work of "Pembroke coins," a coin of Tiano is looked upon as Punic. While, however, this inscription is a proof that the Campanians borrowed from the Etrurians, the impression on the coins does not show the style of Etrurian art, such as was perhaps once peculiar to the Campanian artists; but the drawing seems to confirm what I have just alleged. The head of a young Hercules on coins of both the cities, and the head on those of Capua, are drawn after the most beautiful idea, while a Victoria standing on a quadriga, on coins of the same city, is not to be distinguished from a Greek impression.

IX. However, the coins of the Campanian cities are few in number compared to the painted vessels which have been found in this country at every period, and which are universally, though erroneously, called Etruscan, because people have followed Buonarotti and Gori, who were the first to publish copies of the vessels, endeavouring, as Tuscans, to claim these works as Etruscan, for the honour of their nation.

X. The grounds of the supposition are to be found partly in the accounts of the vessels formerly prized, and which were drawn up (*b*) in Etruria, and especially in Arezzo, and partly in the similarity of many figures of these vessels to those which are engraven on the Etruscan sacrificial vessels of bronze. The figures of Fauns, with horses' tails, are here especially cited, since the tails of Greek Fauns and Satyrs are short and like those of goats. Reference might also have been made to unknown species of birds, which are painted on some vessels; because Pliny says, that in the divination books of the Etrurians, birds are represented which are totally unknown to him. Here, however, I must remind my readers, that a large unknown bird is also found on a vessel, with a very ancient Greek inscription (in the museum of the British minister, Mr. Hamilton, at Naples), which represents a hunt, and to which I shall frequently refer. This bird resembles the bustard, (*c*) which was known to the old Romans, but has now, at any rate,

become quite rare in Italy. I here pass over the unimportant remarks of Buonarrotti respecting the wreaths and vessels in the hands of Bacchus; respecting the toys, and instruments, and square boxes, some of which, he would have us believe, he never saw upon Greek works, while others seemed differently formed. However, he was far too well informed to allege, as Gori puts into his mouth, (*d*) that the deities and the stories depicted on these vessels are widely different from such subjects as treated in Greek designs, for the contrary might be proved. The opinion of Gori himself is here of no weight, for he never left his native country, Florence, and therefore has been without actual knowledge of the greater part of antiquity, and of old works of art. (*e*) Finally, as it could not be denied that the greater part of the vessels known to these learned men were discovered in the kingdom of Naples, it was necessary to go back into the earliest history for the sake of the supposed country of their origin,—namely, to the times in which the Etrurians had spread all over Italy, without reflecting that the designs in most of these paintings belong to later periods, indeed to those when art had either attained its perfection, or began to approach it, according as the vessels were more or less ancient. A cogent reason for maintaining the common opinion with respect to the Etrurians would be the indication of those vessels which have really been dug up in Tuscany; but this no one has mentioned.

SELECT VARIORUM NOTES.

(*a*) Velleius Patriculus says that Nola was built by the Etrurians.—*Fea.*

(*b*) Pliny (besides in the passage here cited, where he is named with Persius and Martial,) praises the vessels made in clay in the city Adria or Hadria as very durable. On this account, probably, the city had such a vessel as a symbol on its coins. I should, however, remark, that in the oldest times there were two cities of this name. One, and that the older of the two, was in the land of the Veneti; while the other, a colony of the former, was in the Picene territory—the present Abruzzo. Both these cities were formerly occupied by the Etrurians. Guanacci is of opinion that the coins cited belong to the earlier city. I will not venture to decide in which of the two cities the vessels praised by Pliny were made, and the coins were struck. Gori gives the design of a beautiful vase, similar to these called Etruscan, which he says was found in Venetian Adria in 1736.—*Fea.*

(*c*) The bustard, called by the Greeks ὠτις, and by the Spaniards "avis tarda," is different in many respects from the bird found upon this vessel.—*Fea.*

(*d*) Gori puts nothing into Buonarotti's mouth which Buonarotti himself did not say.—*Fea.*

(*e*) Nevertheless, according to Fea, Gori was at last moved by the reasons set forth by Peter di Blasa, a monk of Monte Cassino, to mention in a letter (dated January 4, 1749), besides the Etrurian vessels, another kind, different from those, and called "Græco-Sicilian."—*Meyer.*

(To be continued.)

*** *The "Euterpe" of Herodotus will be continued next week.*

SONNET.

NO. CCCXV.

BLACK mist, that could'st so long my soul enfold,
Heavily stifling ev'ry living thought,
Until the flame was quench'd, and there was nought
Save the faint glimmer ere the ash is cold;—
How with thy chilly pressure didst thou hold
My will, so that no utterance it sought,
But in desponding passiveness was wrought
Into thy substance, as its proper mould.
Now thou art rent, and all thy fragments cast
O'er the expanse, tremble, then fade away,—
Oh, may I bask myself beneath the light,
And spreading widely my crush'd heart, at last,
Lift up my greetings to the new-born day—
Or shall I pause, expecting deeper night?

N. D.

* Sir William.

CONCERTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

(From the Manchester Times.)

THE second concert of the season, on Monday evening last, brought a still more crowded audience than on the opening night, giving pretty strong evidence that the popular nature of these musical gatherings is producing an impression in the right quarter, and that the aim of the directors bids fair to be accomplished. To see so vast a multitude of people—little short, if any, of three thousand—congregated together, high and low mingling amicably to enjoy a rational evening's amusement, is a feature in our social condition decidedly new in this part of the world. Nor should we pass over the orderly conduct, the close attention, and the earnest and evidently enjoying applause of the people. The only approach to an annoyance appears to come from a class which ought to know better,—we mean the *gents* who are occasionally inclined to promenade during parts of the performance, a forgetfulness which would be considered an act of rudeness, or a want of that knowledge which ought to teach better things, if practised by one of the working order. Those however, desirous of enjoying the music, have the remedy in their own hands, which they will doubtless enforce on a similar occasion. With this exception, nothing could be more according to rule than the proceedings on Monday night. There was, as usual, a large variety of character in the programme—from the madrigal of 1541 to the ballad of 1849. Among the latter, we may name a delicate little duet by Miss Brandling, "Dost thou not remember?" as the composition of an accomplished amateur, most creditable to her good taste. It was sung in an agreeable manner by Mr. J. Cooper and Miss Morris. Mrs. Sunderland gave universal satisfaction,—more particularly in Balfe's ballad, "In this old chair," which we never before heard so well sung. It was beautifully accompanied by Mr. Ellwood on the cornopean, who contrived to produce a rich and harmonious tone on that instrument, as delicate as it was true in intonation. "This magic-move scarf" evidently wanted rehearsal, a necessity which we trust the principals will accomplish as well as the choir, which has always been true in everything yet undertaken. The choruses indeed were finely executed throughout the night. Among them we may particularly name, "Stay, prythee stay," by Sir Henry Bishop; "Crown ye the altars," Beethoven; "Yes, 'tis the Indian drum," and "The tramp chorus," both by Bishop. The last of these, with Mrs. Sunderland's rich and powerful voice, floating above in the solo passages, had a very fine effect, and was loudly encored. Mr. James Isherwood introduced "The clown's song" from Shakspeare, set to music by Mr. J. L. Hatton. There is much of the quaint character in its composition, and the occasional accompaniment of a chorus adds to its peculiarity; it was well sung by Mr. Isherwood, and met with considerable applause. We shall be glad to hear it again. There were several encores during the evening, amongst them, as usual, the buffo song by Mr. Pigot,—the general finale. Though on this occasion there were no less than three important principals absent, yet the concert appeared to give great satisfaction throughout, the audience being as large at its close as it was at the commencement. There can be no doubt that such opportunities of enjoyment, presented to all classes at a rate within their pecuniary means, must be eventually beneficial to the community at large, and on such grounds alone, independent of their musical qualities, we deem them worthy of public support.

MADAME RACHEL.—This celebrated Jewess, who was engaged to play in Jersey, refused to visit the island because she would not be allowed to give one of her performances on a Sunday.

BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.
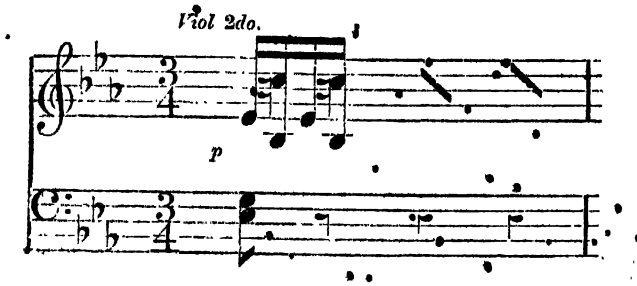
No. IV.—Op. 60.

(*Continued from page* 618.)
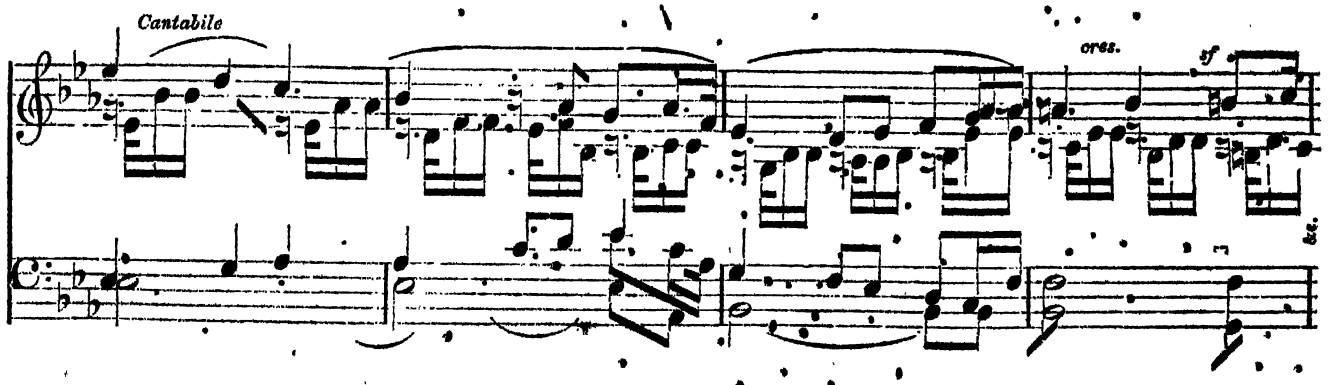
Nothing can be more simple than the plan of the *Adagio*, —nothing more perfect than the beauty of the details with which this else-soulless outline is animated. This *Adagio* is in the form of a two-part movement; but, instead of the free fantasia, consisting of the working of the principal subjects, such as usually open the Second Part of a movement thus constructed, we have an immediate return to the chief subject in the original key; and, after this, a short digression, previous to the recapitulation of the rest of the First Part.

There can, I think, be no question of the intended musical expression of this movement; if ever love sought utterance in language more intense than words could say,—more passionate than looks could signify,—more penetrating than the touch of the hand could express,—here, surely is it found in all the glowing, fervid warmth of the most ardent, the most unqualified, the most happy feeling. Who knows the heart and voice of true passion cannot, I believe, but recognise its touching, thrilling tones in every phrase of the music before us, and cannot but yield to the magnetic influence of the master spirit exerted through this creation, that draws out all the tenderest, the keenest, and, indeed—because exempt from every sordid, servile, selfish feeling,—the best emotions of the human heart. Let the reader, if he have not anticipated it, take this suggestion as the general index of, at least, my impression from this *Adagio;* to dilate in words upon what I feel to be the expression of each particular passage, would be but to dilute the force of such expression. To attempt to add to its truth would be but to exaggerate, since truth is the only known perfection, and admits of no degree nor quality. To attempt to define its beauty, would be but to imagine bounds to what seems infinite; "I love," is the whole and only feeling that, to my appreciation, this music embodies;—"I am beloved," the whole and only modification of such feeling.

Let us observe the one bar that precedes the subject, and which is important to the plan of the movement, as it always anticipates the recurrence of the principal theme, in whatever form this appears throughout the movement.
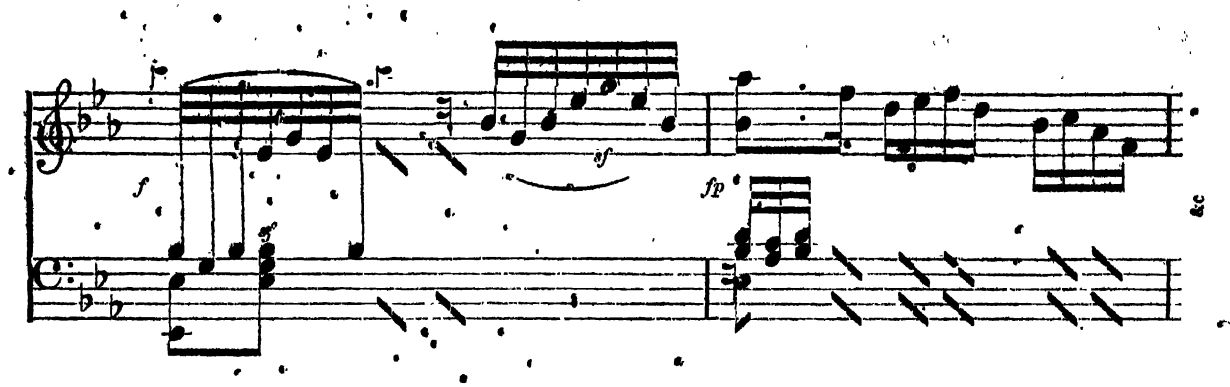


It can hardly be, that this idea, which, however simple, and however short, is really a prominent feature in the musical form of the composition, can be without its earnest meaning in what I suppose may be called the metaphysical information of the whole. Is not this the drawing in of that long, deep breath, the inhalation of that almost endless sigh, in which our every possibility of feeling,—our whole soul—is to be poured into the being of another—is the tremulous presentiment of how it will, fraught with the fear of how it may be, received, that delays the declaration of the all-engrossing feeling of a lifetime, even though such declaration must ensure us happiness eternal? The subject is a clear, flowing, rhythmical, and highly passionate stream of song, of which, though the exquisite loveliness is universally appreciable, the style, the train of thought, is most peculiarly, most individually, Beethoven's.

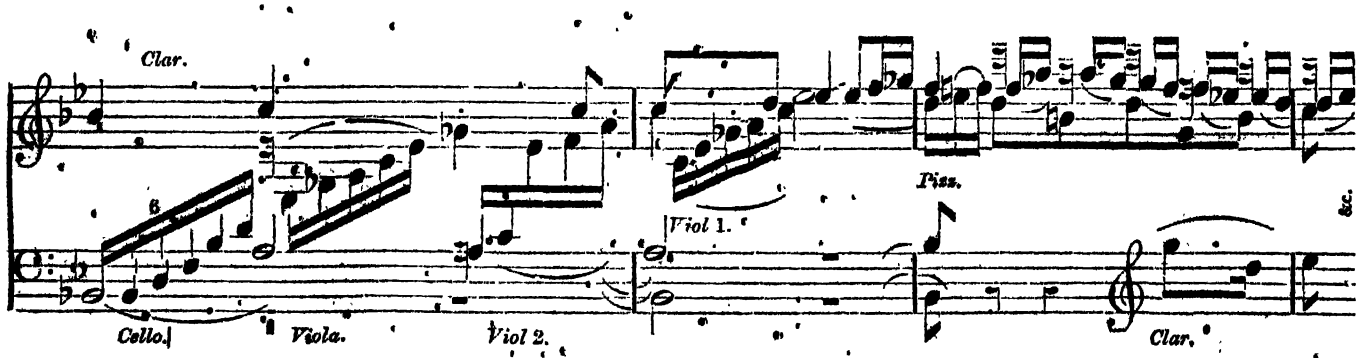


It seems almost to depreciate the whole, to particularize any portion of this continuous, complete, and entirely beautiful melody; there is one point, however, that so obviously stands out from the whole—a bright ripple in this stream of song, which more especially catches the sunlight of feeling—the sun itself still individual in the midst of his own beams—that it is impossible to hear and not to be peculiarly touched by it; by this I mean the remarkable transition (remarkable for its beauty, and still more for its exceedingly beautiful application, rather than for its rarity, its extraneousness, or even its peculiarity) from the fourth to the fifth bar. Only less beautiful than this is the voluptuous ecstacy that is poured forth in the seventh bar, and the vague idea of indefinite continuity, that the termination on the fifth of the key suggests, entirely fulfils all that the highest art can accomplish; with the music, as in the natural feeling, it pourtrays truly gratification, but
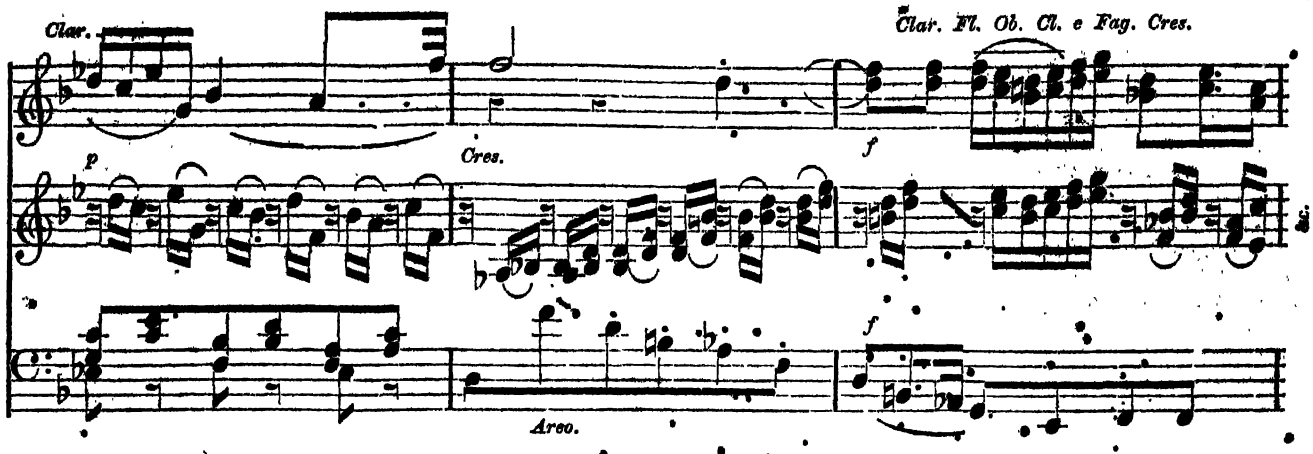
stimulates our yearning, but nourishes our desire. We have now again the introductory bar, to which I have drawn attention, given this time by the whole orchestra in unison, and then a repetition of the whole of the subject, with the variety of the melody being assigned to the flute and clarionet, and some sustained notes for the horn and bassoons added to the accompaniment. Again the melody leaves off, one can scarcely say closes, on the fifth of the key, and thus the movement proceeds in unbroken continuation of what, if once concluded, could not be satisfactorily resumed. This *adagio* is not a movement of repose, as the slow movement in a symphony is often intended to be, but of ceaseless, glowing, growing excitement, and thus the rapid motion in demisemiquavers of the passage that immediately follows, disturbs not a general stillness, but indeed forms a relief, perhaps the only one that could be, to the more tumultuous, more absorbing feeling that chiefly prevails. We have had the eloquence of passion,—here is the exultation at such eloquence having been heard, the consciousness of its having been answered with sympathy:—



The continuation of this passage brings us through the key of C minor (which is approached by taking an imitation of the second bar of the above upon a chord of G, the dominant), to a half-close on F, the dominant of B flat. Here we have a somewhat singular passage upon a pedal bass, consisting of passing notes in contrary motion; so far singular, at least, as it is a species of progression that is found more in the works of Beethoven than of any other author—so much so, indeed, that it may almost be accounted one of his characteristics. This passage preserves the melodic accent of the second bar to which I have just referred, and it has the addition of a continued motion of demisemiquavers in the accompanying instruments, which adds to the interest of the passage, and preserves the general character of excitement: the major ninth of the dominant crossing the inverted pedal in the last bar before the entry of the second subject, is a bold thing to have written, and the effect of it is well worthy the attention of the student. Here it is, evidently, the peculiarity of the harmony, not the orchestral distribution, that gives prominence to the passage, since the pedal note, F, and the passage that crosses it, are given to instruments of the same quality of tone; and yet the passage stands out distinctly. We come now to the second subject.
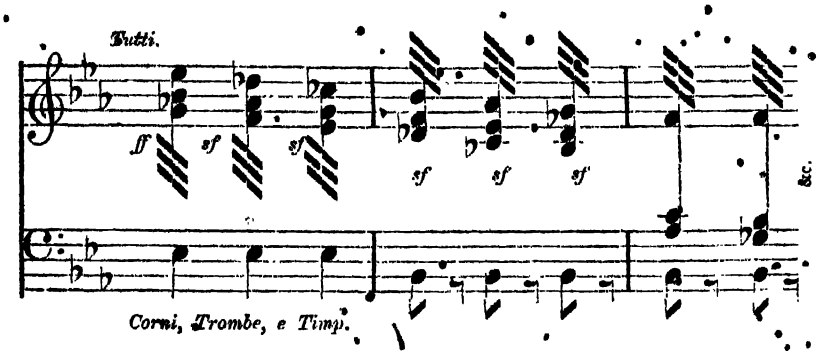


This is not so clearly rhythmical as its opening melody, but its rhythm is not less regular; the passion of its expression is even more intense, and the seemingly broken though perfectly symmetrical phraseology conduces, equally with the harmony and with the peculiar figure of the accompaniment, to convey such expression. There is an effect of instrumentation that is perfectly unique and extremely beautiful in the arrangement of the whole of this; the first note of the triplets being assigned to the second violins *piazicato*, the other two notes, bowed by first violins, produces a sound of the most delicate brilliancy, through which the gentle, languishing tone of the clarionet melts like a tear of joy through a galaxy of smiles, and floods the air with rapture like the voice of one beloved, sanctioning, confirming, doubling our happiness. We must notice in this especially the striking effect of the broken cadence between the first two bars of the following extract, with the deep feeling it embodies, and the absolute enthusiasm of the last bar, to which the accumulated instrumentation so greatly give the colouring:—



A short alternation of tonic and dominant passages, through which a principal melody is always apparent, and which still preserves the general character of the movement, then brings us to the termination of the First Part.

The dominant seventh on B flat brings us at once back to the original key, and thus, introduced by the one bar that always precedes it, we have an immediate return to the subject. The original beautiful melody is this time no less beautifully varied; and here is one of the very, very rare instances in all music where the variation of a melody is indeed an embellishment; such truly is this, every excellence of the original being now excelled, the colouring of the whole heightened, intensified, but not exaggerated. We now come to the digression to which I have alluded, as forming so important a feature in the plan of the movement. Our introductory bar, instead of bringing in a repetition of the subject with varied instrumentation, introduces a portion only of the subject for the whole orchestra, in the key of E flat minor. There is something, to me, extremely unsatisfactory in this passage, as our great author has given it to us; the alternate tonic and dominant pedal assigned to the horns, trumpets, and drums, identifies the whole with the key of E flat minor, while the harmony assigned to the rest of the orchestra is, after the first chord, unquestionably in the key of G flat major, and we have thus an effect of false relation, that, to my sense, is the remotest from beautiful.



It may seem indecorous to object thus unscrupulously to that which, since he placed it in his wonderful work, evidently satisfied the judgment of the greatest master of his age; it would be more indecorous to suggest an improvement of the passage: to this I shall not presume, and I should despise the irreverent daring of any one, however great, who should do so; but to acknowledge where I find, or fancy a fault even in Beethoven, is the only way that I can vindicate the sincerity of my delighted admiration of his infinite beauties,—is necessary to prove that these analyses are written in the candid spirit of criticism, not in the darkness of blind admiration. At length we come satisfactorily to the key of G flat, with a decided dominant harmony. Then, after the usual introductory bar, we have the first bar of the subject, and the working of this brings us by gradual modulation back to the original key of E flat major. The latter part of this digression must be felt to be one of the chief beauties in the movement, and even that early part, to the harmony of which I have made exception, has, in its boldness of character, and breadth of effect, a great merit in contrasting the general feeling of the whole. We must notice now the wonderful sunshine brilliance of the passage in octaves for the horns, that this time accompanies the often recurring bar which always introduces the subject, and that gives so decided a pre-eminence to the return to the major key. Here follows a complete recapitulation of the First Part from the point at which it was broken off, the subject now being given with the same beautiful variation by the wind instruments that has been described as adding such glow to its colouring when last given by the violins; the same passage as at first succeeds, grows out of the subject, which by modulating through F minor instead of C minor, leads to a half-close on B flat, and we have then the second subject with all that follows it in the original key of the movement. A short Coda introduces once more the first phrase of the subject, which this time assumes a new character from its being accompanied in simple counterpoint of note against note, instead of with the moving figure that has always before been associated with it. This is now somewhat unexpectedly and very felicitously extended, and the movement closes with the bar with which it opened, the frequent recurrence of which has made it

so importantly prominent throughout; this has now an effect of extraordinary mystery, the moving part being assigned to the drums *pianissimo*,—however averse we may be in witnessing a great effect of art to dissect its technical principles, to scrutinise its mechanical anatomy, we can but own the influence of such means, and, as students, can only profit by a knowledge of them attained through analytical examination,—and the concluding two chords for the whole orchestra *fortissimo*, dispel entirely this mystery, and confirm the complete, the ample, the plenary satisfaction which I think the tenor of the whole movement most irresistibly embodies.

If one may be permitted to make analogy between two works of like beauty in different arts, I will suggest that the eloquent passion, the suffusion of an all susceptible heart, that is poured out in that inimitable love-creed, the *Epipsychideon* of Shelley, is of a kindred feeling to that which characterises this *Adagio*, but there is, I think, this distinction in the development of such feeling, namely, that the verbal poem is the utterance of a desiring, the musical poem of a reciprocated love.

G. A. MACFARREN.

(To be continued.)

MR. MACREADY'S WARM BATH.

(From Powell's Living Authors of England.)

A GENTLEMAN of the name of Prichard, having failed as an actor, settled down into the more useful occupation of stage-manager of Drury Lane Theatre. He had the peculiarity of being an extravagant admirer of celebrity, but the chief idol of his worship was Mr. Macready. His delight was intense when he heard that the great tragedian was engaged to play a number of his favourite characters. It seemed to be an honour to hear him talk. He resolved, therefore, to shew him every attention.

On Mr. Macready's first visit he was almost driven to despair by the reserved manners of the actor, who seemed a frozen man with the powers of locomotion. He, notwithstanding, paid unremitting attention to the hero of his worship: looked to the fire in his dressing-room, placed lofty wax tapers there, and by a thousand delicate services expressed his deference. After a week's perseverance he was rewarded by an inclination of his idol's head. A few days more, the face ripened into a smile, then came a more rapid thawing, and one morning Mr. Macready was so touched by the deferential respect and attention of the stage-manager, that he actually spoke to him, "Good morning, Mr. Prichard." Balaam was not more astounded at his donkey's speech, than Prichard at his lion's condescension. In a little time it ripened into "Good morning, Prichard!" and one morning, never to be forgotten by the obsequious Prichard, Mr Macready said, "Prichard, you don't look well; you want a change of air. I have a little cottage at Elltree; come down on Saturday, and stay till Monday." In a state of speechless rapture the admiring stage-manager accepted the invitation. Never minutes crawled so slowly as those which intervened; at length the blissful time arrived, and in a state of joyful trepidation, the highly-honoured man mounted the stage that was to convey him to this terrestrial seventh heaven. No monarch on his throne sat with a greater pride. He looked as though he felt all the passengers knew he was going to see Mr. Macready. His look seemed to proclaim, "Gentlemen, I am actually going on a visit to the great Mr. Macready—what do you think of that?" In due time he was deposited at the door of the cottage. Mr. Macready met him at the porch, led him to the parlour, and then told his servant to shew Mr. Prichard his room. In this neat little dormitory the bewildered visitor endeavoured to calm the tumultuous rapture of his mind. After some little delicate devotion to his toilet, he descended to the parlour, where he was introduced to Mrs. Macready. "My dear, this is my kind friend, Mr. Prichard, whose attention to me at the theatre I have named to you." Mrs. Macready, in her usual lady-like manner, welcomed him. Mr. Prichard flowered a little, and said, "The pleasure he felt in shewing his respect for such a resplendent genius as Mr. Macready, was his greatest happiness and reward," &c. He was interrupted in his blushing and glowing enumeration, by the tragedian's saying, "We don't dine till six, we shall have time for a stroll in the garden and paddock." Mr. Macready pointed out in his sententious way, the wonders around. "That is my little paddock—there's my boy's horse—there is a small hen." Mr. Prichard put forth a word or two of rhetoric. "How blissful for a man of genius, tired with the fret and fever of the world, to retire, and in the calm seclusion," and so on. Mr. Macready nipped this fine crop of oratory by saying, "That's a cow, it supplies our family with milk." "Happy cow (exclaimed the manager), to supply so great a man's family with milk!" Prichard, in the intense adoration of the minute, wished himself a cow! As Jupiter, for love of Europa, turned himself into a bull, so would Prichard have done the synonymous for Mr. Macready.

Behold Mr. Prichard actually seated at the same table with Mr. and Mrs. Macready! In the course of the evening the courteous host happened to say to this simple-minded manager, "Prichard, make yourself at home; ask for whatever you want; I have a warm bath in the house; one would, I am sure, do you good; if you think so, you have only to ring; tell my man, it is prepared in a minute—now, don't stand on any ceremony—it is no trouble."

Dinner passed off; Mr. Macready was condescending; the manager seemed translated. Towards midnight he was led to his room by his hero, and told that he was to consider himself at home, and do as he liked. Left alone, he gave himself up to a variety of pleasing reflections. Lapped in this reverie, time slid on unconsciously; at last the words of Mr. Macready, "a warm bath will do you good; it gives no trouble; it is prepared in a minute," fastened upon him with a fatal fascination. "It will do me good," involuntarily exclaimed Prichard; "I feel overpowered by the sensations that have rushed through me; I will have one; Mr. Macready pressed me to take it—he would be offended if I don't; I would not wound his feelings for the world." His hand instinctively pulled the bell; like fear, in Collins's Ode,

> "He back recoiled, he knew not why,
> E'en at the sound himself had made."

The tinkling ceased; dead silence. Again the bell was rung louder; no one came. Prichard gave up the idea of his bath, and thanked the abortive ringing. At length, just as he was preparing to get into bed, there was a rap at his door, with a half sleepy "Did you ring, sir?" "I should like to have a warm bath," faintly ejaculated Prichard, half suspecting the absurdity of the request. "A warm bath, sir?" said the servant. "Yes; Mr Macready said I could have a warm bath." The servant vanished, and went to his master's bedroom door and rapped; the great actor was sleeping, no doubt dreaming of histrionic triumphs with no Astor House in the vista.

Mrs. Macready was the first to hear this unusual sound. She listened a minute's space, then touching the modern

Macbeth's arm, said, "William, what is that?" A deep guttural growl was the response.

"Again the lady at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied."

"William, pray awake, I tell you I hear a noise. I thought I heard a bell ring twice before; William, pray awake, I am getting quite alarmed." When Mr. Macready was thoroughly awake, he sat up in bed. "Who is that?" said he. "Me, sir," said the servant. "What do you mean by disturbing us in the middle of the night?" "Please, sir, Mr. Prichard wants a warm bath!" "A warm bath?" gasped his master, "does he know it is the dead waste and middle of the night? A warm bath,—ha, ha!" continued he, "was there no pond on his road hither that he could have washed in? A warm bath,—ha, ha! Rouse all the servants; let him have his bath; a bath! a bath! his kingdom for a bath!" saying this, he sank hysterically on the pillow.

NIGHT OF STARS!

Night of stars! in thy moonless sky
There is beauty and love, and a kindling desire,
As our earth-eyes gaze on each holy fire,
Up to thy lights everlasting to fly.
Thy breath as it falls is a quiet sigh—
An echoing faint from the heavenly quire—
The wail from some pitying angel's lyre,
Who weeps as she sings o'er our hopes that die.

Night of stars! not a cloudlet I see
Obscure the sweet smile of one radiant light
That lives on thy aspect entrancing and bright.
By the lone shore let me worship thee,
Where the billows wax fierce in their mounting glee,
And the crest of the wave, as it breaks in the night,
A star-gleamy shower reflects to the sight,
And the winds thro' the spray make glad music for me.

Night of stars! in the daylight noon,
Thy music is hushed and thy beauty hath fled;
Into the sky have thy myriads sped.
Shrouded in light of the summer June,
Pale are thine eyes in the sphered moon;
But day and the moon, when our hopes lie dead,
Are foes to the heart; but grief is wed
To the night and the stars which our sorrows attune. F. M.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEW STRAND THEATRE.

The mysterious death of Adrienne Lecouvreur, a celebrated actress of the Comédie Française, in 1730, created a great sensation in old France. In tragedy she had acquired a high reputation, and she was distinguished from the generality of her contemporaries by a natural style of declamation, when a singing manner of delivery was much in vogue. That she was attached to the Count de Saxe (afterwards the famous Marshal Saxe) in his youth, and that she sold her jewels when he needed pecuniary assistance, are facts to be found in the records of the French stage. It is supposed that she alienated the affections of the young soldier from a lady of rank and influence, and her sudden death is attributed to the vengeance of this rival.

On the fate of Adrienne Lecouvreur, M. Scribe and a *collaborateur* founded a French drama, in five acts, which was produced at Paris in the beginning of the present year, with Madlle. Rachel in the principal character. The piece is written throughout four of the acts in a comedy style, and the tragical conclusion almost takes the spectator by surprise. A prince, half-profligate, half-stupid, a gallant *abbé*, of the old French type, a fine lady or two, and the company of the Comédie Française, stand forth as the representatives of the Regency state of manners; while Adrienne Lecouvreur and an old *regisseur*, named Michonnet, appear as the only beings endowed with genuine heartiness and good feeling in an atmosphere of general profligacy. The Princess de Bouillon is the rival of Adrienne in the affections of the Count de Saxe, and the French author has taken the greatest pains to contrast the cool, calculating machinations of the lady of quality, savage in heart, but refined in manners, with the free and sincere conduct of the actress, who sacrifices everything for the benefit of the Count, even when she thinks he is false to her. For a long while each of the ladies is ignorant that the other is her rival; and it is during this state of ignorance that a somewhat lengthened intrigue is carried on. When they discover each other the real power of the drama begins. Adrienne, who is invited to amuse a party at the hotel of the Princess, by theatrical recitation, selects a speech from the *Phédre* of Racine, which, rendered especially forcible by her manner of delivery, exposes to the guests the noble lady's delinquency. This is one great situation of the drama. The other consists of the death of Adrienne. The Princess has sent her a poisoned bouquet, which has the effect of producing aberration of mind before death takes place. In this state the actress recollects passages from the *Psyche* of Pierre Corneille, which are made to refer to her own love and jealousy. At last she dies under the agonies of poison, and, to render her death more affecting, she expires with the knowledge that Maurice loves her alone, and that, if she lived, she would certainly be happy.

The work of the English adapter, who has arranged this piece for the New Strand Theatre, has chiefly consisted of abbreviation. His version, produced on Tuesday last, under the title of the *Reigning Favourite*, is in three acts; and to obtain these dimensions the first act of the original has been omitted, and the two next have been forced into one; while the four and fifth have been allowed to stand much as they were. By this arrangement the introductory intrigue alone is shortened; while the portions that set forth the character of the heroine are left nearly in their integrity. The abbreviation is, to our thinking, a decided improvement on the original: the adapter has done his work admirably; and, whether we view the *Reigning Favourite* in the light of a translation, or take it as a new superstructure laid upon an old foundation, he is entitled to considerable praise for the felicity and smoothness of the language, and the neatness and intention of the scenic contrivances. Certainly no drama of such decided merit has been produced at the Strand Theatre for many years.

*** Probably Mrs. Stirling never acted so finely as in the character of Adrienne, originally played by Madlle. Rachel. It is a very difficult part, since although a number of passions are to be displayed with great intensity, they must, at the same time, be expressed with quietness; excepting in the death scene at the last, when she is alone with Maurice and Michonnet, her emotions are in a state of constant suppression. The intelligence with which Mrs. Stirling seized on points, not of themselves salient, and the great though quiet force with which she gave them, were admirable. There was a whole history of internal emotion, without anything like violent ebullition. In the cited speeches which she had to deliver in the course of the piece, she laboured under a difficulty which did not exist on the Parisian stage. To the French public these speeches are all familiar; but to the English they were only rendered significant by Mrs. Stirling's excellent delivery.

The part of Michonnet, a strange mixture of comicality and pathos, was beautifully acted by Mr. Farren, who revelled in the exhibition of senile affection; and nothing could exceed the burst of agony with which he witnessed the death of his darling Adrienne. Mr. Leigh Murray, capitally made up to represent the Count de Saxe, gave significance by his manly bearing to a part in itself not very thankful; and Mrs. Leigh Murray imparted a finished iciness to the vindictive Princess. Mr. H. Farren, as the foppish Abbé, and Mr. Diddear as the Prince, the foolish husband of the Princess, strengthened the cast of the piece.

The success of the drama was unequivocal, and the principal actors and the author were loudly called.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Our Theatre Royal, the "Concerts for the People," at the Free Trade Hall, and the "Saturday Evening Concert," at the Mechanics' Institution, have each made a most successful opening of their winter season. Macready's seven performances were attended by overflowing audiences; so great were they, that Mr. Knowles has been loudly assailed by numbers of luckless individuals, who, unable to procure a seat, expected him to return them their money. We were present at the last performance, *Hamlet*, on Saturday evening last, and saw what we must suppose to be the farewell appearance of Macready in Manchester. We had never before seen him in the character, nor have we seen *Hamlet* at all for very many years, so do not feel disposed to carp or cavil, or take exception to Macready's Hamlet as compared with any others we have seen. It is but a dim and faint remembrance we have of Young in the part, but as far as memory serves us, Young's was a more contemplative sentimental sort of reading, not so impassioned or intense as Macready makes it; leaving to the critics to determine which is right, as Shakspere meant it, we can only say that Macready's Hamlet is a masterly performance, and, if his conception is right, finely sustained, and well carried out. His delivery of the fine passages and many soliloquies in this play—every line of which, almost, is a well remembered quotation—was a splendid specimen of elocution. His acting in the scene with the ghost, where he listens to the dread story of his father's murder, was painful from its intense reality; and his delivery of the instructions to the players was a masterpiece of art; he therein shewed the *ars celare artem*—the finest, the rarest, and the highest attainment of an actor. After the play, there were the usual calls for Macready, who at length appeared, sad and earnest as though he felt it was indeed a farewell appearance. His address was brief, effective; a verbatim report is subjoined from the *Manchester Guardian*:—

"Ladies and gentlemen,—I have appeared before you in an assumed character for the last time, and having now 'fretted my hour upon the stage,' must henceforth be 'heard no more.' This is to me a serious, and let me add, a melancholy, reflection. 'Those hopeless words, 'Never again,' sound drearily, even in our ordinary transactions. The occasions which may seem to justify an actor's intrusion of his personal feelings upon an audience, are, and indeed should be, of rare occurrence; and with this conviction, I should hesitate to trespass upon you now, but for the apprehension that in taking a silent leave, I might appear insensible to your kind and generous estimation of my humble exertions. So far from that, your liberal appreciation of my humble endeavours to illustrate our Shakspere's divine conceptions, has made it invariably a pleasure to me to appear before you. (Applause.) Even from my boyish days—and from that early period of my life I date acquaintance here—the enthusiastic yet discriminating character of your audiences attracted my observation, and drew forth my frequent remark; so that, without flattery, I may assure you I have always placed faith in your judgment, and therefore have felt honoured and proud in your applause.—(Applause.) Its cheering sounds can reach my ears no more, but its stimulating influence will not be forgotten by me; and, gratefully remembering my many professional visits here, I shall think with peculiar satisfaction of the connexion which I still partially retain with this great community, through one of those many institutions which reflect on it so much honour. Really, I find my words but weak interpreters of my thoughts and feelings. Let me then, merely say, that the most earnest good wishes for the prosperity of Manchester, which a deep and grateful sense of your favourable opinions can suggest, I would embody in that word 'Farewell,' and uttering it with all the fervent emphasis of truth, I most respectfully, and most regretfully, take my leave."—(Loud and continued and applause.) This address was delivered with a quiet earnestness which gave singular impressiveness to its accents; and at its conclusion, the greatest actor of the present day retired, to be no more seen among us.

Mr. Knowles's company is, at any rate, respectable. Miss Anderton's Ophelia we liked best. Mrs. Weston and Mr. H. Cook made a respectable King and Queen; Mr. Graham, a more than respectable Ghost; the Laertes and Oscar both looked their parts, but neither Mr. Geo. Vining nor Mr. Beverley, who played them, seemed to be at home in Shakspere—the former ranted, too, at times most vilely; the Horatio, Gravedigger, and Polonius were all very fair; and the play, altogether, was exceedingly well put on the stage. We never saw the Ghost Scene so well managed. Mr. Knowles must have had a successful opening week. This week Mrs. Glover is playing a round of her characters, and on Saturday she will take her farewell of the Manchester boards; when another from the galaxy of stars that have shone so brilliantly in the theatrical hemisphere of the last quarter of a century will have set. What stars have we rising to replace them? and how few have we left? The Hargreaves Committee have not yet resumed their functions. We hear many condemn the policy of suspending the concerts, and many unjustly threw the blame of the Society's present gloomy position on the mismanagement of the committee. We are at issue with the musical committee on one point only, the neglect of oratorio; the greatest concerts, those on which the fame of the Hargreaves Society rest, are those when entire oratorios have been given; the *Elijah*, *Paulus*, *Messiah*, *Creation*, *Judas Maccabæus*, *Mount of Olives*, &c., &c. Still we do not think that the society would have been in a much better position, even if more oratorios had been given. The great desideratum is a fitting Hall, as we said before; secure *that*, and all the rest will follow, and be mere matter of detail and arrangement. We have had many suggestions—some of them worth considering—as to future government and rules. Having tried the liberal policy—of allowing non-subscribers admittance to the concert once in a season, and it having been notoriously and grossly abused (some young men, to their shame, have made a boast of their having gone to four or five concerts without subscribing)—would it not be well to be, as at the Concert Hall, more stringent? Suppose non-subscribers were to be *entirely* excluded (except strangers from a certain distance), and the subscription were to be on the principle of a subscriber of a guinea to have one ticket to each concert; two guineas, two tickets; three guineas, three, and so on (transferable to ladies and strangers only); which would make the tickets more valuable, more scarce, and more sought after, and would be far better than raising the subscription, or admitting

guinea subscribers whilst resident non-subscribers are admissible once in a season. Whatever alterations may be made, it is certain that we shall be glad to report to you the revival of the Hargreaves Choral Society.

MR. MACREADY AND THE MANCHESTER SHAKSPERIAN SOCIETY.

(*From the Manchester Examiner.*)

THE members of the above society held their usual monthly meeting on Monday evening, the 1st instant, when it was decided that an address should be presented to Mr. Macready, expressive of the society's admiration of his genius, and regret at his retirement from the stage. It was also resolved that Mr. Macready should be invited to become an honorary member of the society. In accordance with these resolutions, the following address was prepared:—

"Sir,—We, the undersigned, being members of the Manchester Shaksperian Society, united for the immediate purpose of doing homage to England's greatest dramatic poet, feel that we should be guilty of a gross sin of omission if we allowed you to leave Manchester on this memorable but regretful occasion, without expressing to you the fervent admiration and gratitude with which your noble efforts, on behalf of Shakspere, have inspired us. We feel that in you, sir, the finest master of the human heart has met with his truest and best exponent, and that the names of Shakspere and Macready will hereafter be irrevocably linked together, as those of the mightiest poet and noblest artist which ever graced and glorified our dramatic annals.

"We believe, sir, that your retirement from the stage will occasion a void which the present generation will never see adequately filled, and that whatever the lapse of time may effect, *we* shall never 'look upon your like again.' You will have the proud satisfaction of knowing that you have done all that individual human effort could do towards making the stage worthy of the support of the admirers of the legitimate drama; and you will carry with you, not only our humble but earnest prayers, but those of thousands of your fellow-countrymen, for your welfare and happiness through your future life, which we trust may be long spared and providentially blessed.

"In conclusion, we ask you, as an especial favour, that you will allow us to enrich the roll of our society by adding your illustrious name to the list of honorary members.

"With every sentiment of admiration of your genius, respect for your character, and love for you as a man,

"Allow us to have the honour of subscribing ourselves,

"Your devoted and grateful servants."

The address was beautifully engrossed on vellum, and signed by 33 members. A deputation, consisting of the three principal officers of the society, was appointed to wait upon Mr. Macready with the address, on the afternoon of Friday last, but, it having been ascertained that he had been so fatigued with the exertions of the morning's rehearsal, that he had sought repose to nerve him for sustaining the arduous and exhausting character of *Lear* in the evening, the deputation concluded to send the scroll to him, accompanied by a note. This was accordingly done; and on the ensuing morning the secretary of the society received the following acknowledgment:—

"Sir,—I must beg to transmit through you my acknowledgments to the members of the Manchester Shaksperian Society, for the flattering and most gratifying testimony of their kind opinion of me, which I have received through your hands.

"The first wish of my heart being to be written 'as one who loved his fellow man,' it would be strange if I were not touched by such a demonstration of regard. I must request you to return my best thanks to the several members of your society, and to express the pleasure I have in most readily acceding to their wishes.—I have the honour to be, sir, your faithful and obedient servant,

"W. C. MACREADY."

A special meeting of the Shaksperian Society was held on Saturday evening last, when Mr. Macready was proposed as an honorary member, and, of course, elected unanimously. It may not perhaps be generally known that the old Theatre Royal was opened under the management of Mr. Macready's father, in June, 1807; and that William Charles Macready received a portion of his education at Ardwick. This circumstance would, no doubt, have a tendency to make him highly appreciate the opinion of Manchester men, some of whom now live who knew him intimately in his boyhood, and, amongst others, one of the members of the Manchester Shaksperian Society.

MUSIC IN LIVERPOOL.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

THE first of the series of English operas, announced for representation at this theatre, was brought out on Thursday, on that scale of completeness which has marked all Mr. Copeland's productions since he has been the lessee, and excited a hope in the breasts of many that his successes may long justify him in holding that responsible position. Some men may study to command the approval of the public—Mr Copeland does more—he deserves it. We were quite pleased to see the quantum of support he received on this occasion, and which will, doubtless, progressively increase as the season advances. The pit was exceedingly well filled; the boxes might have been better attended. Many persons, doubtless, on this the first night, were anxious to see their old favourite, Mr. Sims Reeves, in the character of Edgar, in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, in which he had gained so much celebrity in London, and some interest was attached to the first appearance in Liverpool of Miss Emma Lucombe, of whom report had spoken favourably, in the part of *Lucy Ashton*. They had good reason to be satisfied with both these performers. Miss Lucombe is a *petite* and pleasing figure—a neat actress—has a richly melodious mezzo soprano voice and very charming execution, with which qualifications she at once established herself in the good opinion of the audience, who were half disposed to encore her last scena. Mr. Sims Reeves has much improved in voice, style, and action since we last heard him, and is fully equal, if not superior, to any Edgar on either the English or Italian stage. His malediction was terrific, and the dying scene most effective. The character of Henry Ashton was admirably sustained by Mr. H. Whitworth, who has a fine bass voice, and sings and acts very cleverly. Miss Lanza, a contralto, was the Alice, and sung well, but exhibited a redundancy and sameness of action that acted as a drawback to her vocalism, which was of a very fair order. Norma was personated by Mr. Horncastle; Bide the Bent by Mr. Delavanti, whom we are glad to see again amongst us; and Arthur by a gentleman not named in the bills. The principals were called for at the end of the first and second acts. Last night *Lucia di Lammermoor* was repeated, and in the ensuing week we are to be favoured for the first time with English versions of *Il Puritani* and *Ernani*, each of which operas has created a sensation in the Italian. We quite admire the new practice of making one opera suffice for an evening, without the aid of ballet or farce. If well done, as is the case in this instance, it is quite enough for the terms of admission.

MUSIC AT NEWCASTLE.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

ON Wednesday evening, a miscellaneous concert was given in the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, under the auspices of Mr.

Carte, who for many years has catered liberally for Newcastle. The *artistes* engaged were Alboni, "the grand contralto;" Corbari and L. Corbari, soprani; Bartolini, a tenor; Polonini, a basso; and Tagliafico, a baritone; M. Benedict, as usual, presiding at the piano, and Mr. Carte interspersing with his flute. The concert opened with a buffo duet, "Se inclinassi," by Bartolini and Tagliafico, and was followed by a Mercadantish air, commencing "Ah s' estinto," by Madlle. L. Corbari. This was this lady's only solo. She is a soprano of great sweetness and liquid purity of voice, but her expression lacks much of the spirit of her sister, which may probably arise from her want of experience. In the duetto their voices blend harmoniously. Corbari seemed to be in excellent voice; she sung with spirit, and her clear and silvery tones, as she danced through the intricacies of "Non fu sogno," produced a fine effect. She was rapturously recalled, and gave instead Mozart's "Voi che sapete." Alboni, on making her appearance, was greeted with deafening applause. Her first piece was "Una voce poca fa," which, on being re-called, was changed for her celebrated *finale* to *Cenerentola*, "Non piu mesto." She was also encored in the brindisi, "Il segréto," from *Lucrezia Borgia;* and again in the duet with Tagliafico, "Dunque io son," from *Il Barbiere*, and for which they substituted "La ci darem." Tagliafico, the celebrated buffo singer, fully sustained his popularity. He was encored in Meyerbeer's song of "Piff! Paff!" from the *Huguenots;* and, on a similar demand being made upon Auber's *Barcarole*, he gave Figaro's graphic song, from *Il Barbiere*, "Largo al factotum," with infinite humour and effect. In feature and expression, voice and action, he is the very factotum of a buffo. Bartolini is a novelty here. He has a very fine tenor voice, rich and melodious, but wanting both in compass and in expression; and it was certainly a mistake to appoint him the delicate serenade, "Com è gentil," it was so obviously above his pitch, and the high and sustaining notes were forced out so harshly that his voice was almost inaudible. Polonini is a basso whose voice told well in the general accompaniment. M. Benedict played one of his own pieces, in which, whether we regard him as composer or performer, he has few peers, and perhaps no superiors. Mr. Carte played two fantasias on his new metal flute; in the last he was encored, and he gave his well-known "Keel Row." We must confess we have heard no flute like that of Mr. Carte; we have heard attempts at more rapid execution, but the peculiar richness of tone, the chasteness of his elaboration, and his wonderful facility in varying his effects we hear from none but himself. He is deserving, too, of the highest encomiums for his spirit in providing these annual treats for the people of Newcastle.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE theatre closed, after a short season, with Mr. Macready's engagement, which, considering the prevailing epidemic, was tolerably successful. The enterprising and popular manager, Mr. Newcombe, opens, however, in another week, with a strong and effective operatic *troupe*, consisting of Borrani, Donald King and his wife, &c., &c., with a chorus which they bring with them. These artists have always been singularly successful here, and no doubt they will be as attractive as ever on the present occasion, as Mr. Newcombe has determined not to raise the prices, which at present admit of all classes enjoying a rational and instructive entertainment. Sontag, with Calzolari, F. Lablache, Belletti, and Thalberg, have a concert, at the Assembly Rooms, on Wednesday next. A musical speculator has undertaken to clear all their expenses for ten per cent. on the receipts, which *must* prove a failure to him. Should they even reach a hundred pounds, which is totally out of the question at 10*s.* 6*d.* tickets, he must then be the printing and advertisements out of pocket. It is a singular fact at Plymouth, that concerts *never* answer out of the theatre. A moderate *scale* of prices is always necessary in a provincial town, where its inhabitants are not overburthened with money for amusements. Even the popular Jullien, at the first concerts he gave in Plymouth, could not make them answer in the Rooms; but he has, on the occasions of giving them in the theatre, had it crammed to suffocation, with hundreds turned away, whose money could not be taken. I regret to think that such a talented *troupe* of artists which are about to visit us are likely to meet with but a thin attendance, which, had their concert been given in the theatre, would have been quite the contrary. Sontag or Thalberg are alone sufficient to attract an audience. However, I will write you the result of the concert for your next. T. E. B.

MUSIC AT PRESTON.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THIS town, I am glad to observe, continues to progress in musical taste, and the art becomes generally more cultivated, thanks to several clever professors now resident here.

Mr. H. Phillips and Mr. Templeton have lately had overflowing audiences at their Concerts. The Hungarian Singers have been engaged by the "Cheap Concert Committee" for next Monday. Mr. G. H. Lake, the Concertinist and Pianist, is expected here with his Company shortly.

Major Davis, of the 52nd Regt., afforded a rich musical treat to the officers of the 39th and 52nd, and upwards of 200 élite of the town and neighbourhood. The professional performers on this occasion were Mr. Dennison (Westminster Abbey), Maanen, and Mr. H. Bamber, ably assisted by several amateurs of Preston. In the Choruses of Handel and Beethoven, the effect was materially heightened by the vocal powers of the members of the Band of the 52nd Regt. M. Van Maanen and Mr. Bamben performed in a superior style a Duet by David, for piano and violin. The former gentleman also displayed a perfect command over his instrument in Ernst's famous *Carnival of Venice.*

The fine Band of the 52nd has this summer added considerably to the musical enjoyments of select parties of Prestonians. Great credit is due to M. Van Maanen for having formed one of the best bands in Her Majesty's Service.

On a late occasion we heard it perform the overtures to *Fidelio* and *The Crown Diamonds* in splendid style. M. Van Maanen also favoured us with an exceedingly elegant Set of Waltzes of his own composition, entitled *Amelia Waltzes*, which have become general favourites here. He had also performed another pretty set, by his friend Mr. Bamber (a resident professor of Preston), entitled the *Jasmine Waltzes.* They are in high repute, and deserve to be more extensively known.

Madame Dulcken is now on a tour through the provinces; it is expected she will pay a visit to this town in conjunction with the favourite vocalist, Madlle. Schloss, and an esteemed friend and violoncellist, Hausmann.

SONTAG AT GLASGOW.

WE have just received the *Glasgow Courier*, which contains the following notice of the performance of Madame Sontag, Lablache, Thalberg, &c., in the second city of Scotland:—

Last night the City Hall was filled by a brilliant audience, such as is

seldom witnessed in Glasgow. The great attraction of the evening was Madame Sontag. The rapidity with which she rose to the highest fame in her particular style of singing when she appeared here in 1828, the romance of reality she has gone through since, and the knowledge that she still possesses the fresh full-toned musical voice of her younger days, all contributed to excite a great desire to hear this accomplished musician. No one present last night, we are sure, was disappointed of any of the hopes he had entertained. Time prevents us giving more than a very few brief notes of the earlier part of an entertainment such as we believe Glasgow never witnessed before, when we take into view the acknowledged excellence of three of the individuals who took the lead,—we mean Sontag, Lablache, and Thalberg.

Of Thalberg's performances on the piano it is presumptuous for any one who is not a thorough bred musician to speak much except to give expression to that feeling of delight which accompanies, or is elicited by, the exhibition of great powers of expression, in whatever mode displayed. In this and in brilliancy and rapidity of execution, Thalberg is, at this day, we understand, unrivalled among pianists. His two appearances were very splendid.

Passing hurriedly to the two stars of the evening, we may mention that Belletti is one of the finest basses that has appeared in Glasgow; and Calzolari and F. Lablache of themselves would have made any concert go off well. We come to Lablache. He first gave one of his great pieces, "Non piu Andrai," which one cannot hear often enough. His magnificent voice filled and more than filled the hall, large as it is, and years do not seem to abate a jot of his fire. The trio from *William Tell*, in which he appeared with Calzolari and Belletti, was very finely given. His duet with Sontag, from *Don Pasquale*, where the old Don discovers he has married a lady who has a will of her own, was performed in first-rate style, and very much applauded.

Madame Sontag commenced with "O luce di quest' anima," and at once established her claim to the reputation which has gone before her. She unites the greatest power of execution over a voice rich and melodious, with a degree of winning grace and apparent artlessness which is very charming indeed. In the union of these her great power seems to lie, not in the expression of deep passion. She was received in all her parts with great applause, and when called for an encore in one of her songs, charmed the audience with "Home, sweet Home." It was curious to notice how much more enthusiastically the applause was given to this song than to those sung in a foreign language.

The admirable arrangements of Messrs. J. M. Wood and Co. deserve notice, as they contributed so much to the pleasure of the audience.

The above remarks are in the main free from the taint of provincial exaggeration. We may here state that Madame Sontag's *tournée* has lately proved more remunerative than when it commenced, which, for the sake of the gracious and talented artist, we are delighted to learn. Thalberg and Lablache, no less than Madame Sontag, have reaped golden opinions wherever they were heard.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS.—(*From our Correspondent.*)—Halevy's new opera, *La Fée aux Roses*, has been produced at the *Opera Comique*, or, as it is now called, *Theatre National de l'Opera Comique*, with decided success. The book is written by Messrs. Scribe and de Saint-Georges, and is founded, if I do not much mistake, on one of the Persian tales. Here is a brief abstract of the plot. There is a certain magician, who has in his possession a beautiful female slave whom he purchased for three sequins in her infancy. He loves his young slave, Nerilha, when she grows up. Nerilha is proof against his magic and his affection. Her whole heart is centred in flowers—she is the very queen of the garden—the goddess of roses, and hence her name. But this does not long endure. All the flowery flock of her young affections is killed by the glances of the youthful and handsome Prince of Delhi, who caught her among the roses, and fell in love instantaneously. Now the man of necromancy, in one of his amiable fits, had granted Nerilha certain floral powers—these I was unable to ascertain in the performance—on condition of bestowing her love upon no man without his assent, or, at least, of not acknowledging her love if she bestowed it, on pain of loss of youth and beauty. On the other hand, the Prince of Delhi could not prosecute his love for Nerilha, whom he desired to marry, without overcoming obstacles that seemed insurmountable. By a clause in his father's will he was precluded from inheriting the sovereign power unless he espoused a princess of the royal blood, named Gulnare, who was lost in her infancy, and for whom the prince was compelled to institute a search. Here was a neat and a fair opportunity for concluding the plot to the utmost advantage. Let but Nerilha have turned out to be Gulnare, and all the mystery would be cleared up at once—with the magician's leave. But no—such an obvious *denouement* would but ill consort with the artifices of French playwrights. Among many acquaintances of Nerilha, is one young lady, who is deeply enamoured of a very silly person—the comic character of the piece—who turns out to be none other than the vizier of the Prince of Delhi. This young lady is discovered to be Gulnare, and she is accordingly carried to the palace, that she may be wedded to the prince, in accordance with the wishes of the king. Gulnare, who is no very pertinent specimen of constancy, is overjoyed at finding her old sweetheart at the palace in the vizier; while the vizier on his part is no less delighted at finding his fair *inamorato* in the future sultana, and determines to establish himself, by very different ways, as prime favourite with both lord and lady. There is a very well written scene here, in which the vizier sets aside all his scruples of conscience, for constituting a *marriage à trois*. A scene next takes place between the prince and Nerilha, in which, about to be deprived of him for ever, she loses sight of all worldly consideration, and declares her love for him: she is instantly transformed into a wrinkled old woman. The *denouement* is brought about by means of a bouquet of flowers, which the magician, on mischievous thoughts intent, presented to a young friend of Nerilha on the eve of her marriage. This bouquet is of a snowy whiteness, and possesses the singular property of changing its colour when she who carries it has committed any act of which a lover or a husband might not approve. The young intended, for reasons best known to herself, gets rid of the bouquet as soon as possible, and transfers it to some one else, and so it goes from hand to hand until at length it falls into the possession of Gulnare, who, in perfect innocence of its properties, retains it. At the very moment when she vows love and fidelity to the prince, the bouquet changes from white to purple, and at the same moment when she entreats the prince to bestow on an old woman a kiss demanded as payment for the bouquet, the old woman is transformed into the young and beautiful Nerilha, and all is discovered. The prince espouses Nerilha in place of Gulnare, and proclaims her Sultana of all the Indies—of course, by permission of the East India Company—Princess of Delhi, Queen of Cashmere, Regent of Candahar, Sovereign of Georgia, Superintendant of Persia, and Lord Lieutenant of Algiers.

The story is not quite so simple, nor quite so pretty as that of *Cinderella*, nor is the music so sparkling, *piquante*, and melodious as that of the *Cenerentola* of Rossini. I do not know whether I speak heresy or not, but I cannot forbear from saying, I like Rossini's and Auber's music better than Halevy's. The last-named composer, to my notion, has very little melody. He is a decided follower of Meyerbeer, and sometimes treads closely on the heels of his great prototype, in producing grand dramatic effects. But he has not the tythe of the parts of Meyerbeer's resources, and I think him quite out of place in a comic opera. I have heard the opera twice, and am satisfied M. Halevy has very little inspiration for that kind of music, whatever he may have for a different school.

The French papers all speak in high terms of the opera, and its success is undoubted, therefore you must take my opinions with extreme caution. The piece was well put on the stage, and the principal artistes all exerted themselves to the utmost. Of these principal artistes there was not one who appeared to me above mediocrity. Madame Ugalde played the heroine; M. Bataille, the magic man; Madlle. Lemercier, Gulnare; and M. Audran, the Prince of Delhi.

Madlle. Grimm has returned to the *Opera Comique*, and has appeared in the *Montenegrins*. She is a great and deserved favourite.

It is now decided that Ronconi is to have the *Italiens*. The theatre opens under his direction on the fifth of November. You will see him, I dare say, before that time. The *Musical World* states he is engaged to sing at the London Wednesday Concerts on the opening night. Ernst has arrived here.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

AMATEUR V. PROFESSIONAL SINGERS IN CATHEDRALS.

(*To the Editor of the Musical World.*)

SIR,—Your correspondent "Civis" does not understand the state of the case at Hereford Cathedral. It is a mistake to "suppose the five clergymen are to supersede the singing men, or lay-vicars." There are not, and never have been, *lay*-vicars at Hereford, nor have the Cathedral authorities power to elect a layman to the office of vicar choral. The choral body of this Cathedral is a college of twelve clergymen, and, at this time, there are five vacancies in this body. Your correspondent's letter is written with an entire misapprehension of the true state of the case.

But, if a chorister at Hereford can never look forward to being a *lay*-vicar of the Cathedral, he can look forward to, what most people would consider somewhat better, a *clerical* vicarage choral. If I am not very much mistaken, most of those who held that office when I was a boy at the Cathedral School (there were twelve then) had, in their youth, been choristers of the Cathedral.

I am not able to say whether there be, at Hereford, proper provision for carrying on the education of deserving ex-choristers, whose parents are not in a position to educate them at their own cost, but I can say most decidedly, that, at any rate, so long as boys are in the choir, great pains are taken in their education, and for their general welfare. They attend the Cathedral School, and receive the same care and attention as the rest of the scholars. Most conscientiously can I affirm that all the time I was at the Cathedral School, the same interest and anxiety on the part of the Dean and Chapter, the same labour and pains-taking on the part of our excellent master, were bestowed on all, choristers and scholars, alike.

I confess I must agree with your correspondent in admitting, as a general proposition, that "there is no reasonable prospect or inducement" to a parent to make his child a chorister; but I think he misses the point when he says that the absence of inducement is the want of expectation of "permanent advantage ultimately." I think the real absence of inducement is, or, with a loving and religious parent should and would be, the general and neglected state of choristers, while they are actually in the choir, a neglect fraught with so much evil to their interests, eternal as well as temporal; and, in corroboration of this statement, I beg to refer "Civis" to an article in the *Musical World*, of July 14th, entitled "Cathedral Trusts, and their Fulfilment." But I am happy to say, most positively, that none of the statements of that article can be applied to Hereford; and I am thankful to add that I truly hope things are mending, and that, before long, every choristers' school may be a bright jewel in our Christian land, instead of what it is, too frequently, alas! now, a dark blot—a disgrace.

As to the ability of clergymen to perform the duties of vicars choral, it is another point altogether; but I must beg to remind "Civis" that there are plenty of highly skilful musical clergymen in the land, though, I confess with sorrow, not so many as there should be, for I am of opinion that music should be an essential part of the education of every clergyman, and that it is almost as preposterous to ordain a clergyman who cannot sing as one who cannot read. I must remind him that the number of theses is increasing, and that especially if choristers' schools be properly managed, it will increase more and more; for obviously, a chorister, when he grows up, will sing as well whether the bishop have laid his hands upon him in ordination or not. Lastly, I would remind him that this very clerical choir used to be famous in the annals of music for the ability of its members, both collectively and individually. What it is now I am unable to say, for I have not been at Hereford for several years, and, moreover, the cathedral has now been closed for, I think, upwards of eight years, and, besides, there are five vacancies in the choral body, so I suppose the choir is not now so good as it was some years ago; but as the Dean and Chapter are about to fill up these vacancies, and as they have, by their advertisement, signified their intention of choosing only those who are duly qualified, it is reasonable to expect that their intention is, simultaneously with the re-opening of the Cathedral Fabric, after a most praiseworthy and liberal restoration, to restore the Cathedral Worship to its pristine magnificence.

I have heard that twenty-two candidates offered themselves; so we may imagine that twenty-two clergymen, at any rate, think themselves really good and efficient musicians, and, probably, many or most of them are so.

While on the subject of Cathedrals and Cathedral choirs, I may as well refer "Civis," and all your readers, to an admirable article on Cathedral Institutions, in the *Christian Remembrancer* for October.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

V.

Thurnham, Oct. 9th.

TEUTONIUS, HIS MUSICAL LABYRINTH.

(*To the Editor of the Musical World.*)

SIR,—My friend Molineux is welcome to make any observation on my musical "labyrinth" he chooses. There is a peculiar epigrammatical pertness and energy in his short letters which makes them pleasant to read, even though their taste may sometimes be rather sharp to those to whom they are addressed. I heartily accept the congratulation on the successful end of my "elaboration," while I can assure my friend that the delay in its completion was owing neither to the want of material nor that of an architect. Mr. Molineux, looking on my fabric, with its five thousand rooms, its pillars, and long corridors, cannot refrain from making a self-pleasing comparison between it and his own little temple of music, which he created in your paper some time ago. Now I agree that there is a style of simplicity about the latter, with its uncarved pillars rising from the ground in all their naked sternness; but I am indeed afraid my friend Molineux and his followers will feel rather chilly in their abode of worship during the next winter months, when Boreas shall be howling through its open spaces. In this case, I shall be but too happy to accommodate my friend with one of my many spare rooms, either above or below the ground, where, snugly seated before the fire, we shall have a better opportunity to discuss the comparative merits of our two musical fabrics, or systems. I will, however, first silence my friend's doubts about the firmness of my "labyrinth," about whose basis (or bass notes) he so anxiously inquires. My fundamentum consists but of three rocks—*Subdom.*, *Tonic*, *Dom.*—but these, I trust, will not give way, even though mighty waters may rush against them, or they be exposed to the blasts of that famous blowing-machine which so astonished my friend by its thousand and one harmonics.

One bit of artillery in Mr. Molineux's letter—that about the shakes and muses—I must confess I do not understand. No doubt there is a meaning in it, as there was in some "green tea;" but being none of the masonic craft, I do not blush to confess my ignorance. I hope my friend will favour us with his explanation of the causes of the difference between the major and minor modes.

I almost suspect Mr. Molineux to have been the perpetrator of that musical joke in your last; if so, I tender him my sincere thanks for having saved your paper from the danger of becoming the receptacle of such silly and puerile concoctions, as the musical enigmas of certain lady dilettanti; and believe him to have deserved well of your readers, for removing by his witty parody a nuisance, which threatened to become stereotype.—Yours, &c.,

TEUTONIUS.

PS.—Your compositor, by an ingenious alteration of two letters, has made me say in the PS. to my last letter quite a different thing to what I intended. I had written "The historians of the Chinese themselves give *us* reason to believe, that they derived their musical system from the north;" and not "The historians give *no* reason to believe that, &c. &c.," as printed. Please to notice this error.

MADAME MONTENEGRO.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Can you inform me where Madame Montenegro and party are at the present time?—Your obedient, ALPHA.

October 12th.

[Will any reader oblige our correspondent with the whereabouts of the fair artist in question and her Satallites?—ED.]

ANSWER TO MUSICAL ENIGMA IN No. 40.

(*To the Editor of the Musical World.*)

Auber is the composer of *Masaniello;* Bach is celebrated for his fugues; Ernst is a celebrated violinist; Strauss is a favourite composer of dance music; *Messiah* is a splendid oratorio; Grisi, Alboni, and Sontag, are great Cantatrici; Jotty Treffz is a charming singer; Wallace is famed for his *Maritana;* Rossini is a celebrated composer: Thalberg is the king of pianoforte players; Calzolari is a pleasing tenor who late made his *début;* Jullien is a popular conductor; Bottesini plays on the contra-basse; All musicians, professional and amateur, join in the praise of Costa; Mario is a celebrated tenor; The music of Weber pleases all; *La Sonnambula* is a beautiful opera by Bellini; Harmonious, enchanting, and sublime, are epithets of the whole, the composer of *Figaro.*

DE BURGH.

Liverpool, 10th October, 1849.

MUSICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 18 letters.

My 15, 13, 12, 1, 1; 15 and my 1, 8, 3, 15, 9, 18, 8, 3, 17, 1, 1, 8, 6, 15, are beautiful operas composed by Rossini.

My 14, 8, 18, 3, 12, 1, is immortalized by his compositions.

My 1, 5, 18, 3; and my 8, 1, 10, 15, 9, 5, are most celebrated vocalists.

My 10, 2, 18, 9, is a famous lyric poet.

My 1, 17, 9, 18, 11, 13, 13, and my 14, 8, 1, 1, 17, are celebrated pianists.

My 8, 18, 9, 8, 13, 14, 5, 1, 1, 15, 9, is a favorite songstress.

My 6, 8, 15, 8, 18, 5, was a celebrated maker of the 16, 5, 15, 1, 5, 9, on which instrument my 15, 1, 12, 10, 2, 11, and my 14, 5, 1, 1, are celebrated performers.

My 8, 13, 13, 4, 15, 15, 3, was a pupil of Mozart.

My 1, 8, 7, 5, 8, and my 10, 12, 8, 1, 17, are 5, 13, 8, 1, 5, 8, 18, singers.

My 18, 15, 7, 17, 11, 15, and my 10, 12, 8, 1, 17, are London music publishers.

My 3, 5, 10, 3, 5, 9, composed my 18, 8, 7, 8, 1, songs.

My 10, 12, 11, 5, 9, 5, and my 10, 15, 5, 17, 1, 3, 5, 11, 2, have composed many operas.

My 3, 8, 16, 5, 3, is a French composer.

My 13, 15, 9, 11, is produced by playing my 1, 17, 6, 8, 13, 15, and my 13, 11, 18, 2, 13, 15.

My 8, 13, 8, 15, 11, and my 8, 9, 13, 5, 6, 15, 18, 17, were composed by Mendelssohn.

My 8, 15, 18, 6, 5, 15, 7, 8, 18, 9, 5; my 8, 18, 9, 8, 10, 1, 12, 9, 8; my 6, 15, 2, 15, 6, 15, 9, 18, 5; and my 9, 5, 18, 15, are celebrated operas.

My 4, 11, 1, 8, 15, 18, was a composer of sacred music.

My 10, 2, 6, 1, 12, and my 15, 10, 15, 17, are musical instruments.

My 1, 17, 15, 1, 5, 9, 11, is a pretty operetta.

My 14, 2, 9, 13, 12, 18, and my 10, 15, 3, 3, 8, are musicians.

My 10, 1, 15, 4, was a celebrated English musician.

My 1, 2, 1, 1, 5, was a celebrated French musician.

My 6, 1, 17, 12, is composed by my 4, 12, 10, 10, 17.

My 9, 11, 8, 13, 17, is a musician of my 18, 15, 13, 11.

My 14, 2, 1, 1, 6, 14, is a famous singing-class teacher.

My whole was one of the most extraordinary men that ever lived; he was a my 3, 5, 7, 5, 18, 12, composer; he was born at my 10, 15, 18, 9, and died at my 7, 5, 11, 9, 18, 8. E. P.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MADAME MONTENEGRO AND SIGNOR SANTIAGO, with their Italian operatic company have been performing *Norma, Puritani, Sonnambula, Lucrezia Borgia, Lucia, Elisir d'Amore, Favorita, Don Pasquale, Barbiere,* and *Nabuco,* at Newcastle, Edinburgh, Hull, Glasgow, and Belfast, with distinguished success. They have been offered handsome terms for a two months' season in Edinburgh.

WINDSOR THEATRICALS.—Prince Albert honoured Mr. Charles Kean with an interview, at Osborne, on Thursday, relative to the private theatricals to take place at Windsor castle next Christmas by command of Her Majesty.

DEATH OF MRS. ORGER.—We regret to announce the death of this favourite author, who for so many years occupied a distinguished position in the dramatic school. She died at Brighton last week.

HERR CARL FORMES.—This eminent vocalist is, we are glad to find, about to pay a visit to Manchester. He is to be accompanied by Miss Rafter, Mr. J. Rafter, and a new aspirant of the same family, Miss Lucy Rafter. Besides the attraction of Herr Formes (himself a host), no doubt many will be glad to hear the Rafters, whose sojourn in the metropolis must have added to their qualifications as musicians.—*Manchester Courier.*

BATH HARMONIC SOCIETY.—We have much pleasure in stating (from authority), that the desire to patronize and encourage this delightful re union is evidently on the increase. so much so, that there is every prospect of all the four "Ladies' Concerts" being held in the large room during the season. At all events, the first will be held there, and it will take place in November, on the Prince of Wales' birthday. An eagerness to join the choir has also been evinced. Several additional "good voices" have been admitted, by the talented conductor, to the vocal department, and the rehearsals are steadily proceeding. Much interest has been excited at the rehearsals (we hear) by the talented singing of two young ladies, who have been placed with Mr. Bianchi Taylor as pupils, and, by his introduction, take the advantage afforded by singing at these concerts, under his immediate superintendence and instruction. Both these youthful *debutantes* are ladies by birth, and with talent calculated to place them hereafter in very prominent positions in the profession they have chosen. Miss Patton, we regret to hear, is not in health to enable her to undertake the fatigue of the rehearsals, &c. Mrs. K. Pyne (late Miss Hobbs), who has deservedly raised herself in the esteem of the subscribers, will take her usual duties; and we doubt not, from the energy now being exerted, that another delightful series of concerts will be the result.—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette.*

THE HUNGARIAN VOCALISTS.—During the present week, the lovers of vocal music in Manchester have been delighted by the presence and performances of a party of Hungarian vocalists, in Free-trade Hall, where they have nightly appeared to sing the lays of their fatherland. To quote from the programme, "these wild and characteristic lays of Hungary are chiefly composed by the shepherds while tending to their flocks on the mountains. They are a mixture of plaintive and joyous sentiments, and full of originality," and the mode in which the ten vocalists named sing, exhibits the peculiar characteristics stated in the extract. The majority have tenor voices; two have most splendid bass voices, of a very low range. Though several are capable of creditably singing solos, it is in the concerted pieces that the great strength of the party is found. They are an exemplification of that peculiar power of well-trained and good voices, singing in unison, which has made the German Liedertafel famous in the musical world; of that "family voice" which imparted its great charm to the vocal efforts of the Hutchinson family, and of that cheerfulness which gives so pleasant a character to village ittips in some parts of our country. Each has well studied the pieces sung, and together they render them with freedom and breath. Nothing could surpass the beauty with which Lutzow's Wild Hunt was given, as its floating echoes were dispersed through the hall, or the bold ease diaplayed in the polka serenade or the Turkish tavern song. They were frequently encored, and repeated several pieces by desire. Mr. Seates played some solos on the concertina as a variety. They appear to night for the last time we believe.—*Manchester Times.*

Mr. Lover's Entertainment at Manchester.—Mr. Samuel Lover gave a new entertainment, entitled "Random Shots from Rory's Rifle," in the theatre of the Mechanics' Institution, on Saturday evening. Like all those of this celebrated humourist, it was replete with specimens of Irish wit and humour, joke, story, song, and repartee, most of them the manufacture of the ingenious novelist and songster himself. Since the days of Tom Dibdin, we believe no one has attempted so much in this line as Mr. Lover. He is author, poet, composer, story-teller, and vocalist in himself; and no one will question his ability in either department. If his voice be not so powerful or possess not so extensive a range as might be desired, the exquisite taste and charming expression conveyed far outweigh any small defects that may be perceptible; and one glimpse of his Milesian face, full of fun and frolic, smiling "like a boiled pratie," is sufficient to put any audience in a good humour. After noticing a few of the traditionary legends connected with the patron saint of Ireland, Mr. Lover sang one of his own songs, called "The birth of Saint Patrick," one which is brimful of the richest humour." The 17th of March, is generally considered to be the day on which the good saint made his first appearance on earth, and Mr. Lover's song tells how this came about. Formerly it was a disputed point whether the 8th or 9th of the month had the honour of giving birth to the saint, and many a dispute arose as to whether the child was too fast, or the clock too slow; and at last it was decided that both days should be kept sacred to his memory. The priest, however, decided very gravely, and so to settle the matter the 8th and 9th were added together, both factions were satisfied, and the 17th of March was thenceforward looked upon as as the birthday of the tutelary saint. "The bowld soger boy," and "Tea-table tactics," songs which Mr. Lover delivers with peculiar gusto, were also sung, and were, of course, warmly received. Towards the end of the entertainment, Mr. Lover, after alluding to his recent visit to the New World, gave a metrical recitation, entitled "The Nymph of Niagara," in which the mighty cataract is apostrophised as a life-breathing spirit, in language of the most chaste and poetical description. It was listened to with earnest attention, and at the close Mr. Lover was rapturously applauded. The story with which the entertainment concluded, the adventures of "Jimmy Hay," a young man who worked out his passage to America, was equal in its exquisite drollery to any of Mr. Lover's former productions, and kept the house in a never broken roar of laughter.—We understand that Mr. Lover again makes his appearance at the Mechanics' Institute on Saturday next, in another entertainment.—*Manchester Examiner.*

Madame Schroeder, one of the first tragedians of Germany, and mother of the celebrated singer, Madame Schrooder-Devrient, has just died at Raudnitz, in Saxony, at the advanced age of 84. The Emperor Francis I paid Madame Schroeder an honour which no German artist had ever before or has ever since received. He caused her portrait to be drawn in all her principal characters, and placed the collection in the Imperial Museum.

Copyright.—Now that an English Court has ruled that, by the terms of existing laws, an American cannot sustain a right to hold literary property in this country, it is probable that the Government of the United States will be induced to take steps towards an adjustment of the matter. We understand that more than one American writer has already been made to feel the consequences of the recent decision in his dealings with the trade in London. We know of one book in three volumes, of which the reprint was commenced—and stopped. The publisher had no assurance that his three-half-penn'orth book would not appear in a few days in the shilling library—so withdrew his risk. The American author now stands in a similar relation in this respect to the English author in America; and the wrong being thus reciprocal, it is possible that efforts may be more seriously made on the other side of the water, which we will be willing to match on this, to obtain an equitable Law on the subject.—*Athenæum.*

Vocal Concerts were given last week at St. Albans, Royston, and Bishops-Stortford with great success, supported by Miss Pyne, Miss Messent, Mr. Frank Bodda, and Mr. Land. Several glees and madrigals were sung in so effective and finished a manner as to call forth enthusiastic applause. It is gratifying to find that the taste for this style of music—so exclusively English—is reviving.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS,

EXETER HALL.

The First of a Series of Fifteen Concerts, to be held on alternate Wednesday Evenings, will take place on

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24th, 1849.

The prospectus is now ready, and may be had of all musicsellers, and at 4, Exeter Hall. Terms of Subscription:—Area and Platform, One Guinea; Reserved Seats, Two Guineas; Double Subscription, Three Guineas; Stalls, Three Guineas; Double Subscription, Five Guineas. Tickets, 1l. and 2s.; Reserved Seats, 4s.; Stalls, 7s.

JOSEPH STAMMERS, Managing Director, 4, Exeter Hall.

ST. GEORGE'S HARMONIC SOCIETY,

Established for the Weekly Practice of Concerted Vocal Music.

Conductor, Mr. S. T. LYON.

The Committee beg to announce that the Series of NINE CONCERTS for the ensuing season will commence

On FRIDAY, the 19th of OCTOBER,

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Prospectuses and Terms of Admission, as Members or Subscribers, can be obtained from Mr S T Lyon, No 22, Nassau Street, Middlesex Hospital, or from any other Member of the Committee.

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These celebrated performers on the Sax-Horns have just returned from Canada and the United States.—The Musical Instrument Business is now carried on by Henry Distin, at the Depot, 31, Cranbourn Street, Leicester Square, where an immense stock of Sax-Horns, Tubas, Saxophones, Cornets, &c., by Besson, Courtois, and other makers, is always on sale.

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Placido è il mar andiamo	. .	*Mozart.*
No II.—Kyrie, Second Mass	. . .	*Haydn.*
Motivo, from Op. 73	. . .	*Beethoven.*
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Mr. GAVIN, Dentist, begs to announce that he has REMOVED to 33, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, where he continues to perform every operation connected with the teeth, upon those successful principles and moderate charges which have ensured him so much patronage. By his peculiar and scientific method he perfectly and harmlessly fixes artificial teeth in the mouth; the extraction of roots, or any painful operation whatever, is rendered perfectly unnecessary. A single tooth, from 5s. A complete set, £5. Old pieces of teeth remodelled, and made to fit with security and comfort.

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The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

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No. 42.—Vol. XXIV. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1849. PRICE THREEPENCE. STAMPED FOURPENCE.

EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF CALLIMACHUS.

E'EN as the hunter chases the hare on the hills, Epeoydes,
E'en as he closely pursues every fugitive deer,
Bearing the frost and the snow, but if some one should kindly inform him
Where is a beast ready struck, he would ne'er stop for the prey:
Such is the love I feel: what flies I only can follow,
Heedlessly leaving behind all that is placed in my way. J. O.

MUSIC IN PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

I REGRET much to announce to you the death of Frederick Chopin, the celebrated pianist and composer. M. Chopin had been suffering for some years under the influence of phthisis, and within the last few weeks his disease began to show such alarming symptoms that he was consigned to a *maison de santé* in the Batignolles, where, after lingering about three weeks, he expired on Tuesday night. Although he had for some time ceased to take any active part in musical matters, and had almost entirely abandoned both playing and composing, the death of M. Chopin cannot but be lamented by all the lovers and followers of the art. He was certainly one of the most eminent and one of the most original men in his particular sphere, and his influence on his cotemporaries has been very considerable. Should I learn any more particulars of his death I will let you have them next week.

Meyerbeer has returned to Paris, and is at his old quarters at the Hotel de Paris. The *Prophète* will be resumed at the Grand Opera next Wednesday, and Madame Viardot Garcia will make her *rentrée* in her great part of Fides. Already, I hear, almost every place is secured.

The new grand ballet, *La Filleule des Fées*, has been highly successful, and has brought much money to the treasury of the Opera. It is one of the most superb spectacles ever witnessed, even at this theatre, so renowned for spectacles. Carlotta Grisi, who has entirely recovered from her illness, has made of the part of Isaura a new, and one of her most poetical, creations. Her acting and dancing are equally admirable. The ballet is by Perrot, who has produced a worthy companion of his *Esmeralda* and *Giselle*. In my letter next week I will give you a full account of this ballet, and also some particulars of Halevy's *Fée des Roses*, (suspended till next Saturday, in consequence of the severe illness of Madlle. Ugald,) of which your account last week, as far as the music is concerned, (and especially of that remarkable vocalist, Madlle. Ugald,) was particularly scanty, and not by any means correct.

Mr. Lumley is still here, and I feel pretty sure will be the eventual lessee of the Italian Theatre. If so, he will have to re-organise his company, as the list contained in Ronconi's programme is deplorably unattractive. Ronconi himself is still in Italy; and there is no decided news of his probable speedy return. There is little or no chance of the theatre opening at the beginning of November. The fact is, I believe the general wish of the patrons of the *Italiens* is that Mr. Lumley should take the theatre.

Mr. Gye, the lessee of the Royal Italian Opera, is also here. It is reported that he is treating with Meyerbeer for the first production of the *Africaine*. Mr. Mitchell is here too, making arrangements for next season for his popular French plays—to night he goes to Brussels, I believe to renew the engagement of Madlle. Charton.

The theatres are generally doing better now, and the re-action is very apparent. It is unfortunately quite true that Rachel has for ever quitted the Parisian stage, and that Frederic Lemaitre is equally resolved upon retiring. Both, however, are at war with the establishments with which they are connected. A new piece has been produced at the *Vaudeville*, in which a young lady (Madlle. Cico) actually strips herself, and takes a bath before the audience!! It was, however, immediately repressed, after the first night. Jules Janin killed it outright, with a *feuilleton* resplendent with wit and satire.

Vivier has again left us, and by this time is no doubt in London. Ernst will most probably return to London soon, having many advantageous offers of engagements from various parts of the kingdom. Alboni is still at Brussels, but has been offered a temporary engagement to perform the *Figlia* and the *Favorite* (in French) at the Ghent theatre, which it is probable she may accept. Angri is here, waiting anxiously the opening of the *Italiens*. Next week some more news. Things are beginning to stir a little.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

THE prospectus now lies before us, as full of promise as is an egg of meat. According to their own shewing, the directors, from their past experience, have found that "a first-class weekly musical entertainment, upon a fixed evening, and at moderate prices, illustrated by the first artists of their several departments, was acceptable to the public at large." Upwards of sixty thousand persons visited the twenty-seven concerts, and the concerts appeared to gain with the public at every succeeding performance.

So far the directors and the public meet and shake hands: the directors give them first-rate goods for a low charge, and the public buy up the goods whether they want them or not. This is the grand secret in commercial transactions—to induce people to purchase what they do not require. Many hundreds of steady-going, money-loving folk, we have not the least doubt, were attracted to the Wednesday Concerts by the fee-simple which the door-keeper demanded for admission; and many hundreds too, we have little less doubt, insensibly imbibed a love for music at Exeter Hall, which became afterwards a solace and gratification in their lives. Thus the directors have tended to disseminate a taste for music, and are entitled to the praise of all rational thinkers, who

must look upon music as calculated to elevate the mind, and to dispose it to all the social virtues.

The series will consist of fifteen concerts, as heretofore, given on consecutive Wednesday evenings. Among the artists engaged, who are too numerous to mention in full, we may specify Mr. Braham, (who is announced to take his farewell performances previous to his final retirement from public life,) Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Lockey, Herr Formes, Signor Ronconi, the Misses Poole, Dolby, A. and M. Williams, &c., &c., as vocalists; sundry pianists, the most noted of whom are M. Thalberg, Sterndale Bennett, and Madame Pleyel; solo instrumentalists, Vivier and Ernst; the Distin Family; and other soloists, comprising the *élite* of the Royal Italian Opera band.

The programme of each evening will be devoted to a selection from a first-class English, German, French, or Italian opera; the words, on every occasion, being rendered into English. The operatic selection will be followed by a pianoforte solo; the remainder of the first part being assigned to a miscellaneous vocal selection from English and foreign detached classical works, concluding with an overture, or instrumental work. The second section will be devoted almost exclusively to English, Irish, Scotch, and Welch airs, songs, ballads, duets, trios, quartets, &c., &c.; an instrumental solo; an old English glee, madrigal, or round; the whole to conclude with an instrumental Pot-Pourri.

Here are promises and materials enough to hold forth a triumphant future, and guarantee a signal success.

The prices of admission, and terms of subscription, will be the same as the past season.

The first concert will take place on Wednesday next. The vocal performers are Mrs. Alexander Newton, the Misses A. and M. Williams, Eyles, and Poole; the Messrs. Lockey, Land, Lawler, Herr Formes, and Signor Ronconi. The operatic selection will be from Mozart's *Il Flauto Magico*; Miss Eliza Ward will play a solo on the pianoforte; the band will play the *Scherzo* and "Wedding March" from Mendelssohn's music to a *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the overtures to *Zampa* and the *Cheval de Bronze*, and a selection from Spohr's *Jessonda*, in which Baumann, Ribas, Nicholson, Jarrett, Maycock, and T. Harper will take the solos. Ronconi will sing "Largo al factotum," the "Suoni la Tromba" duet from the *Puritani*, with Formes; and a grand scena from *La Straniera*.

With such a programme, the Wednesday Concerts will commence operations in a most spirited manner, and cannot fail of commanding a great success.

We shall report largely of the doings in our next.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

The tide of popular favour has set strongly in at this place of amusement. The company attending has been numerous nightly, and the performances have afforded the utmost satisfaction. The *Don Giovanni* still continues its successful career, and with the *Sonnambula* on the off nights, and two rattling farces every night, has precluded the manager from presenting any further novelty.

Miss Louisa Pyne appeared on Friday (yesterday week) evening, as Amina, in *Sonnambula*, and met with triumphant success. She was indeed entitled to the enthusiasm she met with throughout her performance. The applause she obtained was unanimous, and the fair artist, by her charming and intelligent singing, and her highly striking performance, surprised none more than those who expected most from her.

Miss Louisa Pyne's conception of Amina is entirely original. With her, intensity, or, more properly, earnestness, supplies the place of dramatic force; and she goes through the character evidently feeling its truthfulness, and so leaving most of her efforts to natural displays, rather than by over-exerting her artistic powers to render her intentions apparent to the spectator. Compared to most other Aminas, Miss L. Pyne's is full of repose; and, what we especially admire in it, not only on account of its differing from all others, but because it accords with observation and experience, is, that she invests it with a pensiveness which all physiologists allow to be an inherent characteristic of the somnambulist. Miss Louisa Pyne is by no means devoid of energy—although such a notion might be gathered from what we have been just stating—nor from the tact which gives energy reality. The bed-room scene was acted with life-like earnestness, and showed the artist a perfect mistress of the exigences of the scene. All the more quiet scenes derived a new charm from the air of melancholy we have noticed, which, whether it is intended or otherwise, constitutes no small portion of the attractiveness of the performance.

To the singing of Miss Louisa Pyne we can afford the most unqualified praise. The opening air, "Come per sereno," was given with the sweetest expression and the most faultless taste, and, though not overloaded with ornaments, was duly qualified with the necessary leaven of novel *fioriture*—necessary in so hacknied an air—and exhibited to great advantage the vocal ease and facility of the singer. In the finale to the second act the voice lacked power to give the best effect to the *forte* passages, and the impressiveness of the "I am not guilty," was something lessened in consequence; but in the whole of the third she made ample amends for any preceding deficiency. The sleeping scene was excellently acted, and the music beautifully given; the prayer *pianissimo* being rendered with great purity of tone and perfect intonation. "O do not mingle" wound up the whole in a manner to elicit an enthusiastic encore, and to create a sensation in the repeat which might be denominated a *furore*.

Mr. Allen performed Elvino in his usual artistic manner, and was greatly applauded.

The opera was on the whole well played, though not so perfectly, perhaps, as the *Don Giovanni;* and the band work better and better together every night.

Miss Louisa Pyne repeated the part of Amina on Tuesday and last night. Her next part will be Fanny, in Macfarren's new opera, the *King of Hearts*. By the way, we shall have a word to say directly on the head of this new opera.

The dramatic or comic force of Mr. Maddox is good. We miss some old faces, but we think the substitutions are for the better. Mr. A. Wigan has been engaged from the Haymarket, Miss Louisa Howard from the Lyceum, Miss Saunders from the Marylebone, Mr. W. Ray (a capital actor of old men), and Mr. Norman from the Sadler's Wells.

The above force has been employed since the opening night, in two pieces, played after the opera; the one called the *First Night*, the other the *Major's Daughter*. The first is decidedly the best, and is very humourous. Mr. A. Wigan has an old Frenchman's part, which he plays admirably, and the Misses Saunders and Howard appear to advantage in their respective characters. The piece is received nightly with roars of laughter, and Mr. A. Wigan and Miss Howard share the honour of a recall.

The *Major's Daughter* is not a good piece, nor does the principal part suit Mr. Forman, who wants something more solid to bring out his peculiar manner. Mr. A. Wigan has a

rattling part; and Mr. W. Ray labours strongly by the aid of very broken bad Scotch to make something out of nothing.

So much for statistics garnished with opinion; and now for a bit of rumour bedizened with speculation.

Macfarren's new opera has not been announced by name in the bills, only because the name has not been decided on. The writer of the book, who took his subject from Howard Payne's pretty comedietta, *Charles the Second; or, the Merry Monarch*, itself borrowed from the French, called it the *King of Hearts*, a title which met with very general approval, until somebody, who we believe was a whist-player, and never had a pack of cards out of his head, intimated that the title was suggestive of nothing else than two by honors, the odd trick, dummy, and other sweet terms appertaining to the vocabulary of the whist-table. Another gentleman, who looks at everything simply as it is, and who hates puns like a second Johnson, held out strongly against an appellation which smacked impudently of the author's idea of his own wit, and had nothing in it direct, or to the point. "Sir," said this person, "Charles the Second never belonged to a pack of cards!" These two individuals have caused a perfect schism in the theatrical camp of the Princess's, and there is no knowing when or where it will cease. The librettist sticks out lustily for his first baptismal, and Mr. Maddox sides with him, and so does Mr. Macfarren, and so does Mr. Loder, and so does Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Weiss, and all the ladies, with one exception; and strange to say, so do the publishers, Cramer, Beale, & Co.; but still the two individuals named above are of influence, or seem to be, and carry things with a high hand. Mr. Maddox, although he inclines to the first name, is anxious to have some name to announce in the bills, and, consequently, entreats a conciliation. We advise a toss-up between the upholders of the first name, the *King of Hearts*, and the propagators of the new nomenclature, whatever that may be. In short, there seems to be as much difficulty annexed to christening Macfarren's new opera as there was to the christening the *Freischutz*, for which sundry names were suggested before one was decided on.

The opera is announced for next week, and we may confidently expect it by Friday or Saturday. New scenery has been painted, new dresses are being made, and the manager is determined to put the piece on the stage in the most splendid and appropriate manner possible. Although at this moment a nameless thing, we wish the opera all imaginable success.

HULLAH'S NEW MUSIC HALL.

Saint Martin's Hall, the great building in Long Acre, erected under the auspices of Mr. Hullah, and intended for the accommodation of his singing schools; and for musical performances on the largest scale, is now in such a state of forwardness as to be partially available for its contemplated objects. The class-rooms of the different schools, and the general lecture-room, are completed; and in the course of a few months the great hall, the most spacious and noblest music-hall in England—probably in Europe—will be opened to the public.

On Wednesday evening, the 12th inst., Mr. Hullah opened the lecture-hall by a performance of the pupils of his upper singing school, attended by a considerable number of persons interested in the progress of music, among whom were several eminent composers and professors. This hall is a very handsome room, capable, apparently, of containing 700 or 800 persons, and of accoustical construction, the sound of the voices being full and resonant, without echo or confusion. On this occasion about 400 pupils of the upper school formed the chorus, the solo parts being filled by Mrs. Noble (late Miss Duval), Mr. Benson, Mr. William Seguin, and a young lady, one of the pupils, whose vocal attainments are apparently very remarkable.

The first part of the performance consisted of sacred music. It contained (among other things) Handel's famous *Jubilate*, composed for the peace of Utrecht; a motet, "Thou art beautiful," by Giovanni Croce, the celebrated ecclesiastical composer and madrigalist of the 16th century; the duet and chorus, "O never bow we down," from *Judas Maccabeus*; Mendelssohn's air, "If with all your hearts," from *Elijah*, admirably sung by Mr. Benson; and the "Hallelujah chorus." There was the accompaniment of a pianoforte, which merely served to assist the singers and preserve the pitch. The whole performance was a triumph of skilful discipline. The sacred pieces were followed by those of a lighter description. "God save the Queen," magnificently given, concluded this interesting entertainment.

We cordially congratulate Mr. Hullah on the promises held out by such a successful opening night.

WINCKELMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BOOK III.

ON THE ART OF THE ETRURIANS AND THEIR NEIGHBOURS.

(*Continued from page* 644.)

CHAP. IV.

ON ART AMONG THE NATIONS BORDERING ON THE ETRURIANS.

XI. I grant that some vases of the kind, exhibited in the Grand Duke's gallery, have been found in Tuscany, though indeed this is not to be proved; I also know that in the Etrurian tombs in the district of Cajeto, small potsherds of terra cotta have been discovered. On the other hand, it cannot be denied, that all the great collections which are in Italy, as well as the specimens which have been carried over the Alps, have been found in the kingdom of Naples, and chiefly near Nola, and the ancient tombs of that city. This absolute certainty, however, does not give us every requisite for the knowledge and judgment of these vases, since we know, as I have shortly before alleged, that Nola has been a colony of the Greeks, and that a great number of the vases with which we are acquainted are adorned with Greek designs, some with a Greek inscription, as I shall more plainly show. If, then, we deny the merit of producing those works to the artists of Etruria, properly so called, though their style plainly appears in very many vases, while others manifestly proceed from Greek masters, our judgment hangs undecided between Campanians and Greeks; and hence this point requires a clearer explanation.

XII. That among this painted pottery there are vases by Campanian artists is very probable, since the earthenware of this country has even been mentioned by Horace: "Campania supellex." This, however, is only when he sets forth the small worth of his property. We may come to the result with more certainty if we reason from the style of design in some of these specimens, which, as I have said, is like the Etrurian; and this similarity may proceed from the same cause, as a sort of Etrurian character, which was peculiar to the Campanians. For since the Tyrrhenians, or the oldest Etrurians, penetrated through Campania into the country which

is now called Magna Græcia, so that the Campanians are to be looked upon as their descendants, the character introduced, as well as the style of drawing among the artists, may thus have been preserved here. Even the Campanian artizans worked differently from the Greeks and Sicilians, as Pliny especially remarks with regard to the joiners.

XIII. The chief point against the Tuscans is given partly by the most beautiful vessels of this kind, which have been discovered and collected in Sicily, and which, according to the information of my friend, Baron Riedesel, (who, as a connoisseur of art and antiquity, has travelled through the whole of Sicily and Magna Græcia,) are perfectly like the most beautiful vases in the museum at Naples; and partly by the Greek inscription on vases different from these.

XIV. Three vases with Greek inscriptions are in the Mastrilli collection at Naples. Copies of these, ill-drawn and worse engraved, were first published by the Canon Mazzocchi; afterwards others, more correctly drawn, appeared at the same time with the Hamilton vases. Another vase, with the inscription "KALLIKLES KALOS," (the beautiful Callicles,) is in the same collection, and there is, besides, a terra cotta bowl with a Greek inscription. The oldest vase, however, is the Hamilton vessel already mentioned, of which, with other specimens inscribed with Greek characters, I shall again make mention in the following chapter. As none of these works have hitherto been discovered with an Etrurian inscription, the characters in the two beautiful vases in the collection of Herr Mengs, at Rome, must be Greek, not Etrurian. One of these I have published in my "Ancient Monuments." (*a*) On a vase in the Vatican Library, which I have likewise published and explained, may be seen the name of the artist inscribed thus—"ALSIMOS EGRAPSE" (Alsimus pinxit). By others this inscription has been read "MAXIMUS EGRAPSE," while Gori, whose system is opposed by this inscription, boldly declares it to be an imposture, without having seen the vase itself. (*b*)

XV. The reasoning which, based on the character of the inscription and the style of the drawing, leads us to believe, even with respect to the other vases without inscription, that they are to be inscribed to Greek artists, is confirmed, as I have already stated, by the vases of a similar kind and workmanship found in Sicily. The collections of these I will point out, when I have given an account of those which have been made in the kingdom of Naples, and of those which are now in the city of Naples itself.

SELECT VARIORUM NOTES.

(*a*) We may here remark, that on a beautiful vase in the Grand Duke's collection at Florence, published by Dempster, and also by Passair, five Greek inscriptions were afterwards discovered on the vessel being washed.—*Fea.*

Of these inscriptions, or rather superscriptions, of some figures painted round the upper part of the vase, Visconti has given us a learned explanation. We must, however, observe, that at the time when the Etrurian origin of the painted vases was firmly believed, they seem to have been only cursorily examined. Since they have risen in estimation as works of art, a quantity have been newly discovered, and generally a greater interest for monuments of the kind has been awakened; so many of the vases, with Greek inscriptions have been published, that they can no longer be reckoned among antiquarian rarities. Nay, there is scarcely a collection of such vases of any importance in which there are not one or more with a Greek inscription.—*Meyer.*

(*b*) Gori and Guarnacci have perhaps referred to another vase, still the inscription cited by them stands thus: MAXIMOS EPOIESE (*fecit* not *pinxit*).—*Fea.*

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

NO. CCLV.

THE UNIVERSAL AND THE PARTICULAR.

Sublime upon its proud ethereal throne,
The Universal rests; with moveless eye
It sees a world of change rise, fade, and die—
Safe in a region where no death is known.
From point to point with restless tumult thrown,
The frail Particular flits swiftly by;
If sad, it is but like a passing sigh—
If joyous, like some sweet but dying tone.
On earth there differ no two things so much,
As those two elements—one, change transcending;
One, nought but change. Can they e'er be combined?
Yes; there is still one point at which they touch,
Into pure harmony their diff'rence blending;
This point it is the task of Art to find. N. D.

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED WITH NOTES.

(Continued from page 628.)

LXXIX. Following the institutions* of their ancestors, the Egyptians add nothing new. Among other matters of custom worthy of note is the song "Linus,"† which is sung in Phœnicia and Cyprus, and elsewhere. It is called by different names, according to the different nations where it is known, and seems to be the same which the Greeks sing under the name of "Linus." Among many things which surprised me in Egypt, I cannot conceive whence they have got this Linus. To me it appears that they have sung this always. In the Egyptian language the Linus is called "Maneros." He, the Egyptians said, was the only son of the first king of Egypt, and when he died prematurely he was buried with this dirge by the Egyptians, this being the first, and indeed the only song which they (*then?*) had. (*a*)

LXXX. In another particular, the Lacedæmonians are the only Greeks with whom the Egyptians agree. The young, when they meet their elders, respectfully move out of their way, and also rise from their seats on the entrance of an old man. In this respect they are not at all like the other Greeks. Instead of addressing each other with words when they meet in the streets, they salute by lowering their hands as far as their knees.

LXXXI. They wear a linen chiton (tunic), with tassels round the legs, which they call a "Calasiris." Thrown over this, they wear a white woollen raiment. However, this woollen raiment is neither taken into the temples, nor is it buried with them, for this is not allowed by law. This is in accordance with the orgies called Orphic and Bacchic, which are the same with the Egyptians and the Pythagorean; for it is not lawful for one who has taken part in these orgies to be buried in woollen. A sacred reason is given for the practice.

LXXXII. The Egyptians have also made the following discoveries:—They have found out to which of the gods each month and day belongs, and what a person born on a particular day will be, with respect to his fortune, his death, and his general position. The Greek poets use similar expedients; but the Egyptians have invented more ominous signs than all the rest of mankind. If such a sign appears, they write down the event that follows it, and take care of the record; and if

* "Songs," says Larcher, "which would limit the proposition to the contents of this section." We have followed Schweighæuser.

† Larcher leaves out the word "Linus" here, which, it will be found, is an improvement, though the omission is not sanctioned by the MSS.

afterwards anything like the sign appears, they think the event will be also the same.

LXXXIII. Divination is ordered in this way:—The art of divining belongs to no man, but only to certain gods. There is an oracle of Hercules, of Apollo, of Athena (Minerva), of Artemis (Diana), of Ares (Mars), and of Zeus; but the oracle which they respect above all the rest is that of Leto (Latona), in the city of Buto. The modes in which these several oracles are given are not alike, but differ from each other.

LXXXIV. The medical profession is thus divided among them:—A physician attends to no more than one disease. Thus the whole place is full of physicians; of whom some are for the eyes, some for the head, some for the teeth, some for the belly, and some for internal complaints.

NOTES.

(*a*) The following account of the "Linus" is taken from that most splendid monument of erudition, Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography:"—

"Linus is the personification of a dirge or lamentation, and therefore described as a son of Apollo by a Muse, or of Amphimarus by Urania. Respecting his mother, Psamathe, the story runs thus:—When she had given birth to Linus, she exposed the child. He was found by shepherds, who brought him up; but the child was afterwards torn to pieces by dogs. Psamathe's grief at the occurrence betrayed her misfortune to her father, who condemned her to death. Apollo, in his indignation at her father's cruelty, visited Argos with a plague; and when his oracle was consulted about the means of averting the plague, he answered that the Argives must propitiate Psamathe and Linus. This was attempted by means of sacrifices, and matrons and virgins sung dirges, which were called Λινοι, and the month in which this solemnity was celebrated was called απρίος, and the festival itself απρίς, because Linus had grown up among lambs. The pestilence, however, did not cease until Crotopus quitted Argos, and settled at Tripodiscum, in Megaris. According to a Boeotian tradition, Linus was killed by Apollo because he had ventured upon a musical contest with the god; and near Mount Helicon his image stood in a hollow rock formed in the shape of a grotto: and every year, before sacrifices were offered to the Muses, a funeral sacrifice was offered to him, and dirges were sung in his honour. His tomb was claimed both by the city of Argos and by Thebes; but after the battle of Chæroneia, Philip of Macedonia was said to have carried away the remains of Linus from Thebes to Macedonia. Subsequently, however, the king was induced by a dream to send the remains back to Thebes. Chalcis, in Euboea, likewise boasted of possessing the tomb of Linus, the inscription of which is preserved by Diogenes Laertius. Being regarded as a son of Apollo and a Muse, he is said to have received from his father the three-stringed lute, and is himself called the inventor of new melodies, of dirges, and of songs in general. Hesiod even calls him παντοιης σοφιης δεδαηκως. It is probably owing to the difficulty of reconciling the different mythuses about Linus that the Thebans thought it necessary to distinguish between an earlier and later Linus; the latter is said to have instructed Heracles in music, but to have been killed by the hero. In the time of the Alexandrine grammarians, people even went so far as to look upon Linus as an historical personage, and to consider him, like Musæus, Orpheus, and others, as the author of apocryphal works, in which he described the exploits of Dionysus; Diogenes Laertius, who calls him a son of Hermes and Urania, ascribes to him several poetical productions, such as a cosmogony, on the course of the sun and moon, on the generation of animals and fruits, and the like. The principal places in Greece which are the scenes of the legends about Linus, are Argos and Thebes, and the legends themselves bear a strong resemblance to those about Hyacynthus, Narcissus, Glaucus, Adonis, Maneros, and others, all of whom are conceived as handsome and lovely youths, and either as princes or as shepherds."

(*To be continued.*)

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS's younger brother was ordained last week, by the Lord Bishop of Hereford, at Abergavenny. The ordination was held there instead of at Llandaff, in consequence of the serious illness of late the Bishop of Llandaff. Mr. Richards is appointed to the curacy of Newchurch, in Radnorshire.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT MANCHESTER.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

MRS. GLOVER's six farewell nights at the Theatre Royal did not attract one tithe of the audiences that Macready's did. This week Mr. Knowles has a party of dancers from the Opera, giving, as a Ballet, *Les Patineurs*, from the *Prophète*. Last night Herr Formes made his first public appearance in Manchester, at our Free Trade Hall, at a concert, assisted by Miss Rafter, her sister, and her brother the tenor singer. The Hall was very thinly attended, and would ill repay Messrs. Peacock and Co. As we were not present, we subjoin the following from the *Manchester Guardian*:—"*Herr Carl Formes at the Free-trade Hall.*—Last evening, the first of two grand concerts, in which the singing of the German basso profondo, Herr Carl Formes, is the principal feature, was given at the Free-trade Hall. Herr Formes is certainly an extraordinary performer; he possesses a voice of great volume, massiveness, and power, and in the lower part particularly, of fine musical quality, full, round, and clear. The fine part of his voice is, however, only of moderate compass; his higher notes having a rather disagreeable reediness and cavernous hollowness. His style of singing is intensely national,—severe, simple, and earnest. The notes are intoned with the utmost distinctness, and sometimes, (as for instance, in the "In deisen Heiligen Hallen" of Mozart,) the notes seem rather to fall from him in slow succession, than to flow, producing an effect singular, but remarkably impressive; wherever the music required it, however, Herr Formes exhibited great ease and facility in the execution of the following passage. His singing is marked by good expression—by the passionate, earnest, and the deep, manly pathos, which is so much the characteristic of his nation. In the "Standard-bearer," he certainly failed to convey the idea of buoyant vigour, and chivalrous ardour, for which the rendering of this song by Pischek was so remarkable. Herr Formes was loudly applauded, and received two encores. On an aria from Spohr's *Jessonda* being encored, he substituted another piece, which he accompanied upon the piano-forte, with great taste and expression. The remainder of the concert was made up by the singing of Mr. J. Rafter, Miss Rafter, and Miss Lucy Rafter. They executed a variety of popular music in a manner which seemed satisfactory to the audience. Mr. J. Rafter gave Braham's song, "Never despair," with considerable power and taste. There was but a thin audience, owing, no doubt, in great part, to the comparatively little popular celebrity of Herr Formes. We doubt not that a larger will be attracted to the second concert, to-morrow evening, when Herr Formes will sing a selection from the *Messiah*. We shall be much disappointed if his singing of some of these fine solos,—for instance, "Why do the nations?"—is not a great musical treat.

Your last Musical Enigma, "Ludwig van Beethoven," is, like most of its predecessors, incorrect in its spelling: the one before it, "Johann Chrysostomus Wolfgang Gottlieb Mozart," is the only one correct in every instance. But, after all, have we not had "something too much of this?" Anxious to maintain the character of the *Musical World*, we, like "Teutonius," think there is something silly in the "My 2, 2, 4, 6," &c., and that it is *infra dig.* to insert such puerilities in a periodical so much read, and of deservedly high standing. Whilst on this subject, we would call your attention to several inaccuracies which are made to appear in articles under this heading, allowing, at the same time, that our hasty scribble

and perhaps not sufficiently marked punctuation, may have been partly the cause. No such excuse, however, can be found for one or two misprints in your number of Oct. 6, where an article headed "Music at Chelmsford," turns out, on reading it, to be "Music at Cheltenham;" another headed "Music at Bury St. Edmunds," ought to be "Music at Bury in Lancashire;" and in which last the name of Miss Porter (a nice singer in the choir at Prestwich church) is transformed into the horribly stiff name of Miss *Poker!* A little more care in this department is, to say the least, very desirable.

[Our correspondent has somewhat over-stept the bounds of animadversion in finding fault with our reader on the score of negligence. We have carefully examined the copy from which the notice alluded to is taken, and find the lady's name most unmistakeably mentioned as *Poker*. The article headed "Music at Chelmsford," was as written, the error being at the end, where it was quoted from *Cheltenham* in place of *Chelmsford*. The mistake about Bury originated with ourselves. With respect to the enigmas, they are doubtless insignificant, but we have many fair subscribers who take no small interest in such matters, and we do not think our correspondent would be so ungallant as to deprive them of so harmless an amusement. Besides, the enigmas occupy a very small space.]

(From the Manchester Examiner.)

Herr Formes.—As we anticipated, a musical treat of no ordinary description was given last night in the Free-trade Hall, and proved that the encomiums which have been so freely lavished on this celebrated basso have been in their fullest extent borne out by the reality. Miss Rafter has greatly improved both in style and voice since we last heard her in Manchester. Miss Lucy Rafter is a new *débutante* here, and bears promise of becoming an accomplished singer in a very short time. Mr. Rafter is also much improved. His voice is now a rich tenor of most agreeable quality. Herr Formes possesses an extraordinary volume of voice ranging from D below to F above the lines. In the fine song of Mozart's, "In Diesen Heiligen Hallen," his deep full tones told immensely, and produced a well deserved encore. We shall notice the performances at greater length on Saturday, and must therefore content ourselves with saying, generally, that the concert went off exceedingly well. To-morrow night, as our readers will perceive, a part of the *Messiah* is to be given, in which Herr Formes sings the principal bass songs. A powerful chorus will be engaged, and doubtless a great treat will be realised. We should not omit to mention Mr. H. V. Lewis's excellent accompaniment of the Music.

People's Concerts.—The third of the second series of these concerts was given on Monday evening to a still more numerous audience than either of the former occasions. The music selected was of a high order, but we think not quite judicious, in one or two instances. In the second part there were two pieces decidedly sacred, which we thought a little out of place, particularly Meyerbeer's solo and chorus, "O Thou whose power," which had a very strange, abrupt effect, following so immediately the light and flippant song, "I've no money." Mrs. Sunderland received a very deserving encore in both her songs, "O had I Jubal's lyre," and "The wishing gate." In the brilliancy and energy of the one, and the archness and expression of the other, she was equally successful. Glover's song, "The blossom's on the blackthorn,"—of which, by the way, as a composition, we can hardly see the merit,—is not at all suited to Mrs. Winterbottom's style; nevertheless, it called forth an encore, for which the singer substituted the popular ballad of "Jeannette and Jeannot," to the complete satisfaction of the audience. Calcott's glee, "In the lonely vale of streams," was feelingly rendered by Mrs. Sunderland, Mrs. Winterbottom, Messrs. Slater and James Isherwood; and we were glad to see that the audience gave considerable evidence of appreciation. Decidedly one of the gems of the evening was Sir J. Stephenson's beautiful trio, "Give that wreath to me;" it is one of those things which, however familiar we may be with them, never fail to touch pleasant feelings, from the perfect harmony of sentiment and music. Miss Susan Kenneth received an encore in the popular song, "I've no money." The same compliment was also paid to Miss Morris, who sang Loder's ballad, "The spot where I was born," very nicely. This young lady is improving very perceptibly, but she still wants a little judicious modulation of her voice, which, though naturally of good tone, often offends by its harshness. To the choruses and their conductor, Mr. D. W. Banks, no slight praise is due; we class them together, for there is no doubt that Mr. Banks' clever and spirited organ accompaniments add considerably to the general effect. The "Gipsey's tent," by T. Cooke, was enthusiastically encored, although the audience were eagerly expecting Mr. Pigot's buffo song, with which the evening's entertainment concluded.

Mr. Henry Phillips at the Athenæum.—This accomplished vocalist gave his first musical entertainment this season in Manchester, at the Athenæum, on Saturday last. It was founded on Moore's Irish Melodies, and contained many choice gems from the Anacreontic mines of that prince of lyrists. "The Legacy" was sung with a degree of pathos, and a purity of expression, such as we never before heard it invested with. "The meeting of the waters," "The last rose of summer"—with the original "Groves of Blarney," and "The harp that once through Tara's halls"—were also sung in a manner which elicited universal approbation. The second part of the entertainment embraced some of Mr. Phillips's own compositions—gems, too, in their way. "The milkmaid" is decidedly the most happy of his recent efforts, and the manner in which he sung it, of course, added considerably to its beauty. The story of Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford, told in no less than twenty-one verses, was humorously delivered, and, had it not been for its extreme length, would have been re-demanded. The audience was, as it always is to hear this universal favourite, numerous. Mr. John Parry—the facetious, laughter-moving Parry—will give an entertainment in the Athenæum on Saturday.

MUSIC AT BATH.

(From the Bath and Cheltenham Gazette.)

Madame Sontag's grand morning concert, given yesterday at the Rooms, was attended by an *élite* audience. The fair vocalist on this occasion realized all and more than all that was expected from her. A more exquisite treat has seldom been enjoyed by the musical epicure. In fact, it would not be overstepping the mark, were we to describe her performance as perfect. She sang, among other pieces, Rode's air, with variations, in which her pure liquid tones, rich as those of the nightingale, and regulated by the most refined taste, were varied with "a grace beyond the reach of (ordinary) art," and elicited enthusiastic plaudits. Truly may it be said, that "a winning tongue hath she." It is difficult to convey an idea of the ease with which the most difficult runs and cadenzas were executed by this talented lady. In some passages her voice rose and fell with the grace and ease of the Æolian harp. To give expression to musical ideas seems a part of her very nature, and not, as in others, the result of study. Nor was she less admired in a bolero, "Ouvrez,

ouvrez, c'est nous," which was encored; or in Bishop's air, "Home, sweet home!" In fact, she shewed herself quite as much at home in the simple ballad as in the most elaborate composition. M. Thalberg again delighted and astonished all who heard him by his almost magical solos on the pianoforte. His touch and tone were as unrivalled as ever, and the very soul of music was infused into his compositions. Signors F. Lablache, Belletti, and Calzolari, varied the concert by several selections from the Italian opera, and contributed much to the success of the whole. The duo buffo between Signors F. Lablache and Belletti was exceedingly effective.

MUSIC AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

"The Sontag concert," as it has been called *par excellence*, came off on Wednesday. The *troupe*, with their admirable general, Mr. Nugent, arrived by the express train at four, and the concert, of which the following is the programme, commenced at eight:—

Part I.—Duetto, Signor Calzolari and Signor Belletti, "Venti scudi" (*Elisire d'Amore*), *Donizetti*—Aria, Signor Belletti, "Sulla poppa del mio bricc!" *Ricci*—Recitative and Aria, Madame Sontag, "O luce di quest' anima" (*Linda*), *Donizetti*—Aria, Signor Calzolari, "Il mio tesoro" (*Don Giovanni*), *Mozart*—Fantasia, Pianoforte, on subjects from *La Sonnambula*, M. Thalberg, *Thalberg*—Bolero, Madame Sontag, "Ouvrez!" *Dessauer*—Duo Buffo, Signori Belletti and F. Lablache, "D'un bell' uso di Turchia," *Rossini*—Aria, Madame Sontag, "Rode's Variations," *Rode*.

Part II.—Duetto, Madame Sontag and Signor F. Lablache, "Signorina" (*Don Pasquale*), *Donizetti*—Songs without words, Pianoforte, M. Thalberg—Aria, Signor Belletti, "Non più andrai" (*Figaro*,) *Mozart*—Aria, Madame Sontag, "Home! sweet home!" (*Clari*) *Sir H. R. Bishop*—Barcarole, Signor Calzolari, "Or che in cielo" (*Marino Faliero*), *Donizetti*—Fantasia, Pianoforte, on subjects from *Masaniello*, M. Thalberg, *Thalberg*—Polacca, Madame Sontag, Signori Calzolari, Belletti, and F. Lablache, "Son Vergin Vezzosa" (*Puritani*), *Bellini*.

Madame Sontag's appearance was the signal for enthusiastic greeting on all sides, and she sung the popular air of "O luce di quest' anima" with great taste and extraordinary power of vocalisation. Calzolari, who made his first appearance before a Plymouth audience, sung "Il mio tesoro" with great effect, and made a most favourable impression. Belletti and F. Lablache met with a flattering reception, and did ample justice to Rossini's buffo duet, "D'un bell' uso di Turchia;", and Rode's Variations, delightfully sung by Madame Sontag, and encored, finished the first part. The inimitable Thalberg played on subjects from *Sonnambula*, and was vehemently encored in "Songs without words." His reception was most enthusiastic: after which, Bishop's "Home, sweet home," was charmingly sung by Madame Sontag, and, on being encored, favoured the audience with the second verse. "Subjects from *Masaniello*" were then admirably played by Thalberg, and encored, and the concert finished with "Son Vergin Vezzosa," from the *Puritani*. The room was very respectably filled, although by no means crowded. In future, Mr. Lumley's concerts will be given at the Theatre Royal, which will be much better, and by far more lucrative to the spirited and liberal director, than the confined space of a provincial ball-room. I hear that the concert given by these gifted artistes at Bath, on the 16th, was most brilliantly attended.

MUSIC AT NORWICH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

This third and last concert for this year was performed in the fine room of St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich; there were 1250 persons present, many from some of the first families in the city and neighbourhood. It is now twenty-five years since these concerts were first began under Professor Taylor, at that time a resident in Norwich, since which time music from the finest composers have been performed; among them Spohr's *Calvary*, *Fall of Babylon*, &c.; the *Messiah*, *Creation*, and this evening the *Judas Maccabeus*. Every year these concerts have been liberally supported by the public generally—the charge for a season ticket being at the moderate price of one guinea, which will admit four persons to the three concerts,—the chief object of which is to diffuse a taste for musical compositions of the first order, and to preserve the efficiency in the chorus, upon the maintenance of which the triennial festivals depends. Norwich deservedly bears the character of being one of the most musical cities in England; talent always meeting with great encouragement, whenever such is displayed within her walls.

The committee expressly engaged the following popular vocalists from Exeter Hall:—Miss Birch, *soprano*; Miss Henderson, *contralto*, Mr. Benson, *tenor*, and Mr. Lawler, *bass*. Mr. Buck, the talented organist at the Cathedral, Norwich, kindly allowing Masters Mann and Gaul, from his choir to assist—Master Bennett being intended, but unfortunately his voice, within the last three weeks, changed, so that Gaul was chosen to take his place. Mann and Bennett are the two youths Jenny Lind so much noticed and praised. In addition to those named, there were three hundred and fifty performers: some were of opinion that a few instrumental performers of eminence ought to have been also engaged, yet the greater portion of the judges of music present pronounced the performances throughout to have been exceedingly well executed. Conductor, Mr. J. F. Hill; organist and instrumental conductor, Mr. J. Harcourt; Leader, Mr. B. Bray; principal violoncello, Mr. Fiery; librarian, Mr. Harrison, &c.

The doors were opened at seven o'clock, and the performances commenced at eight o'clock; at which time the body of the Hall was crowded with the beauty and fashion of Norwich.

In the first part, lamenting the death of Matthias (the father of Judas Maccabeus and Simon), by whom the Jewish people had been roused to resist the cruelties and oppressions of Antiochus Epiphanes, the Syrian king, in his attempt to suppress their religion and liberties, &c., Mr. Lawler took the first recitation; Miss Birch the second; the duet following by Misses Birch and Henderson: Mr. Lawler, second recitation; Miss Birch, air; Mr. Lawler, third recitation and air;—all going off well; the chorus, by the band, &c., being also executed in a masterly manner, particularly the one beginning "We come, we come, in bright array," &c. Mr. Benson then recited "'Tis well, my friends;" singing the fine air, "Call forth thy powers, my soul, and dare," in a most beautiful style, he having a superior quality of tenor. Master Mann then recited "O Judah, may these noble views inspire;" and sang the sweet air, "'Tis Liberty, dear liberty alone." The duet, "Come, ever-smiling liberty," by Masters Mann and Gaul, was executed most effectively. Messrs. Benson and Lawler took the recitations of Judas and Simon; Misses Birch and Henderson those of the Israelitish women; Miss Birch taking the celebrated air, "From mighty kings he took the spoil," which she sang most exquisitely.

In part the second, where the Israelites celebrate the return of Judas from the victories over Apollonius and Seron, the commencing chorus, "Fall'n is the foe," appeared to have a startling effect. The duet and chorus, said to be the last ever written by Handel, "Sion now her head shall raise," was finely executed. In the air and chorus, "Ah, wretched Israel! fall'n how low," the transition from joy to grief appeared remarkably touching. The chorus, "We hear, we

hear," was not so well got through; but the final chorus of the second part was so well done as to make amends for the partial failure in the previous one.

The third part to the finish went off far better than had been looked for, particularly the chorus, "See the conquering hero comes," where the rolling of the drums and the loud sounding of trumpets produced a thrilling effect, seeming to astonish nearly all present—followed by merry tunes, and the chorus march. Miss Birch gave the last recitation; Misses Birch and Henderson the last duet; Mr. Lawler the concluding air, "Rejoice, oh Judah," the whole concluding with the splendid Hallelujah chorus, by the whole choir; every part being got through in the most efficient and creditable manner, much to the satisfaction of all who heard the sublime piece throughout. The performance took nearly three hours to get through.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Our English operatic company have, since your last, appeared in *Sonnambula*, the *Puritani*, the *Beggars' Opera*; *Ernani*, to our great disappointment, not being given as promised, the trouble of getting it up being no doubt the reason, as all the music would be entirely new to the band and chorus. However, we can't always have everything we wish, and as what we had gave great satisfaction, it is useless to grumble. Miss Lucombe, in *Sonnambula*, did not equal her other assumptions, her deficiency in physical powers being more apparent than in *Puritani* and *Lucia*; she sang the music with the utmost possible brilliancy, the "Come per me," and the second movement, "Sovra il sen," being delightfully sung, and beautifully elaborated; the "Ah, non giunge" was not given with the overwhelming bursts of joyfulness I have lately been accustomed to see from Aminas, but the cause was doubtless attributable to a severe indisposition, from which the fair vocalist has been suffering. Reeves made a very fine Elvino, the beautiful music appertaining to the character being sung with great feeling and musician-like taste; several of his best *morceaux* were loudly applauded. Whitworth was a first-rate Count, singing and acting with gentlemanly ease. Horncastle was the best Alessio I ever saw; he *sang* the music and acted exceedingly well, causing plenty of laughter, without the preposterous vulgarities usually indulged in by *low comic* Alessios. Miss Lanza looked Liza well, and sang the music tolerably, but her *triste* appearance and fondness for introducing long melancholy airs sadly militates against the success of her vocalism.

In the *Puritani*, Miss Lucombe was herself again. The whole music was delightfully sung; the "Son vergin" and "Qui la voce" being warbled with the utmost dexterity and tasteful ease, the most brilliant ornaments being added to the melody, and rendered with the utmost feeling. As a display of clever vocalism, it equalled anything we have heard on the English stage for many years past. The fair vocalist, on this occasion, achieved a most complete and legitimate triumph, and was deservedly applauded and encored more times than we can at present remember. Sims Reeves sang, as usual, very well; the celebrated air "A una fonte" being given with great taste and feeling. His share in the beautiful quartet "A te cara" was sung with so much spirit and taste as to provoke loud applause. His acting, unlike that of most native tenors, was graceful and effective. Mr. Whitworth looked Giorgio most admirably, and, as usual, sang and acted with care. In the duet "Suoni la tromba," he and Delavanti sang with so much spirit that they gained the most decided and spontaneous encore of the evening. Delavanti's Riccardo was a most admirable performance; he quite astonished his friends with the energy and taste he infused into both his acting and singing. His first air was given with great taste, and in the above-mentioned duet and the concerted pieces he sang with great fervour and sweetness. Delavanti is a clever and rising *artiste*, whose career we shall watch with interest, as we doubt not but that if he goes on improving as he has lately done, that he will win for himself "a name and fame." The series of operas concluded last night with Reeves' benefit; the opera being *Puritani* and the *Beggars' Opera;* but as we were not present, nothing here can be said about it.

The operatic season, though short, has been sweet, and has given great satisfaction, though it is doubtful if the manager has been paid for his *really* (and we do not mean to use the phrase in the stereotyped sense) spirited efforts to please his patrons. The company is the best English one that has been here for years, and the band and chorus were better than usual in the provinces.

Nothing worthy of particular mention is at present doing at the amphitheatre; but I hear that a Mr. Edgar is going to make another attempt to make the Liver theatre pay; if he does, I shall be both glad and astonished, for the last dozen managers have made a woful mess of it.

Herr Carl Formes, the great German *basso*, has been singing with great success at the Concert Hall; his grand and impressive style of vocalization, added to his stupendous voice, created a great sensation, delighting the *dillettanti* and astonishing the general public. The Rafters, a brother and two sisters, sang at the same concert, and were tolerably successful; the elder sister sang with great energy, and displayed a sweet voice, joined to considerable facility of execution.

The Liverpool Welsh Choral Society lately had a most successful tea meeting, at the Music Hall in Bold Street, which was enlivened by a variety of glees, anthems, songs, &c., sung in Welsh. The Chairman, in the course of the evening, said, "They had never come before an audience until their appearance at the Collegiate Institution some months ago. They had great difficulty in getting music translated into the Welsh language, and they had expended from £100 to £120 in printing music. Another great difficulty was the want of an organ. That which they had been in the habit of using was so low in tone as to be almost useless. The voices of the performers completely drowned its sound; and the effect was said to be very injurious when they came before an audience with a powerful instrument to which they had not been accustomed." A contribution was then made for the purpose of purchasing an organ, without which, it was said, the society's usefulness would be considerably impaired.

The Philharmonic Society give a grand concert next Tuesday—the admission to which they have very wisely reduced—the prices being five shillings and three shillings, cheap enough to please the public and pay themselves. The artists engaged are, Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Poole, Herr Damke, and Signori Bordini and Briccialdi. Mr. Benedict will preside at the pianoforte. It was rumoured that the Society had engaged Sontag, but I suppose they thought better of it, as Miss Whitmall was ten pounds out of pocket by her concert, at which Sontag and party sung, though the house was completely crowded; the cause of this was, that Mr. Lumley pocketed about four hundred and fifty pounds—more than two-thirds of the receipts! But—and as we said before, adieu to grumbling—we cannot have everything as we would like.

Liverpool, October 17, 1849. Yours, &c., J. H. N.

MUSIC IN DUBLIN.

(From the Freeman's Journal.)

The first of this series of musical entertainments was given on Monday evening. The audience at the commencement was not so numerous as we could have wished, but before the conclusion of the first two pieces the hall filled in wonderfully. We have been hearing a great deal of the performance of this corps of vocalists, through the English press, during their late tour through the leading towns of the sister country, and, to speak the truth, they appear to deserve a great deal of the praise which has been bestowed on them.

There are seven performers, of whom two are ladies. Signora Montenegro, announced as late prima donna of the "Scala" is an alto-soprano of considerable power and flexibility in the upper notes, with some lower tones of delicious sweetness, approaching, however, contralto effects in their peculiar *resonance*. So much for *materiel*; as to capability as an artist, there are few musicians who will not give this lady credit for exquisite tact in the management of her vocal organ, so as to display its excellences to advantage. Her version of the cavatina from the *Barber of Seville* was rather laboured; but in the exquisite duet, "Dunque io son," in the second part she was admirable, and was deservedly and rapturously encored. True, she was right well sustained by the admirable tenor of Signor Montelli, whose voice certainly is as fine an instrument as we have heard for some time.

The donna seconda—Signora, or rather Mademoiselle (as the bills have it) Montelli, possesses a voice which, though rather weak, yet is passing sweet in its lower tones, and reminds one of Persiani—we mean the last time she was here. The Mademoiselle is a soprano also, and evidently has benefited considerably by cultivation. In short this remark applies to the company generally. They are all undoubted musicians and correct readers, hence their glory is in the conterted pieces. M. Bailini, the basso, has a fine mellow and flexible voice, which he regulates with a skill that evinces previous study and acquired taste.

We do not know enough of these artists to speak of their merits very minutely; but we at once foretell that Santiago may, if he likes, lay the foundation for future concert or theatre engagements in our city. He sung the romanza of Donizetti's "Una furtiva" in a style that charmed all present. His voice is truly admirable, and reminds one of the Vatican choir, contrasting exquisitely with the deep-toned basso of Ballini. We should notice the admirable rendering of the quartette "Erinasto," from *Don Pasquale*, on the first appearance of these vocalists before the audience. It was admirably sustained, and was loudly encored.

On the whole, the concert went off excellently. The piano accompaniment of Signor Tommaso was tasteful and brilliant. In all, the audience seemed well pleased, and a full house may be expected this evening.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

ADELPHI.

To reproduce on an English stage the *Pas des Patineurs*, which was so popular with operatic audiences, a new extravaganza called *Mrs. Bunbury's Spoons* has been written by Mr. Sterling Coyne, and was brought out on Monday night. Mrs. Bunbury (Mrs. F. Matthews) is a pastry-cook, whose affections are sought by her own baker (Mr. O. Smith), a portly lawyer (Mr. Paul Bedford), and the clerk of the latter (Mr. Wright), and some severe practical jokes pass among the rivals. This intrigue is, however, only the preliminary to a grand skating scene, which is supposed to take place in the Surrey Zoological gardens, where a sort of fancy ball is given on the frozen lake. Here Mr. Wright appears as a broom-girl, Mr. Paul Bedford as a grotesque harlequin, Mr. O. Smith in the very congenial character of a devil, and Mrs. F. Matthews in a Hungarian costume, while all the *corps de ballet* are introduced in the most various dresses. The dances, executed with skates running on little wheels, are exceedingly well managed, the smallness of the stage occasioning a difficulty to the performers which was not felt in a broader space, but which they triumphantly surmount. The piece itself, though slight, is highly amusing, and is one more instance of Mr. Coyne's tact in seizing on a popular topic and turning it to Adelphi account.

The curtain fell upon the concluding *tableau* of this extravaganza amid the loud approbation of a crowded audience.

LYCEUM.

Le Chevalier d'Essonne, a comedie-vaudeville, which was played some time ago, at the St. James's Theatre, with Mdlle. Nathalie in the principal character, has been reduced from three acts into two, and further altered by Mr. Planché, and was brought out on Monday night at the Lyceum, under the title of a *Lady in Difficulties*.

The original piece turns on the devotion of a French lady in the time of Louis XIII., who being remarkably like her brother, a partisan of the Fronde, assumes his name and attire, to divert a pursuit by the agents of Cardinal Mazarin. The disguise brings with it several difficulties, the chief of which is the sustaining of the masculine character in the presence of the Vicomte de Nangis, a reckless militaire, who embarrasses the young lady by over cordial professions of friendship. To keep up appearances the pretended chevalier is obliged to pretend that a little village girl is his mistress, and for awhile compromises the damsel in the eyes of her lover, a young painter. When the lady is able to resume her proper attire she bestows her hand on the Vicomte, who has long been enamoured of her portrait.

In the English version, in which the scene is transferred from Paris in the 17th century to Prussia in the 18th, and the movement of the Fronde is converted into a plan for the escape of the Crown Prince, the principal character is the Vicomte, or, as he is now called, Count Nantzmar. The brisk off-hand manner of the heedless soldier is excellently represented by Mr. Charles Mathews, whose annoyance at the coldness of his friend is particularly amusing. Mdme. Denhoff, the female Chevalier, is acted in a lady-like style by Miss Gilbert, though she is not always perfectly free in the enunciation of her words. The little rustic girl makes a singing character for Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam, and some new ballads which she sang with a great deal of effect, were loudly applauded. The godfather of the girl, an ill-conditioned old adventurer, who hopes to profit by her vocal talent, and who has to exhibit the greatest terror when he thinks he is implicated in the conspiracy, was played with much breadth and unction by Mr. F. Matthews.

The piece, which is of the quiet school, was followed by a great deal of applause, and the principal actors and the author were called.

SADLER'S WELLS.

The admirers of the national drama may look forward to being gratified, during the approaching winter, by the revival of some of our best comedies, placed on the stage in a manner as efficient as has hitherto distinguished the performance of the tragic drama here. Since the departure of Mrs.

Warner, the theatre has a little hung fire in the production of comedy; but the revival of *She would and she would not*, and the *Love Chase*, has given a promise of better things. The engagement of Miss Fitzpatrick has very materially contributed to this result. The performance of the latter play fairly rivals, if it does not excel, that of the same comedy at the Haymarket. The Constance of Miss Fitzpatrick is improved since we last saw it. If, in the more brilliant displays of vivacity and animal spirits, she cannot be compared to Mrs. Nisbett, in many of her touches of quiet and sarcastic humour she is almost equal to her, and the whole augurs a career of no ordinary brightness. Mr. H. Marston's Truelove is an admirable sketch; as was also the Widow Green of Mrs. Marston, who entered with a keen relish into the fun and humour of the situations, and looked well enough to deserve a better fate. Miss J. Bassano, the Lydia, can, as yet, hardly be considered out of her noviciate; but, as we have before said, her performance teems with promise, and the audience testified their opinion by calling for her at the end of the play. She was ably supported by Mr. Dickinson, in the part of her lover.

G.

MARYLEBONE.

The success which has attended the revival of *Much Ado about Nothing* has induced the management of this theatre to produce the comedy of *As you like it*, which was given here last Monday. This play has been called, by some of Shakspere's commentators, the finest pastoral in the language. Hence it may possibly happen—for pastorals seldom make good dramas—that, in spite of the continued snatches of exquisite poetry and profound speculation in which the play abounds, and the raciness of its wit and humour, it is not, from its want of dramatic situation, very well adapted to the stage. The comedy was revived, without success, at Sadler's Wells, two years ago. On the present occasion, the resources of the theatre have been used with great judgment and effect. The acting was excellent, and the scenery and appointments splendid and appropriate. Mrs. Mowatt's Rosalind contained many very happy points, but was, on the whole, inferior to her Beatrice. In the early scenes, she looked as handsome and lady-like as the most polished chamberer of the Duke's Court could possibly desire, and gave to the expression of her growing passion for the young wrestler the *naïve* and girlish playfulness with which Shakspere has so gracefully invested it. In her male attire, we would recommend a hat somewhat larger, and of a more handsome shape; the one she wears, although well suited to display her luxuriant tresses, has little else to recommend it. Mr. Davenport's Jacques was a shade too saturnine. The philosophy of Jacques, in spite of its cynical fits and starts, is at bottom social and humane. The famous description of the Seven Ages was loudly applauded. The Orlando of Mr. Belton was true in conception, intelligent, and easy in execution. Mr. Herbert, as Touchstone, was amusing, but Shakspere's humour is not his *forte*. The wrestling scene was admirably managed.

Mr. Planché's pleasant extravaganza of *Fortunio* draws nightly an excellent half-price, and seems to be taking a new lease of popularity. Miss J. Beauford, who personates the hero, improves upon acquaintance. She has a charming voice, and acts and looks exceedingly well.

On Saturday week, an elegant entertainment was given at the London Tavern, to Mr. J. F. Neilson, on the occasion of his retirement from the *Times*, when a handsome silver inkstand was presented to him by his late colleagues, the parliamentary reporters of that journal.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LATE VENERABLE DEAN OF ST. PAULS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—A beautiful and truly appropriate funeral anthem was performed at the Cathedral yesterday, during the afternoon service. It was taken from the 39th Psalm, verses 5, 6, 13, and 15,—"Lord, let me know my end," &c.,—by the full choir. On account of the demise of the Right Honourable the Lord Bishop of Llandaff, who departed this life on Sunday last, at Hardwick, near Chepstow, at the termination of the service, that solemn and affecting composition, the "Dead March" in *Saul*, was performed, and had a very imposing effect upon the congregation, who did not leave the Cathedral until it was ended. I have not the pleasure of knowing the talented organist who presided upon the occasion, but his exquisite taste and feeling ought not to be passed over in silence. I never heard that beautiful composition played in like manner before. The Sunday after the funeral of the late Sir Robert Wilson (who was interred in the north aisle of the Abbey), it was performed, as the congregation was leaving the edifice, in a masterly manner, but certainly not with the same delicacy and solemnity as I heard yesterday.—I have the honour to be, sir, your very obedient servant, Civis.

TEUTONIUS *versus* MOLINEUX.

(To the Editor of the Musical World).

Sir,—A friend, at my suggestion, did once poke a little fun at "Teutonius," but my own contributions to your pages have ever been signed "J. Molineux," or "J. M. X." If any matters about "shake and muses" have been inserted by me, I have forgotten both them and their applications.

I have some skill as an architect; but I have no skill to use such "materials" as Tw-ang's thirteen semitones within the octave, or numberless other "materials," such as are quoted by "Teutonius."

In my last letter I signified my curiosity to see the bass-notes to a scale from C, which "Teutonius" had very exactly signified by numerical symbols. If the "Teutonius" "Fundamentum *Sub-dominant, Tonic, and Dominant*," be intended to gratify my curiosity, it has failed to do so; inasmuch as it is incomplete, and apparently evasive. I consider this scale to be intended as a puzzle, such as friend Molineux, in the circumstances, would have deemed it unreasonable to propose.

From his profuse dealings with them, it is evident my old friend considers that numerical expressions are certain, exact, and appropriate symbols for the notes in the major mode scale of the splendid "Teutonius" edifice. If he consider that the notes in the minor mode scale also of the same magnificent mansion may be similarly symbolized, I feel curious to know how it is to be effected.

For my own unpretending fabric I have no fears. Effectively supported by numerical expressions applied to every item of it, it can bid defiance to the winds and the waters with which it is threatened by "Teutonius."—Yours truly, J. Molineux.

2, *Hope Street, Liverpool, Oct.* 15, 1849.

MOSCHELES' LIFE OF BEETHOVEN.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—On reading Moscheles' Life of Beethoven, I met with the following passage, which pleased me extremely. It has occurred to me, that as many amateurs read your journal, who, perhaps, may not all be acquainted with that book, I take the liberty of sending you the extract, thinking you might like to insert it (coming, as it does, from such a high source) for their edification and encouragement.

"Talent, which is to be judged by the tribunal of public opinion, if it do not render homage to the taste of the age, must, at least, shew deference to it, and thereby lose its genuine artistic purity. This purity of taste is to be looked for only in dilettanti, who always keep in view the ideal beauty of pure imperverted truth of feeling, because their talents are exercised only in a small circle of musical friends of their own choice. Such persons, however, always remain mere dilettanti, as they do not cease to fulfil those duties which their social or other domestic relations demand, and which, by a prudent distribution of time, are easily rendered compatible

with study in any situation of life. It is only on these conditions that their efforts in art, when they rise far above the common level, will win the admiration and approval of all truly cultivated artists."

I was very much entertained with the nut we were given to crack a week or two ago. All, I suppose, may consider themselves "*musical heroes*" who solve the *enigma*.—Yours &c.,

EUTERPE.

MADAME MONTENEGRO.

(*To the Editor of the Musical World.*)

SIR,—In answer to your correspondent, "Alpha," in the last number of the *Musical World*, I beg leave to inform him that Madame Montenegro and party are, at present, giving a series of operatic concerts at the Music Hall, Dublin. It appears they would have preferred appearing in opera, at the Theatre Royal, Hawkins Street, but, inasmuch as that building is being decorated and painted, previous to the opening for the winter season, they found themselves obliged either to have recourse to operatic concerts, or leave Dublin without earning a guinea to indemnify themselves for their expenses. As it is, the speculation has turned out a failure; scarcely two hundred persons (at a shilling a head) assembling on each evening.

I do not know how to account for it; but certain it is, that here, as in England, since the visit of Jenny Lind, the public seem to have no taste for foreigners or Italian operas, imagining, perhaps, that if they are not charged a high price of admission, or if the announcement differs from "only for *two* performances," they are either about to hear an inferior vocalist, or to get very little value for their money. As for the good taste and discrimination of the *public*, the less we hear about *that* the better; and I regret exceedingly to be obliged to say, that Alboni's tour proved that they possess but very little of either; and that, in consequence, we are likely to be making a similar complaint to your Manchester correspondent, namely—that it will be a long time before we get *such* talent engaged to appear in Italian opera in Dublin again.

I trust, sir, you will excuse my encroaching on your space, and deviating from the direct answer to your correspondent's letter; but as nothing appeared in the *Musical World* concerning Alboni's late visit to Dublin, I wished to inform your readers, that they might sympathise with me in deploring the mal-appreciation of so great an artiste.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant, ZOPLUS.

Dublin, 17th October, 1849.

BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.

(*To the Editor of the Musical World.*)

SIR,—In Mr. Macfarren's last letter in the *Musical World*. he complains of a passage in Beethoven, because of a modulation which he considers produces a "*false relation*." Firstly, no modulation occurs in this passage. Secondly, no false relation occurs in the *progression* of any of the parts. Thirdly, if the modulations he mentions do occur, then the horns, &c., do not skip from the tonic to the dominant, but from the tonic to the *mediant* of G flat major. There are three common minor scales. Beethoven has used the most usual one; *viz.*, descending from the 8th to the 7th degrees of the scale by a *whole tone*. By referring to the last illustration of Mr. Macfarren's letter, your readers will find that D flat in the second, fourth, and sixth chords, is the seventh degree of the descending minor scale of E flat; and as such Beethoven evidently used it. It is my impression that he would have written D natural in each code, if the sixth chord would have allowed it, without producing a false relation, but to *avoid* this he flattened each D. Whether the substitution of D natural where the horns, &c., skip to B flat, would or would not be preferable, is a matter of taste, and not a question of right and wrong. I admire Mr. Macfarren's poetical eulogies of this favourite composer; but when he acts the master, the traces of a peculiar school or theory lead him to conclusions contrary to those entertained by the majority of the ablest theorists.—I am, sir, yours respectfully, FRENCH FLOWERS.

3, *Keppel Street, Russel Square.*

PS.—Miss L. Pyne's art of vocalization gives to her singing a charm which those who have to sing and act with her would do well to imitate.

ANSWER TO MUSICAL ENIGMA IN NO. 41.

(*To the Editor of the Musical World.*)

SIR,—*Otello* and *La donna del Lago* are beautiful operas composed by Rossini; Handel is immortalised in his compositions; Lind and Alboni are celebrated vocalists; Bunn is the (*not very*) famous lyric poet; Bennett and Hallé are celebrated pianists; Anna Thillon is a favourite songstress; Ole Bull and Hill are celebrated performers on the violin; but of the maker "Gavani" I know nothing. Attwood was a pupil of Mozart; and Lavia is an Italian singer; but that Beale is an Italian vocalist I very much doubt; Novello and Beale are London music publishers; Dibdin composed naval songs: Bellini and Boieldieu composed many operas; David is a French composer: tone is produced by playing Legato and Tenuto; the music to *Antigone* was composed by Mendelssohn; but that the illustrious composer ever produced anything entitled *Alavé*, I cannot assert. *Don Giovanni, Anna Bolena*, and *Nino* are celebrated operas, but *Gonoconda*, celebrated or not, is equally strange to me; Weldon as a composer of sacred music; and the bugle and oboe are musical instruments; *Leoline* is a pretty operetta; Blow and Lally were celebrated English and French musicians; Webbe composed the glee; and Hullah is the famous singing-class teacher. LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN was one of the most extraordinary men that ever lived, and a divine composer,—born at Bonn, and died at Vienna. FITZ-BURSLEM.

Potteries, Oct. 6th, 1849.

[We have received similar answers to Musical Enigma from "Romeo," "11, 3, 8," "M. G.," "H. O.," "Œdipus," &c.

REVIEWS.

"*Turn Again, thou fair Eliza*;" *words by* ROBERT BURNS; *the music composed by* A. L. WEHRHAN.—R. COCKS and Co.

THIS song is well written, and the general tone of feeling carried out with much felicity; but the author seems to have entirely overlooked the unity and simplicity of Burns' verses. The verses themselves are by no means a happy specimen of the poet's labours, but still the natural character of his writing and its unaffectedness are apparent in them. The composer, in his ignorance of the Scottish dialect, has even mistaken single words; as we find "a," an article, inserted for "ae," or *one*, a noun of number. Here are the lines—

"Turn again, thou fair Eliza,
A kind look before we part."

The "a" in the last line should be spelt "ae," the Scottish term for "one." In another instance we have "die" rhyming with "thee," whereas Burns wrote "dee," its Scottish mode of pronunciation. Indeed the entire song, in its English costume, looks like John Highlandman with top-boots and breeches under his kilt. A song from the pen of Mr. Wehrhan is entitled to serious criticism; and he must excuse us if our reverence for the Bard of Ayr has made us somewhat touchy. There are many points worthy of notice in this ballad, which shows both the skill and acquirements of a musician, and we only wish the composer had satisfied his own impressions without encroaching on the sacred ground of a great poet, not knowing what trespass he committed, and leaving us nothing but praise to fashion our report.

"*The Standard Lyric Drama*;" *Vol. V.* "*Der Freischütz*;" *a Lyric Folk-Drama, written by* FRIEDERICH KIND, *and rendered into English from the German by* S. WREY MOULD; *the music composed by* CARL MARIA VON WEBER; *revised from the Orchestra Score by* W. S. ROCKSTRO.—J. BOOSEY and Co.

THIS is a highly interesting volume, independent of its musical merits. A full and authentic memoir of Weber is prefixed, together with an account of the wild and curious legend from which the book is taken. Great pains appears to have been taken by the editor, Mr. J. Wrey Mould, in ac-

quiring documents to illustrate the manner in which the *Freitshutz* had its origin and accomplishment. Several of the letters in the memoir will be found well worthy of perusal, as exhibiting a deep insight in the character of the no less great than good composer. Weber was a true genius, but, like most true geniuses, his world was centred in himself. Let not this seem paradoxical! The ambition to be great, and superior to his fellow mortals, is the moving spring of every high intelligence, and is the spur that pricks onwards to ennobling thoughts and deeds. In the most amiable minds—and Weber's was amiable among the most amiable—this ambition, without being selfish, takes the form of selfishness. The high and busy soul, pondering on its own attainment, seeing the non-fulfilment of its dearest hopes, beholding itself outstripped in the race, for fame or name, by inferior competitors, preys upon itself, and dies of its own blindness. There is little doubt that Weber broke up his constitution from chagrin, at finding himself partly neglected, and wholly disappointed in the public. The coolness with which *Oberon* was received, after a few nights warm reception, and the determination with which it was shelved, was a nail in Weber's coffin. The composer of *Der Freitschutz* was undoubtedly a weak-minded man. He did not exactly weigh his own merits; he did not take contemporaneous public opinion at its true value; he had not patience to wait for fame—or, the *greatest* fame, for fame he had—and, like a spoiled child, he conceived every thing he had done must be equally acceptable to his spoilers. He was disappointed and pined. The fire of genius consumed its own vitals.

The *Der Freitshutz* is, no doubt, a monument of genius which will endure as long as music has a foundation; but we almost fear that with the public the opera has had its day. The popular taste has much altered of late, and the people now look for *diablerie* and blue fire only in burlesques, extravaganzas, pantomimes, melodramas, or Coburg tragedies. When *Der Freitshutz* was first produced, the novelty and wildness of the story, the wonders of the incantation scene, and the stirring interest and bustle introduced, tended to inflame the public mind to an unusual pitch; when to these we add the peculiar beauty, dramatic force, and powerfully-striking instrumentation of the music, we may readily guess what a triumphant success this great work obtained. It was, indeed, unparallelled in the history of operatic music, and held the most extraordinary career of any foreign work ever produced in this country, if we except Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, which, the second or third year it was brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre, was played *every night but one during the season*. We confess we see nothing in the story concocted by Friederich Kind, either sufficiently interesting, or sufficiently removed into the regions of romance, to make amends for the nursery-tale business of the incantation scene, a sorry burlesque on the cauldron scene in the fourth act of *Macbeth*—and oh! how differently treated—and for the poverty and unintelligibility of the *denouement*. Sublime as the incantation music is, we feel assured that it fails to interest any but the true musician; and for the adjustment of the plot at the end, we venture to say, that not one in fifty who has seen the opera, and who has not read the book, of course, knows anything about it.

We quite agree with Mr. J. Wrey Mould, who says in his preface, that "It is a pity and a shame that so original, so popular, and dramatic a work should remain shelved, as it has been of late, for want of adequate performance;" but we doubt very much if it would do, given in its integrity and entirety, at least on the English stage. The long spoken dialogues and interlocutions, which, as the editor justly remarks, are all necessary to the proper unfolding of the story, would fall heavy and dull on the music-expectant ears of the opera-goers; and Mr. Mould need hardly be reminded of the paucity of our singing actors or acting singers. As for the Italian stage, even with Pauline Garcia, or Grisi, Mario, Marini, &c., &c., and the splendid band and chorus of the Royal Italian Opera, we confess to no faith therein, and do not opine that the *Der Freitschutz* would reimburse the expenses. Even on the English stage Mr. Mould must recognise objections, though he has left them unnoticed, to the production of Weber's *chef d'œuvre* in its integrity and entirety. We do not here allude to Weber's music, but to Friederich Kind's book, or rather to Mr. Mould's translation, which, of all translations, we should like to see adopted; and we fear in its present form, that no English audience, if they heard it, would endure the last words of Caspar:—

"Curse heaven!—curse God!—curse thee!"

even if the Chamberlain allowed the line to go scot-free from his pen.

But these statistics and these arguments have nothing whatsoever to do with the merits of the book, or fifth volume of the "Standard Lyric Drama," which is incontestable. The editors have laboured hard at their vocation, and we have no hesitation in saying, that the most perfect edition of Weber's *Freitshutz* extant is now before the public, and at a price unconscionably cheap. The work occupies five parts, the same as the *Sonnambula*, and contains all the original music, and all the dialogue.

Most heartily and conscientiously do we recommend this work to our musical friends,—indeed, no musical library should be without it; and we trust, with Mr. Mould, that the publication will intimate and offer means for the bringing before the public the opera, as the composer intended.

The publishers of the "Standard Lyric Drama" contemplate bringing out a series of operas in full score, such as *Don Giovanni*, *Figaro*, *Freitshutz*, *Fidelio*, and other classic works. The volumes will be of uniform size with the present edition, and will contain Italian, German, and English words. If the above operas work well on this plan, the publishers will carry their endeavours into the ranks of the non-classicists, Rossini, Meyerbeer, and Auber, who may be styled, for a difference, the Romancists. How this speculation may turn out we can hardly tell; but, considering the immense improvement made in musical taste, and the great demand for works of study and reference, we think it cannot fail of ultimate success.

"*I cannot tell thee how I love thee;*" *Ballad, words by* Joseph Oliver, Esq.; *music by* J. O. Allman.—Lewis and Johnson.

The most noticeable, not the most preferable, part of the composition, is a lithographic drawing on the title-page, of a crimson-turbanned lady with an ear-ring in her fingers, and her neck somewhat prodigal of unmasking. Indeed, in this latter regard, the lithographer deserves a tap on the knuckles, and a whisper in the ear, "not to o'erstep the *modesty* of nature."

The words of the song are simply rough doggrel. What poetry can any ear, or "eye of mind," recognize in the first four lines:

"I cannot tell thee how I love thee,
My words are faint and void of charm;
My lips but vainly seek to alter
The thoughts that *keep my bosom warm.*"

Had the lithographer but added a little more clothing to keep the lady's "bosom warm," he would have done the song more service than the poet. Mr. Allman's music has no

little to commend it, and, although it is neither particularly new, nor particularly striking, it flows smoothly, and lies well in the voice.

"*Remember me;*" *Ballad*, written by JOSEPH OLIVER, Esq.: *composed by* GEORGE J. O. ALLMAN.—CHARLES and ROBERT OLLIVIER.

THE same musician, the same poet, but not the same publishers. We prefer this song to the last. The words are better, and the music is better. The melody is quiet and unaffected; and, altogether, the ballad is recommendatory.

"*Alice Polka,*" *for the Piano Forte; performed by* HERR STRAUSS *and his celebrated Band at Her Majesty's Grand State Ball, for which occasion it was expressly composed, by* JOHANN STRAUSS.

"*Des Wanderers Lebewohl Waltzer*"—(*The Wanderers Farewell*); *composed by* JOHANN STRAUSS.

"*Frederika Polka,*" *for the Piano Forte; performed by the Author and his celebrated Band at Her Majesty's Grand State Balls, and the Nobility's Balls, Almack's, &c., composed by* JOHANN STRAUSS.

"*March of the Royal Horse Guards,*" *for the Piano Forte; composed expressly in honour of his Farewell Matinée Musicale and respectfully dedicated to* Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. G. CECIL W. FORRESTER, *by* JOHANN STRAUSS.

POOR STRAUSS! he is gone the way of all flesh; and the hand of the prince of waltz writers is as cold as a Kamschatkan sledge-shaft. Strauss was a genius in his way—a small way, certainly,—but he was a genius. There are little as well as great geniuses,—let me tell you that, reader. He had a sweet flow of tune, and a simplicity withal, that was very captivating. Every body knows Strauss' waltzes,—at least every body that cares for waltzes, and their name is legion; and every individual one of these bodies has admired the gracefulness of the melody, and the neatness of the arrangement. The first and second of the pieces under review were, we are informed, "laid in the author's coffin," but for what purpose our informant has not said. Perhaps they were great favourites with the composer, who did not wish to part from them, and had them buried with him; perhaps they were placed there by some kind friend or relative, who deemed them the best works of the composer, and laid them, his best laurels, on his coffin. Whatever may have been the motive, we see little that is rational in the act. Johann Strauss was the best waltz composer of his day, or indeed, for that matter, of any day, if we view his waltzes with reference to dancing merely. His dances are still popular all over Europe, and no small part of Asia and America, and, for aught we know, may have penetrated to the interior of Africa, even to Timbuctoo.

We need hardly recommend the pieces above-named. They all partake of the simplicity and gracefulness of the composer's style; the march alone indicating a vigour and a novelty in the treatment, which were not required in the dances.

To such as look with eyes of favour upon a resplendent gold-coloured lithograph of a colonel in the "Blues," the "March of the Royal Horse Guards" will prove doubly attractive.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

VIENNA, Oct. 3rd—(*From a correspondent*).—The Emperor went last night to the opera, for the purpose of hearing Balfe's celebrated opera, the *Bohemian Girl*. When his majesty entered his box, the audience rose with one accord, and greeted him with the loudest applause, which was continued for a long time. Why this demonstration was so signally displayed, I am at a loss to make out.

The opera was received with the highest favour, nearly every *morceau* being encored. Nothing could possibly be more successful. The principal vocalists, consisting of Madlle. Wildauer, MM. Staudigl, Ander, and Hölzl, as well as the orchestra, under the direction of M. Proch, acquitted themselves admirably, and obtained the unanimous applause of the audience.

Balfe is, I understand, at Frankfort, superintending the performance of his *Bohemian Girl*. Its production has excited the most lively curiosity, and all musical men and amateurs are on the *qui vive* to hear the *chef d'œuvre* of England's most popular composer. The orchestra and chorus are said to be first-rate; the vocalists are Madame Hanschütz, Madame Brandt, Herren Crudinski, Clement, and Dettmerr. Lord Cowley, the Rothschilds, Lord and Lady Pollington, are at Frankfort, and Jenny Lind and Cruvelli are expected. Balfe proceeds afterwards to Berlin.

THE DOVE.

SWEET bird, that in the leafy grove
Recall'st thy wandering mate to love,
With sounds that echo one and one!
Thine is no lyric strain that floats
Mellifluous in out-pouring notes—
But a low, melancholly tone!

Art thou, that dost for aye rejoice
In constancy, with thy one voice
In music true as in thy faith?
And call'st thou, with unwearied song,
Thy love—the mother of thy young—
Thy love that lives thine own till death?

The matin lark—the bird of night
Awake their strains where crowds unite,
And listening ears their songs approve;
But thou, unheard, in forest dense,
Sweet type of truth and innocence!
Wak'st joy for only her you love.

F. M.

A PARISIAN STORY.

(From the Paris Correspondent of the Atlas.)

THE great social event of the past week has been one of those romantic incidents which, in other countries, are employed to excite our sympathy by novel writers. In Paris alone do they become realities, acted by living characters, attested by living witnesses, in whom they create admiration, enthusiasm, sympathy, but no astonishment whatever. The event to which I allude is in itself common enough,—the marriage of a great lady with a young man of no fortune or family, a discharged *conscrit* of the year 1841, of eight-and-twenty years of age, not particularly good-looking, and anything but elegant either in appearance or in manners. But the circumstances which led to this result are romantic enough to furnish whole volumes to some future Balzac, and enable him to prove anew that the heart is governed by no law, and that memory is the only faithful servant of Cupid, &c.

It was on the 14th of May, 1841, that the history of the lady, who was already sixteen years of age, really began; for it was on that day she received what Lamartine has so dolefully denominated, "*le baptême du malheur*," for Antoine, the young *garde champetre* to whom she had plighted eternal faith, and who was but awaiting his release from the conscription to marry and found a family, was carried off with the unlucky number pinned in front of his hat, and long streamers of every colour flying in the wind, to announce to the world at the same time his present misfortune and future glory.

The agony of poor Justine may be readily conceived. It is really believed in the village of Nanterre, where she lived, that if she had not had a helpless mother and sundry little

brothers and sisters, she would have perished. As it was, she could no longer bear the village where she had known Antoine, nor the people who were constantly reminding her of her bereavement; and so she took her departure for another place at some little distance from her home, and entered into the service of a wealthy farmer, to feed the poultry, tend the cows, and nurse the children. One summer's evening, when returning home from work, she was accosted by a gentleman, who, under the pretence of having lost his way, succeeded in engaging her long enough in conversation to sketch the outline of her face and figure in his album.

One of the most popular pictures that ever was painted, the "Belle Moissoneuse," was the result of that meeting, for the artist was no other than our favourite Charles C——. It is easy to conceive how quickly the reputation of the beautiful peasant girl spread through that especial portion of our population known as "Paris-artiste;" nor will it create astonishment to hear of her speedy arrival thither, drawn to the place by promises of wealth and advancement, which her beauty was to acquire, and the gratitude and admiration of the artists of Paris to bestow.

To the young and innocent alone will it be matter of wonder that, amid this change of existence, surrounded by admiration and flattery, she soon forgot Antoine and her village, and all, in short, which would remind her of her former life, its poverty and toil, its purity and innocence. For five years did she reign triumphant over the gay Bohemian world of Paris, seeking to drown, amid extravagance and revelry, any remembrance which could stand in the way of enjoyment. During this time there was not a dandy or gallant in Paris who did not leave some portion of his inheritance in her hands, nor a single name of historical interest which had not been pronounced in company with hers. I have beheld her at the operas adorned with the emeralds which the Duchess de P—— received as wedding, gifts from Marie Antoinette; and at the Jardin d'Hiver, decked with the opals, considered beyond all price, presented to the Count de L—— as a *congé* gift by Catherine of Russia.

In everything the fair Justine was destined to astonish the world; for, after having led this life for so long, the observed of all observers, known by reputation in every gay capital of Europe, she accepted the hand and fortune of the Prince de F—, a diplomatic envoy from a northern power, who, in answer to all the observations which were made to him upon the danger of such an alliance, merely replied, with sarcastic bitterness, that, "having spent his life at court, and amongst great ladies of all nations, he felt no desire to change the style of habits and conversation he had been accustomed to." For two years did Justine, as the Princess F—, live without reproach, and inspired so strong an attachment in the bosom of her husband, that at his death, he bequeathed her the whole of his property and the guardianship of his daughter, fourteen years of age. In vain the relatives of the prince attacked the will; no flaw could be found, no proof of insanity could be adduced, no single act of impropriety brought forward on the part of the widow, who was confirmed in possession of her legacy by a decision of Chancery, and she became one of the richest *partis* in Europe. Her hand, they say, has been sought by many of the highest notables in France; for in the article of marriage, we are inclined, in this country, to look to the future rather than the past.

But the princess had already made her choice; and on Friday last, in the old church of Nanterre, where she had once knelt in her innocent and happy youth, she was united to Antoine, whose fortune had not partaken in all the changes and startling vicissitudes which have so strongly marked the career of his early love, but who has returned the same poor *conscrit* he departed eight years since. It was in vain that every effort was used to keep the ceremony secret. Those whom it most concerned were on the alert, and the church was crowded to suffocation. Some curiosity was expressed concerning the dress and appearance of the bride, and some disappointment at the simplicity of the arrangements, no further decorations being observed than those in use for the meanest wedding; but when the princess appeared attired in the humble village costume she had worn before she had entered on her Paris life, all epigrams were hushed, all criticism at an end; and even those who came to talk of the "*Fiancé du Roi de Garbes*" could not help joining in the general sympathy and in the rejoicing inspired by the rescue of this one stray lamb, "which had been lost and was found again."

MUSICAL ENIGMA.

ANOTHER NUT FOR "A MUSICAL ENIGMA HERO."

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, and 29, are the letters to which my two alphabets I shall confine.

My 19, 15, 23, 6, 3, an art which pleases but seldom pays.

My 19, 15, 28, 14, 3, 20, 22, 13, a man who has made up his mind to starve.

My 8, 11, 22, 16, 4, 5, 17, a person who loves music because others do.

My 5, 6, 9, 4, 16, 16, 22, 13, 16, 29, the legitimate "executioners" of genius.

My 13, 2, 16, 12, 28, things which often pay at sight, but seldom at hearing.

My 3, 2, 13, 3, 4, 17, 16, the best opportunity for a quiet chat.

My 1, 8, 13, 5, an appropriate name for a number of artists.

My 3, 2, 13, 5, 15, 3, 16, 27, 17, the general of an army of noise-makers.

My 1, 8, 16, 24, 13, a little thing which rules the musical world as well as any other.

My 11, 15, 23, 20, 3, 27, 9, 23, 2, 14, 17, 4, 12, a place where you are obliged to swallow musical geniuses and sandwiches.

My 8, 3, 22, 5, 12, 11, 6, 18, 23, 2, 21, 19, 15, 28, 20, 3, establishments where young persons are taught how to feed upon air.

My 19, 15, 28, 20, 3, 11, 8, 28, 16, 12, 17, 23, poor creatures in black dress counting by the hour.

My 16, 6, 11, 4, a thing of which young musical ladies have an absolute horror.

My 3, 9, 12, 21, an instrument which opens a musical door.

My 28, 14, 7, 13, 22, 16, 15, 17, 4, a frequent safeguard of musical compositions from the attacks of the heathen and gentiles.

My 23, 24, 17, 18, a musical treasury; in too many cases a cesspool offending the smell of those who are obliged to hold their noses over it.

My 6, 13, 23, 16, 17, 15, 11, 12, 13, 16, 8, 16, 6, 2, 13, the art of making legitimate noise.

My 21, 6, 5, 5, 9, 12, and 21, 6, 5, 5, 9, 12, 17, two terms of a musical instrument and its performer, which must give foreigners a very flattering idea of the high position which music and musicians hold in this country.

My 1, 17, 22, 28, the collective names of a class of instruments; also a good quality possessed by many musicians to a very high degree.

My 5, 17, 15, 19, an instrument, showing the natural musical organization of an animal generally considered unmusical.

My 24, 17, 7, 27, 13, another instrument, almost out of use, except with swells.

My 7, 17, 22, 11, 19, 8, 17, a branch of the musical science more talked of than known.

My 17, 4, 23, 16, an order to get paid for doing nothing.

My 21, 12, 17, 19, 8, 16, 22, the sign of a musical railway station (the choir of a certain church, when arriving at such, used to go down for a moment to the neighbouring pot-house, and refresh themselves for the journey).—*Vide Gatby's Musical Dictionary.*

My 4, 17, 2, 6, 3, 8, a style of Beethoven imitated with great success by Mons. Jullien in his Drum Polka.

My 4, 16, 15, 5, 12, 28, compositions written not to instruct, but to frighten beginners.

My 21, 15, 17, 24, 17, 12, the excitement produced by a young lady singing an Italian song, of which she does not understand a word.

My 6, 11, 6, 16, 8, 16, 14, 2, a thing allowed to fugues, but too often made use of where not allowed.

My 17, 4, 5, 15, 6, 17, 20, a French term for the simplification of a score; for instance, the arrangement of Beethoven's symphonies for flute and guitar.

My 8, 3, 3, 2, 17, 5, 6, 24, 13, an instrument invented to torment musicians.

My 22, 3, 24, 15, 23, 16, 14, 3, 28, the science which teaches how to prevent an orchestra from being heard.

My 27, 11, 4, a wooden soul.

My 18, 21, 21, 2, 17, 16, a style of singing which substitutes grimaces for sounds.

My 1, 8, 7, 28, musical mile-posts.

My 3, 24, 25, 8, the invariable answer of young ladies when requested to sing.

My 1, 17, 14, 9, 26, 8, 13, 16, stands on the title of modern music, to indicate that it contains nought but finger work.

My 3, 8, 13, 16, 2, 17, an animal which sings and drinks—(*cantores amant humores*).

My 3, 27, 23, 16, 17, 8, 17, 24, persons who have renounced man's greatest pleasures—*ad honorem Dei.*

My 21, 22, 13, 17, 27, 23, 20, 8, the explosion of musical genius, most frequently heard at tea parties.—"Pray extemporise some of your sublime flights of fancy!" said an interesting young lady, to the perpetrator of this enigma.

My 7, 4, 13, 6, 15, 23, and 16, 8, 9, 2, 13, 16, two qualities, the first invariably belonging to amateurs, and the other to professors.

My 7, 12, 13, 4, 17, 22, 9, , 8, 23, 28, the art which teaches how to accompany a psalm tune with a bass-viol.

My 16, 2, 17, 4, 13, 5, 4, 17, a verb, which in music is synonymous with to murder. "Mademoiselle nous donnera: ah! *chio mi dice mai,*" Miss B. is about to dispatch poor Mozart.

My 8, 16, 16, 8, 3, 3, 8,—6, 9,—4, 13, 6, 7, 11, 8. Set to work at my enigma.

ENIGMATICUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FANNY KEMBLE AGAIN.—The suit for divorce between Mr. Pierce Butler and his wife has resulted in its being granted.

MR. RICHARD BAGSHAW, the wealthy newspaper agent, of No. 31, Brydges Street, Covent Garden, committed suicide by hanging himself on Monday.

BRISTOL.—CLASSICAL HARMONIST SOCIETY.—We understand that the committee of this society, notwithstanding the loss sustained by the recent performance of *Elijah*, have determined upon giving a secular concert at the Victoria Rooms, early in November, for the purpose of encouraging local talent, and affording an opportunity of hearing good music at the lowest prices.—*Felix Farley's Journal.*

ENGLISH ACTORS IN GERMANY.—Tieck brings forward the fact that, about the year 1600, a company of comedians, called the English Company, traversed Germany, performing German translations of English plays, at most of the principal courts and chief cities of the Empire. "Such," says Tieck, "was the popularity which the stage enjoyed in London, and such was its reputation on the continent, that troops of players occasionally proceeded to the Netherlands for the purpose of exhibiting their performances; and we can trace in Germany, about the year 1600 (probably some years earlier), the existence of a company of comedians, who, under the title of the English Company, travelled the country round, for the purpose of giving the German public some idea, however imperfect, of the height to which poetry and the dramatic art had attained in England." He adds, in a note upon this passage, that he had himself ascertained the dates of the years in which these comedians performed before the court of Dresden, but had unfortunately mislaid the notes which he had made of them. Tieck does not attempt to decide who these actors really were—whether they were natives of England, or young Germans connected with the Hanse company, then established in London, or persons who had travelled from Germany to England on a theatrical speculation, for the purpose of securing a stock of new dramas; but his description of the volume of German translations of English plays, published in Germany, in 1620, which he supposes, and no doubt correctly, to have emanated from them, favors the supposition that they were, as their name implies, a company of English players. The same inference may be drawn from one decided instance which Tieck gives of English actors being found in Germany. He is speaking of the marks of distinction with which professed players were then received in that country; and after stating that the magistrates of the different cities were in the habit of going out to meet them on their approach, he adds that Lassenius, one of the earliest actors, whose name is preserved—and, who, as he was playing about the year 1600, might possibly have belonged to this very troop—became afterwards a doctor of theology and preacher at the court of Denmark: and that another, Hans von Stockfisch (probably an assumed theatrical name), received a salary of two hundred and twenty dollars, and other allowances, from John Sigmund, Elector of Brandenberg, for whom he procured a company of comedians from England and the Netherlands, about the year 1614.—*Athenæum.*

ADVERTISING IN THE PARIS THEATERS.—At the Ambigu-Comique they have got an advertising curtain—a tastefully-ornamented thing, with the addresses of a certain number of tradesmen inscribed on it in most legible characters. One would have thought such mercantile go-a-headism as this must needs have been born in Yankee land, or, at all events, in England; but no, the Parisians claim it as their own. Whether it will be generally successful remains to be seen; certain it is, that the effect, when first witnessed, is very singular. Fancy the spectator of *Hamlet* or *Macbeth* passing the *entr'acte* in reading on the curtain that Smith's candles are sixpence a pound, and that Morrison's pills may be had over the way.—*Paris Correspondent of the Literary Gazette.*

MADAME DE STAEL.—From Ancona to Venice I made the journey in company with Madame de Stael, and I shall not easily forget a scene in which I witnessed her acting upon our arrival at the city of St. Mark. She made it a point never to waive any of the ceremonial which she thought properly belonged to her rank. She always took care to have the guard of authors turned out whenever she approached a position, and never failed to accept all the honours of literature. Following out her custom in this respect, she had written to announce her approach to a poet, resident at Venice, whose name I now forget, but which happened to be identical with that of the principal butcher of the city. By some blundering of the postal authorities, Madame la Baronne's letter was delivered to Signor ——, the butcher, instead of Signor ——, the poet, and the former, anxious to secure so distinguished a customer, carefully watched our arrival, and lost not a minute in paying his respects to the baroness. She, of course, was prepared to receive the homage of genius, *en cour plenière*, and we were all (including M. de Sismondi, the historian of the Italian republics, who was in the company) convened to witness the meeting. Neither of the high saluting parties knew the power of the other, and it was some time before an explanation came about, the ridiculous character of which it is easier to conceive than to describe.—*The Life and Times of Lord Cloncurry.*

MADLLE. LIND.—Letters from Ems apprise us that Madlle. Lind has, at length, quitted the Rhineland for Stockholm, where it is her intention to pass the winter. We learn from the same source that Mr. Lumley recently appeared at Ems, with a view to inducing her to engage herself to his theatre for the next season; but that Madlle. Lind declined all proposals made by the London manager. Judging by the past, we should be justified in deducing from these rumours the certain assurance of the lady's re-appearance in the Haymarket. In this every frequenter of Her Majesty's Theatre will have great cause to rejoice; more especially if Madlle. Lind shall return with any additions to her repertory. It would be charming and opportune, for instance, if she could lure M. Meyerbeer and her management into *worthily* giving *Le Camp de Silésie*; but the composer, it is said, has put that opera "under lock and key" for alterations, and may possibly even produce it at the *Opera Comique* of Paris.—*Athenæum.*

HEREFORD CATHEDRAL CHOIR.—A short time ago, the Dean and Chapter of our cathedral gave public notice that they would proceed to fill up five vacancies in the College of Vicars Choral, and that the candidates must be in holy orders, well versed in the knowledge and practice of ecclesiastical music, able to intone the liturgy, and to sing the service and anthems of the best church composers. Accordingly twenty-two gentlemen (one of them, we hear, from Dublin) offered themselves as candidates but only six appeared on the day of election, the 2nd inst. The present vicars

choral or minor canons, however, seven in number, (who, it is fair to state had offered to give up a large portion of their corporate income to improve the efficiency of the choir, many of themselves being, from long service, inadequate to its duties) handed in a protest to the effect that the Dean and Chapter had no power, under the Act, to make such election, which would be null and void. Under these circumstances, we understand, the Dean called in the candidates, explaining to them how the matter stood, but still holding the opinion that the capitular body possessed the power of election. It was, however, for the candidates to decide for themselves, whether, after this explanation, they would take the chance of the election. The reverend gentlemen, naturally unwilling to give up their curacies for an uncertainty of this kind, withdrew, and the Dean and Chapter agreed to pay their expenses. Thus the matter remains as before; but as the cathedral is intended to be re-opened for Divine service, it would doubtless be most satisfactory to the public if, before that time, some arrangement could be made for restoring the full efficiency of the choir.—*Hereford Journal.*

FRAUDS UPON ARTISTS.—We have to notice this week, first, a spurious Stanfield, and next, a spurious Herring. A picture, said to be a genuine Stanfield, was about to be sent to America to be sold by auction there with other paintings. It happened that a gentleman who knew Mr. Stanfield's works saw the picture, and spoke to Mr. Stanfield about it, describing the subject. Mr. Stanfield at once knew that the picture was not of his painting. It was, however, to form the chief subject of attraction at the sale by auction in America, where Mr. Stanfield's friend, Mr. Macready, then was. Mr. Stanfield determined, if possible, to frustrate the attempt intended to be made to sell the picture for a genuine painting of his, and wrote to Mr. Macready on the subject. Just as the sale was about to commence, Mr. Macready, who attended, claimed to be heard, and, addressing the auctioneer, begged to read a letter which he had received from Mr. Stanfield, relating to the picture which was about to be put up to auction as a work of his (Mr. Stanfield's), but the genuineness of which Mr Stanfield repudiated. Mr. Macready then read the letter, and, as may be imagined, such was the effect produced on the company, that no sale took place.—*Trade Protection Record.*

FANNY KEMBLE IN AMERICA.—Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler was at the fair at Syracuse, in full feather, galloping through the throng of horses, carriages, and footmen in the streets, as if it were an every-day pastime. She had the glow of exultation on her face, which proved that the act of sweeping through the multitude was rather a pleasant sort of thing for a bright autumn day. The following description of this lady is taken from a letter written to the *Cleveland Democrat*, from North Adams, and hits off her ladyship fairly:—I was very much disappointed in the *personnel* of Mrs. B. She is masculine, very, in mind and body. Her figure is not majestic, or commanding, or elegant. Her form is not comely—her face anything but beautiful, yet in her reading she would make it radiate with her beauty of life-like expression. Her person is short and massive; she has nothing of the light and graceful in her form. You can read in her face that she was born to command, never to obey. She is a woman of great talents—of correct principles—of great energy—of strong passions and feelings, and likes the mighty cataract, and the live thunder, better than she does the winding rivulet, or the evening zephyr, or I am mistaken in that eye, and in the expression of that mouth. She must hate a tame man. She would rather play with lions than with lambs, and would rather ride a wild horse of the prairies than the gentle palfrey of a timid girl. There is no horse, I am told, too spirited for Mrs. B. to ride or drive. She admires spirit in any living thing, and I guess, most of all, in men. Mrs. B. has purchased an estate in Lenox, and will probably build her a home in that town, where she has a large circle of devoted friends. So much has been said of Mrs. Butler—so much has her name been before the public, that I shall offer no apology for thus writing my impressions of her. I have not trespassed upon the sanctity of private life. She is a remarkable woman—better fitted to delineate every variety of human character upon the stage, than to make happy the domestic home. In this I may be mistaken. She does not look, to me, as if for domestic life, she was "made of every creature's best."—*New York Express.*

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No. 43.—Vol. XXIV. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1849. { PRICE THREEPENCE. STAMPED FOURPENCE.

EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF POSIDIPPUS.

Do not think with persuasive tears to deceive me, Philenis;
Surely, I know well enough, none you love better than me,
Just for the time that here you recline at my side;—if another
Filled this place, then *him* you would love better than me.

J. O.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

KING LEAR.

On Wednesday, Mr. Macready appeared for the first time at this theatre in *King Lear*. The tragedy was got up very efficiently, and, with the exception of one or two parts, was strongly cast. The modern stage could not provide a better Edgar than Mr. James Wallack, or a more excellent representative of the fool than Miss P. Horton. Mr. Stuart was all that could be desired in Kent; Mr. Howe was more worthy of commendation than we were led to anticipate in Edmund; while the subordinates, or subordinate parts, were all respectably sustained. The ladies were, Mrs. Warner (Goneril); Mrs. L. S. Buckingham (Regan); and Miss Reynolds (Cordelia). Mrs. Warner we need hardly allude to in such a character as Goneril: her performances are always stamped with the impress of mind, and betoken great care and study. Goneril is by no means an outstanding part, or such a one as lends striking points for the actor to seize hold of, but it is an important one, and demands both judgment and skill to render it effective. Of Mrs. L. S. Buckingham and Miss Reynolds, with all our gallant reservation, we can only speak in moderate terms. In short, the fair actresses were out of their elements entirely, and consequently are entitled to every forbearance. Mr. Selby, we understand, has some talent: it may be so, but it does not lie in representing characters of Shakspere. He has lately appeared in two parts, and from the manner in which he has been received in them, he ought to be self-instructed that he is no Shaksperian actor—at least, the public will not recognise him as such. Both Mr. Bland and Mr. Clark, although farce and burlesque are their proper elements, never for a moment offend when they happen to be elevated from the sock to the buskin: while Mr. Selby carries low comedy acting into the innermost shrine of tragedy. The Oswald of Wednesday night was a complete travestie, and the audience appeared strongly to feel so, as they gave expression to the most unmistakeable signs of condemnation.

The scenery and appointments were admirable in every respect. We never saw the storm scene so well managed. Several of the scenic representations were hailed with great applause, more especially the sea-view from the Dover cliffs, and the battle-field when the fight takes place between Edgar and Edmund. Mr. Webster must have gone to considerable expense in getting up *King Lear* in so splendid and perfect a manner; but if ever outlay on a play reimbursed a manager, we have little doubt the expenditure in the present instance will do so. The performance was received throughout with immense applause by one of the most crowded houses ever congregated within the walls of the Haymarket Theatre.

In the whole range of the Shaksperian drama there is probably no character which is so difficult to realize in acting as King Lear. It is not that it requires greater versatility, or more power than any other part, for a glance at Shakspere's gallery will convince us to the contrary; but, that throughout the performance the actor must *assume* an *assumption*, and cannot for one moment be himself, or exhibit his *real* powers. When Kemble played Coriolanus we can easily understand that no little of the excellence of that performance was owing to the grand look and pride of feeling which were peculiar to the man. The same may be predicated of the Hamlet of Young, whose natural gentlemanly bearing and melancholy air accorded finely with the tone of the character he was delineating. Macready's Virginius and Werner, in their quick sensitiveness, irritability, and passionate feeling, offer illustrations also of the co-efficiency of natural gifts or endowments with a theatrical representation. It may be adduced, on the other hand, that Cooke's Iago and Kean's Richard, unless they proved they were both evil-minded men, would demolish our theory. But to this we say, nay—the morality of the feeling has nothing whatsoever to do with it—it is the quality, the intensity, and the peculiarity that make or mar an actor's fitness. Now, in King Lear, an actor's especial care is, or should be, not to be himself for one moment. His "state of man" must be broken up by the weight of years; his whole form and gait must be simulated; his voice put on; and with the press of age and infirmity must be assumed sickness and madness. Here is simulation within simulation—a doubling on itself of the *ars celare artem*—a performance of a performance. Of the great actors handed to us from the time of Shakspere, we have the name of one only associated with King Lear: but Garrick, to judge from his sacrilegious alterations, or those of Nahum Tate and Co., authorised by him, could scarcely have understood—he certainly did not appreciate—the sublimity of the part; and the lovers of Shakspere would hardly countenance an actor now-a-days, who, with a view to improve the author, or render the play more acceptable to an audience in a happy termination, would restore Cordelia to life, marry her to Edgar, and replace the aged king on his throne, with all his faculties and powers renovated and invigorated. Such was the morality and Shaksperian reverence of actors, authors, and audiences, in the glorious theatrical times of David Garrick.

Macready's King Lear is, beyond the shadow of a doubt, his greatest part; and is, as far as we have means and capabilities of judging, one of the grandest and most complete performances ever witnessed on the stage. When we consider it in its entirety, in its finish, in its diversity, in the profoundness of its conception, and, above all, in its truthfulness and reality, we cannot hesitate to pronounce it a miracle of art. We have always considered King Lear as Macready's masterpiece, and we were thoroughly convinced of it on Wednesday

night. The performance was magnificent—nay, faultless—from beginning to end; every scene displayed some exquisite touch of art, some passionate outbreak that thrilled and horrified the hearer, some denotement of wretchedness that went right home to every heart. Its beauties are beyond specifying. Perhaps the most striking scenes were the first with Goneril, the scene in the storm, and the two last scenes with Cordelia. These were positively sublime. Hardly less great were the scenes with the Fool; how playful and tender were the replies of the old King in the first; how distracted and heart-broken in the second. The last scene was, we think, even more touching than ever, at least so much our own feelings hinted to us. When years and years have passed away, and tradition only remains to tell of stage matters, Macready's name will be handed down to posterity as the greatest King Lear that ever adorned the stage.

Independent of the applause so frequently bestowed throughout the tragedy on Wednesday night, we do not remember ever witnessing an audience so deeply affected, and intensely rapt up in a performance. There was something far beyond the clapping of hands, and roaring of voices, in the breathless silence that prevailed, and the fixed eyes, and "cadent tears," which were noticeable around us on every side. Even the cried "hush!" that followed close on the commenced applause after Lear's death, denoted strongly how deeply interested were the audience in the performance; how they would fain cling to their excitement while the dead march was being played, and the curtain was slowly falling, till the scene was shut out from their eyes.

A new farce was produced on Thursday, called the *Guardian Angel*, from the pen of Mr. Shirley Brooks. It is taken from the French, but departs considerably from the original. Mr. Shirley Brooks displays his usual smartness and happiness in the dialogue, and shows no little tact in drawing and contrasting his characters.

The plot is exceedingly complicated, and complicated to no apparent purpose, excepting to mystify the hearers and spectators. There are too many characters, and these are frequently brought on the stage with no other intention than to keep things stirring, which would otherwise flag but for their intervention.

The principal personage is a maid-of-all-work in a lodging-house, who is a thorough proficient in the art of divination by cards, and who having found, by means of her oracle, that she is destined to marry a certain lawyer's clerk, has followed the object of her destiny wherever he goes, and watches over him as his "guardian angel," rescuing him several times from sundry disagreeable embarrassments and scrapes. The lawyer's clerk, the hero of the piece, has been raised by the bequest of a legacy from his stool of penury to the high seat of affluence. He becomes suddenly bitten with the mania of Fashion, and apes the airs and impudence of a Town dandy. Among certain other whimsicalities is one which leads him to a frequent change of his place of residence. Wherever he goes, he always finds his guardian-angel, the maid-of-all-work, installed before him. Conceiving that she has an indubitable right to watch over the motions and acts of her future husband, the "angel" suppresses every letter that gives indication of a female superscription, and by her over-readiness in suspecting him of illicit attachments, involves him in scrapes with a host of ladies and gentlemen, who are intermingled in a cross fight. When she helps him out of his difficulties, and exposes the delinquencies of the rest, he marries her out of gratitude, although somewhat against the stomach of his pride.

The character of the maid-of-all-work, or the "guardian angel," is excellently drawn, and the author has turned to good account the pedantry of fortune-telling, with its jargon of "heart-men," "diamond-men," "fair-men," "dark-men," &c., &c. In embodying the idiosyncrasy of the part, Mrs. Keeley acted to perfection. Nothing can be more deliciously comic than the attitude with which she leans over the cards, and the assumed air of learning with which she propounds the various mysteries of the pack. The object of her devotion, played by Mr. Keeley, is an amusing specimen of a Cockney rake, humorously coloured by the actor. Keeley was immense in his part, and excited roars of laughter.

The piece was entirely successful; and Mr. and Mrs. Keeley being loudly called for at the conclusion, the gentleman announced it for repetition every night till further notice.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

The second season of these popular entertainments commenced on Wednesday night at Exeter Hall, with a highly successful concert. The patronage bestowed on the first series of the Wednesday Concerts was of the most liberal kind, and it is due to Mr. Stammers, the director, to say that, during the recess, he has proved himself sensible of public favour by studying to deserve it. He has materially improved his orchestra, which now consists of a band of 40 performers, all of them thoroughly efficient. The effect produced by this apparently inconsiderable phalanx in the vast area of Exeter Hall was immense, and helped to prove that quality, much more than quantity, is the essential in forming a competent body of instrumentalists. Beethoven was frequently heard to say that he required no more than 60 executants for his symphonies. But, then, each of the 60 must be a master of his instrument, since two or three inferior performers go far to mar the efforts of the others, however excellent. Mr. Stammers has acted upon this principle in the formation of his orchestra. The stringed force is capital. The first violins, led by Mr. Willy, are all good; the second violins, with Mr. Watkins as chief, scarcely inferior; while the tenors, violoncellos, and double basses, headed respectively by Messrs. Hill, W. L. Phillips, and Rowland, though not numerous, make up for want of number by strength and capacity. The wind instruments are equally effective. The principals are Mr. Ribas (flute), Mr. Nicholson (oboe), Mr. Maycock (clarionet), Mr. Baumap (bassoon), Mr. Jarrett (horn), Mr. T. Harper (trumpet), Mr. Healey (trombone), and Mr. Prospere (ophicleide)—all first-rate performers—while their seconds are quite up to the mark. The quality of the band was effectively tested in Mozart's overture to *Zauberflotte*, Macfarren's to *Don Quixote*, Auber's to *Le Cheval de Bronze*, and the *scherzo* and Wedding March from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. All these pieces were listened to with attention, and loudly applauded, and the march, which we have never heard played with more spirit and decision, was enthusiastically encored. Besides improving his band, Mr. Stammers has further secured its efficiency by the engagement of a conductor, Herr Anschuez, *chef d'orchestre* of the German company, whose recent performances at Drury Lane Theatre turned out such an unproductive speculation. Herr Anschuez is a very able and experienced musician, and last night showed himself fully competent to fulfil the duties of his office. In the overture to *Zauberflotte*, he introduced a reading which, though accepted in Germany, is not adopted elsewhere, reiterating the three full chords that anticipate the second part, instead of tying them, according to the more general practice, which we confess

to prefer, even though it be contrary to tradition. The engagement of Herr Anschuez is likely to prove of decided advantage to the performances.

The programme consisted of no less than 27 pieces, which, with 10 encores, made 37, but we must decline to enter into minute details. The vocal stars of the evening were Signor Ronconi and Herr Formes. It was the first appearance of the great Italian barytone at Exeter Hall, and the sensation he created was commensurate with his merits. Ronconi, away from the stage, is only half Ronconi; but the genial humour and irresistible vivacity of his "Largo al factotum" can never fail of moving an audience; and, by unanimous desire, he was obliged to return and go through the whole of it a second time. Ronconi's second solo was the air, "Meco tu vieni o misera," from Bellini's once popular, though now forgotten opera, *La Straniera*, which he sang with exquisite feeling. He also sang two duets, "Il pallor," from *Lucia*, with Mrs. A. Newton, and the famous "Suona la tromba," from *I Puritani*, with Herr Formes; the latter of which did not fail to produce its wonted effect, although the manner in which the accompaniments were played clearly evidenced that it had not been rehearsed. The most effective song by Herr Formes was the "Qui sdegno," from *Zauberflotte*, part of the selection from that opera with which the concert worthily commenced. Herr Formes sang the German words, and gave the most impressive reading to the music, his magnificent lower tones coming out with fine effect in the cadence. To Lindpaintner's well-known ballad, "The Standard-bearer," Herr Formes gave a new and highly appropriate reading, by singing the last verse, which illustrates the dying words of the soldier, much slower, thereby investing it with a tenderness that was not observable in the spirited version of Herr Pischek, who first made the song popular in this country. In obedience to the encore, Herr Formes sat down to the piano-forte, and accompanied himself in one of the expressive *lieder* of Weber, which would, nevertheless, have been still more effective with the horn obligato part that originally belongs to it. Herr Formes also gave Speyer's favourite ballad, "My heart's on the Rhine," with great energy and spirit. The lady singers were Miss Poole, the Misses Williams, Mrs. A. Newton, and Miss Eyles. Miss Poole sang three ballads, and was encored in each of them; the best, however, was, "By the sad sea waves," from Benedict's *Brides of Venice*, a melody of genuine beauty and simplicity, which she gave with equal grace and feeling. Mrs. A. Newton both pleased and surprised us by the remarkably clever style in which she executed the most trying and difficult of all the songs of Mozart—the "Gli angui d'inferno" (the air of "The Queen of Night"), from the *Zauberflotte*, which requires a compass of voice and a flexibility equally uncommon. Both requisites were supplied by Mrs. Newton, who gave the florid passages, that lie so painfully high, with remarkable crispness and animation, richly meriting the encore which was accorded without a single dissentient voice. Among the classical gems of the vocal programme were "O cara immagine," from *Zauberflotte*, and Mendelssohn's duet, "O wert thou in the cauld blast;" both were admirably sung, the former by Mr. Lockey, who imparted all the necessary warmth and passion, the latter, which was unanimously redemanded, by the Misses Williams. The concerted pieces were the quintet, "Dove chimé," from *Zauberflotte* (by the Misses Williams, Miss Eyles, Messrs. Lockey and Smythson), and Bishop's glee, "Blow, gentle gales," (by the Misses Williams, Messrs. Lockey, Land, and Smythson), which, with two ballads, "Home, sweet home," and "A minstrel boy," (sung respectively by Miss M. Williams and Mr. Lockey), completed all we need particularise of the vocal department. A very clever orchestral *pot pourri*, from themes in Spohr's opera of *Jessonda*, the composition of Herr Anschuez, deserves favourable mention. It comprised obligato solos for the flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn, and cornet, which were ably executed by Messrs. Ribas, Nicholson, Maycock, Baumann, Jarrett, and T. Harper, especially the latter, which consisted of the beautiful air, "Amid the battles raging," one of Spohr's happiest inspirations.

Miss Ward, a young pianist, made her first public essay, in a fantasia by Henri Herz on airs from *Somnambula*. She has considerable execution and taste, but has not yet acquired the confidence to make the best use of them in presence of a large audience. Miss Ward was received in a very encouraging manner.

At the end of the first part the National Anthem was sung by all the vocalists, the audience standing. The principal solos were assigned to Miss A. Williams and Miss Rebecca Isaacs. Notwithstanding the ten encores, which made the programme unnecessarily tedious, the director's announcement that the performance should positively terminate by 11 o'clock was strictly carried out; and it is to be hoped this may be regarded as a precedent to be followed at all the succeeding concerts. Mr. Willy led the band throughout the evening, and Mr. Land officiated with ability as pianoforte accompanist.

ALBERT SMITH.

The arrival of our merry friend Albert Smith at Constantinople is announced in a Turkish journal. Private advices inform us that he created a great sensation in the capital of the Mussulmans. Albert Smith, we are told, is fêted as one of the literary stars of England, and in compliment to his Mahometan friends wears a long beard, has assumed the turban and loose trowsers, smokes a chibouque, and contemplates a pilgrimage to Mecca. The Turks, who are not deeply versed in European literature, have set him down as the author of the "Wealth of Nations," and the celebrated historian of "Gent." What sparkling leaves and essays may we not expect from Albert Smith's ready and ingenious pen on his return! A "Peep into the Harem," "A Night with the Sultan," "An Encounter with a Kislar Aga," or "A Field-day with the Janissaries," are the least that may be imagined. We have little doubt that much amusement and interesting matter may be anticipated from Albert Smith's goose-quill on the general affairs of Turkey.

THE DISTINS AT BRIGHTON.

(From the Brighton Gazette.)

On Thursday, Messrs. Distin delighted a respectable audience with their silvery tones. The veteran and his sons have just returned from their American tour, which, in spite of many drawbacks, such as cholera, innundations, fires, and Macready-riots, has, we are glad to learn, proved satisfactory. This was their first appearance in England since their return. Mr. Distin's "Soldier Tired" is as fresh, clear, and untiring as ever. Mr. H. Distin gave a pleasing version of "All is lost," and the concerted music was, as heretofore, carefully and expressively performed. The Messrs. Distin, jun. are vocalists as well as instrumentalists; and, with the aid of their sister and Miss O'Connor, varied the performances with glees, &c. A quartett, "On the sea," by Mendelssohn, was very pleasing: it is from the "Orpheus" Collection of German Glees. Miss O'Connor's voice

has gained fulness, and become much mellowed since we heard her last. She sang Barker's version of that pathetic song, "The Irish emigrant's lament," with a great deal of expression. Miss L. Distin has an effective voice for the concerted music. Mr. T. Distin possesses a bass voice of pleasing character, and sings with good taste. The Messrs. Distin repeated the concert in the evening, when the only difference in the programme was the introduction of a song by Mr. T. Distin, entitled "The Tower of London," a descriptive musical soliloquy, in which the old fortress speaks of its varied experiences. The words of this song are by Mr. J. W. Roe, the author of many of Mr. John Parry's songs, now a resident in this town; and the music, which is highly characteristic, is by M. J. L. Hatton.

WINCKELMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BOOK IIf.

ON THE ART OF THE ETRURIANS AND THEIR NEIGHBOURS.

(*Continued from page* 660.)

CHAP. IV.

ON ART AMONG THE NATIONS BORDERING ON THE ETRURIANS.

XVI. The first and oldest collection which has been made in Naples, is, as far as I know, that which adorns the Vatican Library. We owe this to the Neapolitan jurist, Joseph Valetta, from whose heirs it was purchased by the elder Cardinal Gualtieri. After the death of the latter it was incorporated with the library. (*a*) This same Valetta bequeathed to the library of the Theatines, at St. Apostoli in Naples, about twenty such vessels, which are still preserved there.

XVII. Not inferior, at least in the number of specimens, is the collection made by Count Mastrilli, at Naples, and increased some years ago by a considerable quantity, collected together by another member of the same family, resident at Nola. The two collections, combined both together, are now in the possession of the heir of the parties, Count Palmi, at Naples.

XVIII. Besides this collection, that is worth notice which is in the house Porcinari, and contains about seventy specimens; one of the finest of which represents Orestes, pursued by two figures, and kneeling with the left knee on the cover of Apollo's tripod. * * * * This vase, with a few others in the same museum, appears in the Hamilton Collection.

XIX. A short time ago, Duke Caraffa Noja, a passionate lover of antiquities, began to collect, in addition to other ancient works, some vases, copies of which will soon be published, engraven on copper. (*b*) The finest and also the most learned specimen represents, in about twenty figures, the contest of the Greeks and Trojans over the body of Patroclus, the latter being distinguished from the former by helmets, which have some resemblance to Phrygian caps.

XX. Last of all, and after all the amateurs of these earthen works, Mr. Hamilton has made a still larger and more valuable collection, which has been published by MM. d'Hancarville, together with the chief vases of the Mastrilli and Porcinari collections, in four splendid folio volumes. (*c*) This work exceeds in magnificence anything in copper-plate that has yet appeared concerning ancient monuments, since not only the form of the vases and their proper measurement are given, but each one is copied on a separate plate, the ornaments, and still more the figures, being imitated with the utmost care and a thorough knowledge of antique design, while, besides, every vessel is printed in its proper colours. Thus we have here a treasure of Greek drawing, and a clear proof of the perfection of their art. The estimable owner of this collection may boast that in two vases he can show, not only two of the ancient monuments of Greek art, but also that which is most perfect in drawing and beauty of anything that has been seen in the world. This I intend to show with respect to both vases. (*d*)

XXI. Among some other collections, which likewise come from the kingdom of Naples, one of the most important is that made by Herr Raphael Mengs during his residence there, of which I have published five very peculiar specimens in my "Ancient Monuments." There are other vases among them which no less merited to be brought to notice; as, for instance, the one representing an Amazon on horseback, with a hat hanging down upon her shoulders, contending with a hero. Probably the hero is Achilles, and the Amazon is Penthesilea, because the invention of the hat has been attributed to the latter.

XXII. Finally, among the vases whose country is the region about Naples, I must not forget the one purchased by the reigning prince of Anhalt-Dessau; and this on account of a peculiarity not yet observed upon other vases. On it is painted a figure dressed as a female, who stands upon a winged Genius, and holds a round mirror by the handle. In the mirror is shewn the profile of the figure's face, not painted, but represented by a bright blue-coloured glaze. It is my opinion that most vases of the sort, which are in different parts of Italy, and the collections of which are mentioned by Gori, come from the same spot.

SELECT VARIORUM NOTES.

(*a*) Fea, who does not readily let pass an opportunity of defending the Etrurians and those who have written in their favour against Winckelmann, here again cites Guarnacci, who says that part of these vases were collected by Cardinal Gualtieri himself, but that the greater part were received by the same cardinal as a present from Monsignore Bargagli, then bishop of Chiusi, in which place they were found. How far this information of Guarnacci respecting the Gualtieri vases, afterwards placed in the Vatican, is to be preferred to Winckelmann's account, we are indeed unable to decide. However, we must admit that actual inspection is much in favour of Winckelmann. For, in the Vatican collection, there are, besides the vases in Passari, with a black-winged genius, only a few painted vases which can really be considered Etrurian, or are really distinguished from these which have been brought from the kingdom of Naples, and are Greek works.—*Meyer.*

(*b*) Whether the work on painted vases by Duke Caraffa Noja ever appeared we do not know. We are almost inclined to doubt it, as we have never seen a copy, nor heard one mentioned.—*Meyer.*

(*c*) In Winckelmann's time only the first volume of this work actually appeared. The second, according to the title-page, was printed as early as 1767, but it must certainly have been published later. On the first page, after the title, is an honourable monument to our Winckelmann, by D'Hancarville.—*Amuretti.*

In Mr. Bohn's catalogue this great work is marked £21.—*Translator.*

(*d*) In the dissertation prefixed to the first volume of Hamilton's Collection, he endeavours to shew that these painted vases were highly esteemed by the Romans. He then fixes the first epoch of painting terra cotta vases before the building of Rome, and assigns to this first epoch, when the art was in its infancy, the vase already mentioned in the text, with the representation of a hunt. The second epoch, in which the art attained its perfection, preceded, as he maintains, the conquest of Capua. The third, in which they left off painting vases, and the art gradually became extinct, he places about the time of the conquest of Corinth. —*Fea.*

(*To be continued.*)

TAKING CARE OF NUMBER ONE.—A negro having purchased a hat, was observed to take it from his head on the fall of a shower of rain, and to manifest considerable anxiety to preserve it from the wet. On being remonstrated with for his supposed stupidity in thus leaving his head exposed, he observed, "Hat belong to me—head belong to massa."—*Globe.*

SONNET.

NO. CCLVI.

With-ev'ry soul a malady is born;
The seed of which by destiny is cast
Into its core, and there 'tis doom'd to last
Throughout all change—the apostolic "thorn."
This malady all medicine can scorn;
Time, that destroys all else, sets this more fast,
Motionless as the rock against the blast,
Until the feeding soil to nought is worn.
From the soul's surface, all diseases clear,
For them a remedy may soon be found,
And they will cease—a scar their only trace;
But this one evil thou canst only—bear;
This lets the limit doom'd thyself to bound,
And in the great world marks thy proper place. N. D.

EMMA WILLIAMS.

It is with sincere sorrow that we have to announce the almost sudden death of a young and highly-gifted lady, whose loss has left a blank in her bereaved family no time can supply. To many of our readers the name of Emma Williams will be presented for the first time, while to some who have known her, her melancholy and untimely fate will cause grief as well as surprise,—grief that such promise and such talents should be so cruelly nipt in the bud; and surprise, that one so young, and but yesterday so full of warmth and beauty, should now be no more than the clod of the fields.

Emma Williams was, perhaps, the most promising of Balfe's numerous pupils. Her voice was of beautiful quality, her acquirements in her art were rare, and her master already predicted a glorious career for her as a lyric artist. Her manners were singularly amiable and engaging, and she was the beloved of all circles. So highly did Balfe think of her voice, that, previous to his departure for Germany, he was heard to say, "It would be worth one's while to write a part for such a voice."

Emma Williams expired on the 30th of September, in the twenty-first year of her age, after a short and sudden attack of Asiatic cholera.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT MANCHESTER.

(*From the Manchester Examiner.*)

Mr. Conran's Lectures on British Ballads.—On Friday week, Mr. Conran delivered the first of two lectures on British ballads, at the Mechanics' Institution, before a numerous and highly respectable audience. Having briefly introduced the subject, he remarked that national ballads had often exercised a power which was felt to have been greater than the edicts of legislators or statesmen. Britain possessed a rich treasure in its national ballads, which, if equalled, was certainly not surpassed in vigour, variety, and beauty, by those of any other nation. The term ballad suggested many interesting ideas connected with progressive civilisation, and the ballad transmitted to later ages many bright examples of that true greatness which would otherwise have been lost to futurity. Having traced the influence of the ballad amongst the Greeks, and noticed their various and beautiful lyrics, the lecturer came down to the time of Alfred and Charlemagne, both of whom had a keen perception of national songs, and ordered them to be collected and learned. The most ancient English song extant was that preserved in the British Museum, and ascribed to the 13th century (Edward the First). It was written in harmony, or counterpoint, and in the Gregorian notation. It was interesting from its being the earliest example of harmony, as well as from its being the first song in English, with or without music, that could now be produced. Having noticed the bards and minstrels, who exercised such influence in the development of art and literature during the middle ages, the important part which they played, and the high estimation in which they were held by the people, the lecturer described the encouragement which was given to minstrelsy by the various princes, until the act passed in the 39th year of Elizabeth, which described minstrels as "rogues and vagabonds, and to be punished as such." He then observed, that from the 6th to the 11th century would form the first era—that of ecclesiastical song melody; while from the 11th to the 16th would form the second era—the gradual development of sacred and choral harmony, as illustrated by the sublime productions of Palestrina. This was also the period of the progress of secular melody, through the practice of the bards, minstrels, and troubadours. The desire for secular harmony gave rise to the madrigal, a refined style of chamber music, which, with the use of the virginal, tended to supersede, and eventually to suppress the minstrel's art; though the influence of the latter must not be forgotten, inasmuch as to it we owe whatever elegance and symmetry song or melody required, while its influence tended to impart a more graceful and melodious form to the choral music of that era. The lecturer then gave several examples of ancient ballads, which were ably illustrated by professional ladies and gentlemen. He also gave examples of political ballads of the cavaliers and the roundheads. The illustrations were effectively rendered by Miss Parry, Mrs. Winterbottom, Mr. J. W. Isherwood—Mr. Conran himself presiding at the piano. The audience applauded frequently and heartily, and the lecture terminated about ten o'clock.

Dr. Mainzer's Normal Music School.—On Tuesday last, at the Town Hall, a meeting, convened by John Potter, Esq., mayor, by circular, was held, in order to take preliminary steps for organising a committee to co-operate with Dr. Mainzer in carrying out his plan for the establishment of a normal school in Manchester. His Worship the Mayor presided, and amongst the gentlemen present were Aldermen Sir Elkanah Armitage, Kershaw, M.P., and Willert; and Messrs. R. N. Philips, P. Lucas, John Ragshaw, James Hertz, C. P. Mason, professor of general literature at the Lancashire Independent College; J. D. Morell, inspector of schools; Leopold Reiss, and William Medcalf. Letters were read from the Rev. Canon Clifton, Messrs. J. G. Harter, J. A. Turner, Malcolm Ross, S. Brooks, and others, expressing their regret that they were unable to be present, and declaring their cordial approval of the object of the meeting. The first resolution, which was moved by Sir Elkanah Armitage, seconded by Mr. Alderman Kershaw, M.P., and carried unanimously, expressed the satisfaction with which the meeting had heard of Dr. Mainzer's intention to establish a normal music school in this town. The second resolution, which was moved by Mr. R. N. Philips, and seconded by Mr. H. P. Rée, appointed a numerous committee, to co-operate with Dr. Mainzer, in carrying out his plan; and, with the especial object of obtaining subscriptions, in order to defray the expenses incurred in doing so. By a third resolution, moved by Mr. Alderman Willert, and seconded by Mr. Ragshaw, the committee were requested to prepare for publication a short statement of the plan and objects of Dr. Mainzer, and the grounds upon which public support and subscriptions were solicited, and the committee were also requested to appoint a treasurer and secretary. We understand

that a number of liberal subscriptions were reported to the meeting by the mayor, as having been promised already. We may, in conclusion, just call attention to the public meeting in support of Dr. Mainzer's plan, which is to be held in the Town Hall to-morrow (Thursday) evening.

MUSICAL MATTERS IN LIVERPOOL.

I GIVE you a new heading to my "scraps" this week; for though I have no reports to give you, yet I have a little to say respecting "matters musical" in the "good old town," as the inhabitants rather paradoxically call Liverpool. You know, of course, that Miss Lucombe and party have been "starring" here, and during her engagement the only papers which take any notice of musical and dramatic affairs, *viz.*, the *Chronicle*, *Journal*, *Mail*, and *Albion*, spoke rather disparagingly of Miss Lucombe's general performance of Amina, though they gave considerable praise to her Lucia and Elvira. Several of her friends immediately thought that there was an attempt to "ruin" a young artiste, "blast" her prospects, break her heart, and other such twaddle, which they industriously gave publicity to by means of the press and private conversation. The *Journal*, being more particularly abused, last Saturday made the following sensible remarks upon the absurd reports, which, though they may not please everybody, cannot well be disputed by any:—

"ENGLISH OPERA AND LOCAL CRITICISM.

"There never was so strong a feeling in this country in favour of the establishment of an 'English Opera-house,' as at this moment; and, in obedience to the general wish, Sir Henry Bishop and a committee of musical gentlemen are considering how far such an establishment could meet with success. There is no reason whatever why we should not have a national Opera-house,—no reason whatever why we should not have English singers equal to a successful competition with the Italian vocalists: but there is a feeling, nevertheless that there is some impediment in the way, though none will, or can, declare definitely what that impediment is. Some say, we have no composers; but that is no reason, for why should we not have English versions of Italian operas? Music, being one of the emanations of genius, is of all nations, a universal language, and the language which accompanies it is a matter of not the slightest consequence; while, if we had an English Opera-house, composers would appear here, as they do elsewhere; and, until they do, let us be content with what we have. The sole argument against the success of a national musical establishment is, that we have not the singers, and that difficulty must be faced and overcome before any rash enterprises are entered upon; for it is most preposterous to suppose that the public will crowd to hear second-rate singers in parts that, in the same city, are filled by vocalists whose singing becomes a remembrance which is transmitted to posterity; and, therefore, until we have English singers of equal merit, the establishment of an English Opera-house becomes a mere chimera.

"Mediocrity is the abhorred of gods and men; and to suppose that John Bull will support opera through a feeling of nationality, is to suppose that he is a very different animal from what he is,—for no amount of puffing will convince him that he ought to pay money without getting value in return. He pays for the best in all things; and this country is the great market for the best samples of everything, because this country can best pay for what is good. Why is the Italian Opera so firmly planted in England? We will not suppose our readers share in the vulgar error which says, "Because the vocalists are 'foreigners'"—for singers of all nations have sung at the Italian Opera House—Mrs. Wood and Madame Vestris having reigned there as prima donnas. It is because nought but excellence is there tolerated; mediocrity is appreciated the instant it appears, and is at once thrown into its proper place, and the consequence of this is, an array of brilliant names that are immortal. Let an English Opera-house be based upon the same principles, and we have no doubt the result will be the same. The names of Billington, Paton, Vestris, and Kemble sufficiently attest the warm patronage which has always extended to native talent. The great obstacles to this are the provincial musical critics, because not only do they praise indiscriminately, being, in nine cases out of ten, perfectly ignorant of music, but because they positively criticise the opinions of each other.

"Newspaper writing is always anonymous; and a provincial press only commits the vulgarity of commenting on the critical opinion of a contemporary. The London press keeps a regular corps of writers, and every department is filled by persons perfectly competent to what they undertake; no musical criticism ever appears in a London paper that is not written by a thorough musician, and, taking everything into consideration, they are, on the whole, extremely impartial. The provincial press could not possibly afford to carry out this system, and every department is, therefore, too often filled by the same individual. The editor is responsible for everything that appears, and as few men combine the qualifications of literateur, politician, painter, and musician, it is not to be wondered at if one or other of these departments is inadequately filled; but this inadequacy, in nine-tenths of the provincial musical critics, exercises a very pernicious influence upon the art, and upon its followers, for though it is in the power of most people to declare whether vocalists be decidedly good or bad, it is in the power of the musician only to state the why and the wherefore. 'Knowledge is power,' and without that power criticism dwindles into mere generalities.

"Most professional people labour under the weakness of imagining themselves Rubinis and Malibrans, and firmly impressed with some such delusion, they come down into the country to practice. If the Press praise them, they imagine their fortune is made, forgetting that praise, when undeserved, ministers only to their own vanity, without at all deluding the public; while judicious criticism might, if artists would only know themselves, be the means of raising them in their profession. Stern criticism would, in many instances, save much future misery, for sooner or later, mediocrity will find its level. But vanity is ever the fatal error of artists; they imagine all censure proceeds from personal motives; they think newspapers and critics are created but to pander to their interest; and ill-judging friends, and ill-judging critics, confirm them in their sad error. When critics comment upon critics, we can scarcely wonder at the artist's delusion. We have had occasion to allude lately to the want of professional etiquette observable in some of our contemporaries, and during the past week the error has been repeated. The practice savours so strongly of provincial littleness, that we conceive the character of our profession to be involved.

"In Monday's paper appeared some editorial remarks upon the criticisms of the Saturday's papers on the opera, the said remarks being drawn forth by a correspondent's letter. These remarks strongly deprecated the criticisms which had appeared, in consequence of Miss Lucombe's illness; while in the same paper appeared a criticism commenting upon that lady's inadequate representation of Amina." Let the editor reconcile the contradiction—we cannot. There was no announcement of Miss Lucombe's illness until the Wednesday, when the opera *Puritani* was postponed to the following evening. If Miss Lucombe had not been ill, we should have gone into detail on the rendering of Elvira; we forbore, on account of the lady's indisposition. As it was, we were convinced that health would not have caused her rendering of "Son vergin" to be what it ought to be. In the Tuesday's *Mercury* appeared a letter, signed "A Lover of Fair Play." It is evidently from a friend, as all such communications generally are; for gentlemen in this town have something else to do, than start up as *preux chevaliers*; and all such friendly attempts are fatal to the very cause they mean to serve. If Miss Lucombe feels that she has the power and capacity requisite to place her in the first rank of her profession, all the critics leagued together could not keep her from it; but the very soreness evinced would show that our criticism, though severe, has been true. The only point that the writer can state in favour of the lady is, that she 'possesses a voice of great flexibility, combined with an equal and extensive register;' and this, he seems to think, constitutes an artiste. We said that, as a florid singer, Miss Lucombe was deficient. The illustrations of the writer to prove the contrary are unfortunate; for the "D'un Pensiero," and "Ah non credea," require no florid artistical acquirements. These two airs demand less executive power than any other portion of the opera. They call for great mental power, which Miss Lucombe did not exhibit; and the opening air "Sovra il sen," which we presume as the one alluded to, was spoiled through the time being dragged in such a manner as to annihilate the joyous expression of the song. On the whole Miss Lucombe's Amina was simply respectable, and the press here were unanimous in this opinion.

"We praised Miss Lucombe as a concert singer—condemned her as a dramatic singer. Were we *not* correct? and if correct, were we not doing the lady a service by saying so? She has qualifications for the concert-room—let her stay there; it is, in its way, lucrative, gratifying, and honourable. If those who are anxious for an English opera think that vocalists like Miss Lucombe are sufficient to create and support it, the object will never be attained. Some must be second, but they must not insist upon experimentalising in parts requiring vocalists of the first order.

"The remarks of the *Mercury's* correspondent upon Miss Lanza and Mr. Delavanti are absurd. Miss Lanza's being able to sing A, does not prove that Miss Lanza is a clever vocalist. If Mr. Delavanti appeared in such parts as Oroveso, or any first bass or baritone character, we should

look for higher qualifications. In the parts he does play he is an excellent vocalist and actor. The columns of the *Journal* will, on examination, amply refute the statement impeaching our gallantry. Our musical critiques are written by one who has no personal feeling to mislead or gratify—not being professional in any direction whatever, and writing solely for the purpose of recommending a pure taste in an elevating art.

"In consequence of the strong feeling abroad respecting English opera and native talent, we have written these few observations; but we beg distinctly to state that we shall, for the future, take no notice of any comments upon our critical opinions."

The general justice of these remarks, you, I think, will allow, and I should much like to know your unbiassed, candid opinion of Miss Lucombe as an *operatic* artiste. I think myself she is one of the sweetest and most brilliant English singers—*but* fitted only to shine in the concert room.

Mr. Scates, who is now resident here, gives a concert on Thursday, at which Miss Stewart, Miss Cubitt, Miss Whitnall, Mr. George Buckland, Mr. Joseph Robinson, and Mr. Mr. G. L. Hime, will sing. A young pianist from Prague, M. Whele, will perform on the pianoforte; and Mr. and Mrs. Scates, Mr. Lake, and Mr. Case, will display to a Liverpool audience the beauties of the concertina.

My next scrap I got from a paper called the *Nation*, published in New York by that would-be patriot and *bond-fide* traitor, Mr. Thomas D'Arcy McGee. In appearance, but not in talent, it greatly resembles its famous Dublin prototype; and the number before me contains the subjoined article relative to Mr. Hudson, who seems to have greatly offended the New York *rowdies*:—

"THE CELEBRATED IRISH COMEDIANS.

"Within six months we have had in New York at least half-a-dozen 'celebrated Irish comedians.' We have had Mr. Redmond Ryan, the 'celebrated,' and young Power, son to old Power, and Mr. Collins, and Barney Williams, and last of all Mr. Hudson came also.

"As a general rule, we object to the 'Irish' being made 'the laughing-stock' of New York theatres. When one man sees another fall, selfish human nature prompts him to laugh. When a sharp has 'done' a flat very decidedly, he gives invariably a chuckle. So with nations of men. The Romans libelled the Carthagenians in the comedies of Terence, and the Christian poets always gave the dirty work of their dramas to a Jew or a Moor. The Spartans exhibited their Helots for sport, and the Cockneys plagiarise the policy, in exhibiting their Irish Helots for the same purpose.

"We object, then, to these 'celebrated' comedians, one and all. We have no objection that they should make much of their own talents; but we have every objection that they should make so little of us.

"Irish character! What do they know of Irish character? They have studied it in the green-room, and observed it in St. Giles's. They think it all blarney and blunders, all warm heart and soft head. And they call themselves 'artists!' Artists of what? Of untruth and unreality. Fools! that they are, they cannot see that deep feeling and strong passion are the foundation and superstructure of this Irish character, and the wit and folly but the wall-flowers on the wall, and the dog-vanes on the turrets of the edifice!

"We object, especially, to Mr. Hudson being taken as '*the* Irishman' of the present day. We never saw an Irishman like this stage-man, although we have seen some tens of thousands. He is not the Irishman of Sackville Street, nor of the Liberty; he is not the Irishman of the North, West, or South; he is not the carman, the reaper, 'the nob,' the squireen, the soldier, the enthusiast, not even the *omadaun*. Twirling a stick back-handed, and crying 'whoop,' does not make an 'Irishman,' any more than speaking through one's nose, and saying 'I reckon,' makes an American.

"We understand that Mr. Hudson has been hissed for several successive nights at 'the Broadway.' We do not wonder. Really, for the manager to announce a 'celebrated' nobody like this, so stupid, coarse, and unskilful, was a venture which only a very low estimate of the public taste could justify. We confess, for our share, we had rather spend an evening walking round the Giant and Giantess at Barnum's, than be condemned to the first circle with Mr. Hudson on the stage. For common decency sake, let the engagement be ended and the man sent about his business—which certainly is *not* acting the Irishman."

Some parts of the article are true enough; but Mr. Hudson has this consolation, that if he does not understand the Irish character, Mr. McGee is in the same predicament, or he would never have "left his country for his country's good." But it seems impossible to meddle with anything without getting into hot water; so I'll drop the subject, and subscribe myself,

Liverpool, Oct. 24, 1849. Yours, &c., J. H. N.

MUSIC AT CHELMSFORD.

(*From the Chelmsford Chronicle.*)

LITERARY AND MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.—On Wednesday evening, R. Carte, Esq., the great English master of the flute, delivered a lecture in the hall of the institute, on the construction and capabilities of that instrument—those capabilities being shown by various astonishing and exquisite illustrations, which it is scarcely possible to believe any other musical hand of the day could have executed in the same style. An audience literally overflowing, for some were glad to secure seats upon the edge of the platform, bore testimony to the popularity of Mr. Carte in this county.

Mr. Carte commenced his lecture by noticing the taste for music which was becoming more prevalent, and then proceeded to give an interesting account of the ancient history of the flute, which it appeared the Greeks received from the Egyptians; and the different varieties of flutes in Greece were said to have amounted to 200, made of wood or metal, many of a soft tone, as was shewn by the allusions of the ancient poets to the "soft breathing flute," and the fact that some of the most celebrated flute-players of the ancients were of the fair sex; while others gave forth a loud sound to animate the soldiers on the battle-field. After taking a survey of the nature and progress of ancient music, and the part which the flute in its various shapes bore in it, he came to more modern times; and here the oldest he could introduce was the flute-à-bec, or old English flute, with tones extremely soft and sweet, but of small volume; and, as an illustration of its character, he gave on it the "Harmonious Blacksmith," not, he said, as a matter that would afford delight to modern musical ears, but as a specimen of what warmed the hearts of our forefathers. This flute-à-bec—that was a flute with a beak—was in general use at the beginning of the last century, but then the German flute came forward to contest its reign, and was eventually victorious. The history and construction of this instrument was accompanied by an illustration of the one-keyed German flute, the "Troubadour," one of Mr. Carte's own compositions, which strikingly exhibited the progress of the improvement; the power of the German flute, brought to perfection by its eight keys, being shewn in Drouet's solo, "Rule Britannia," the matchless execution of which, and the astonishing rapidity of fingering, shewed what the "peerless instrument" is capable of in the hands of a performer like Mr. Carte; and as a penalty on his perfection, he was subjected to an encore. But delicious as were the tones, and great as was the power of the German flute, that instrument now stood in the same situation that the flute-à-bec did in former days; a rival to it had come, also from Germany, in the flutes invented by Boehm, of Munich—instruments beautiful to look at, manufactured of silver, with their varieties of caps and levers, and gilt to imitate gold,—but still more beautiful in the thrilling and delicious tones which the breath of Mr. Carte poured into them produced, especially in Donizetti's Italian aria, "Fra Poco," and the "Keel Row," from the lecturer's own productions. These flutes, he said, had this characteristic—they allowed the tones to be lowered to a mere whisper, without losing the quality of the sound in the full tones, thus overcoming the difficulty flutes

had always had to contend against—a quality which was illustrated by the French air, "Oh no, we never mention her," slightly varied, which seemed to hold the audience silent and breathless, in a musical spell, till their feelings broke forth in applause at the close. The *flute d'amour* was illustrated by another of the lecturer's compositions, "Love not," and Boehm's air and variations of the "Swiss Boy," and this closed the illustrations; Mr. Carte observing, he hoped in spending an hour with him that evening, they would not think they had paid too much for a whistle; but the company were so enchanted that they set up the old song of "Part not yet," and Mr. Carte was necessitated to further exercise them with the sweet sounds of a familiar Scotch air.

Mr. Carte's performances cannot fail to bring the flute into favour, but it must be seen how much the instrument owes to the hands in which it is placed,—to the feeling infused into the softer passages, and the spirit thrown into the bravura parts, and what has been called "the matchless rapidity of fingering" of the player. If the flute has reached perfection in construction, so has Mr. Carte in the handling of it. It would not be just to close our notice without adding that Mr. F. Dawson, who is always ready to apply his musical talents gratuitously to the cause of the institution, assisted on the piano, and added in no slight way to the pleasure of the evening.

MUSIC AT CHELTENHAM.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE concert given by Messrs. Hale and Son, Sept. 29, proved, as we anticipated, a brimmer, and running over—every part of the room being crowded; and such was the influx of families of the first rank from the surrounding country, that the residents of the town who had neglected to secure tickets could not gain admission. In consequence thereof, the spirited firm have made a re-engagement with the party for an evening concert on the 31st; and we hear that, although the whole room will be reserved, more than half the places are already taken. To tell of the *furore* created by the artists would be only to reiterate a tale a thousand times told in this—both Sontag and Lablache seemed determined to do their utmost; and they did so much that praise would fail in the giving.

A concert, or rather, evening entertainment, was given by John Parry, also under the management of Messrs. Hale and Son; and so great was the anxiety of his admirers, that notwithstanding 50 reserved seats were at first appointed to be let, upwards of 300 were taken before the day of the concert.

H. Phillips and the Distins have also made arrangements with the same parties for concerts to come off in November and early in December; so that the Cheltenham season may this year well be called the musical season.

MUSIC AT BRISTOL.

(From Felix Farley's Journal, Oct. 20th.)

ON Monday evening, October 15th, Madame Sontag's grand concert took place at the Victoria Rooms. We regret to state it was not so well attended as could have been desired; we imagine in consequence of there having been such a succession of concerts lately, rather than the absence of that taste which naturally characterises Bristol and its vicinity. We can but inform the absentees they lost one of the grandest treats possible. Madame Sontag is a host in herself; her recitative, "Oh! luce di quest' anima," gained, as it merited, a universal encore. Her soprano notes are splendid, and at the same time wonderful; her exquisite cadences warbled forth with such sweetness, that you are lost in wonder at the amazing power of her well-tutored voice. Rode's air and variations, which she sang by desire, was extremely beautiful, and drew forth a rapturous encore; but, in our opinion, that beautiful ballad, "Home, sweet home!" was her *chef-d'œuvre*; it gained universal applause, and we were delighted to find the taste for the old English melodies has not entirely given place to the more scientific, but certainly less touching, compositions of the Italian masters. M. Thalberg is so well known as the first pianist of the day, and so justly celebrated for his taste and brilliant execution, that we need only add, in his selections from *Masaniello* he surpassed himself both in taste and feeling. Belletti's "Non piu Andrai" delighted us extremely, and was rapturously encored; we thought this admired singer appeared in particularly good voice. We were much pleased with Signor Calzolari: his voice is a beautiful tenor; his barcarole was given with great effect, and we could not but admire the good nature with which all so willingly responded to the encores. Signor F. Lablache was particularly happy in his buffo duet with Belletti, and also in his duet from *Don Pasquale* with Madame Sontag.

MUSIC AT GLOSSOP.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE DINTING VALE GLEE CLUB gave a grand concert about six months ago, at the Town Hall, Glossop, being the first essay of a newly formed society, consisting of the operatives at the print-works of Edmund Potter, Esq. We have now the pleasure of noticing a similar intellectual treat, which took place on Friday evening, the 19th inst. The concert consisted of the following music:—

Part I.—Chorus, "Now pray, we for our country." Duet, "The meeting." Song, "Wanted, a governess." Chorus, "Come, if you dare." Song, "Heed not the idle tales you hear." Quartet, "The lass o' Gowrie." Madrigal, "Down in a flowery vale." Song, "The minstrel boy." Chorus, "Come, follow me." Song, "Blue Beard."

Part II.—Chorus, from *Oberon*, "In fairy land." Song, "May-dew." Fantasia (cornopean). Quartet, "See the chariot at hand." Chorus, "The cloud capp'd tower." Song, "Terence's Farewell." Chorus, "May-day." Song, "Daughter of beauty." Duet, "Happy days." Song, "Mamma is so very particular."

The choruses were admirably executed, and evinced careful drilling under the able tuition of Mr. Bailey, the schoolmaster at the extensive works, whose skill and talent have won for him a high reputation as a teacher of Wilhem's system. Miss Morris made her first appearance in this district on the occasion, and by her modest demeanour and excellent style of singing won much applause. Mrs. Thomas was, as usual, very effective, though she appeared not to be in good health. Her voice and style are well suited to the rôle she had assigned her, and in our opinion there are few better concert singers in this part of the kingdom. The club had also the assistance of Mr. W. Pigot, whose humour, wit, and musical skill, made him a host in himself, while his vocal imitations and grotesque expression provoked irresistible peals of laughter, and encore after encore, to which he acceded with good humour and alacrity. His fantasia on the cornopean, accompanied by himself on the piano-forte, was a wonderful performance, and exhibited most dexterous management. His skill on the piano seemed intuitive. We heartily wish success to this praiseworthy society, which the working men have formed under the auspices of their worthy employer, who spares neither pains nor expense to elevate the moral standard of his workpeople. Besides the school which he maintains, and the national entertainments fostered by him and Mrs. Potter, there is a reading-room at the works, well supplied with news-

papers and the literature of the day. By his liberal policy and philanthropic patronage, he has the satisfaction of seeing around him a "contented and happy people."

Though the admission to the concert was 2*s.* 6*d*, 1*s.*, and 6*d.* respectively, which was rather high for this locality, there were rather more than 400 persons present, comprising most of the gentry of the neighbourhood.

MUSIC AT GLOUCESTER.

(*From the Gloucester Journal, Oct.* 20.)

The opening of the new organ, in the Shire Hall, and the first public performances of the Choral Society for the season, came off on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, in the most satisfactory and successful manner. The noble hall itself, being beautifully painted, and for the first time brilliantly lighted with gas, imparted a charm to the feelings of all as they entered, and suitably prepared them for the entertainment that followed. The organ also, by its chaste and elegant design, adds materially to the appearance of the hall, and gives a finish and completeness to its proportions. On both evenings the room was greatly crowded, and especially at the performance of the *Messiah*, when a great number were reluctantly compelled to retire, from the impossibility of obtaining even standing room. Of the organ we can only say, that it fully justified every reasonable expectation entertained respecting it; and although it has yet to receive some considerable additions to its power, it contains a most delightful variety of stops, and under the skilful management of the gentlemen who were entrusted with the exhibition of its qualities on this occasion, it afforded unqualified satisfaction to all who heard it. The only observable defect arose from the excessive heat of the room, which, towards the close of each evening, created an expansion of some of the more delicately tuned metal pipes, and forced them out of tune. We may observe, in passing, that now that the hall is illumined by such a body of gas, it is quite indispensable to comfort that some means of ventilation should be provided; on occasion of public meetings in the day-time we have often had to experience almost intolerable oppression from its heat and closeness, and we doubt much if it will be possible to keep the organ in even tolerable tune through an evening's performance unless some remedy be obtained. As the chorus, consisting of some one hundred and twenty members of the Choral Society, took their seats, we could not help observing the great improvement effected in the extension of the orchestra to the entire width of the room, by which means not only is more space secured than existed in the orchestra before the erection of the organ, but its general appearance is very much improved.

Prior to the commencement of the oratorio, Thomas Turner, Esq., as President of the Choral Society, came forward, and addressed the audience. He said it was scarcely needful to remind the audience that the great object in the performances of this and to-morrow evening, would be thus publicly to test the various qualities attached to the splendid organ now before them. One grand motive in furnishing this noble instrument was the further improvement of choral music in this city, and which he felt convinced they would be ready to acknowledge had already attained a very considerable excellence. The committee, for this end, independent of several solos, one of which they had already heard from Mr. Chipp, a youthful, but highly-gifted "artist," had fixed upon, for this evening, Haydn's *Creation*, and for to-morrow, Handel's *Messiah*, two of the most justly famed oratorios ever produced in the annals of musical composition. A considerable portion of the present company would doubtless have heard these sublime productions within the walls of our venerable cathedral. The entire grand effect therein displayed could not, on the present occasion, be expected; but whether in the church or in the concert-room, he conceived that the sentiment of devotion pervading every part of these immortal works could not fail to yield an intensity of feeling. He would now only further remind the audience, that in the sacred oratorio no encores or other audible demonstrations of applause were usual, and the committee would request the favour that this rule might be obeyed on the present occasion.

The first notes on the organ were struck by Mr. Edmund Chipp, a young man of extraordinary ability as an organist, who displayed its powers by the performance of a composition of his own, consisting of variations on the well-known air, "God preserve the Emperor." Persons unskilled in the erection of an organ may not be aware that in modern-built instruments, the deep and more powerful notes are produced entirely by the feet of the performer, acting on large keys, called pedals, and it was in the wonderful precision and rapidity with which Mr. Chipp performed on this part of the instrument, that his skill and *forte* (without a pun) exhibited itself. We are not sure that such exhibitions of dexterity produce the most pleasing music, but to musical gentlemen, and more especially to organists, his performance appeared to give unwonted gratification. At subsequent periods of the evening, Mr. Chipp performed other celebrated organ pieces with equal success. In the performance of the oratorio, Mr. G. W. Morgan accompanied the voices, both in the solos and choruses, and with his share of the entertainments everybody was not only surprised, but delighted. We must write with brevity, and therefore say most unhesitatingly that Mr. Morgan not merely maintained his reputation, but, by the accurate performance and well-judged combinations of the varied powers of the noble instrument at his command, he produced a variety of effects, and such an agreeable interchange of sweet sounds, as completely to dissipate the apprehensions of those who thought the solemn tones of an organ would become tiresome when produced through a long evening's performance; but the well-considered and delightful variety of stops of which the organ is composed were displayed in a masterly and efficient manner; and on the second evening, in addition to two solos, the accompaniments of the entire oratorio of the *Messiah* were performed by Mr. Morgan alone, who thus achieved an almost incredible undertaking, requiring a continuous effort of mental and manual skill for more than four hours.

Of the principal vocalists engaged on this occasion to give effect to the well known and ever delightful compositions of Haydn and Handel, Mr. Lockey alone was previously known to a Gloucester audience; and, it is enough to say, he sang with his accustomed ability, and maintained his reputation as the first English tenor singer of the present day. Miss Stewart, a promising pupil of the Royal Academy, and Miss A. E. Byers, both of whom are well known and highly appreciated in the Exeter Hall performances, undertook the soprano solos, and very sweetly and satisfactorily did they perform their respective parts. Miss Byers has a voice of great flexibility and capacity for ornamental display, and exhibits both taste and judgment, and a good style in her singing. She was a pupil of the late T. Cooke's, whose death precluded her from finishing her studies. She is a most promising artist, and is entitled to our warm congratulations. Mr. Lawler is also a great favourite in Exeter Hall, and possesses a fine bass voice. His

rendering of "Why do the nations," was a capital display of vocal power. We mention Mrs. Evans last in order, because she does not aspire to a professional reputation; she is a very useful member of the Worcester Choral Society, and her remarkably fine contralto voice would, if properly cultivated, render her a valuable acquisition in any orchestra. On the present occasion she was labouring so much under indisposition, as to render it doubtful, a few hours before the concert, whether she would be able to sing at all. We hope, however, to hear her again under more favourable circumstances. Of the admirable manner in which the choruses were performed, it is impossible to speak too highly. No one, we believe, either in the orchestra or audience, anticipated the precision and power with which this part of the performances was given.

In the *Creation*, the deeply devotional and subdued tones with which the chorus accompanied the duet, "By thee with bliss," and the perfect distinctness which accompanied every syllable, induced a universal desire for its repetition, and it was, therefore, given a second time; while the full rolling billows of sound elicited in "The heavens are telling," compelled an encore for that chorus also. In conclusion, we may venture an opinion that the perfect performance of an oratorio, by means of an organ accompaniment solely, is now established; it was an experiment, but successful far beyond all expectation, and we are glad to find that the desire to hear the *Elijah* of Mendelsshon, in the same manner, is to be gratified at the next performance of the society, which will take place (if nothing unforeseen prevents) on the 1st January next.

MUSIC AT WATERFORD.

(From the Waterford Mail.)

THURSDAY evening, Oct. 20, the much-looked-to entertainment was given in the large room of the New Court-house, and, we are happy to say, that, within the limits necessarily prescribed, a more select assemblage of the rank and fashion of Waterford has seldom met together. Our readers are aware that, only for the Town Hall now being in course of repair, the concert would have taken place in the large room of that building, and we feel justified in stating that, capacious as that magnificent apartment is, it would have been barely sufficient to have accommodated the numbers who sought, but in vain, to obtain admission at the Court-house; in fact, crowds of our *élite* had to go away disappointed, not even being able to obtain standing-room. Shortly after eight o'clock the concert-room was completely full, and the dazzling array of beauty, combined with the brilliant uniforms of the gallant officers of the garrison, rendered the scene a truly imposing one.

Our readers have been already made aware of the programme of the night's entertainments, to which several highly attractive pieces were generously added; and as we are precluded from giving the names of the distinguished gentlemen amateurs, amongst whom we recognised some of the officers of the garrison, and who, on this occasion, acquitted themselves in a truly artistic manner, we shall merely add that the compound *ensemble* was truly delightful, and that there was but one feeling of unalloyed pleasure amongst all when, either in the concerted or other pieces, they came forward to lend their powerful aid to the *delices* of the night.

Of our amiable and gifted lady-citizen, Mrs. Maggrath, we shall be allowed to make a few remarks. She seemed on Thursday evening to have exceeded herself; her rôle was sustained with truth, energy, and precision; and the apparent ease with which she poured forth those sweet and touching notes, was the theme of general admiration, and called forth loud and continued plaudits. We were particularly struck with her graceful and effective delivery of Bellini's "Casta Diva," which she gave with a freshness we have seldom heard surpassed. Of Mr. Ryalls we will be allowed to say, that he requires not the prestige of his British popularity to cause him to be received favourably—we may add enthusiastically—by an Irish auditory. His judgment and style of singing happily unite to do justice to the natural gifts he possesses, and few vocalists know more successfully how to employ or add those lights and shades to the theme he illustrates, and which so fully evidences the resources of a cultivated mind, than does this gentleman. "In this Old Chair," which he gave with his usual precision and taste on Thursday night, he was rapturously greeted; and in the beautiful ballad of Shield, "the Thorn," he was repeatedly interrupted by bursts of applause, as also in the "Irish Emigrant," which he gave in reply to an enthusiastic encore. In the other pieces, in which he took so leading a part, he was no less successful. Herr Basquit was, on Thursday evening, more effective than ever. This violinist has the happy secret of interpreting the great masters with whom he converses with a power and brilliancy and perfection, which can alone result from long and arduous study, facilitated by rare ability. There is a fulness, a beauty, and correctness in his method, a rapidity and evenness in his scale passages, a sweeping grandeur of his arpeggio, and a closeness and equality of his shake, and a crisp lightness and energy in his staccato, joined to a healthy vigour of style, which lends itself to every variety of expression, and which justly calls forth those plaudits which at all times greet his reception. His singing on Thursday night, accompanied by one of our amateurs, the first flautist in Waterford, was deservedly admired. The "Storm Fiend," by Mr. Magrath, was admirably given and warmly received. This gentleman presided at the piano. [Who is Herr Basquit?—*Ed.*]

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

ADELPHI.

THE new piece produced here on Wednesday night, under the title of the *Sons of Mars*, is, we believe, founded on a French drama, in which M. Bouffe played the part of a young soldier, and thus exhibited the peculiarities of a class most popular in Paris. In this case, it must be ranked with *Le Gamin de Paris* and *Le Mousse*—pieces in which the same great artist likewise displayed his versatility in representing juvenile types.

To a French public, the mere exhibition of a boyish militaire, with a position or two fitted to bring out passages of joyousness and pathos, would of itself no doubt be interesting; but in London, where the class of person is less popular, more plot and greater abundance of situation are required than are to be found in the *Sons of Mars*, considering the length of the piece. The friendship of the parentless soldiers gives the leading sentiment. One has risen to the rank of lieutenant in the French army, and is in love with a lady who is promised to his captain, while the lady loves him in return, chiefly on account of the protection he affords to his younger comrade, whom she knows to be the child of her own mother, born under equivocal circumstances. The younger soldier—the principal character of the piece—is a heedless youth, devoted to grisettes and his friend the lieutenant, and hating his captain. The jealousy that arises between the captain and the lieutenant leads to a quarrel; the inferior officer insults his superior, and is in danger of being shot for insubordination, unless it can be

proved to the council that he received provocation. The captain, overhearing a conversation in which the mysterious brotherhood of the soldier-boy to the lady is discussed, wrongly supposes that the lieutenant is the brother in question, and being no longer afraid of his rival, makes an avowal of provocation, which sets him at liberty. When he learns that the boy is the brother, and sees the lieutenant and the lady join hands as a preliminary to a future union, he is dreadfully annoyed to find that he has been "a capital fellow" against his will.

This story is devoid neither of interest nor of ingenuity, but it is not expansive enough, or, at any rate, is not distributed so as to fill up satisfactorily the dimensions of a drama which acts full two hours. The main points, which we have endeavoured to describe, are not prominently brought forth till the second of two acts, and the first act, being composed of minor incidents, seems purposeless, while it is by no means short. Before the curtain falls the interest has been heightened, and all goes satisfactorily enough, but compression is much needed to reduce the tediousness of the earlier part.

The acting deserves just praise. Madame Celeste, as the soldier boy, originally, we believe, played by Bouffé, adequately represented his generally heedless gaiety, and the touches of pathos which are elicited by the circumstances of the plot. The young lady was sustained with delicacy by Miss Woolgar. Her father, a bluff colonel, was effectively played by Mr. Lambert; and Mr. Boyce, as the captain, gave such a quaint exhibition of foppish insanity that he made a character not interesting one of the most amusing in the piece. The comic parts—a drum major and a *modiste*, played by Mr. Paul Bedford and Mrs. F. Matthews, are not remarkably strong, though a drinking song to an "Ethiopian" tune, in which they are joined by Madame Celeste, and which is accompanied by a rattle of glasses, is effective enough, and last night elicited a tumultuous encore. The scenery and appointments—especially those used for the second act, in which a saloon is represented with all its luxuries in the way of furniture—are on the most liberal scale.

At the conclusion there was great applause, and the curtain was raised to exhibit the company once more to an approving audience.

SURREY.

For some time past Mr. Shepherd, the lessee of this house, has been zealously labouring to elevate its character. Sir E. B. Lytton's *Richelieu*, with Mr. Creswick as the principal personage, proved a most successful production, and now we have a new domestic play far above the ordinary "run" of Surrey pieces, written by two established authors, Mr. Bayle Bernard and Mr. Westland Marston. It is called *Trevanion, or the False Position*, and the plot is as follows:—Margaret Langford (Madame Ponisi), the daughter of a ship-carpenter, attracts the notice of Lady Evesham, who takes her into her household. This lady having died on a continental tour, Margaret finds another protectress in the person of a Mrs. Lorimer (Mrs. H. Vining), and in the course of her travels with this lady, she meets Trevanion (Mr. Creswick,) a man of fortune and a philanthropic enthusiast, who has invested his capital in some mines in the neighbourhood of Margaret's birthplace, with a view of ameliorating the condition of the labouring classes. Believing that Margaret, of whom he becomes enamoured, is a relative of Lady Evesham, he marries her, without the secret of her origin being revealed to him. On the return of the wedded couple to London, Michael Langford (Mr. Emery), father to Margaret, hastens to see his daughter, but is deeply wounded when, lest he should incur her husband's displeasure, she requests him to withdraw. While he is upbraiding her, Trevanion enters, and, discovering the deception which has been practised upon him, declares that his confidence in Margaret is extinct, although she may still continue mistress of his house. Margaret, in despair, flies to her father's residence, who at first rejects her, but afterwards accords his forgiveness. In the meanwhile, Trevanion's speculations have failed, and he is completely ruined. His labourers, plunged into distress, of which they consider him the cause, threaten his life; but Margaret, learning his peril, implores the aid of Mrs. Lorimer, and satisfies the demands of the hungry. This act of devotion leads to a reconciliation with Trevanion, and the piece ends happily.

The drama is very well written, and has some strong situations, especially that in which the father is offended by his daughter's coolness. Mr. Creswick, Mr. Emery, and Madame Ponisi, (especially the latter) by their acting, did all they could for the piece, which was completely successful.

SADLER'S WELLS.

The long-promised revival of *Antony and Cleopatra* took place here on Monday evening. The play has not been performed since it was revived at Drury Lane some fifteen years since, under Mr. Bunn's management, for Macready and Miss Ellen Tree. Although this tragedy ranks high among the works of its author, we do not think it is very eminently adapted for representation; but the fame of the poet, still increasing as it rolls through the lapse of ages; the desire so generally felt to ascertain the fitness of his works for representation in their complete integrity; and, finally, the splendid and appropriate manner in which the tragedy has now been presented to the public;—would ensure, at least, a temporary success to a play of Shakespere's of far less dramatic capabilities than this. Dr. Johnson says that, excepting the Queen, "the characters in this play are not very strongly discriminated." This is true enough. Mark Antony himself does not make much way with the audience until his fall; and the part of Octavius Cæsar, notwithstanding its length and its importance to the action, creates very little interest. Cleopatra, however, has several powerfully dramatic scenes, nor are there many characters in Shakespere that require higher or more varied requisites in the actress. It is, therefore, no discredit to Miss Glyn that she failed to realise the poet's ideal. In the famous scene of royal wilfulness, in which she receives the news of Antony's marriage with Octavia, many of the passages were well delivered, her action was graceful and appropriate, and the alternations of passion expressed with some force; but the whole wanted strength and unity of effect. Mr. Phelps, in his delineations of the feelings of the fallen hero, was touching. In the drunken revelry of the Triumvirs in the Roman galley, his powers of comic humour were brought into requisition. This scene, which was interesting from its novelty, and equally excellent in the design, the appointments, and the acting, was heartily relished by the audience, and loudly applauded. The last scene might be more effective. The attitudes in which Cleopatra and Charmian die, are neither the most natural nor graceful that could be chosen; while the sudden and apparently unaccountable death of Iras caused some disposition to mirth in the audience; but, with these slight exceptions, the play has been placed on the stage in a way which would do honour to any theatre in London. Miss Glyn, who has a shoulder and arm for a Grecian sculptor, was exceedingly well dressed, and looked very handsome; a little more royal fulness of drapery alone would be desirable. The acting was excellent. The Enobarbus of Mr. G. Bennett deserves particular mention for

its point and intelligence. The Egyptian architectural scenery was appropriate and well executed; and the procession and dance-music in the first scene, quaint and characteristic. The music, which has been written by Mr. Montgomery, is very creditable to his abilities. The house was, as usual, crowded. The play occupies nearly three hours and a half in the performance, which we mention because there may be plays of Shakespere's, in which, although alteration may be inadmissible or profane, excision may be both allowable and necessary.

G.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CATHEDRAL CHOIRS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—As I have not the honour to be attached to Hereford Cathedral, of course I know nothing of the laws of their Chapter, its rules, or pluralities. I merely commented upon the article in question, as it appeared in the *Illustrated Journal*, and took the sense of it as I read it. Doubtless many other persons have done the same. The gist of my argument was, that minor canons ought not to be vicars choral, but that lay vicars—in other words, professionals—ought to perform the musical portions of the cathedral service; that choristers, after a certain number of years, should be eligible for vicars choral, when there was a vacancy. I repudiate altogether the idea that a clergyman should assume the part of a vicar choral. There could be no objection to his chaunting the Psalms, Litany, or Communion Service; but as to the other musical portions, the *Te Deum*, *Nunc Dimittis*, *Magnificat*, and Anthem (unless a full one), these are best performed by the lay vicars, and, as professional men, can do ample justice to such sacred compositions. A clergyman has a large field before him for the exercise of his important duties, of which the least thing essential is the study of music. No man can ever be a proficient in that delightful and soul-stirring science without a great deal of early training and continual practice; subsequently, perhaps, through this, the neglect of more important duties. But that music should be an essential part of the education of every clergyman is preposterous. Rather, if they must cultivate some other useful acquirement, let it be elocution; the number of eloquent ministers in our church are comparatively few. Your esteemed correspondent "V." states "that twenty-two clergymen presented themselves as candidates at Hereford; so that we may imagine, at any rate, they thought themselves really good and efficient musicians." Doubtless they did. They could sing, I have no doubt; but could their singing bear any comparison with men who have made music and singing their sole study, and practice for very many years, from their youth up,—who have had the advantage of having continually before them men of the highest grade in the profession? and example has great effect in the mind of youth. Who is there but could not feel delighted last Sunday afternoon at the Abbey, hearing Machin sing that beautiful and solemn anthem from Isaiah, chap. xxv., verses 1, 4, and 9, "O Lord, thou art my God; I will exalt thee." Is there a clergyman anywhere could do justice to the anthem in the manner that he did? Where could you find a more splendid and powerful bass voice? Such acquirements, such excellence of voice, combined with judgment, falls only to the lot of a few, matured by study and practical experience.

I, in common with many others, would regret to see the day when amateur musical clergymen should be appointed to fill offices in our choirs, hitherto occupied by musical professors of the first order, many of whom have entered the church at an early period of their lives; but in these peculiar times—I was going to write these money-getting times (would they were so!)—there appears to be a disposition in certain parts of society to interfere with the best interests of others less favoured in rank and property—to use a trite expression, "to cut them out, if they can." For instance, we often find military men, with pay and income, appointed to posts of authority and responsibility, which might and ought to be held by civilians; clerical magistrates, generally found to be the most severe and unmerciful of any who sit on the bench; clerical governors and inspectors of prisons; clerical directors and commissioners of public boards,—doubtless wrong, and incompatible with their sacred duties. I trust I may never see the day when amateur clerical choirs may be general. I have not the honour of a personal acquaintance with any of the gentlemen connected with either the Cathedral or the Abbey, so cannot be accused of any interested motives in this correspondence.—I am, sir, your very obedient servant, CIVIS.

AMUSEMENTS IN ROME.

(From the Roman Correspondent of the Times.)

THE French *vaudeville* is ever attractive; and though you cannot at Paris bear second-rate acting, because Dejazet, Bouffé, Arnal, or Achard are nightly to be seen, yet where the contrast does not exist each artist appears a star, and I never was more pleased at the Variétés or Palais Royal than I was last night at the Metastasio. We had the *Dame qui se jette par la fenêtre*, and I know not how many other amusing trifles. The company, though not very numerous, acts with such good feeling that all the parts are respectably filled. In fact, there is only one recreant member, but she is very young and very pretty, and therefore some theatrical licence is permitted. A few nights since she refused to "go on," because her dress was not sufficiently handsome, and that great crime of "keeping the stage waiting" was committed through her fault. The manager and the manager's wife, *Le Jeune Premier*, *le Père Noble*—all tried their influence but in vain, and we were absolutely obliged to march eight men with bayonets fixed to the *coulisses*, and threaten to carry her off to prison for 15 days unless she did her duty. "*Vous-etes des monstres*," she exclaimed as she rushed upon the stage, and smiling sweetly on the audience as if nothing was the matter, plunged into her *rôle*, and won in an instant our hearts and hands. Since then the comedians of the republic have been particularly well behaved, and the pretty *soubrette* thinks more of her natural grace than of her indifferent toilet.

Such is the chief pleasure which the French army, officers and men, have at their disposition, and which we strangers can enjoy. In the olden time it was not so at Rome at this period of the year, and the month of October was the most delightful of the whole calendar. On every fête day, Sunday, and Thursday, there were horse-racing, fireworks, and balloon ascents, which turned the heads of the population, in the Borghese Gardens, and grand entertainments given in the villa to their private friends by the prince and princess. The Pamphili Doria Park was opened to the people of the Trastevere on Sunday, and then national amusements occupied the day and crowned the night. The republic effectually destroyed these recreations; the paradise of the Borghese has been made a desert, and, though the Pamphili Doria has escaped with less loss, still the charm has been broken, and mischief enough done to spoil our holiday dancing. What satisfaction is the cry of "*Dio et il Popolo*," when the *popolo* cannot dance? and were not the fireworks and illuminations of the city park more acceptable than the watchfires of the bastions and the burnt cottages of the commission of barricades?

MUSICAL ENIGMAS.

I.

I AM composed of 15 letters.

My 8, 12, 6, 1, 9, is an excellent 1, 7, 4, 3, 7, 6, 1, and much admired in my 12, 13, 8, 2, 3, 6, 1, 13, 9.

My 10, 12, 15, 3, 13, was a celebrated 10, 3, 9, 15, 3, 13; as was also my 4, 12, 13, 7.

My 1, 2, 12, 4, 9, 6, 9, 15, 9, 4, 6, and my 9, 1, 1, 11, 12, 12, 15, were celebrated organists.

My 4, 9, 15, 9, 4, 3, 4, 9, 13, 9, was the first singer in her day; and

my 4, 9, 13, 7, 9, 2, 9, 11, 3, 6, and my 6, 2, 9, 11, are celebrated 9, 14, 1, 12, singers of the present day.

My 2, 9, 14, 10, 3, and my 8, 13, 9, 4, 3, 13, are celebrated pianists.

My 15, 3, 9, 1, 2, of my 6, 1, 13, 9, 5, 6, 6, is much regretted.

My 2, 5, 14, 10, 9, 2, and my 6, 1, 9, 4, 4, 3, 13, 6, are actively engaged in promoting music.

My 2, 5, 4, 4, 3, 10, and my 13, 7, 3, 6, were celebrated musicians, and performers on the pianoforte.

My 4, 12, 13, 9, 14, 1, was a celebrated 12, 13, 8, 2, 3, 6, 1, 13, 9, player.

My 4, 12, 13, 7, used to play on my 9, 4, 9, 1, 7.

My 1, 13, 7, 9, 15, and my 8, 2, 12, 13, 5, are synonymous in harmony.

The Concertos of my 9, 12, 13, 3, 10, 14, 7, and my 13, 12, 15, 3, are fine practice.

Handel composed my 3, 6, 1, 2, 3, 13.

My 3, 11, 3, 13, my 11, 3, 6, 6, 3, 10, and my 3, 13, 9, 13, 15, are closely connected with the musical profession.

My 11, 2, 12, 14, 3, is troubling your 2, 3, 9, 15, at the present moment.

Cheltenham, Oct. 15. 11, 3, 3.

II.

My 10, 12, 15, 3, 13, and my 11, 9, 10, 14, 9, 8, 3, are English opera composers.

My 8, 9, 13, 1, 3, is a first-rate flautist.

My 1, 5, 13, 10, 3, is an organist.

My 1, 9, 10, 14, 7, 6, was a church composer.

My 4, 9, 13, 7, 12, and 2, 7, 4, 3, are tenor-singers.

My 6, 1, 13, 9, 5, 6, 6, and 4, 5, 6, 9, 13, 15, are dance writers.

My 12, 1, 3, 10, 14, 10, 10, 5, 8, 7, 9, 15, 7, 10, 9, 4, 4, 3, 13, 4, 12, 12, 13, and 6, 3, 4, 3, 13, 9, 4, 7, 15, 3, are celebrated operas.

My 13, 12, 15, 11, 3, 10, 10, is a ballad composer.

My 8, 12, 6, 1, 9, and 6, 8, 2, 7, 13, 9, are conductors.

My 10, 5, 8, 9, 6, and 4, 12, 13, 7, are instrumental performers.

My 11, 2, 7, 1, 11, 12, 13, 1, 2, is a bass singer.

My 8, 13, 9, 4, 3, 13, and 2, 9, 10, 14, 3, are pianists.

My whole is closely connected with 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15.

JOANNES.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Miss Rainforth, the popular vocalist, has returned to town for the winter season.

Mr. Ransford, assisted by his son and talented daughter, has been giving concerts lately in Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, Monmouthshire, Wales, and Oxford, with great success. In the last-named *locale*, Mr. Ransford's concert was attended by upwards of seven hundred persons. The party give their next provincial entertainment at the Concert Hall, Liverpool.

Whittington Club.—Mr. R. Carte gave the second of a series of Lectures on Musical Instruments and Instrumental Music, in the large room of the Whittington Club, on Thursday week. The novelty of the subject, combined with the interest attached to the illustrations, attracted an overflowing audience, who were highly delighted with the lecture, and testified their approbation by frequent applause throughout the evening. At the conclusion Mr. Carte was loudly cheered and recalled.

Wilson the Vocalist.—Wilson began life as an apprentice to a printer; and a great part of the MSS. of the Waverley Novels passed through his hands as a compositor. Mr. Wilson acquired a "respectable knowledge" of the Latin, French, and Italian languages, during the intervals of labour and studying at night. He was also passionately fond of singing, but in boyhood his voice was thin and husky in quality. In 1827, when twenty-seven years of age, he became a teacher of singing; and made so great an impression at the Edinburgh theatre in 1830 that he was sought in London, and soon became principal tenor at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. The idea of his famous Scottish Entertainments was accidental. Early in 1838 he was asked to give three lectures on Scottish music at the London Mechanics' Institution, and his mode of illustration was so fascinating that it ultimately led in May, 1841—after he had visited America, and engaged in an unsuccessful speculation at the English Opera House—to the formal commencement of his Scottish Entertainments, to which he afterwards exclusively devoted himself. Mr. Wilson has left a widow and family to lament his loss.

Fanny Kemble.—It is rumoured that Mrs. Butler is about to marry Theodore Sedgwick, Esq., of Stockbridge.

Signs of Public Taste.—During the past week the *London Gazette* announces no less than three failures of those who cater for the public amusement—*viz.*, the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens; of Cremorne, Chelsea; and the Flora Gardens, Camberwell.

Sauces, Syntax, and Music.—Sauces in cookery are like the first rudiments of grammar, which consists of certain rules called syntax, which is the foundation of all languages; these fundamental rules are nine, so has cookery the same number of sauces, which are the foundation of all others; but these, like its prototype the grammar, have two—brown and white, which bear a resemblance to the noun and verb, as they are the first and most easily learnt, and most constantly in use; the others are the adjuncts, pronouns, adverbs, and interjections; upon the proper use of the two principal ones depends the quality of all others, and the proper making of which tends to the enjoyment of the dinner: for to my fancy they are to cookery what the gamut is in the composition of music; as it is by the arrangement of the notes that harmony is produced, so should the ingredients in the sauce be so nicely blended, and that delightful concord should exist, which would equally delight the palate as a masterpiece of a Mozart or a Rossini should delight the ear; but which, if badly executed, tantalise those nervous organs, affect the whole system, and prove a nuisance instead of a pleasure. *Soyer's New Work.*

Sontag and Montag.—The *New York Era* gives from a correspondent the following bit of old gossip:—"When Mdlle. Sontag first came into notice in Vienna, the then English ambassador, Earl Clanwilliam, was one of her ardent admirers. He followed her to the theatre, to the concerts, and in her walks to church. In German, Sontag means Sunday; and the wags of Vienna, seeing how regularly the ambassador followed Sontag, named him Earl Montag, as Monday has followed Sunday since the beginning of time."

Lola Montes.—Mr. and Mrs. Heald arrived at Barcelona on the 8th, and were to leave on the 10th for Cadiz. The *Fomento* says that Mr. Heald's health is not good, and adds, that Lola Montes cannot speak Spanish. Lola Montes does not intend to stand the chance of a trial, and summonses have been issued against her bail for the amount of the recognizances, £500 each.

The Casinos.—At the Middlesex sessions, last week, there were no less than sixty-one applications for the renewal and granting of music and dancing licenses. The chief opponent was one of the bench of magistrates, Mr. Wilks, who elaborated on the crime to which these places of amusement gave birth. The magistrates decided against granting any of the licenses. Mr. Sergeant Wilkins, then, on behalf of the proprietors of the Adelaide Casino, Adelaide Gallery, Lowther Arcade, applied for a renewal of the license to that establishment. Mr. Wilkins made some strong comments, in the course of his address, on the conduct of Mr. Wilks, who, sitting as a judge to decide on the merits of the case, had made himself a partisan by his speech and his vote. After listening to the learned sergeant, and other members of the bar, the bench determined to refuse the application. The case has excited considerable interest in the metropolis, and the decision of the magistrates is a subject of much controversy.

Lord Brougham a Druid.—Lord Brougham has found his proper place and function at last. Having tried in turn to enact the parts of whig statesman and tory statesman, of Lord Chancellor and novel writer, *cum multis aliis*, he has become a Druid—entered an order as obsolete as his own claims to public respect and confidence. Lord Brougham, we learn from a local journal, has become a member of the order of Ancient Druids, having entered the Northern Lights Lodge, at Penrith. He has taken an appropriate step, and in an appropriate manner. Henceforth, the mystery of the Druidical circle is a mystery no longer. It was typical of the circular course in politics to be pursued by the great Druid to come. And the noble and learned Lord is indeed a northern light, as brilliant, as fidgetty and fantastic, as the streamers of the Aurora Borealis—to say nothing of his *début* as an Edinburgh reviewer.—*Daily News.*

Manchester.—We understand that the directors of the Concert Hall, having some time resolved upon adding a conductor to

their orchestra, have made the offer of that honourable post to Mr. Charles Hallé, who has accepted it upon conditions which are likely to improve very materially the instrumental forces of the establishment. Mr. C. A. Seymour has wisely been retained as leader. The subscribers may, therefore, congratulate themselves upon an arrangement which will tend so much to the increase of their own gratification, whilst it will, at the same time, foster an improved musical taste amongst us generally. For though the walls are not to be passed by the million, the latter always share the spirit of improvement experienced by those immediately above them.—*Manchester Examiner.*

Ibid.—The Monday Evening Concerts.—The very unfavourable state of the weather on Monday evening was scarcely perceptible in any decreased numbers attending the concert on Monday last; in fact, we thought the attendance quite as numerous as usual, a strong evidence of a feeling which is growing up, amongst the working people more especially, in favour of these very agreeable musical meetings. The programme was one of the choicest of the present season, a variety of pieces being introduced to suit the varying taste of a miscellaneous auditory; and yet all of a strictly classical character. The concert opened with the overture to *Zauberflöte*, which was tastefully played by the conductor and organist, Mr. D. W. Banks. Novello's arrangement of "Just like love," was charmingly sung by Mrs. Winterbottom, Mr. Slater and Mr. J. W. Isherwood. Miss Kenneth was encored in the feeling little ballad by Linley, entitled "The cold winds of autumn, which was sung with very delightful expression. Mrs. Thomas also was encored in Alexander Lee's song, "Sound the horn." Mrs. Winterbottom had a similar honour conferred upon her; and "The Wolf," which has rarely been better sung in Manchester, was loudly redemanded from Mr. Thomas. Mr. Royal, with the exquisite taste, delicacy of expression, and facility of execution which ever distinguishes his performances, executed two solos on the flute. The concert, which was on the whole the most successful of the present series, was concluded by Mr. Pigot's humorous song, which on the present occasion was "Matrimony," and the jocular treatment of that serious subject appeared to excite the merriment of the audience to the greatest degree.

Maidstone.—M. Jullien's concert, on Thursday, in the Corn Exchange, was very thinly attended. It is superfluous to enlarge on Herr Kœnig's cornet solos; suffice it to say that he has perhaps never played better, and in the selections from Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, his duetto with Herr A. Kœnig was splendid; the horn solo of Herr A. Kœnig was also loudly applauded. Herr Sonnenberg's clarinet solo was first-rate, and the contra-basso solo by Mr. Rowland really wonderful, and vociferously encored. The music comprised selections from Auber, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Beethoven, Jullien, &c., &c., all of which were performed in exquisite style. The *Drum Polka* was encored.—*Maidstone Gazette. Oct.* 23.

Rochdale.—On Thursday evening week, the members of the Rochdale Harmonic Choral Society, held their first miscellaneous concert for the season, in the public hall. Leader, Mr. A. Baron; senior conductor, Mr. John Grindrod; Mr. John Grindrod, Jun., presided at the pianoforte; the principal vocalists were Mrs. J. Wood, Miss Lord, Messrs. Fifton, Wrigley, and Brierley. There was a very good attendance.

Bath Grand Pump-Room Concerts.—Numerous inquiries have been made as to when these very popular and agreeable concerts are to be resumed for the season. We are, therefore, happy to be able to state that the first of the series will take place on Saturday, Dec. 1. It is intended to give a series of Vocal Concerts, which were so greatly admired and so deservedly popular last year.—*Bath und Cheltenham Gazette.*

Edinburgh.—*The Hungarian Vocalists.*—The music of this interesting nation furnished a delightful entertainment in the Music Hall on Tuesday evening. The performers were eight Hungarians, young men, lately students in the University of Pesth, to a visit from whom, we understand, the public is indebted to the Edinburgh Musical Committee. All the required gradations of the masculine voice, from the high tenor to the basso profondo, are blended most beautifully in this choir, and they adorn the simple and the sprightly melodies of their fatherland with the richest and most tasteful harmony. Among the finest of their performances was "Lutzow's Wild Hunt," a spirited refrain, ever and anon answered by distant echoes. The admirable manner in which the vocalists imperceptibly glided from the subject to the echo, and the sweetness and fidelity of the distant response, called forth loud bursts of applause and a well-merited encore. Several chaunts of a sacred character were remarkable for their simplicity and grandeur; and a love song, sung by M. Molnar, and elegantly accompanied by the voices of his companions, elicited applause. M. Molnar's tenor voice is of a rich and expressive character; and wherever individual talent was prominent, it proved no less admirable than the collective excellence of the group. A lively polka, sung and accompanied in like manner, was encored with enthusiasm, and a national morceau, "The Recollections of Styria," deserves special mention among the characteristic and beautiful performances of these strangers. The Hungarians also executed, in an able and spirited manner, some fine choral pieces from French operas.—*Caledonian Mercury.*

Progress of Musical Knowledge.—Of late years, a good taste for vocal music has descended from the theatre, the public concert-room, and the drawing-room, to the ordinary places of convivial resort throughout the metropolis. While in the country parts of England, not to speak of the grand recurring festivals which take place in great towns, you may be satisfied that wherever you see the towers of a cathedral rear their heads, in that neighbourhood true and genuine music is loved, studied, and performed. In this, again, England is peculiar. But there is nothing new in this to boast. In one way or other, and according to the enlightenment of the time, it is as old as the towers. It is, however, a gratification to know, that in our own day a love of music has become diffused amongst a class of the population, to whom, as a soother and a civiliser, it cannot fail to prove peculiarly beneficial—I mean the manufacturing labourers of England. The agriculturist, however hard his lot, however rude his fare, however coarse his employment, has yet freely the use of the air and his own limbs. The beauties of external nature are ever present to his view; the sounds and delicate scents thereof are always ministering, if it may be—and if not, still constantly recommending themselves nimbly and sweetly to his gentler senses. He lives under the liberal eye of God. The manufacturing labourer, on the contrary, draws his heavy breath in a noisome atmosphere, and under the depressing circumstances of an ungenial, soul-crushing toil, most desolate in its uniformity; and he vegetates under the covetous eye of man; so that his heart is very sad, and his life's life is well a-weary. To him, then, comes with a particular unction the beneficence of sweet sounds, that transport him for the moment to a more lightsome and a happier sphere—that unlock the imprisoned breast, and breathe into it a holy perfume with a saving balm.

> "Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
> But music for the time doth change his nature."

So saith our own poet, and the especial poet of divine music throughout the world's long story.—*Frazer's Magazine.*

A Hapless Tale.—Helen Irving, a young lady of extraordinary beauty and uncommon qualifications (the subject of the song "I wish I was where Helen lies,") was descended from an ancient and respectable family at Kirkconnell, in Annandale, at present in the possession of Sir William Maxwell, of Springkell, Baronet. She had been for some time courted by two gentlemen, whose names were Bell and Fleeming. Bell was proprietor of Blackwood-house, properly Blocket-house; and Fleeming, of Fleeming-hall, situate near Moaknow, at present in the possession of Captain Graham. Bell one day told the young lady, that if he at any time afterwards found her in Fleeming's company, he would certainly kill him. She, however, had a greater regard for Fleeming; and being one day walking along with him on the pleasant, romantic banks of the Kirtle, she observed his rival on the other side of the river, among the bushes. Conscious of the danger her lover was in, she passed between him and his enemy, who, immediately firing, shot her dead, whilst she leaped into Fleeming's arms, who she endeavoured to screen from the attempts of his antagonist. Fleeming drew his sword, crossed the river, and cut the murderer in pieces. A cairn, or heap of stones, was raised on the place where she fell; a common memorial in similar incidents, from the earliest times, among Celtic colonies, and continued over Scotland to this day. She was buried in the adjacent churchyard of Kirkconnell; and the poor forlorn, disconsolate Fleeming, over-

whelmed with love and oppressed with grief, is said to have gone abroad for some time—returned—visited her grave—upon which he stretched himself and expired, and was buried in the same place.

EXTRAORDINARY THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION.—THE FRENCH AND THEIR VICTORIOUS TROOPS AT ROME.—This week has been marked by a great theatrical scandal, which has created universal sensation. On Saturday the Theatre de la Porte St. Martin brought out a long, scrambling, disjointed, unmeaning, incomprehensible piece, in five acts, and the Lord knows how many tableaux, entitled *Rome*, with no less sacred a personage than the Sovereign Pontiff in person, and under his real name, as the hero, and Count Rossi, Mazzini, Garibaldi, as subsidiary characters. The drama professed to be a sort of historical record of the life of the Holy Father; and we had accordingly the more prominent of his military, love, religious, and political adventures presented to us, amidst a strange jumble of soldier-like oaths and gallantries, texts of Scripture, and moral homilies, statesmanlike discussion, and patriotic clap-traps, gorgeous ballets, and solemn chanting, the fumes of incense and the smoke of gunpowder,—bayonets and mitres, troopers and cardinals, grave ministers, and impudent mountebanks. There can, of course, be only one opinion as to the scandalous impropriety of making a living prince, and the chief of the religion of countless numbers, figure both in his sovereign and his sacred capacity, in the pitiable tomfoolery of a dramatic spectacle, for the amusement of the lowest class of the community. Nevertheless, it is probable that the outrage would have been tolerated by the Parisians, if the authors had not made a clumsy attempt to excuse the deplorable expedition to Rome, by which the French Government annihilated the Roman Republic. This attempt was so hostile to the sympathies of the blouses, who composed the majority of the audience, that it failed most miserably; drawing forth not applause, but an immense, a fearful, and appalling storm of disapprobation—the like of which has seldom been seen in a theatre. You may judge of the intensity of this disapprobation from the fact, that national vanity —nay, national decency, was so far forgotten, that even the sight of the French troops victorious at Rome, and of the French flag flying triumphantly from the Capitol, only excited terrific hootings and yells—the very first time assuredly that the French, or probably any other people in modern times, have publicly branded their military glory. A gross political scandal being thus added to the abominable impropriety of the drama, thereby rendering it likely to disturb the public peace, the Minister of the Interior has, in virtue of the power invested in him, positively forbidden any further representations.—*Literary Gazette.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDWARD CARTER.—*For choral singing we would recommend correspondent to join Mr. Hullah's class; for concert singing we would suggest Mr. Crivelli; and for dramatic singing Signor Emanuel Garcia, brother of Pauline Garcia. In the pages of the* Musical World *correspondent will find our recommendations of particular treatises of the vocal art.*

ALPHA.—*We cannot say, neither being acquainted with the teachers at Florence, nor having a correspondent there, who might bestow the information required.*

F. M.—*We should recommend Kate Loder decidedly in preference.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO MUSICAL AMATEURS.

MESSRS. HENRY & WILLIAM BLAGROVE beg to inform Gentlemen Amateurs that they will hold an enlarged SEPTET MEETING, for the practice of SYMPHONIES, OVERTURES, &c., &c., at the CONCERT ROOM, 71, MORTIMER STREET, every SATURDAY EVENING in NOVEMBER, DECEMBER, and JANUARY ensuing, from 8 to 11, and that they will be happy to receive the names of musical amateurs who may wish to join the practice.

Terms for the 13 Saturday Evenings, One and a Half Guineas.

DENTAL SURGERY—BEAUTIFUL TEETH.

MR. GAVIN, Dentist, begs to announce that he has REMOVED to 83, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, where he continues to perform every operation connected with the teeth, upon those successful principles and moderate charges which have ensured him so much patronage. By his peculiar and scientific method he perfectly and harmlessly fixes artificial teeth in the mouth; the extraction of roots, or any painful operation whatever, is rendered perfectly unnecessary. A single tooth, from 5s. A complete set, £5. Old pieces of teeth remodelled, and made to fit with security and comfort.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS,

EXETER HALL.

SEASON, 1849—50.

The SECOND CONCERT, of a Series of FIFTEEN, will be held on the evening of

WEDNESDAY NEXT, OCTOBER 31ST,

COMMENCING AT HALF-PAST SEVEN O'CLOCK.

VOCAL PERFORMERS:

Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss Rainforth,
Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Williams,
Miss Eyles, Miss O'Connor, Miss E. Nelson,
Miss Huddart, AND Miss Rebecca Isaacs,
Mr. Lockey, Signor Bartolini, AND Herr Formes.
(*Of Her Majesty's Theatre.*)

GRAND PIANOFORTE - M. Alexandre Billet.
SOLO VIOLIN - M. Sainton
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For Programme, see the *Times* of Monday, October 29th.

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When first becoming lessee of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, M. JULLIEN was well aware of the serious responsibility of such an undertaking; but, relying on the immense capabilities already possessed by the building, and the possibility of rendering it still more applicable to the peculiar species of his entertainments, and of accommodating with comfort the different classes of the musical public, he has, encouraged by a constant and liberal support, proceeded to effect such alterations and improvements in the structure, as to render the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, the most perfect Salle de Concert in Europe; and M. JULLIEN doubts not that, on Friday next, the approbation of his patrons and friends will pronounce a favourable opinion on the result of his exertions.

M. JULLIEN'S Orchestra will, as heretofore, be complete; and includes those distinguished Performers of the Royal Italian Opera, Her Majesty's Theatre, the Philharmonic Society's Concerts, and other eminent artistes, the combination of whom has earned for these Concerts so great a reputation.

In addition to this Orchestra, M. JULLIEN, anxious to avail himself of the latest Instrumental Improvements, has engaged

HERR ADOLPHE KÖENIG,

first Horn Player to his Majesty the King of Bavaria, who will perform on the Valve Horn; and

HERR SOMMERS,

the celebrated performer on the Saxophon; also

M. PRATTEN,

who will perform on the newly-invented Flute.

Although from the commencement of M. JULLIEN'S Concerts they have been essentially Instrumental, he has occasionally, at the earnest request of many of his Subscribers, introduced Vocal performances, and having found the variety and charm produced by the introduction of one or two pieces of vocal music by a first-rate artiste has given the greatest satisfaction, he has much gratification in announcing, that he has also effected an engagement with the celebrated

Mademoiselle JETTY TREFFZ,

whose services he has exclusively secured for his Annual Series of London and Provincial Concerts. Mdlle. JETTY TREFFZ will, therefore, Sing on the Opening Night, and also Every Evening until further notice.

The selection of Music, in addition to that of a lighter character, will embrace the grander compositions of the great masters, the gradual introduction of which at these Concerts, and the complete and effective manner of their performance, have, it is generally believed, contributed greatly to enhance the musical taste of the metropolis.

During the recess, M. JULLIEN has laboured to produce novelties among which will be found selections from National Melodies as yet but little known in this country, combining some most original and characteristic airs, including Danish, Moravian, Iceland, Magyar, Hungarian, and Croatian Melodies. M. JULLIEN has composed a

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AND
TWO ENTIRELY NEW POLKAS.

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and that on the Opening Night he will have the honor of Performing a Grand Selection of that celebrated Work, arranged for the full Orchestra. The selection will include all the most beautiful and effective portions of the *chef-d'œuvre*.

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The Concerts will commence at Eight, and terminate before Eleven.

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The Musical World.

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No. 44.—Vol. XXIV. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1849. PRICE THREEPENCE. STAMPED FOURPENCE.

EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF POSIDIPPUS, OR ASCLEPIADES.

Even the Cupids themselves fix'd eyes on the lovely Irene,
When from the chambers of gold, sacred to Venus, they came;
Then they beheld her a perfect form—of the finest of marble
She seem'd sculptur'd; she bow'd, pressed by the weight of her charms.
Many a dart, with their infantine hands, these Cupids directed,
Many a dart did they send swift from the purple-strung bow.

J. O.

MACFARREN'S "KING CHARLES II."

The new comic opera by Mr. Macfarren, of which we have so often spoken in anticipation, was produced on Saturday night, at the Princess's Theatre, with entire success.

It is not necessary to say anything more of the plot than that it is built upon the popular two-act comedy of Howard Payne, which, under the name of *Charles the Second*, made so great a hit at Covent-garden Theatre, nearly a quarter of a century since, and has kept the stage ever since. The task of making the libretto devolved upon Mr. Desmond Ryan, and we are compelled to say, although he be our *collaborateur* in this journal, that he has accomplished it with much ability. He has introduced some modifications in one or two of the characters which have rendered them much better adapted for musical illustration. But of these and of all particulars that call for minute analysis we must refer our readers to another part of our paper, where we have spoken at some length of the music, and adduced extracts from sundry of the journals, and to another occasion, when we purpose to review the opera at length. At present we must confine ourselves to generalities, and speak at length only of the performance, and even of that at no great length.

The music of *King Charles II.* is, in our opinion, the best that Mr. Macfarren has written. The melodies are more varied and plentiful, the design of the concerted pieces larger, their development more masterly, and the general tone of the work more dramatic and effective than in his previous essays. There is also (as in *Don Quixote*, but even still more remarkably), a fine individuality preserved in each of the separate characters, amidst an evident unity of purpose. The style, moreover, is so decided, that not one of the pieces, long or short, but would, by any one acquainted with Mr. Macfarren's manner of writing, be at once laid to his account. In short, *King Charles II.* is as clearly Macfarren, as the *Barber of Seville* is Rossini. It will be rightly inferred from this, that we regard the new opera, not only as a work of very distinguished talent, but as the unquestionable offspring of genius.

The performance, on the whole, was creditable to the theatre. Mr. Maddox had bestowed unusual pains and expense on the stage details, and the scenery and dresses were equally good and appropriate. Mr. Loder, too, had worked with unabating zeal and ability in training the orchestra and chorus, and the result was everything that was practicable with the resources at his command. The cast included the names of Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Macfarren, Mrs. Weiss, Messrs. Harrison, Weiss, and H. Corri.

As it was the *début* of Madame Macfarren (who played Julian, the Page,) upon the English stage, we shall speak of her first. We need not recapitulate at length what we have so frequently said of her voice, in speaking of her concert-singing—suffice it that it is a *contralto* of wide compass, considerable power, and no ordinary flexibility. Those qualities of energy and feeling which we have had occasion to remark in her singing, serve Madame Macfarren to much better purpose on the stage. What might occasionally have been rightly judged as over-coloured in the concert-room, on the stage becomes appropriate. The evidence of intelligence and purpose in all she attempts is a great point in her singing, and even excuses partial failure where that occurs. Madame Macfarren is a very young singer, and has many of the faults of young singers, the inevitable result of an over-anxiety to do well. But we are very greatly mistaken if there be not in her the elements of a great dramatic singer; which careful fostering will not be long in bringing out. The occasion of her own *début*, combined with that of her husband's opera, will account for the nervous sensibility that impaired much of what would otherwise have been excellent in Madame Macfarren's performance on Saturday. But we do not advance this as an apology for her performance; it requires none, since her success was unequivocal. The audience received her with the warmest favour and encouraged her by repeated marks of approval. Her first song, a graceful ballad, was given with such exquisite taste as to elicit a spontaneous encore from the whole house. Later, the emphatic and expressive manner in which she delivered a declamatory recitative of considerable length and vocal difficulty, completely established her in the good graces of the connoisseurs. She also sung a cavatina, and a variation in the finale, both in the florid style. In these she did quite enough to prove that she possessed the flexibility of which we have spoken, but when less anxious, and more composed, she will sing them still better. To conclude, we may congratulate the young debutante on her success, which was as well deserved by herself, as it was honestly and genially conferred by the audience.

Miss Louisa Pyne has certainly taken the town by storm. The part of Fanny—her first original one—completed the trio of successes of which Zerlina and Amina constituted the two first. Miss Louisa Pyne took every pains and made the very best of the music, the audience testifying their satisfaction by encoring her in every one of her (four) songs, and also in her duet with Madame Macfarren. Mr. Weiss, as Captain Copp, was throughout zealous and effective. He, too, obtained an encore in a sea song, called "Nan of Battersea," which he deserved thoroughly. Mr. Harrison was dashing and energetic in the music of King Charles, and Mr. Corri did his best, if not the best, for the part of Rochester. The

orchestra obtained an encore for the overture, and the chorus obtained another for a madrigal, unaccompanied; in neither case was the compliment injudiciously bestowed, whether we consider the high merits of the music or the carefulness of the execution. In all there were nine encores, more than half the pieces in the opera. A more thorough success was never achieved or merited. After each act the principal singers were recalled, and at the end, in obedience to an unanimous summons for the composer, Mr. Macfarren appeared before the curtain, led on by Miss Louisa Pyne, amidst the most enthusiastic cheering. Mr. Loder should have come on with the principal singers; his name was unanimously pronounced, and no one engaged in the opera was better entitled to the compliment. Full and detailed particulars anon.

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(*Continued from page* 661.)

LXXXV. The mourning and burials of the Egyptians are in this wise:—When one of a family dies, who is also a person of some consideration, all the women of the family cover their heads and even their faces with mud. Then, leaving the dead body at home, they go about the city with their bosoms bare, and a girdle about their waists, and smite themselves, and with them are all the females who belong to them. In another part, the men, who are also guarded, smite themselves, and when they have done this, they take the body to be embalmed.

LXXXVI. There are persons to whom this art belongs, and who are devoted to it. These, when the body is brought to them, shew the bearers wooden models of dead bodies, painted after nature. The most excellent model (*a*) is, they say, of one whom it is not fitting to mention on such an occasion (*b*). The second which they shew is inferior, and at a lower price; and the third, cheapest of all. They then ask the bearers, according to which of the three methods they wish the body to be embalmed. The friends, having agreed on a price, depart, and the embalmers, left to themselves, proceed to work as follows, when the best plan is to be adopted:—In the first place, they take out the brain through the nostrils, and put drugs in their place; then cutting open the flank with a sharp Ethiopian stone (*c*), they take out all the entrails. Cleaning out the cavity, they wash it with palm-tree oil, and then pass into it aromatic herbs which have been pounded. Then, having filled the belly with pure myrrh, pounded, and cinnamon, and other aromatic herbs, except pankincense, they sew it up. Having done this, they steep the body in natrum, and thus keep it for seventy days. For a longer time than this they are not allowed to keep it. When the seventy days have passed, they wash the corpse, and wrap it up entirely in strips of byssine (*d*) cloth, smeared with commi, which the Egyptians for the most part use instead of glue. The relatives of the deceased then take the body back, and make for it a case in the form of a man, in which they put it. Locking up this case, they preserve it in a place appropriated for burials, standing it close against the wall. This, then, is the most perfect way of preserving the dead.

LXXXVII. Those who wish to incur a moderate expense, without having recourse to the cheapest plan, do thus:—When they have filled some syringes with an unctuous juice from the cedar, they inject this into the body, without cutting it open, or taking out the intestines. During the days immediately following they steep it in nitre, and on the last of these days take out the cedar juice which they have before injected, and which is so strong that it dissolves the stomach and the intestines, so that these come out with it. The flesh is consumed by the nitre, and of the whole body nothing is left but the skin and the bones. When they have done this, they return the body without doing anything further.

LXXXVIII. The last method of embalming, which is employed by the poor, is this:—Injecting syrmæa (*e*) into the belly, they then keep it steeped for the seventy days, and then give it back.

LXXXIX. The women belonging to men of distinction are not given to the embalmers immediately after their death, neither are those who are remarkably beautiful or in more than ordinary repute, but three or four days are first suffered to elapse * * * *

XC. If any one of the Egyptians themselves, or even a foreigner, is found killed by a crocodile, or drowned in the river, the city in which his body is found is obliged to embalm him, and after adorning him in the most magnificent manner, to bury him in the sacred tombs. None of his friends or relations are allowed to touch him, but the priests of the Nile handle the body, and bury it as if it were something more than a human corpse.

NOTES.

(*a*) Belzoni and Minutoli enumerate five methods, but perhaps the three mentioned here were subdivided. According to Diodorus Siculus, the most expensive way cost an Attic talent (£243 15s.), and the second twenty minæ (£81 5s.)

(*b*) No doubt a representation of Osiris.

(*c*) This is supposed to be the same with a sort of stone which Strabo found between Syene and Philæ. Stone knives have been discovered in mummies.

(*d*) This is generally supposed to be cotton. Commi is gum-arabic.

(*e*) It is not known what fluid is here intended.

(*To be continued.*)

SONNET.

NO. CCLVII.

ω ὄρος αἰθηρ.

Old confidant!—thou broad primæval sky!—
How oft has suff'ring man been doom'd to take
His refuge with thee, since thou erst did shake
With echoes of the tortur'd Titan's cry.
Although thy cold blue face is rais'd so high,
We feel 'tis not thy nature to forsake
Thy anxious votaries, but that when they make
Their supplication, thou in soul art nigh.
In soul—thou hast a soul! there's that which saith
That thou art living, that the light's thy smile,
And that thou frownest when dark clouds appear.
Oh, let me still cling to this ancient faith!
If false, it seems true sorrows to beguile,—
All seems not desperate, when thou art clear. N. D.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

The second performance of the present series took place on Wednesday, and was very fully attended. The vocal performers on this occasion were Mrs. A. Newton, the Misses A. and M. Williams, Eyles, O'Connor, Huddart, Rebecca Isaacs, Mr. Lockey, Signor Bartolini, and Herr Formes. The solo instrumentalists were M. Alexandre Billet (piano), Sainton (violin), and the Messrs. Distin (sax horns).

The selection was from *Der Freitschutz*. The overture was admirably played, and elicited loud applause. No band could go better, and Herr Anschutz proved himself a thorough general of the baton. Herr Formes sang the scena "Haste, haste! nor loose the favouring hour," with immense vigour,

and was rapturously encored in the famous drinking song. "Life is darkened." Mrs. A. Newton, in the grand and arduous scena, "Softly sighs," proved herself an excellent artist, and a thorough musician in feeling. Her reading of this varied composition displayed considerable taste and judgment, while her execution and her style in general betokened the great progress she has lately mode in vocalism. The Bridesmaid's Chorus, most charmingly sung by all the female principals, was encored with acclamations.

M. Alexandre Billett made his first appearance at these concerts, and obtained a warm reception. He is an excellent pianist; sterling rather than showy, although his playing is by no means devoid of brilliancy, nor his mechanical dexterity inconsiderable, as the pieces he chose evidenced, it being none other than Weber's *Concert-Stuck*. M. Billett performed the fantasia in a masterly style, and with a thoroughly musician-like appreciation, which, so far from being lost on the audience, was the cause of very strenuous ebullitions of eulogistic feeling.

Miss Eyles made her first appearance and was encored in Knight's "Pretty Dove."

The Messrs. Distin were received with great favour. They performed a *fantasia* on airs from *Lucia*, and airs sung by Jenny Lind, accompanied on the piano, by Mr. Willy, jun. They were enthusiastically encored.

The overture to *Egmont*, very finely performed, concluded the first part.

The second part commenced with Bennett's overture to the *Naiades*, one of the most exquisite of fairy overtures. We never heard it with more delight. It was played to admiration.

Miss Huddart, who, by the way, has a fine contralto voice, though it evidently wants cultivation, was encored in a ballad; and Signor Bartolini, the tenor from Her Majesty's Theatre, received the same compliment in the serenade from *Don Pasquale*.

M. Sainton played a fantasia of his own composition with his usual power of tone and fine execution. The fantasia is new, and is adapted to airs from the *Figlia del Reggimento*. It is a composition not only admirably written to display the mechanical dexterities and *cantabile* playing of the performer, but one which must claim notice for skill intrinsically on account of its intention and accomplishment. The fantasia, we are inclined to think, is the best production of the kind which has proceeded from M. Sainton's pen.

Of the remainder of the performances a word must suffice. Herr Formes sang the recitative and air, "O, fuckier than the cherry," with eminent success. The great German basso is making rapid strides in his English pronunciation. He gave the recitative with tremendous effect, and was received at the end of the air with loud cheers. Nothing but the lateness of the hour prevented an encore.

The Distin's gave an instrumental quartet, founded on the *Linda di Chamouni*; and after some minor essays, the entertainment concluded with the overture to *Zampa*.

FANNY KEMBLE AGAIN.—The recent decree, divorcing Mr. and Mrs. Pierce Butler, by the competent Court of Philadelphia, needs some explanation to make it understood. The decree divorces, with full power to each of the parties to marry again; and the reason given for this summary, and to many, unexpected decree, is that no one appeared in opposition to the petition, which was from Mrs. Butler. A correspondent informs us that it was previously arranged between the counsel of the late husband and wife that there should be no opposition, and that the consideration was the settlement of 30,000 dollars on Mrs. Butler, by her late husband; the interest of which alone she may expend annually, and at her death, the principal goes to the two children, to whom alone Mrs. Butler has power to bequeath it.—*New York Express.*

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

PRINCESS'S.

KING CHARLES THE SECOND.

The triumphant success achieved by Mr. Macfarren's new opera has been chronicled by the whole of the metropolitan press. We have not heard one dissentient voice, nor read one dissentient opinion, as to the merits of *King Charles the Second*. That it is the finest and most complete operatic work of a native musician ever produced on the stage is no less universally allowed. The production of such a work and its reception must be regarded as an epoch in the history of the music of the country.

It will be readily granted, that in the instrumentation and vocal scoring of a large and comprehensive work—for such is *King Charles II.*, musically speaking—from the pen of such a musician as Mr. Macfarren, the public expected nothing less than what was unexceptionable; but in the form in which the music would be presented, and, from the classic elevation and high poetic feeling of the author, in the melodies and ideas, there was some fear that simplicity would be overlooked, and that popular taste would not be conciliated. Several of Mr. Macfarren's most ardent admirers shared in this apprehension, and all were most agreeably disappointed. Never was opera written with a more direct intention of courting popular favour, and never was opera more successful in that intention in so short a time.

Mr. Macfarren's greatest, and most simple and unaffected music is comprised in *King Charles II.* The finale to the first act, and the grand sestet and chorus in the second, have been surpassed by no composer. The conception is large and massive, and the development exhibits the skill of a profound and zealous artist. Still more than in a mere musical point of view, are these two master-pieces of writing noticeable. They abound in beauties, the most striking and captivating, and of the most varied kind. The bustle and liveliness of the opening in the finale, are finely contrasted with the Captain's song on his entrance, "Order, order, order in the King's Head!" a magnificent subject in slow time, which will force itself on the dullest ear; while the heartiness and joyous feeling of the toast-song, "Here's to the maid with a love-laughing eye," and the rage and storm involved in the contentions between the sailor, the King, and Rochester, are admirably set off by the suavity and delicacy of the quartet "Oh! father, prove not so unkind," one of the most exquisite and finely written *morceaux* we ever heard. This contrast is no less happily carried into the sestet.

The simple and unaffected beauties of the opera are superabundant. Julian's first ballad, "She shines before me like a star," most charmingly and gracefully sung by Madame Macfarren, is one of the most delicious songs that can possibly be imagined, and excites immense applause nightly. The duet, "O blest are young hearts," is still more captivating and more simple. It is sung by Miss Louisa Pyne and Madame Macfarren, and creates a *furore* at every performance. The delightful singing of the fair artists has no doubt something to do with the enthusiasm. This duet cannot fail to become one of the great vocal popularities of the day. The King's song, "Here's to the maid with the love-laughing eye," may also be set down among the simple beauties of the opera. It possesses a bold and dashing tune, which catches the ear instantaneously. Mr. Harrison sings this song with immense spirit. This also must become popular. The sea-song, "Nan of Battersea," is perhaps the best ballad in the opera.

The melody is highly characteristic and sweetly pleasing. If sea-songs have not lost their entire influence, "Nan of Battersea" ought to make the publishers' fortune. It is encored every night, Mr. Weiss rendering it with much expression and feeling. We particularly admire his finishing the last line of the second verse in his *mezza voce* voice. It has a capital effect. The next *morceau* of this class is the King's song in the last scene, "My heart to thee flies home." This song does not appear to have pleased the critics, nor did it take with the audience on the first night, the opposition to the encore being so great as to prevail. It seems, however, to improve with repetition. It is now encored every night. The opening of this song is somewhat common—at least it suggests nothing new, nor is it striking—but it finishes most charmingly, and becomes at last highly effective. Mr. Harrison's singing is here expressive and excellent. Though last, certainly not least, the romance, "A poor simple maiden am I," takes its place in our category. This is an original song in the highest acceptation of the term. Though perfectly "simple," as it should be, it is entirely novel both in construction and treatment, and is decidedly the vocal gem of the work. This exquisite little romance alone of itself would conduce to the success of the opera. We have heard no ballad singing to equal Miss Louisa Pynes in this song—we speak convincedly—since the time of Miss Stephens. The effect produced is something unprecedented. The most rapt and breathless attention is followed nightly by a tumultuous double encore.

There are other vocal solos in the opera which cannot properly be classed with simple songs or ballads. The Queen's first song, "Fare-ye-well, fond hopes," is a cavatina, with a slow and quick movement, and is particularly noticeable for a beautiful bit of chorus which chimes in at the end. Fanny's entrance song, "Hope and Fear alternate vieing," may also be termed a cavatina, or a song with a *largo* and *allegro* movement. It is a lovely composition, more especially the first movement, in which the musician cannot fail to remark some exquisite points in the instrumentation. Miss Louisa Pyne sings this song with the purest style and the most unexceptionable taste. The florid passages in the last movement are warbled with bird-like ease and facility. Still more charming is Miss Louisa Pyne's second song, "Canst thou deem my heart is changing?"—a song infused with the very spirit of Mozart, and which will, doubtless, become the prime favourite of the opera with all musicians and such as love the elevated and poetical in vocal music. For our own parts, we prefer nothing in the whole opera to this most beautiful and intensely passionate heart-appeal, and consider it one of the sweetest and most perfect vocal gems that have been written for the last twenty years. Nothing can be more pure and truly delightful than Miss Louisa Pyne's rendering of this song, in which she is nightly encored. Julian's cavatina in the second act, "There was ne'er known a contrivance," is full of vivacity and point. It is a kind of "brindisi" written something after the fashion of Alboni's song in *Lucrezia Borgia*, not servilely, nor even after the manner of a copy, but with the same intention. Mr. Macfarren's cavatina is, however infinitely more difficult than Donizetti's "brindisi," and we can hardly fancy a more arduous task for any voice than to accomplish this same cavatina of Julian. As a compotition, the song is full of interest, and the melody is among the most striking in the opera; but we fancy the florid passages at the end, comprising chromatic scales and arpeggios embracing two octaves or more, introduced, we opine, to exhibit Madame Macfarren's great extent and flexibility of voice, tend in a great measure to dissipate the effect. Madame Macfarren displays very unusual flexibility, and a great command of voice in this cavatina, but we are sure the effect she produces would be greatly enhanced by the omission of the passages alluded to, which seem to come in obtrusively where the melody should naturally close. It is a pity that anything should militate against Madame Macfarren's really fine singing.

Having so far generalized, we shall now present our readers with extracts from several of the leading journals, in which all particulars of the first performance will be found, leaving us to wind up with a few remarks on the performance and sundry matters connected therewith. The subject is an all-important one, and if our columns appear to be over-crowded by one operatic article, it will be borne in mind that the subject of that article has been pronounced by the leading journal of the day as "likely to constitute a new era in the history of art." But, independent of all other considerations, we have no doubt that the various opinions of the leading critics, in conjunction with our own, will prove in no small degree acceptable to our subscribers.

KING CHARLES THE SECOND.

(From the Times.)

On Saturday evening, a new comic opera, in two acts, the music by Mr. Macfarren, was produced with complete and deserved success. The name of the opera is *King Charles II.*, and the libretto is, for the most part, a lyrical version of Howard Payne's well known comedietta, which was produced at Covent Garden, under the memorable direction of Mr. Charles Kemble, and has retained its popularity for nearly a quarter of a century. The plot is so familiar to the theatrical public as to obviate the necessity of a detailed account. Every one must remember the jealousy of Queen Kate, whose *amour propre* is outraged by the endless *amourettes* of the "Merry Monarch;" her complaint to Rochester, who engages to aid her in accomplishing the King's reform; the adventure at Wapping, where the Royal profligate, in disguise, accompanied by his favourite courtier, enters into the sports and festivities of his sailor subjects; the instant captivation of his fickle heart by the pretty daughter of "mine host of the King's Head," to whom the Queen's favourite page is paying his addresses under the assumed profession of a music-master; the tender of the Royal watch and seals for the unpaid tavern bill, which results in the King's committal to prison; the decampment of Rochester, who has got him into the scrape; the King's recognition by the Page, who, conjointly with the landlord's daughter, contrives to escape through the window; and, ultimately, his re-appearance at Court, where, to cover his own delinquencies, he pardons everybody, even the perfidious Rochester, and professes a repentance, which may be supposed to be sincere—at least, until the curtain drops, and leaves some other dramatist the choice of similar adventures, in which King Charles was subsequently concerned, to point a moral and amuse an audience. These are the main incidents of the opera as of the comedietta, and Mr. Desmond Ryan, in the construction of his libretto, has departed but slightly from the conduct and development of the original. The only material difference is in the character of the Page, whom, in order to allow the composer a better opportunity of varying the character of his music, Mr. Ryan has presented rather as a sentimental lover than an inconsiderate care-nothing rake, like Queens' pages in general—if history and romance may be trusted. This change was judicious, and has been carefully worked out. The best points in the drama have been cleverly turned to the account of musical effect, and the songs and verses in general, are much above the ordinary standard, besides possessing the desirable quality of being easily understood. Mr. Howard Payne's comedietta was made the subject of a ballet of action at the Académie Royale de Musique, in Paris, about four years ago, which was successfully produced by Mr. Bunn, at Drury Lane Theatre, under the name of *Betly*, for the *début* of Mdlle. Sophie Fuoco; but the present, we believe, is the first time it has been employed as the libretto of an opera, notwithstanding its evident fitness for musical purposes.

Perhaps, of all our native musicians, Mr. Macfarren is the one who has the most highly and variously distinguished himself. Educated in the Royal Academy of Music, where he studied composition, at different periods, under the late Dr. Crotch, Mr. Lucas, and lastly, Mr. Cipriani Potter, now Principal, he rapidly acquired all the honours conferred upon students in that institution, where he was subsequently appointed one of the chief professors of harmony and composition. His *début* before the public, however, was in 1834, at the inauguration concert of the Society of British Musicians, which took place in the Hanover Square Rooms. On this occasion, the first piece executed was a symphony in F minor, by our composer, then a mere boy, which, admirably performed by a numerous and powerful orchestra, made such an impression as is even now remembered by those who regret that the promise held out of a prosperous and useful career for the Society of British Musicians, has been frustrated by circumstances which a little wisdom might so easily have foreseen and vanquished. Since then, Mr. Macfarren has written several orchestral symphonies and concert overtures, quartets, quintets, and trios, and other musical works for the chamber, sonatas for the pianoforte, &c.; and, in short, has essayed his talents in all the highest departments of instrumental composition. But works of this class find little patronage at home, and their scanty and uncertain sale does not encourage publishers to speculate. Although appreciated and admired by all competent judges, and although some of them have been played at the celebrated *Gewand-haus* concerts at Leipsic under Mendelssohn's direction, and in other of the great musical towns of Germany; the composition of symphonies and overtures in this country is productive of little else than honour to a musician, and living upon honour is somewhat analogous to living upon air. This will account for the large number of miscellaneous vocal compositions which Mr. Macfarren, like Mr. Barnett, Mr. Loder, and other of his compatriots, have been compelled to write, in order to be able to live. Many of our most popular concert-ballads, duets, trios, &c., are from his pen, and as a favourable example of the most popular of them, we may mention the duet, for female voices, "Two merry Gipsies," which, through the singing of the Misses Williams, obtained such universal favour. But, in addition to these, Mr. Macfarren has produced many vocal compositions of a much higher character, such as his illustrations of Schiller, Heine, Rückert, and other German poets, in the *British Vocal Album*, his songs from Mr. Lane's translation of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, his settings of some of the lyrics of Shelley, &c. Besides the music to several short dramatic pieces, Mr. Macfarren has given three complete operas to the public. The first, the *Devil's Opera*, was brought out at the Lyceum Theatre during the last period of Mr. Arnold's management, and by its success was mainly incidental, at this time, in preventing the doors of that establishment from closing. His second, *Don Quixote*, was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Bunn, in 1846, shortly after Wallace's *Maritana*; it ran nine nights, and was then abandoned. The *Devil's Opera* is a very clever but unequal work; it offers indications of strong dramatic feeling, and the orchestral accompaniments are frequently remarkable for richness and variety; but although some of the pieces, and especially the overture, the introduction, and the trio for female voices, "Good Night," are likely to endure, the want of sustained power and evident indecision of style must not be overlooked. In the *Don Quixote*, which we cannot but regard as one of the best of modern comic operas, the composer's style is completely formed; the power of development becomes equal to the readiness of invention, and there is scarcely one piece in the opera which we would desire to see curtailed or omitted as a weakness or redundancy. Almost as great an advantage upon *Don Quixote*, as that upon its predecessor, *King Charles II.* is not only the most able, original, and complete dramatic work of its author, but one of which no composer, however great and well deserved his reputation, need have been ashamed. Its success on Saturday night can hardly fail to constitute an era in the progress of English dramatic music, and is likely, not merely to benefit the prospects of Mr. Maddox's theatre, but to give a new and powerful impetus to the hopes and exertions of our own musicians.

One hearing of an opera of such pretensions and importance—for *King Charles II.* is composed after the most ambitious existing models, and contains some of the longest and most elaborate pieces of concerted music that are to be found in any opera of the modern school—is palpably insufficient to authorise us in attempting a minute examination of its various parts; we shall, therefore, be content to offer some general observations, and briefly signalize the most striking *morceaux*. The overture, in C major, is brilliant and effective; the outline, clear and simple, is filled up by an abundance of ingenious details, showing the thorough master of orchestral combinations; its prevalent character is that of exuberant gaiety, but this is relieved by the introduction of a plaintive melody for the second theme, which is given to the violoncellos, and forms an agreeable under-current of sentiment. It is an appropriate prelude to the opera, of which, as an overture properly should do, it succinctly illustrates the most striking characteristics. The introduction is a *morceau* of considerable length; a chorus of ladies of honour in G leads to a short solo for Julian, the Page, and is then resumed; a cavatina for the Queen, consisting of a *larghetto* in E minor, and a *cabaletta* in the major follow; part of the chorus is then repeated, and concludes the introduction. The chorus is smooth and melodious, and the accompaniment of which the prominent feature is a graceful running passage for the violins, *staccato*, sparkling and pretty; the Queen's song, "Fare ye well," is extremely vocal, and the neatness of the plan sustains the general interest of the *morceau*, which would, nevertheless, we think, bear some slight curtailment. The King's first air, "Hail, all hail, to pleasure," in C, is a bravura song full of fire and animation; the music is strikingly illustrative of the sentiment of the words, which embody an invocation to pleasure; but a tenor voice of unusual force and flexibility is demanded to give due effect to its florid character, and to make head against the elaborate instrumentation that accompanies it. A duettino for the King and Queen, in A flat, "Fear no sorrow," is melodious, but not remarkably original; in the accompaniment the violins are matted with good effect. An air for Julian, in E flat, "She shines before me like a star," may be presented as the model of what a ballad ought to be: the melody (the second theme of the overture alluded to above), is genial and expressive, and the accompaniments, in the midst of their unobtrusive simplicity, bear every sign of the care that has been bestowed upon them. The duet for the King and Rochester, in the same key, where Rochester tempts his Royal master to visit the "King's Head," at Wapping, by a description of the beauty of the landlord's daughter, Fanny, is long and discursive; it contains a bass solo for Rochester, which is thrice repeated in different keys, and a *cabaletta* at the end in the original mode; the dramatic interest is cleverly sustained, and the cabaletta, "What joy divine," lively and effective; here again, however, we should not object to a trifling curtailment, if the words and situation could be accommodated. The second scene begins with a cavatina in F for soprano (Fanny), consisting of a slow movement and cabaletta: both are well written, especially the latter, which is bravura throughout, and demands both volume of tone and neatness of articulation to produce the intended effect. After a good deal of accompanied recitative occurs a duettino in A flat, for Fanny and Julian, "Oh blest are young hearts," which is one of the gems of the opera; the theme, given to these two voices in thirds and sixths, is catching and new, and the expression of the words, "Like flowers sweetly springing," in the second part, exceedingly beautiful; the accompaniment, in which the violoncellos are employed on arpeggios, pizzicato, joined at the end by the flutes, clarionets, and bassoons, which enrich the harmony of the voices, is also remarkably fresh and spontaneous. The remainder of Act I. is entirely devoted to the finale, perhaps the longest ever written. To be the longest finale ever written, however, would indicate nothing more than a certain ingenuity of development and a ready use of vocal and instrumental combinations on the part of the composer; but Mr. Macfarren's finale has another and a much higher kind of merit; it illustrated, with great dramatic truth and a powerful variety of contrast, the whole business of the scene in which the King and Rochester, in disguise, join the festivities of the sailors at Wapping, ending with the committal of the former to prison, for having stolen the Royal watch and seals; upon which the curtain falls. The several characters of Fanny, Julian, Captain Copp, Rochester, and the King, while separately sustained with striking individuality, are combined with admirable unity of effect. The old English style of melody, is

with great skill, made to colour the whole, which, by the way, ought to be specially mentioned, lest what is evidently intentional and artistically correct, should, by superficial observers, be cited as a want of originality.

With the second act we are compelled to be much more brief. Indeed we can only name some of the pieces that most struck us. Captain Copp's ballad, "Nan of Battersea," is likely to become popular; it is, both in melody and feeling, a bit of genuine Dibdin. Fanny's cavatina, "Can't thou deem my heart is changing?" is the best song in the opera, whether we regard the expressive beauty of the melody, or the exquisite finish of the accompaniments. A long dramatic trio in G for Fanny, Julian, and the King, in which Fanny and the Pagé contrive the escape of the loyal offender from his prison in the King's Head tavern, besides its dramatic character and skilful conduct, contains some points of purely musical interest, as the best of which we may mention the canon in D for three voices, "Oh, repentance," a specimen of the purest vocal part-writing. The duettino in F for Rochester and the Queen, "Hope on earth is life's best blessing," though not without considerable merit, might be omitted with advantage, being of no great importance to the progress of the action. A florid cavatina for Julian, in A flat, "There was ne'er known a contrivance," is a very happy piece of descriptive music; Julian describes the escape of the King from the King's Head, and each verse of the song is accompanied and followed by ejaculations of curiosity and surprise from Rochester and the Queen; this is a bravura song, and one of more than ordinary difficulty, but the vocal elaborations are happily made subservient to musical and dramatic effect. The last scene contains a pretty ballad for the King, "Tho' o'er life's pleasures roving," and two of the most admirable pieces in the opera, a madrigal in A, "Maidens would ye 'scape undoing?" and a sestet and chorus in F, "See where they come." The madrigal, sung without accompaniments, by the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, headed by the King, the Queen, and Rochester, combines the quaint style and boldness of progression that belong to Wilbye, Festa, and the best madrigalian composers, with a purity of harmony which those fine old masters were wont to disdain, or with which, perhaps, they were unacquainted. Among the many fine points in which it abounds, we would cite a beautiful piece of "word painting" that occurs on the passage beginning, "Now in solitude she pineth." This madrigal cannot fail to become universally popular. The sestet, in length and importance, and in variety of dramatic effect, only yields to the first finale; the action embodied in the music is the appearance at Court of Captain Copp and his daughter, with the king's watch, the recognition by the king, the confusion and discomfiture of the "Merry Monarch," the denouement of the plot, and the subsequent reconciliation of all parties. The whole conduct of this, in the music, is worthy of admiration. A happy relief to the serious and highly dramatic character of the rest is afforded by a charming romance for Fanny, "A poor simple maiden am I," in which the young maiden artlessly makes her appeal to the King's grace. On the whole this sestet may be pronounced the most perfect *morceau* in the opera, to be preferred even to the finale of the first act, since there is not a single passage which can be cited as superfluous, as hurtful to the unity of the whole, or as weakening or suspending the dramatic interest. A short rondo and chorus in C, "Now, with fears no more contending," the theme of which is first given *ensemble* by Fanny and Julian, to each of whom is afterwards allotted a florid variation, the chorus suspending at the end of each couplet, terminates the opera with brilliant effect.

The general execution of *Charles II.* was honourable to all concerned. Miss Pyne, who undertook the part of Fanny, more than confirmed the favourable accounts that have been given of her recent performances, and the *début* of Madame Macfarren, the wife of the composer, as Julian the Page, was naturally an event of general interest. This young lady has hitherto been known in England as a concert singer, but we believe she has appeared upon the stage in several cities of the United States. Her voice is a contralto of considerable compass; the higher notes, though not strong, are sweet; the middle notes, round and agreeable; and the lower ones, while not so sweet and pure as the middle, are nevertheless strong and resonant. In her singing she combines great earnestness and dramatic feeling with more than ordinary flexibility. She is, perhaps, too much addicted to display the different registers of her voice by immediate contrast, and occasionally employs the lower tones as though with the express purpose of proving that she possessed them. But such faults in young singers mostly arise from a pardonable motive—excess of zeal and anxiety to do all that may be done, which sometimes lead them to do too much, and seldom fail to yield to time and experience. Madame Macfarren's most successful vocal efforts were in the ballad, "She shines before me like a star," which she sang with perfect taste, receiving an unanimous encore, and the accompanied recitative, "O cruel fortune," in the second act, really an admirable piece of vocal declamation, the words being as clearly enunciated as the music was emphatically expressed. In the elaborate descriptive song, "There was ne'er known a contrivance," and the variation for Julian, in the *rondo finale*, Madame Macfarren gave more than sufficient evidence of vocal flexibility. Her reception by the audience was of the most encouraging kind, and can hardly fail to urge her on to renewed exertions. Mr. Harrison was the King Charles, and sang the music of that part with his usual energy.

The getting up of the opera is highly creditable to the theatre. Mr. Maddox has bestowed every pains on the scenery and costumes, which are new, appropriate, and effective. The scene at Wapping, with the arrival of the ship, and the May-pole dance, was beautiful in itself, and admirably managed. The May-pole business is due to Mr. Flexmore, who danced the hornpipe with Madlle. Auriol. At the end of each act all the principal singers were obliged to appear before the curtain, and at the conclusion a loud and unanimous call being raised for the composer, Mr. Macfarren appeared, led on by Miss Pyne, amidst enthusiastic cheering from every part of a house crowded to the ceiling. Previous to Mr. Macfarren's appearance, Mr. H. Corri came on and announced that, in consequence of the approval bestowed upon it by the audience, the opera of *Charles II.* would be repeated every evening until further notice, which announcement was received with a loud burst of applause.

(*From the Daily News.*)

Macfarren's new opera, *King Charles II.*, was produced on Saturday evening, with an *éclat* which even transcended the most sanguine expectations raised by the known talents of the composer, and by the striking improvement which has been apparent this season in the management of this theatre, as an English opera house. The evening, indeed, was a triumph for English art, whether we regard the high character of the work itself, or the manner in which it was got up and performed.

The libretto is an excellent operatic version, by Mr. Desmond Ryan, of a comic drama called the *Merry Monarch*, which became very popular, not only from the lively and amusing character of the piece itself, but from Charles Kemble's acting in the part of King Charles. The opera adheres closely to the plot and incidents of the original drama. Without, therefore, entering into details, we may mention that the subject is what may be called a "lark" of the merry monarch and his favourite the Earl of Rochester, who, disguised as sailors, pay a visit to Wapping, and mingle in the festivities of the "natives," and get into a quarrel with men by being too free and easy with the damsels. Rochester leaves his master in the lurch, and the King, who has been liberal in treating his new boon-companions, finds himself without money to pay the reckoning. Offering his watch in pledge, it is discovered to bear the royal arms, and the unfortunate possessor, suspected of having stolen it, is seized and consigned to durance vile, from which he escapes by jumping out of a window, and finds his way back to Whitehall. The King is led into this escapade by his friend Rochester, with the Queen's privity, for the not very intelligible purpose of giving his Majesty a moral lesson on the subject of his infidelities and his neglect of his royal consort.

This slight allusion to the subject of the piece may serve to make our remarks on its musical treatment intelligible. The overture is excellent—in the compact, symmetrical form of the classical masters of the German school, and in keeping with the subject. It is a movement in common time, with an unbroken succession of rapid triplets, which gave it an animated and impetuous character; but a charming effect is produced by superinducing on these triplets (which serve as its accompaniment) a beautiful and expressive

melody, afterwards sung by the Page. The drama opens with the forlorn Queen in her boudoir, and surrounded by her maidens, who entertain her with a smooth and pretty chorus. Her Majesty then bemoans her sad lot in a long air, which, though good, is somewhat lugubrious, and demands better singing than Mrs. Weiss's to make it effective. The King makes his *entrée* with another very long air about "kisses and blisses," which is also good music, but has no dramatic effect; and the same remark may be applied to the subsequent duet between the King and the Queen. The part of the poor Queen, like that of the poor Countess in *Figaro*, is dramatically a very heavy one; and Mr. Macfarren, with all his talent, has not been able to lighten the one as Mozart has lightened the other. It was not till the Page Julian made his appearance, in the person of Madame Macfarren, and sang the delicious ballad "She shines before me like a star," that the audience seemed awakened to attention and interest. This lady, though already favourably known as a concert singer, now made her first appearance on the stage. In her exquisitely tasteful costume she looked like a figure in a picture of Vandyke, and her whole personation of the character was marked with grace and feeling. She was, of course, timid and constrained, but this modesty always gives, in our eyes at least, additional interest to a young *debutante*. Her rich *contralto* voice, and her simple expressive style, were shown to much advantage in this beautiful air, which was encored with acclamation. The duet between the King and Rochester, in which the favourite persuades the King to go and see the Maid of Wapping, is in the lively *parlante* style of the Italian stage.

Then came the adventures at Wapping. The scene, by the way, is beautiful, exhibiting the broad Thames, the shipping, and the distant country. Miss Louisa Pyne, as Fanny Copp, sings a little ballad, "Hope and fear alternate vieing," in a light and florid style, which she executed with her usual facility and neatness. Her lover enters, and the duettino, "Oh blest are young hearts," is one of the gems of the opera—indeed, we hardly know a fairer gem in any opera. The tender sweetness of the vocal parts, sustained by the light *pizzicato* of the stringed instruments, is really enchanting. The sports of the sailors and country people form a ballet, not of the fashion of the Italian stage, but full of life and gaiety. The morris dance round the Maypole, accompanied by music redolent of England in the seventeenth century, was picturesque and animated in the highest degree. The entrance of the disguised king and favourite—the joviality, quarrels, and confusion to which their arrival gives rise—are worked into a finale of concerted pieces and chorus which closes the first act with the utmost brilliancy.

The second act opens with a nautical ballad, sung by Captain Copp (Mr. Weiss), "The ship in which poor Tom was moor'd." It is introduced *à propos de rien*, as such things are too often introduced in English operas; and Mr. Macfarren, in writing it, felt, no doubt, that he was yielding to necessity. The words are *à la Dibdin*; and so, consequently, is the air; but it is good of its kind, and was well sung, so it deserved its encore. A pretty scene follows, in which Fanny, by her sweetness, appeases the jealous umbrage of her lover, Julian. This jealousy is well expressed by an impassioned recitative, admirably delivered by Madame Macfarren; and Fanny's air, "Canst thou deem my heart is changing?" is one of the tenderest little things that can be imagined. The scene reminded us of Zerlina and Masetto—not in the music, but in the effect produced by it. Passing over many beauties which we have not room to notice, we must come to the last scene, which is a brilliant representation of the King and his Court assembled in the banqueting chamber at Whitehall. In conformity with the usage of that day, the company entertain themselves by singing a madrigal; and the madrigal produced by Macfarren, "Maidens, would ye 'scape undoing," is worthy of a place beside the finest madrigals of Wilbye and the other worthies of the Elizabethan age. It was sung by a numerous chorus, with no fault but the slight depression of pitch which is almost unavoidable in unaccompanied vocal music, and with an effect which produced exclamations of pleasure from all parts of the house. The appearance of honest Captain Copp and his pretty daughter in the midst of this brilliant assembly—the recognitions, embarrassments, and eclaircissements which ensue, form an animated scene, and afford room for some very dramatic music. Among other things, a romance sung by Miss Louisa Pyne, "A poor simple maiden am I," was found so delightful, that after it had been once encored with the utmost vehemence, it was very nearly encored a second time. The finale, "Now with fears no more contending," consisting of solos by Madame Macfarren and Miss Pyne, with a chorus, was sung a second time; the curtain, after it had fallen, being raised for that purpose.

What has been said leaves little to be added with respect to the merits of the different performers. Mr. Harrison's personation of the royal libertine was free and manly, and we never heard him sing better. Mr. Macfarren's instrumentation (like Mozart's) gave no opening for the embellishments to which he is so prone, and he did nothing to offend the purest taste. Miss Louisa Pyne has added a fresh wreath to her laurels; and Madame Macfarren's *début* has at once placed her high in public favour. Mrs. Weiss had an ungrateful part in the Queen, but she exerted herself to do her justice. Mr. Weiss sang well, and acted respectably as Captain Copp; and Mr. Corry was a tolerable Rochester, though much of the music was quite beyond his reach.

The success of the opera was triumphant. The composer, as well as the principal performers, was called for, and it was announced that the piece would be performed every night till further notice.

(*From the Morning Post.*)

The composer of the new opera is George A. Macfarren, whose musical works have worthily placed him in the foremost rank among the musical celebrities of the Continent. There were sufficient indications in his first work, *The Devil's Opera*, to foster the hope of future greatness; his *Don Quixote* manifested a higher knowledge and a fuller experience; and in the opera performed for the first time on Saturday we have the matured efforts of the gifted composer, the dramatic inspiration, the varied knowledge, and the riper judgment. In this his latest work all the loftier exigencies of the lyrical drama are affluently provided—there are unity of design, harmony of form, closeness of construction, clearness of combination, originality of thought, freshness of melody, brightness of fancy, and brilliancy of orchestration. There is neither patchwork, nor trite tunes, nor vulgar effects to seize upon the merely sensuous listener, nor ultra beating of drums, nor braying of trombones, to rouse up the sluggard attention of the musicmonger. There is not a phrase that fails to do its true office, nor a single bar that does not minister to and assist the lyrical and dramatical development of the story. It is beyond all comparison the noblest English operatic effort of the last twenty years, and we know of no composition of the present time that has even distantly approached its excellence. It is an opera full of beauty and fancy, and each of the personages is musically individualised with a deep and searching knowledge of the springs of action—they utter their thoughts, and express their emotions of tenderness, joy, and passion, in strains of melody the truthfulness of which appeals to the ear, heart, and understanding, and by a spell evokes sympathies and carries them chained to the composer's will to the close of the drama. George Macfarren has been fortunate in his *librettist*, Mr. Desmond Ryan, who, though founding the opera on the well-known comedy of *Charles II.*, has, in the laying out of the scenes, in the dramatic arrangements and in the distribution of the concerted pieces and choral necessities, done his task with poetical feeling and dramatic cleverness. The interpretation, as may be inferred from our foregone remarks, is masterly; and although the finale to the first act is the longest we remember, so varied and yet so consistent—so apposite is the musical expression, and so graceful the melody—so admirable the vocal distribution of parts, and so striking the *ensemble*, that in lieu of the accustomed weariness and *ennui* generated in similar instances, the attention was unflagged and the delight unabated until the fall of the curtain.

The plot is nearly identical with the original drama, with the single exception of changing the character Lady Clara to that of the Queen. This is a decided improvement, for with the former no interest was felt, while the introduction of the latter forms a prominent link in the dramatic chain.

Madame Macfarren, who made her *début*, was completely successful. Her voice is rich in quality, and is regulated by a true artistic spirit. Those who had previously seen this lady in the concert room were positively astonished at the power and beauty of her organ. Her

face beams with intelligence, and her figure is beautifully formed. Her action is free, graceful, and unembarrassed; and her dramatic feeling seems to be innate, for we have seldom witnessed a more impassioned or more truthful embodiment of character. She will prove a valuable addition to the operatic stage, of which we have no doubt she will become a brilliant ornament. She was deservedly applauded, and bouqueted and summoned forth at the termination of the opera; a similar honour was conferred upon Miss Pyne and the chief vocalists.

Miss Pyne, as Fanny, set the seal on her growing fame. She sang throughout beautifully, and acted with great truth and simplicity.

Mr. Harrison, Mr. Weiss, Mrs. Weiss, and Mr. Corri laboured with more or less zeal to secure the success of the opera. Mr. George Macfarren was called for amidst the cheers of the audience.

The opera has been admirably put upon the stage—the scenery, dresses, and grouping are in all respects excellent.

The opera was announced for repetition for every evening till further notice.

(From the Morning Herald.)

Mr. Macfarren's new opera, *King Charles the Second*, was brought out at this theatre on Saturday night, and with all the success that it deserved—consequently with no little. Few events have recently created in the musical circles a more remarkable sensation than the contemplated production of another work by the gifted author of the charming operetta *Don Quixote*, and it was not surprising that the attendance of professional visitors, in addition to a large body of the public, should on unusually numerous. Mr. Macfarren well deserved this, for the eminence that he enjoys has been gained by the demonstration of legitimate ability—in no degree by the pretences of the charlatan. His repute in Germany probably exceeds that which he has here. But this only refers to the public at large. Our native musicians are keenly alive to his worth, and uphold his fame with all the zeal of sincerity.

The composer has evidently aimed at giving his music character and purpose; and we do not remember any previous work more strictly appropriate, both in vein and feeling. A popular tone has of course been observed, and hence the opera is likely to find permanent favour with the public at large, who are seldom inaccessible to the influence of simple and unaffected melody, however much they may be deficient in the higher orders of appreciation and judgment. Mr. Macfarren has endeavoured to imbue several of the airs with a purely English sentiment, and some very successful imitations of the old style of invention and harmonising are introduced with great felicitousness. At the same time the fullest dramatic propriety has been maintained, and the music allotted to the King, to the Page, and, in fact, to all, exhibits in each case a perfect and symmetrical suitableness, whether it be roystering and thoughtless merriment, or the disconsolate anxieties of jealous love. The opera is studded with gems, and the music-sellers will, we apprehend, soon be able to determine the value of three or four of the separate *morceaux* in more senses than one. Although the composer has thus appealed to the taste of a general audience, let it not be understood that it has been by the mere display of fluent and airy lightness. On the contrary, the structure of the concerted pieces demonstrates all the ingenuity, colour, and perception of artistic effect for which he is so justly celebrated.

Among the most charming of the songs, are the three ballads sung by Fanny, the daughter of the unsophisticated Copp—the first in F, "Hope and Fear alternate vieing," an andante movement of great beauty, with a florid cabaletta pleasingly descriptive of the anticipations of love; the second in E, "Canst thou deem my heart is changing?" which, for delicacy of treatment, may take rank with either of Cherubino's songs; and the third in A, "A poor simple maiden am I,"—the artless appeal of the simple girl when surrounded by the dazzling splendours of the court. A cavatina of more elaborate texture, in E minor, devolves upon the Queen in the first scene—a larghetto movement, rather drily conceived, but earnest and thoughtful. Upon the contralto representative of the Page, is imposed an air in E flat, "She shines before me like a star," which has been foreshadowed in the overture—one of the most delicious effusions of amorous tenderness that we have ever met with; and an eager cavatina in A flat, "There ne'er was a contrivance," intermixed with short interrogatories by the Queen and Rochester, which exhibits some quaint scale passages, somewhat fantastically outlined, but strikingly original and ear-hunting. The "Merry Monarch" has three songs—one in C, bravura apostrophe to "Pleasure, pomp, and power," somewhat overlaid with accompaniments; another, also in C, an Anacreontic address to "The maid with the love-laughing eye," occurring in the finale of the first act; and a third, in B flat, "My heart to thee flies home," wherein the wants of the publisher have been mainly consulted—this being a ballad of intensely Ballish spirit. A sea song, called "Nan of Battersea," for the bass tones of Captain Copp, written after the manner of Dibdin, is also another of the more popular tributes. A lovely duet, in A flat, for tenor and soprano voices, "Look but sorrow in the face," and another in the same key, "O blest are young hearts," for soprano and contralto, ornament the first act; the second an exquisite specimen of sprightly and confiding gaiety, and among the brightest gems of the opera. There is likewise a capital dramatic duet, sung by the King and Rochester, in E flat, involving a solo for the latter in B flat, and a vivacious cabaletta, which is flowing and effective. The trio in G, in the second act, "My pretty maid, if thou'lt assist me," occurs in one of the scenes which has received its chief impulse from Mozart. It is admirably worked up for the voices, and throughout highly picturesque. It leads to a canon in D, and a presto in B flat, and a vigorous cabaletta in G—altogether an adroit and vivid illustration of the perplexity of the King, and his escape through the window of the tavern, unfolding a series of well-imagined and well-constructed contrasts. The madrigal sung by the courtiers in the banquetting hall bears, in the qualities of harmonic suspension and masculine quaintness and breadth of effect, the happiest similitude to the antique legacies of the Elizabethan period, and, as such, merits the highest praise. The two finales, taken as wholes, are *chefs d'œuvre* of their class, and, as dramatic *ensembles*, cannot be surpassed. Large and various in design, the busy motion of the jovialities at Wapping, with the rough indignation of the crowd at the gallantries and the evasions of the disguised King, are most ably and characteristically expressed at the close of the first act. The overture, the principal themes of which are found in the Page's songs, is brilliantly and closely worked. There is also a slow instrumental movement between the acts, the stealing beauty of which, enriched, as it is, by a delicate obligato for the oboe, is very soothing and enchanting.

The honours of the evening were, beyond all shadow of doubt, won by Miss Louisa Pyne, who has more than redeemed the promises of her *début*, and is on the high road to renown as an operatic singer. Nothing could be more ravishingly beautiful than her execution of the music which belongs to the part of the tavern-keeper's daughter. We can desire no greater perfection of facility, style, or finish. Her voice has all the best attributes of youth, and while being of the sweetest and most tuneable quality, is deliciously clear and fresh; and not a note is emitted that is corrupted by a false and uncertain intonation. She enunciates, too, admirably. We have never, in short, encountered an operatic debutante so hopefully meritorious as this young lady, and Mr. Macfarren has been fortunate in having her as the exponent of some of the choicest airs which his opera contains. There is a simplicity and elegance in her manner eminently engaging; and the three ballads which fell into her hands were rendered with a sweetness and taste that at once challenged admiration and brought down a succession of encores, the genuineness of which was indisputable. The showier characteristics of the finale displayed her powers of vocalisation more prominently than anything that had gone before; and the brilliancy with which she developed a circle of somewhat immelodious divisions, and the sureness with which she sustained a close and perfectly-formed shake at the top of her register, threw the audience into raptures of delight, and her triumph was complete. Miss Pyne has no great pretensions as an actress, but her deportment is both modest and unassuming. Madame Macfarren was the representative of the Page. This lady has for a year or two past been often heard in the concert-room, and the specialities of her style are therefore well known. The finely-conceived recitative which occurs early in the second act could not have been given with

more energy or with better traits of meaning. Her delivery of the ballad "She shines before me" was tasteful and expressive, and she was rewarded with an encore—a compliment that was also bestowed upon her in the descriptive scena in the second act. The applause that Madame Macfarren received was encouraging to a new and untried artiste, and by no means unreservedly awarded. Mr. Harrison played the King, and sang in his usual manner, though not with his usual effect, for, with the exception of the ballad in the last scene, the music generally was not of the class in which he is most at home. He was encored, however, in the song tributary to the beauty of the girls of Wapping, after a fierce contention between the pit and gallery. Mr. Weiss was painstaking as Captain Copp, and his "Nan of Battersea" met with a vigorous fiat of repetition. Mrs. Weiss was the Queen, and acquitted herself creditably. The *mise en scene* is liberal; and the dance about the ribanded mast is as gay as it is exhilarating.

The principal singers came before the curtain at the termination of the opera under circumstances of *éclât* which could not be exceeded. Bouquets were thrown and appropriated by Miss Pyne and Madame Macfarren; and calls were then made for the composer, who was presently led across the stage by Miss Pyne, amid a hurricane of acclamation, in which, we believe, not a person in the house refused to join. Would that audiences always administered public honours upon such just and rational grounds!

(*From the Morning Chronicle.*)

The composer of an opera ought always to choose as the subject of its action some familiar story, real or fictitious, or some plot which shall be capable of being evolved without complication of character and construction, and therefore of being easily understood. He thus avoids inflicting needless weariness on his audience, and facilitates the reception and comprehension of his dramatic interpretation in the music. The operatic works most successful on the modern stage have all been written, intentionally or by accident, with a view to this first great want of the theatre, and hence one source of the predominating attraction in more recent times of the musical drama over its purely histrionic rival.

The plot and incidents of *King Charles II.*, an opera produced for the first time on Saturday evening, at the Princess's Theatre, are directly taken from a farce of the same name, in which Mr. Charles Kemble was the "Merry Monarch," and Mr. Fawcett was the Captain Copp.

The author's part in the affair was, on the whole, very well done—better than in many cases of much more pretension; but he might here and there have spared the affluence of his development and dialogue, to the advantage of the whole effect, by compression and concentration. But Eugene Scribes do not spring up on demand; and Mr. Desmond Ryan, A.B. (such is the romantic and imposing designation of the author), has performed his task with more than average skill and good taste.

Upon the old plot the composer has constructed a veritable Comic Opera. He has not merely written fragmentary musical illustrations, interspersed with a song here and a ballad there; but he has taken a grasp of the whole, and constructed a complete work in all its parts consistent. In fact, Mr. Macfarren has in this respect, by comparison with the majority of contemporary English composers, broken new ground; and we are much mistaken if the unequivocal success of his opera will not render its production an important era in the English musical drama.

The overture—a gay and brilliant composition, full of descriptive character—was immediately encored; and the encores of the isolated pieces were so frequent as to amount almost to a repetition of the whole opera. The finale to the first act, which is a fine piece of writing, admirably wrought up, was redemanded, as was also the finale to the opera. The most decided success of the composer, unaided by the individual talent of the chief singers, was the encore accorded to the madrigal sung by the male and female courtiers in presence of the King. This composition, a very perfect and characteristic specimen of the style, is so arranged as to allow of a fine alternation of the male and female, the tenor and the bass voices, and the effect is charmingly harmonious. The canon, sung by the Page, Fanny, and the King, is so graceful a piece of writing, and it was so well sung, that it ought also to have obtained an encore.

To Miss Louisa Pyne, who took the part of Copp's daughter Fanny, the composer is indebted for her excellent and artistic rendering of the music allotted to her, and for her unpretending, but arch and lady-like acting. We have already noticed the successful performance of this young lady in Zerlina and Amina—this new part still further tested her abilities. It is long since we have had to record a *début* so entirely satisfactory. To considerable personal attractions, and a most expressive countenance, Miss Pyne adds a charming modesty of manner, and a seeming unconsciousness of all influences but those of her duty as a performer. Her execution is extremely facile and often brilliant; occasionally, as for instance, in the *finale*, "Now with fears no more contending," triumphantly effective.

Mrs. Macfarren, the composer's wife, made her *début* on the stage as the Page. Her acting was very natural, and less constrained than might have been expected from a debutante, and her songs (which are written to exhibit the wide compass of her voice) were given with a skill commensurate with the difficulty of their execution. Mr. Harrison, as the King, was less courtly, but decidedly better looking, than his royal prototype. He has one or two ballads, of which that in the second act, "My heart to thee flies home," was sung with great tenderness and dramatic feeling. Mrs. Weiss, as the Queen, sang her music with more than ordinary correctness of intonation; and Mr. Weiss, as Copp, was very rough and sailor-like, commanding an encore for a Dibdinish nautical ballad, "The ship in which poor Tom was pressed."

Mr. Macfarren was called before the curtain at the close, to receive praises gallantly earned and modestly acknowledged. He was led on by Miss Pyne, and by his gestures he seemed to indicate that to her talent he was much indebted for his success. If so, he was not far wrong.

(*From the Sunday Times.*)

Who that remembers Covent Garden Theatre five-and-twenty years ago can forget the production there of Howard Payne's *Charles II.*, with its splendid cast, when the Merry Monarch was fittingly represented by Charles Kemble, and Fawcett has never since been equalled as Captain Copp, the bluff, sturdy landlord of the King's Head, at Wapping; when Jones played Rochester like a gentleman and a courtier, and Miss Maria Tree captivated all hearts in the character of Mary Copp. The comedy itself has survived myriads of its ephemeral successors, and is still, in the provincial theatres, where novelty is not so imperatively demanded as in London, one of the most attractive pieces that a manager can play with a good stock company. The choice, therefore, of this little piece for a comic opera has been exceedingly judicious, and we congratulate Mr. Macfarren, the composer, on having made such good use as he has done of the materials that the plot and incidents of Howard Payne's comedy offered him. The libretto, by Mr. Desmond Ryan, is merely a lyric adaptation of the old comedy, the greater part of the dialogue being given in recitative, with the usual proportion of songs and concerted pieces. There has been no departure from the plot of the original comedy, except in the alteration of the character of Lady Clara to that of the Queen; we need not, therefore, dwell upon this portion of the opera, with which the public are already familiar, but proceed to the consideration of its merits as a musical work.

Mr. Macfarren, amongst the musical profession, has been known as a composer possessed of a thorough knowledge of his art, whose style has been formed in the best school, and whose compositions are not less remarkable for their pure classical taste than for the attractive character of their melody. With the public, however, his merit has been so little recognised as to occasion Mendelssohn, when he has last in this country, to say, in reference to Macfarren, "the best composer you have amongst you is unknown." His opera of *Charles II.*, produced last night, has been a triumphant confirmation of the German composer's opinion of our young artist. As regards the completeness of the work we do not recollect anything comparable to it on the English stage for a long time; there is in it no crudeness of style—no vagueness of purpose. You perceive in every passage the mind of the master directing itself to a definite point, and achieving its object with the greatest possible ease. His efforts seem to spring spontaneously, and in no instance are our nerves disturbed by violent orchestral convulsions to conceal the

composer's meagreness of invention. Nothing, indeed, can be more perfect than Mr. Macfarren's instrumentation, which we regret to say had not the advantage of a more effective orchestra. The crowded state of our columns will not permit our entering into a detailed criticism of the opera to-night, which we hope to do next week; meanwhile we have to record its complete success. Many of the airs were rapturously encored. Amongst those that were thus complimented, was the ballad, in the first act, "She shines before me like a star," a very pleasing air, sung with great sweetness and expression by Madame Macfarren. Miss Pyne, whose popularity seems rapidly and deservedly on the increase, obtained a rapturous encore in the song "Hope and fear alternate vieing." Her duet with Mrs. Macfarren, "O! blest are young hearts," an exceedingly pretty air, and very sweetly sung, was also re-demanded. Miss Pyne was also encored in the beautiful cavatina "Canst thou deem my heart is changing?" which she gave with delicious purity and freshness. The romance "A poor simple maiden I," is, perhaps, the air in the opera which will become most popular; it is a charming composition, and was executed with infinite grace and natural simplicity by Miss Pyne, who obtained an enthusiastic encore. Mr. Harrison who represented the Merry Monarch, had little of the gay or graceful Charles in his appearance; we fancied he seemed more at his ease in the "King's Head," at Wapping, than in the King's Palace at Whitehall. His first song, "Hail, all hail to pleasure," full of variety and joyous spirit, was destroyed by the inexpressive manner in which he gave it. He was encored, after a stout but ineffectual opposition, in the song, "Here's to the maid." An attempt was made to procure a repetition of the most insipid ballad in the opera, "My heart to thee flies home," which we were glad to find the audience resisted. Madame Macfarren made her first appearance on the stage in the character of Julian, the Page. Her voice is a mezzo soprano of moderate compass; the quality in the middle and lower notes is good, and though her power is not great, she sings with remarkable sweetness and expression. Though a novice to the stage, she played with great intelligence and dramatic propriety; she has, however, still much to learn in this part of her profession. Mr. Weiss's Captain Copp was a creditable performance; he sang the music allotted to him with excellent effect, but we cannot say we liked the sea-song, "Nan of Battersea," in which he was, notwithstanding, encored. Mr. Corri's Rochester deserves to be favorably mentioned—musically and dramatically, it was a very creditable performance. In noticing the successful pieces of the opera, we should not omit the following madrigal, sung in the banqueting chambers, at Whitehall, by the company, in the presence of the King and Queen.

MADRIGAL.

"Maidens, would ye 'scape undoing,
Never, never go a-woing!
I saw young love the other day
Hide in a thicket lurkingly,
And when a fair maid pass'd that way
At her his arrows he did fly.
Now in solitude she pineth,
And her former joy declineth—
Maidens would ye 'scape undoing,
Never, never go a-woing!"

It is a truly beautiful composition, in the fine old English style of these once highly-esteemed pieces of chamber music. The audience applauded it to the echo, and encored it by acclamation. We have but to add, that the opera was mounted with taste and care, and that at the conclusion all the principals were called for; after which there was a vociferous call for Mr. Macfarren, who appeared before the curtain amidst the tumultuous cheering of the house.

Thus all the critics have agreed as to the merits of the music, the excellence of the general performance, and the triumphant success achieved.

Of the *début* of Madame Macfarren the general opinion likewise seems to be that it was highly and deservedly successful. To so much evidence we can superadd the weight of our individual testimony, vouching for the undeniable success of the fair artist. Madame Macfarren has a pure contralto voice of considerable power and compass, and capable of great dramatic feeling and expression. The low notes are strong, round, and resonant; the middle, sweet and touching; while the high notes partake somewhat of the character of the *mezzo-soprano*. Flexibility also attaches to Madame Macfarren's voice in no small degree, as was abundantly testified in the cavatina in the second act. The great hits of the fair artist were in Julian's first ballad, "She shines before me like a star," which was rendered with infinite taste and expression, and the recitative, "O cruel fortune," in the second act, which exhibited first-rate powers of declamation. She also sang beautifully in the duet with Fanny in the first act. In short, no more successful *début* could be desired for Madame Macfarren, and we feel assured that with study and determination to do, for she is a novice on the stage, she will far surpass her efforts of Saturday last, remarkable as they undoubtedly were in a first performance.

We have so much to say of Miss Louisa Pyne, whose exquisitely graceful singing, and charming modest deportment, so necessary to the part assumed, tended largely to the success of the opera, that we will be pardoned if, at present, in our necessarily circumscribed limits, we are compelled to dismiss her with one simple expression of high admiration for all her efforts.

The general performance is admirable, and reflects infinite credit on all concerned therein. The band and chorus, under Mr. Loder's zealous training and direction, exert themselves in the most praiseworthy manner, and effect wonders. The finale to the first act is splendidly sung, and constitutes as complete a piece of *ensemble* singing as we have heard out of Covent Garden for a long time. No less excellent is the sestet and chorus in the second act, and the madrigal, which creates a *furore* nightly.

The scenery is exceedingly beautiful and striking. The first scene, the Queen's *boudoir*, is a fac-simile of one of the royal receiving-rooms at Whitehall, as is the last scene of the banquetting-room at the same palace. Mr. Maddox, who was bent on achieving something out of the common, obtained permission for his scene-painter to make the copy. This last scene is gorgeous and magnificent, and in its details is singularly appropriate. The whole furnishing of the scene, with its painted tapestries, green velvet and gold chairs and stools, and the gorgeous dresses of the royal attendants and Yeomen of the Guard, must have cost the manager a considerable sum. All the dresses and appointments are new; and when it is considered that upwards of sixty persons are employed in the opera, one way or another, a fair notion may be entertained of the expenses incurred. Indeed, nothing has been spared to give due effect to the piece, and the stage-mounting, as every body knows, adds in no small degree to the effect even of a musical representation.

The dances, under the supervision of Mr. Flexmore, are capitally managed; but further particulars must be reserved to our ensuing number, our notice having already run out to an unusual length. Many things we would wish to notice must be deferred until next week.

WHITTINGTON CLUB.

An evening concert of a very attractive character was given at the Whittington Club Rooms, or Metropolitan Athenæum, as it is newly called, on Monday last. On this occasion the muster of artists, vocal and instrumental, was strong, and comprised, in the former section, the Misses A. and M. Williams, Pyne, and Messent; and the Messrs. Leffler, Land,

Herberte, and Frank Bodda; and in the latter, Kate Loder and Mr. F. B. Jewson (pianists), Mr. Richardson (flute), and Mr. Lazarus (clarinet).

The vocal entertainment, with few exceptions, consisted of English pieces. Miss Messent was encored twice in her solos, in Vincent Wallace's ballad, "Why do I weep for thee?" and in a MS. romanza by Land, called "Queen of the Fays," a composition of much merit. The fair vocalist was also encored, with Miss Pyne, in Glover's duet, "From our merry Swiss home." All three encores were well deserved. Encores were likewise awarded to Mr. Herberte, in "My pretty Jane;" to Miss M. Williams, in Purcell's "Halcyon Days;" and to Richardson in a flute solo.

Mr. F. B. Jewson played a rhapsody, with variations, of his own composition, in capital style. The rhapsody is well worthy of a second hearing. Mr. Jewson was liberally and heartily applauded.

Mr. Richardson and Mr. Lazarus greatly delighted their auditors in Bishop's "Lo! here the gentle lark," arranged for flute and clarinet, the last-named instrument, as a matter of course, doing the voice part. This was very effective. Lazarus's tone is exquisitely pure and true, and, if any wind instrument could be made to realize the human voice, it would be Lazarus's clarinet played by Lazarus himself. Richardson played the flute obligato in brilliant style.

The event of the evening was Kate Loder's solo on the pianoforte. She selected Thalberg's fantasia on airs from *Sonnambula*, one of the most difficult of the great pianist's compositions. We never heard this admirable artiste play more splendidly, or with more brilliant effect. Indeed, it appeared to us several times during the performance, that the performer had acquired more digital force than ever, while her facility, dexterity, and delicacy were as conspicuous as ever. In this last quality we never heard any pianist who surpassed Kate Loder. Delicacy and grace—an especial delicacy and grace—are paramount in all her efforts, and while others may compete with, or even surpass her in mere mechanism, or animal power, she is unequalled in these attributes, which proclaim intelligence and feminine feeling. Kate Loder also joined Mr. Richardson in a duet concertante for the flute and piano.

Messrs. F. B. Jewson and E. Land were the conductors.

The concert went off in a satisfactory manner.

ALBONI.

(From the New York Message-Bird.)

Fable is as ready to amuse herself with the early history of an operatic singer as she is with that of a hero, and to the full as apt to throw as few somersaults across the direct course of the trustworthy chronicles that contain the first notes of a chorograph's career, as she would be to try her agility on the facts that prelude the maturer, and more veracious period of a conqueror's. Such being the case, we know not how or where to begin with Alboni. Whether we are to take her as a child in the cottage, amid the vine-bearing elms starred with the clusters of the ripening grapes, where one report places her youth, or in the memory where another of equal veracity authorizes us to place her; whether we are to take her as a juvenile mountebank, cutting capers and singing scraps of music in the country fairs of Italy, or as a conscientious pupil, studying and working her way to eminence by that toil which, in nine cases out of ten, must go hand in hand with genius.

The truth is, that while we know Alboni we never had the curiosity—perhaps it might be better named the impertinence—to inquire personally into her early history, and now that we would write of her, cannot, with anything like truth, enter into an earlier period of it than that in which she commenced to take her position on the Italian stage in public estimation.

At the commencement of the summer of 1846, we were at Dresden—Gutzhoff had just produced his drama of *Uriel Costa*, which had met with great success there. Criticism had slackened in its efforts to overvalue or depreciate it, when the name of Alboni began to be talked of. Her portrait made its appearance in the windows of the print-sellers. She was a new Italian artist—quite new. Nobody had heard of her. She was to appear in the *Barbiere*. Now there was something very prepossessing in the portrait. It was that of a large, smiling, handsome, and good-humoured Italian—but the critical world of Dresden went to bed without having its rest disturbed by dreams of her talent or doubts of her birth. Whether she was Neapolitan, Tuscan, or Roman, mattered nothing to it. It slept soundly.

The first night, or rather the first evening of her appearance—for it was, as we previously said, but the commencement of summer—came. The opera selected by the vocalist was the *Barbiere*. We, like the greater portion of the literary and artistic world of Dresden, preferred the open air, and passed the evening with Geibel and some others in the gardens beyond the city. A cup of coffee, some cigars, and conversation, more than recompensing us, as we supposed, for our absence from the theatre. We were, however, in error, for we heard the next morning that Madlle. Alboni had made a tremendous hit, and that she was well worth hearing. Her success had been a decided one, and that in spite of a more than usually scanty audience. The case was now changed. Hear her we must. The *Barbiere* was announced for repetition. We secured places early, and went to the theatre—being very well roasted by a scorching day—prepared to be both critical and savage. Tsitatsheck was the *tenore*, and although clever, was somewhat a coarse representative of the hero. Of the others nothing need be said; they were of average European merit, and not to be named by those who remember the *troupes* of Paris, London, and St. Petersburgh. When the opera was ended, we doubted whether we were convinced that Alboni was a contralto, so completely had she carried us away with her singing. We forget now what air she introduced at the piano in her music lesson, but it was one that suited her voice, and was deliciously sung; it was encored twice—an unusual exhibition of enthusiasm on the part of a German audience. The theatre was crowded to suffocation—in Dresden a rare occurrence—and she had a complete and thorough triumph. The next night she sung, the *Cenerentola* was given, and we need scarcely say, that in spite of the temptations of fresh air, and our evening coffee, we were there. In this opera her success was so great and unmistakeable, that we felt a new star had arisen in the musical world. Suffice it, that every night she played in Dresden, we were at the theatre, and that when she went she left us in the conviction that her voice and talent were absolute necessities on the Italian stage at London and Paris.

It was, however, then doubtful if she could get there. Lumley and Vatel were the two directors, and the old *troupe*, with the exception of Tamburini, filled every position. Luckily for Alboni, a revolution in the affairs of the Italian theatre had arrived, and Beale and Costa organized a second opera for the London season. Covent Garden was renewed, Grisi and Mario had revolted, Lumley was scouring the continent for a new *troupe*, and there was a chance for Alboni

She was engaged by Beale, and on low terms, for she was yet unknown to the London public. How should she have been otherwise, for nineteen summers had barely ripened her voice into its perfection. Her voice had been singularly sweet and sonorous in the small theatre of Dresden, but would it have power enough to fill a large theatre? This was yet to be tried. The evening came, and saw that the theatre was full, with the same absence of expectation that had attended her previous *début* at Dresden. But here she had a part that suited her natural voice, and the orchestra and chorus were the finest in the world. The audience were moved into absolute enthusiasm, and Alboni took her rank, at the age of nineteen, beside Grisi. The mere girl of years had achieved one of the proudest positions on the lyric stage, and when the season ended, had a name accepted in the musical history of the European drama. Then came the second season, with every critic awakened by the recess from the stupor into which he had been lulled by the wonders of her vocalization.

But now came the period in which Alboni was to experience the kindness of managers. Beale had resigned the responsibilities of his office to Mr. Delafield, and one of the principal sufferers, or, at least, one of the first sufferers from the exchange, was Alboni. The management pretended to treat with her until late in the winter, and then broke off, having formed an engagement with a *contralto*, new to the English stage, and more manageable, if not so fair and richly-gifted an *artiste* as Alboni. Paying, however, but little attention to this, she was at work on her reputation. The management of the French Opera engaged her for a limited number of nights. Here was a second ordeal for her to go through, as formidable as had been her *début* on the London boards. At the *Académie*, for it was at this theatre, and not at the Italian, her first appearance in Paris took place,* she had, however, a crowded audience to appeal to. Every musical and critical pair of ears in Paris made a point of being there—doubly critical, and we had almost said musical—because they had to sit in judgment on an Italian with an English reputation. Need we say that Alboni was triumphantly successful. She did not, however, stay on the French boards where she could only appear as a concert singer. Vatel was displaced from the management of the Italian, and Ronconi became the temporary lessee. Alboni was engaged, and at the same time Lumley offered her a position for the season of the present year at Her Majesty's theatre, which she accepted.

It would, however, be useless to follow her through the intrigue of the engagement, and trace the attempt made by Lumley to tie her down to the fortune of his theatre for three years. This, Alboni steadily refused, and the result has been the engagement of the Countess of Rossi—Madame Sontag—in her place.

That Madlle. Alboni is a great *artiste* no doubt can now exist; and that she is one of the most amiable and simple-hearted *artistes* who ever trod the boards of a theatre, few who know her would for a moment doubt. With all her genius, she is but a good-hearted child in manners and bearing, open-hearted, affectionate, and generous to an excess few who do not know her would give even an Italian credit for. Her career is but begun; let us hope that it may be to the full as brilliant and as lengthy a one as that of any of the children of Italian song who have preceded her on the French and English stage. She has everything before her; with health and genius, her position, an already ascertained one, and barely a score of years taled off against her by that great consumer of all things—Time—what is there to which she cannot pretend that lies within the scope of her talents and her sex? Nothing!

* The writer is in error. Alboni appeared at the *Italiens* as Arsace, in *Semiramide*. She was offered an engagement at the *Académie*, but always declined it.—Ed.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT LIVERPOOL.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

The Liverpool Philharmonic Society gave a full-dress concert, the first since their opening festival, at their new hall on Tuesday evening last; the company, as usual, comprising the *élite* of the neighbourhood, and the spacious hall, despite the inclemency of the weather, was perhaps better filled than upon any former occasion.

The programme was meagre, and held out but faint hopes of more than ordinary enjoyment, and consequently we had made up our minds to be satisfied.

Zauberflote was the opening overture, but it was not played in the same style that we have hitherto heard the instrumental performances given by this society; the stringed instruments in particular wanted their usual precision, and gave evidence of a lack of practice together; indeed, the band altogether, with such an energetic conductor as Mr. T. Z. Herrmann, are certainly far below what the subscribers have a right to expect, and they would derive very considerable advantage from a closer attention to the *baton* of their conductor.

Festa's madrigal, "Down in a flowery vale," by the chorus of the society, followed; and it is only just to this body of amateurs to say that in this madrigal, and particularly in the chorus from *William Tell*, "Glory to our Father-land" they acquitted themselves in such style that left the impression that as a chorus they are certainly not out-done by any body of amateurs in the country. There is all that the author would wish to paint in his composition, due respect being paid to light and shade, and altogether their efforts seem so natural and easy, that we set them down as a pattern to the generality of chorus singers.

Miss Catherine Hayes was introduced in Bellini's charming "Come per me sereno," and never did we hear this lady to so great advantage as on this occasion. Both in this and in Donizetti's morceau "O luce di quest' anima," in which she was deservedly encored, she acquitted herself with more than usual effect; and such was her rendering of the music assigned to her, that the whole of the audience were delighted, and she fully sustained the reputation she had previously earned with them. She is a general favorite, and the more we hear her, the more we like her.

Miss Poole was at home in Benedict's song, "By the sad sea waves," the author accompanying her. Bishop's duet, "Meet again," by Misses Hayes and Poole, was a rich treat, and merited an encore. MM. Damke and Burdini disappointed us, and it was perhaps as well that they had not more to do.

With the exceptions we have named, the concert was rather a tame one, and below what we have a right to look for from the Liverpool Philharmonic Society. It did not show good judgment to wind up with "Hark! 'tis the Indian Drum," by the whole of the vocal talent, and we hope the committee will not make such a mistake again.

We are glad that the prices on this occasion were more moderate, thus putting it within reach of all parties to share in such entertainments.

In conclusion, we congratulate the society on their position, and are glad to see them encouraging native talent.

One word to the band; we have noticed before, and the fault still remains, that each one seems determined to play as loud as he can, and it frequently happens that the voice is drowned by their exertions. The band has always been too loud, and particularly in piano passages—in which they would do well to take a hint from the chorus of the society.

The Keans have been playing at the Theatre Royal during the week, in the *Wife's Secret*, *Strathmore*, and their other favourite pieces. Mrs. Charles Kean's beautiful acting has, as usual, excited the admiration of the audiences; but more of this next week.

The Ransford family gave their musical entertainments this week at the Concert Hall. Miss Ransford is a well-established favourite at this place of amusement, and her father and brother, who take the bass and tenor parts, are respectable singers. The elder Mr. Ransford made himself "at home" in the humorous vein.

The Philharmonic Society is about to give a performance of vocal and instrumental music under the designation of a "Soiree Musicale." The object is to afford amateurs on the pianoforte an opportunity of hearing the performance of compositions of various styles, both ancient and modern, in those pieces which come under the denomination of chamber music. The programme is of the most *recherché* character. The practice at Willis's Room, and other celebrated places of metropolitan esteem, has formed the basis of the arrangement for the impending soiree; and, whilst the instrumental performers are eminent for ability, several new compositions will be performed, including a quatuor by Mendelssohn, for the pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello. Madame Dulcken, M. de Kontski, Madlle. Schloss, and several other popular artistes are; I believe, engaged.

Mr. Joseph Scates gave a Concertina Soiree at the Royal Assembly Rooms on Thursday evening last, the room was well and fashionably attended. The chief feature of the evening was the overtures to *Semiramide*, and *Zampa*, on four concertinas, two trebles, tenor, and bass, by J. Scates, Mrs. J. Scates, G. H. Lake, and J. Case, also a quartette on airs, from *La Figlia del Regimento*, which was encored. In the course of the evening Mr. Scates played a solo on airs from *Linda di Chamouni*, a duett for two treble concertinas with Mrs. Scates, on airs from *Norma*, also a duett for treble and bass with J. Case, on airs from *I Puritani*, each of which was applauded. Mons. Welhi astonished the audience with his performance on the pianoforte. He played a fantasia on airs from *Maritana*, and being encored he gave "God save the Queen," with variations for the left hand only. The vocalists were Miss Cubitt, from London; Miss Whitnall; Miss Stewart, from London; Mr. Geo. Buckland, and Mr. Robinson. Miss Cubitt sang "Se m' Abbandoni," and a ballad, "I would not if I could forget," and on being encored, she substituted "John Anderson my Joe," which delighted the audience. Miss Whitnall sang "Think of me," with an obligato accompaniment for the concertina, and was encored in the Scotch ballad, "Sandy and Jenny." Miss Stewart sang "Ocean, thou mighty monster" and "I'm a merry Zingara," a duett with Miss Cubitt, "Merry Bells," and G. H. Lake's "Spirit Song," with Miss Cubitt and Geo. Buckland. Mr. Robinson sang "Or che in cielo." Mr. G. Buckland was encored in "Philip the Falconer," and an extravaganza, "Jack and the Bean Stalk," when he substituted "Robinson Crusoe," and "Sally Shalley," for which he received great applause. J. H. N.

13th Oct., 1849.

MUSIC AT NORWICH.

(From a Correspondent.)

Scarcely had the lofty strains of Handel's "Judas Maccabæus" ceased to vibrate in the ears of our fellow citizens, than their appetite for music (well known to be voracious) was excited by a treat of a different order. Its leading feature was the first appearance here of the far-famed Madame Sontag, which had been postponed in consequence of the severe loss that Norwich has recently sustained. This great attraction, together with that of Thalberg, the Briareus of pianoforte players, filled the reserved seats of St. Andrew's Hall, on Monday evening, with an unusually fashionable audience, drawn, not only from the city, but from all parts of the county.

Of Madame Sontag it is impossible to speak otherwise than in terms of encomium. This lady's intonation, scaling, execution, and expression, all denote the great artiste. Her voice, though severely tasked by encores, preserved its freshness to the last note. As examples of the scope of her powers, we may quote the variations to Rode's air, and Bishop's "Home, sweet Home." Nothing can be more opposite than the styles of these two compositions, yet Madame Sontag was equally great in both. In the former she revelled through a couple of octaves with the utmost facility, grace, and precision. In the latter she exhibited sweetness of tone and a melting pathos that went at once to the heart. We hold with Dr. Beattie, that "a fine female voice, modulated by sensibility, is the sweetest sound in art or nature." Madame Sontag had already been heard in music as good, sung, too, as finely; but this air produced the most rapturous applause. Why? Because the *whole* audience understood the language, and felt that "the sound was an echo to the sense."

The efforts of the other vocalists confirmed us in the opinions we have already expressed, and which need not be repeated.

Mons. Thalberg developed all the high qualities we have attempted to describe, in his "New Tarantella," and especially in the airs "Deh vieni alla finestra," and "Meco tu dei ballari," from Il Don Giovanni.

THE ALFRED JUBILEE.

Wednesday, the 25th day of October, in the year of grace 1849, was a grand day for the folk of Wantage. It may not be generally remembered that that town is the birthplace of our good old Saxon King Alfred; or that the day above written is the 1000th anniversary of the birthday of that monarch. This being the case, it was resolved, by a body of gentlemen—cultivators of Anglo-Saxon literature, and proud of their Anglo-Saxon race—to celebrate the auspicious occasion by a festival or jubilee. Accordingly, a committee was formed, and the necessary steps taken. Yesterday the town presented, as if by magic, all the appearance of a holiday. The shops were closed, except hotels and refreshment houses. The streets were decorated with banners bearing appropriate inscriptions; over the approaches were spanned triumphal arches of boughs and flowers; and, at an early hour, crowds of all ranks thronged towards the market-place by every sort of conveyance, natural and artificial. Divine service was performed at 11 o'clock in the church, and shortly afterwards, at the Town Hall, an address or lecture was delivered by Major Bell, upon the history and traditions of King Alfred, with an eulogy upon his character. The Rev. Mr. C. L. Richmond, who had come from America to attend this Anglo-Saxon jubilee, also made an eloquent and energetic speech to the crowd

assembled outside. After this a procession, consisting of the clubs and the guests, visited King Alfred's Well, about a quarter of a mile off, and supposed to be on the site of the ancient stronghold or castle of the West Saxon Kings. Here an address was delivered by the Rev. F. Revroux upon the life and character of King Alfred. Meanwhile, on the common, a little outside the town, a magnificent ox was slowly and majestically turning upon an iron crate, worked by a steam-engine, before a huge fire, contained in a convenient brick receptacle built for the purpose. Another old English custom was revived in the greased May-pole, which, surmounted by a leg of mutton, the prize of the adventurous climber, towered high in the centre of the market-place. At two o'clock a distribution of meat was made in the Market-house to the poor; and half an hour afterwards 100 impressions of the medal which had been struck upon the occasion were thrown among the people. The appearance of the town during all these proceedings was most lively and exhilarating; and it was as favourable a specimen as was ever seen of hearty English merriment and joyous excitement without license or outrage.

At three o'clock the guests assembled to dinner in the large room of the Alfred's Head Inn, Mr. C. Eyston, of Hendred House, occupying the chair. Among the company present we observed Mr. P. Pusey, M.P.; Sir Robert Throckmorton, of Buckland Park; Mr. Temple-Bowdoin, Faringdon House; Mr. E. M. Atkins; Mr. W. Goodwin, of Lettcombe Regis; the Rev. Dr. Whittingham, of Childrey; Mr. J. Britton, the celebrated antiquarian; Dr. Waddilove; Mr. W. J. Evelyn, M.P. for Surrey; Mr. Martin J. Tupper, the popular author of *Proverbial Philosophy*. Several members of the Pulford, the Brereton, the Tuffnell, and the Whitaker families were present, and the Rev. C. L. Richmond, from the United States, sat opposite the chairman. The room was handsomely decorated with streamers and banners, amongst which were conspicuous the stars and stripes of America in friendly union with our own national emblems. The demand for dinner tickets was very great. A great number of ladies dined, which of course greatly added to the attraction.

The Chairman gave "Her Majesty's health, as the successor to the throne and virtues of King Alfred," and the toast was received with prolonged cheering.

The other loyal toasts were then given, and during the intervals a most pleasurable interest was excited by the production of an extraordinary relic of antiquity, which Mr. Pusey had kindly permitted to be used upon an occasion so apposite. It was the "Pusey horn," fashioned into a stoup or drinking cup, presented by King Canute to the ancestors of Mr. Pusey. It is in fact the original tenure of the Pusey property, and is inalienable from it. This precious heirloom was produced, as Mr. Pusey informed the company, in a law court, as evidence in a suit, and the court so decided that it was inalienable.

Dr. Giles, the secretary, by whose exertions, coupled with those of Mr. Martin Tupper, the jubilee was mainly got up, proposed the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:—

"1. That the old Grammar School of Wantage be revived and enlarged, under the name of King Alfred's College, and that a mechanics' institute be opened with it in this town.

"2. That for the purpose of accomplishing this good work, a general subscription list be opened immediately, to which all of the Anglo-Saxon race who reverence the name and memory of Alfred are invited to contribute.

"3. That for the purpose of aiding the subscription, and at the same time of furnishing subscribers with a record of the Great Alfred, and of this his jubilee year, an edition of his works, in one volume folio, splendidly illustrated, be immediately undertaken by competent Anglo-Saxon scholars, to be called the 'Jubilee edition of the Works of King Alfred the Great.'

"4. That every subscriber of three guineas and upwards be presented with a copy of the above-named work.

"5. That the governors of the town-lands being, by virtue of their office, guardians of the old Wantage Grammar-school, be requested to become members of this committee, and that the committee be empowered to add to their numbers."

The Chairman, in putting the question, eulogised the character of King Alfred as a scholar, as well as a monarch; and after briefly adverting to his literary works and the translations he had made, observed that in no more appropriate way could they do honour to the memory of Alfred than by promoting the cause of education and knowledge.

Mr. Tupper, in proposing the toast, "The Anglo-Saxon all over the world," observed that the feeling which had dictated this movement was rapidly spreading, not only in this country but in India and America, and wherever Anglo-Saxons were to be found. In Liverpool and London there would shortly be meetings with the same views and objects.

The Rev. C. L. Richmond also addressed the company, assuring them of the fraternal sympathies of his countrymen; and he read letters from Mr. Abbot Lawrence, the newly arrived Minister of the United States, and also from Colonel T. Aspinall, for thirty years Consul in London from the United States, both expressing their sympathy with the objects of the jubilee, their desire to forward a design for promoting unanimity between Anglo-Saxons all over the world, and their regret at not being able to be present at the festival.

A great many original songs were sung and verses recited during the day.

When the time approached at which the last up-train would leave Faringdon-road station, those of the guests who were bound for London departed, but local residents appeared disposed to somewhat prolong their festivities. And so ended the great gala day of Wantage.

DRURY LANE.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

JULLIEN has returned to the scene of his triumphs. Drury Lane opened last evening with the first of his annual series of musical entertainments. The theatre has undergone some alterations in reference to the convenience of the perambulators. The reading-room is enlarged, and the confection room considerably improved. The decorations and illuminations are as gorgeous and brilliant as ever.

As far as we are concerned, we are sorry that Jullien commences his concerts on a Friday. We are thus precluded from entering into details of the performance, as our paper goes to press early on Saturday morning. Our readers must, therefore, rest content with a very cursory notice.

The entertainments opened with the overture to *Masaniello*, followed by a quadrille founded on airs from the same opera. Of the other performance of the first part, we can only select the *allegro* and "Storm" from Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," which was finely played; Jetty Treffz, "Batti Batti," and a new quadrille taken from the *Prophète*.

Jetty Treffz was received with loud and prolonged cheers. The audience recognised a welcome and honoured favourite, and treated her accordingly. Her charming and plaintive singing of Mozart's exquisite song won an enthusiastic encore. The delightful artist also obtained an encore in her popular ballad, "Altes Liebeslied," which she gave with infinite point and vivacity. Jetty Treffz is engaged by Jullien for all the performances. Need we say, the enterprising conductor could have made no happier choice than in retaining the services of so accomplished a singer, and one who stands in such high favour with the public.

The National Anthem was performed, with immense effect, between the first and second parts.

In the second section, the most noticeable performance was the grand selection from the *Prophète*. Jullien, with felicitous tact, has brought in all the *morceaux* which were received with much favour at the Royal Italian Opera. The selection is good, and is capitally scored by the conductor. The audience were in raptures, and applauded every individual piece to the echo.

Solos were performed by Herr Kœnig on the corpet-à-piston, and Mr. Viotti Collins on the violin. Both were favourably received.

A *valse d'amour*, for two cornets, obtained unusual regard. It was capitally played by Herr Kœnig and Mr. Davis.

The concert terminated with Jullien's Polka from *La Figli del Reggimento*.

Jullien was hailed, on his entrance into the orchestra, with uproarious acclamations, which were continued for several minutes. The theatre was crowded in every nook and corner.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CLERGY AND CHURCH MUSIC.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Your correspondent "Civis" says well that clergymen are not generally qualified to undertake the office of "Vicars Choral," but I venture to differ from him as to professional men being best suited for the office, for the following reasons:—Church music should be performed or sung by educated and refined men, whose chief desire (to say nothing of interest) is to give an impressive solemnity to the words. To maintain that professional men are as zealous in religion as the clergy would be fruitless, because their vocation is as widely different as their companions, manner of living, meditations, and bias of minds. But the error is that the clergy in general set too little value upon religious music—they do not imitate King David and many of the Saints of old; no, they rather prefer to read their own long sermons than lose time in singing praises to God. They are much encouraged in this by the filthy lucre practice of advertising "popular preachers" in the daily newspapers, thus mustering together such Christians as the Bible condemns as having "itching ears." I feel assured that the clergy neglect their duty by neglecting music; it should constitute a part of their college education. Did not Martin Luther incite love and devotion among his followers by his love and zeal in music, aided by other means? Look, on the other hand, at our parochial churches. Is not the praise of God left in the hands of charity children, who are often derided because they cannot pronounce the vulgar tongue in a civil manner? The shame lies with the mock education they receive.

If singing be a worthy means of offering up our praises, ought it not to be done with all the intelligence and fervour man can devise? The influence of noble religious music is known; and the effect of poor music, poorly done, could it prove a good, bad, wise, or foolish man? I therefore think that the clergy (especially now) should study the theory and practice of music and singing. It requires only attention to the production of tone, and refined tone of the mind, to make a singer. The majority of the clergy would soon qualify themselves for *vicars choral*, if they wished to improve church singing; for whatever may be the opinion of "Civis," I beg to assure him that the Rev. Dr. Wesley would sing an anthem better than many professional men; I know many clergymen, who, with study, would sing with more refined and devotional feeling than those from whose throat issues bulky sounds, yet feebly resembling adoration. Being the son of a clergyman, and having brothers, uncles, and cousins in the church, I may be supposed to be interested in all that concerns it; and should my views respecting the musical education of the clergy meet with the same encouragement that my opinions on other matters relative to church singing, especially the mode of dividing words in chanting, I shall feel honoured and glad that I have written on the subject.—I am, sir, yours obliged, French Flowers.

8, *Keppel Street, Russell Square.*

P.S.—If verbal errors be printed, your readers may attribute them to the hurry of the press.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Haymarket.—Mr. Morris Barnett's comedy, in three acts, entitled the *Serious Family*, was produced on Tuesday evening, and met with a most brilliant and well-merited success. Want of space precludes us from giving a detailed notice, which the deserts of the work are entitled to. Next week we shall not fail to render a full account.

Mr. H. C. Cooper.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—This well-known violinist is at present at Clifton, busily engaged in making arrangements for the performance of Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, and Mendelssohn's music to *Athalie*. The choruses, which will be chiefly sustained by the Bristol Classical Harmonist Society, are already in the course of rehearsal under the direction of Mr. P. J. Smith. The principal vocalists engaged, are Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Williams, Mrs. P. J. Smith, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Lawler. The performance will come off about the middle of December, at the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, and will be given under influential patronage. During the temporary residence of Mr. Cooper, at Clifton, his services have been in constant requisition, and frequent musical meetings have taken place, the chief of which, have been held at the residence of G. T. Ames, Esq., a distinguished and liberal patron of music. On these occasions, the *élite* of the neighbourhood have attended by special invitation, and many of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Spohr, and other eminent composers, have been most effectively performed. It is hoped that these *Unions*, which afforded so much pleasure, and which are so well calculated to encourage a taste for music of the highest order, will be continued.

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PROGRAMME FOR MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, 1849.

PART I.

Overture	*Eurganthe,*	*Weber.*
Quadrille	*Palmyra,* (2nd time at these Concerts,)	*Jullien.*
Solo	Flute, Mr. PRATTEN, (1st time).	
New Polka	"The Cossack Polka," founded on Siberian Melodies, (1st time)	*Jullien*
Symphony	"The Allegretto," from the Symphony in F,	*Beethoven.*
Aria	Madlle. JETTY TREFFZ.	
New Quadrille	*Le Prophète,*	*Jullien.*

PART II.

Opera	*Le Prophète,*—Grand Selection, with Solos, by Herr KŒNIG, Herr ADOLPHE KŒNIG, Mr. PRATTEN, Mr. STREATHER, Herr HARNOLD, Mr. J. THOMPSON, and Mr. TRUST,	*Meyerbeer.*
Aria	"Liebchen, wo bist du?" (Sung by Madlle. JETTY TREFFZ.)	*Marschner.*
Valse à Deux Temps	"Olga, or Princess's Valse," (1st time this Season)	*Jullien.*
Solo Pianoforte	Miss DAY.	
Polka	"Jupiter,"	*Kœnig.*

The Concerts will Commence at Eight, and Terminate before Eleven.

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For Programme, see the *Times* of Monday, November 5th.

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"My Heart flies home to thee." Ballad, sung by Mr. Harrison	2	0
"A poor simple Maiden am I." Sung by Miss Pyne	2	0

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No. 45.—Vol. XXIV. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1849. { PRICE THREEPENCE. STAMPED FOURPENCE.

EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

Oh yes! oh yes! Lost! Young Cupid the runaway—early,
Early this morning he stray'd, flying away from his bed.
'Tis a boy, coaxing with tears, most talkative, swift, and audacious,
Pertly he laughs; on his back, wings and a quiver he bears.
Who is his father I cannot explain. Not Æther, the ancient;
Neither the Earth, nor the Sea, own to the impudent boy?
Ev'rywhere is he detested by ev'ry one. Only be cautious
Since he is likely to spread snares to entangle your heart.
Stop, yet stop, for behold he's in cover; I plainly discern thee
In Zenophile's eyes hidden, thou bow-bearing god! J. O.

CHOPIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, November, 1849.

Frederic Chopin was born at Zelazowavola, near Warsaw, in 1810, and died in Paris on the 17th of last month, before he had completed his 40th year. His first master for the pianoforte was Zywni, a Bohemian, who, perhaps, but for the celebrity of his pupil, would never have been heard of beyond the limits of his own birth-place. His master in composition was Elsner, director of the Conservatoire at Warsaw. After pursuing his studies for some years at home, Chopin, still very young, visited the principal cities of Austria, Prussia, Saxony, and Bavaria. In 1831, he played at some public concerts in Vienna, and subsequently at Munich. The sensation he produced on these occasions does not stand upon record. Little, indeed, is known of Chopin's early life until 1832, when he came to Paris. Here he took lessons on the pianoforte of the late Kalkbrenner, whose reputation as a professor was then very high. This fact, for some unfathomable reason, was always kept a secret by Chopin and his friends. It is, nevertheless, true, and it is also true that Mendelssohn, who was in Paris at that time, and with whom Chopin had contracted an intimacy, expressed his surprise on learning from Chopin himself that he had come to Paris for the purpose of studying under Kalkbrenner. "Why," said Mendelssohn, always quick to appreciate talent in others, "you play *better* than Kalkbrenner." From 1832 until the time of his death, Chopin remained established at Paris, only quitting it at intervals and for short periods. There he acquired a reputation which, from a peculiar combination of circumstances, placed him quite apart from his contemporaries. Chopin's connexion was among the highest circles of society, where he was received as an equal. His polished manners, cultivated mind, and a certain fine irony which coloured his conversation, rendered him the idol of the drawing-room and the boudoir. His society was courted by those whom men in his own sphere are assiduously prone to court, and the lessons which he was induced to give, at rare intervals and at a high price, were sought with the utmost avidity. Happy was the lady of rank who could count upon a few lessons from Chopin without interruption. Owing to the extreme delicacy of his health, Chopin seldom played in public, and when, at intervals few and far between, he was persuaded to give a concert and execute some of his own compositions before a select audience, the occasion was considered too precious to be lost, and the tickets, limited in number, were eagerly purchased. Owing to his retired way of living, and his habitual reserve, Chopin had few friends in the profession; and, indeed, spoiled from his original nature by the caprice of society, he was too apt to treat his brother artists with a supercilious *hauteur*, which many his equals, and a few, his superiors, were wont to stigmatize as insulting. But from want of sympathy with the man, they overlooked the fact that a pulmonary complaint, which for years had been gradually wasting him to a shadow, rendered him little fit for the enjoyments of society or the relaxations of artistic conviviality. In short, Chopin, in self-defence, was compelled to live in comparative seclusion; but we wholly disbelieve that this isolation had its source in unkindliness or egotism. We are the more inclined to this opinion by the fact that the few intimate friends whom he possessed in the profession (and some of those were pianists) were as devotedly attached to him as the most romantic of his aristocratic worshippers.

For the last few years the complaint which was consuming the life of Chopin obtained firmer and firmer hold, and its ravages were daily more perceptible. The events of 1848, which drove so many of all stations and pursuits from Paris, influenced Chopin among others, and induced him to pay a long contemplated visit to England, to whose hospitable shores some of his best friends had travelled for safety and protection. In London he gave two morning performances at Willis's Rooms, and played at the ball at Guildhall for the benefit of the Poles. These were his last appearances in public. In the autumn he was induced, at the solicitation of some friends, to visit Scotland, where he remained nearly six weeks. The climate of England was little calculated to stay the progress of his malady, but the keen breezes of the Scottish hills were ten times more inimical, and Chopin returned to Paris completely exhausted. He left his old apartments, which he had inhabited for so many years, and removed to the Place Vendôme, where his sister, Madame Jendrzejovicz, came expressly from Poland to watch over his last hours. Here he lingered for six weeks, getting worse and worse, until the hand of his unpitying malady dealt him the final blow, and he expired on the morning of Wednesday, the 17th ult., in the arms of M. Goodman, his friend and pupil, his sister and one or two intimate associates being present.

Chopin, who was a Catholic, having always expressed a wish that the Requiem of Mozart should be performed at his funeral it was determined that his desire should be accomplished. By the interest of his friends, the consent of the Archbishop of Paris was obtained, and, contrary to all precedent, no less than to canonic prohibitions, the aid of women's voices was allowed. When the Requiem of Mozart was played at the funeral of

Nourrit, the popular singer, the last time such an honour was conferred on the memory of a musician, the restriction against female voices was not attempted to be broken.

The ceremony, which took place on Tuesday (the 30th ult.,) at noon, in the Church of the Madeleine, was one of the most imposing we ever remember to have witnessed. The great door of the church was hung with black curtains, with the initials of the deceased, "F. C.," emblazoned in silver. On our entry we found the vast area of the modern Parthenon entirely crowded. The nave and aisles, the choir, the galleries above the magnificent porticos that adorn the walls, the interstices behind and between the columns of the porticos, the organ gallery, and the gallery that runs round the choir, immediately under the windows, were alive with human beings, who had come to see the last of Frèderic Chopin. Many, perhaps, had never heard of him before—for Chopin's was neither a popular talent nor a popular name—many more were doubtless indifferent both to the man and to his influence; some few were there who felt a deep and sincere interest in the proceedings; but the pomp and pageantry had an equal attraction for all. There could not have been less than 4000 persons present. In the space that separates the nave from the choir, a lofty mausoleum had been erected, hung with black and silver drapery, with the initials "F. C." emblazoned on the pall. At noon the service began. The orchestra and chorus (both from the Conservatoire, with M. Girard, as conductor), and the principal singers (Madame Viardot Garcia, Madame Castellan, Signor Lablache, and M. Alexis Dupont), were placed at the extreme end of the church, a black drapery concealing them from view. When the service commenced the drapery was partially withdrawn, and exposed the male executants to view, concealing the women, whose presence being uncanonical, was to be felt, not seen. A solemn march was then struck up by the band, during the performance of which the coffin containing the body of the deceased was slowly carried up the middle of the nave. Meyerbeer, Camille Pleyel, the Prince Czartoryski, Eugene Delacroix (the painter), and other well-known individuals, officiated as chief mourners, each holding a *cordon* of the pall. As soon as the coffin was placed in the mausoleum, Mozart's Requiem was begun. The imposing effect of this mighty inspiration, with such executants, and on such an occasion, needs not be told. The march that accompanied the body to the mausoleum was Chopin's own composition, from his first pianoforte sonata, instrumented for the orchestra by M. Henri Reber. During the ceremony M. Lefébure Wély, organist of the Madeleine, performed two of Chopin's preludes upon the organ, one of the finest in Paris. The solos in the Requiem were sung by the four artists we have named above. After the service, M. Wély played a voluntary, introducing themes from Chopin's compositions, while the crowd dispersed with decorous gravity. The coffin was then carried from the church, all along the Boulevards, to the cemetery of Père la Chaise—a distance of three miles at least—Meyerbeer and the other chief mourners, who held the *cordons*, walking on foot, bare-headed. A vast number of carriages followed, and the procession was beset and incommoded by crowds of curious people. At Père la Chaise, in one of the most secluded spots, near the tombs of Habeneck and Marie Milanollo, the coffin was deposited, in a newly-made grave. The friends and admirers took a last look, ladies in deep mourning threw garlands and flowers upon the coffin, and then the gravedigger resumed his work, and began filling up the pit which he had dug for the last home of poor Chopin. The ceremony was performed in silence. Much to the disappointment of many persons, but in consonance, we are disposed to believe, with the wishes of the deceased, no discourse was pronounced over the body.

This is not the place to criticise the merits of Chopin as a pianist and composer. Time will show, when the influence of his presence amongst us has faded away, whether the high reputation he enjoyed as a composer (of his peculiar merits as a pianist there cannot be a question) was wholly or partially merited, or whether, as some insist, his genius and influence have been greatly overrated by his immediate circle of admirers, and only tacitly admitted by the mass, who, knowing little or nothing of his writings, were too apathetic, or too indifferent, to examine them on their own account. At any rate, it must be acknowledged that Chopin, by some means or other, was able to acquire the name of a musician at once profound and inventive, and, whatever may be our own opinion, we are not at present inclined to dispute his claims to be considered one of the most original, if not one of the most gifted and accomplished, composers who have contributed to the *repertoire* of the pianoforte. He produced, in all, sixty-eight works, among which were two grand concertos with orchestra, other pieces with orchestral accompaniments, two grand sonatas for piano alone, a sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, several books of studies and preludes, besides a number of nocturnes, polonaises, ballads, scherzos, mazurkas, and other smaller compositions. Of these, his studies, a capital work, have been unanimously regarded as his best serious effort, and his mazurkas, which are remarkable for a certain air of fantastic melancholy, as the most pleasing and original of his *bagatelles*. Chopin wrote nothing for the voice, at least nothing that is extant. His unpublished manuscripts were, we believe, at his own request, destroyed some time before his death. D.

TO CARLOTTA GRISI.

(On her late rentrée at the Theatre de la Nation.)

Hier je vous revis, Carlotta, dans Giselle,
Et plus légère encore, plus riante et plus belle.
Tojours quand vous apparaissez
De quelqu' attrait nouveau vous embellissez;
Et de plus près vous effleurez encore
Ce ciel d'or et d'azur que Ciceri* décore;
De ce doux ciel, aimable déité,
Nymphe et Grâce a la fois, O reine de la danse!

Dans tous vos pas, que regle une heureuse cadence,
L'abandon même a sa decence,
La pudeur a sa volupté.
Quoi d'etonnant, en ce degré suprême,
Qu'on vous applaudisse et vous aime,
Et qu'on jette à vos pieds vainqueurs
Et bravos, et bouquets, et couronnes de fleurs?
Ne les dedaignez pas, ces couronnes légères,
Et moins fraiches que vous—plus durable pourtant
Qu'au front des rois héréditaires
Maint diadème d'or, que brise, en un instant,
Quelque vent echappé des outres populaires.
L'artiste est le seul roi, par la grâce de Dieu,
Qui regne, et regnera, de tout temps, en tout lieu;

Sa royauté c'est son genie,
Il ne la perd qu'avec la vie.
Dans la foule de pretendants
Toujours on peut choisir des rois, des presidents;
Mais bien qu'incessament Dieu protège la France;
Que deviendrions nous (je frémis quand j'y pense)
S'il nous fallait à l'Opera,
Trouver, tous les quatre ans, une autre CARLOTTA!

ALEXANDRE DUFAI.

Paris, Octobre, 1849.

* Ciceri is the principal scene painter at the Opera; the Grieve of Paris.

JETTY TREFFZ.

THE engagement of this popular and charming singer by M. Jullien, for his concerts at Drury Lane Theatre, appears to have given the highest satisfaction, both to the public and the press. The encores and applause bestowed on her performances, night after night, sufficiently attest the public favour, while the unanimous voice of the daily and weekly papers is in consonance with the opinion of the crowds that honour M. Jullien's concerts with their presence. The following paragraphs are extracted from some of the notices of the first concert.

(From the Morning Herald.)

M. Jullien's arrangements are upon the same colossal scale as before. He has secured an enormous battalion of instrumentalists, including in its ranks the *élite* of the profession; besides certain solo players of renown, who are promised to make nightly displays. The vocal feature has not been neglected, and the star of the present season is to be Jetty Treffz, a singer, who gained, during the last London concert season, golden opinions from all sorts of people. No other vocalist would have been so judicious a choice as this, for the grace and sweetness with which Jetty warbles our national ballads, as well as music of a higher and more classic cast, proclaim her to be a fitting coadjutor in any musical undertaking of a popular character, and particularly so in the case of Jullien's concerts, where the auditory consists of myriads, to whom simple and unaffected airs are always welcome. Mdlle. Jetty Treffz was welcomed with acclamation, proving the high position of favour to which she has attained. Her reading of the enchanting "Batti, batti," was delightfully naive and engaging; and the encore that it challenged was enthusiastic; though she thought proper to sing "Home, sweet home," instead. The eternal "Trep, trep," which she sang in the second act, was, as it always is, an enticing piece of vocalism; and its repetition was insisted upon with vehemence.

(From the Daily News.)

Some relief is given to the instrumental music by the vocal performances of Madlle. Jetty Treffz, who is retained by M. Jullien for these concerts. This accomplished singer has already been favourably noticed by us on her appearance last season at the Philharmonic and other concerts, for her pure and finished interpretation of classical music, especially Mozart's, whose text she never desecrates with the interpolated roulades and ornaments by which we are too frequently doomed to hear good taste outraged at the hands of popular singers. Madlle. Treffz sang last night "Batti, batti," and Kücken's "Altes Liebeslied," in such a manner as to justify our high opinion of her merits, and to win the favour of her audience. She was unanimously encored in both, and in place of the former substituted the English ballad of "Home, sweet home."

(From the Morning Post.)

The principal musical features of the night, were the first appearance of Jetty Treffz at these concerts, and a fantasia from airs in *Le Prophète*. The lady was warmly welcomed, and encored in "Batti, batti;" upon which she substituted Bishop's ballad, "Home, sweet home." She afterwards sang her popular song, "Trep! trep! trep!" on which a similar compliment was paid to the pretty German.

(From the Morning Chronicle.)

To add variety to the instrumental performances, M. Jullien has also secured the services of that favourite vocalist, Jetty Treffz. Mdlle. Jetty Treffz, on her first appearance, was rapturously welcomed and was encored in the two airs allotted to her. "Her first *aria* was the "Batti, batti," from *Don Giovanni*, which she rendered with great finish, and on its being redemanded, she substituted her favourite "Home, sweet home." Kücken's *aria*, "Altes Liebeslied," was the medium through which this young lady first won, we might almost say, the affections of an English audience, and it had to be repeated twice last night

(From the Sun.)

Madlle. Jetty Treffz is also engaged, and last night she sang "Batti, batti," from *Don Giovanni*, with exquisite grace, and, on being encored she substituted for it the English ballad, "Home, sweet home," which we have never heard so exquisitely, so feelingly rendered, as it was last evening by Jetty Treffz. In the second part, she sang the celebrated "Trep, trep," in which, of course, she was rapturously encored.

(From the Times.)

The appearance of Madlle. Jetty Treffz, who has been announced by M. Jullien as the vocal attraction of his concerts, was hailed by unanimous applause. The choice of such a quiet melody as Mozart's "Batti, batti," in a programme composed almost exclusively of noisy and brilliant pieces, might have been regarded as hazardous; but the unaffected and charming manner in which it was sung by Madlle. Treffz (who was ably accompanied by Mr. Collins in the violoncello *obbligato*) secured its favourable reception. In obedience to the general demand for an encore, Madlle. Treffz returned to the orchestra, but, instead of repeating Mozart's air, she sang the English ballad of "Home, sweet home," with that winning simplicity of style which we have remarked on previous occasions. A strong desire was evinced by a part of the audience to have the lady on for the third time, but this was wisely suppressed. The other vocal piece was Kücken's sparkling romance, "Altes Liebeslied," (popularly known as "Trep, trep, trep,") which of course gained another encore for Madlle. Treffz.

(From the Sunday Times.)

The engagement of Mdlle. Jetty Treffz is another important feature worthy of remark. We most earnestly hope, that the very expensive terms entered into with this fascinating cantatrice, will produce results as satisfactory through the month as it did on Friday evening. M. Jullien has, we understand, incurred the expense of paying for her *congé* from the Court Theatre, Vienna. She was enthusiastically received, and encored in all she executed. These comprised "Batti, batti," from Mozart's *Don Juan*. On being encored in this, she substituted "Home, sweet home." Kücken's "Altes Liebeslied," was her next, and shared a similar honour.

Nothing can be more unanimous. Nor is it astonishing that a style at once so pleasing and unpretending as that of Madlle. Jetty Treffz should find the warmest appreciation from amateurs of all schools of singing.

TO AMALIA GORBARI.

(On seeing her play "Linda di Chamouni.")

HER peasant beauty lingered first
Upon the charmed sight,
Until it's prison'd Spirit burst
To liquid floods of light!
A wild enchanting dream was told,
That gleam'd at every start,
And notes,—that fell like sparks of gold,
Came shining round the heart!

St. Petersburgh. E.

WINCKELMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BOOK III.

ON THE ART OF THE ETRURIANS AND THEIR NEIGHBOURS.

(Continued from page 676.)

CHAP. IV.

ON ART AMONG THE NATIONS BORDERING ON THE ETRURIANS.

XXIII. ALL the collections just mentioned I have often had an opportunity of seeing and of examining at my leisure; and I wish that I had with my own and not with others' eyes examined the vases in Sicily, for art did not flourish less then than in Magna Græcia. (*a*) I am, for want of more knowledge, obliged to confine myself to a mere indication of the places in that island where most of them have been collected, and these are Girgenti and Catanea.

XXIV. In the first of these places, several of the vases adorn the museum of the Bishop of the city, Lucchesi, who likewise possesses a fine cabinet of coins, and from whose museum I shall hereafter have occasion to cite two very ancient golden bowls. One of the finest vases is in the chancel of the Cathedral Church of the same city, and stands five Roman palms high. The figures are, as usual, yellow, on a black ground; and the style of the drawing, I am assured, accords with our notions of the highest style of art.

XXV. At Catanea, the Benedictines have in their museum above two hundred of these vases; and there is a collection

of no less importance in the possession of a worthy man and amateur of art—Prince Viscari. In both collections may be seen every possible form of these vessels, while rare incidents in the heroic history are painted upon them. (*b*)

XXVI. I am perfectly aware that the list I have of the celebrated collections of vases now in existence, ought to have followed what I have yet to say about these works, and that the use made of these vessels ages ago was no less to be noticed than the drawing and painting, since the nature of such works is thus shown more than by that historical information. The cause, however, of my changing this order has been the proof afforded by these collections, which have been made in countries inhabited by the Greeks, in refutation of the erroneous opinion that such vessels are the work of Etrurian artists. My real intention has been to be right about the name, which should be the first consideration in everything of which one treats.

XXVII. In the first place, with respect to the use of these vessels, there is found among them a great variety of sorts and forms, from the smallest, which must have served as a plaything for children (*c*), to those of three, four, and five feet high. The various forms of the larger ones is shown in books, where these are engraved in copper. They are put to different uses. In sacrifices, especially those to Vesta, the earthen vases are retained; some served to preserve the ashes of the dead; and, indeed, most of them have been found in ruined sepulchral monuments, by the city Nola, not far from Naples. Of several of these vases, which are kept by the castellan at Caserta, it is affirmed that they were discovered enclosed in a common stone; and another vase, which I have published in my "Monuments," is said to have been packed up in a similar manner (*d*). Upon this is painted a vase of the very same form, standing on a little mound, which, probably, is intended to represent a grave, like those in the earliest times. On each side of this painted vase stands a young male figure, entirely naked, with the exception of a garment hanging from the shoulder, and with a sword under the arm, after the manner of heroic figures (the sword was then termed παλαιον). My opinion is that the figures represent Orestes and Pylades at the grave of Agamemnon.

SELECT VARIORUM NOTES.

(*a*) From the earliest times, the art of making vessels of clay was known in Sicily. Carcinus, the father of Agathocles, was a potter. Diodorus, Ausonius, and Athenæus, mention the vessels made of clay in this island. Some are found, to which the name of *vasi sigillati* has been given, on account of the figures upon them resembling those made with a seal. Schiaro has given a copy and an explanation of two very fine vases of this sort.—*Fea.*

(*b*) As our author has mentioned all the important collections of ancient vases existing at his time, and known to him, we may add here a short list of the collections which are known to us. Some of them existed in Winckelmann's time, but escaped his attention: some were made afterwards.

In the first place, it will not be superfluous to mention, that the Hamilton collection, referred to by Winckelmann, and published by d'Hancarville, was, in the year 1772, sold by the owner to the British Museum for the sum of £8000 sterling.

Sir W. Hamilton afterwards collected a still more considerable number of painted vases, which, drawn under the direction of W. Tischbein, and furnished with explanations by the Chevalier Italinsky, was likewise published in four folio volumes. This collection also was to have been brought to England in 1798, but was partly lost by shipwreck. The remainder was sold at London for 4500 guineas, to Mr. Hope, who is said to possess 1500 vases of this kind.

There was once in England another large collection of painted vases, *viz.*, that of Lord Chwdor. This has not existed since 1806, having been sold by auction, and thus having increased both the Hope and other collections.

At Naples, several *dilettanti* possessed such vases in little museums, in a greater or smaller number. Some of these remain perhaps untouched; others have changed owners; while others have been absorbed into the second Hamilton collection. It would therefore be superfluous to say more about them; and we only mention two larger collections, which probably still exist. One is the Royal collection, very remarkable both for the number and the size of the vases; this was once kept in the gallery at Capo di Monte, in a room set apart for it. The other belongs to the family of Viverigio, at Nola, and contains about 300 good specimens, all of which were found in the vicinity of that town.

At Bologna, the Museum of the Institute has a number of painted vessels, several of which are good specimens.

In France, according to the information of Millin, there are in the Musée des Arts, entrusted to his superintendence, fifty excellent vases, and as large a number in the porcelain manufactory at Sevre. The same antiquarian gives a more circumstantial account of a collection in the latter place, belonging to M. de Parois, and containing upwards of 500 vases. He has also copied and explained several remarkable specimens. Mention is often made of a probably very considerable collection, founded at Malmaison, by the Empress Josephine; and in Millin's *Peintures de Vases Antiques*, various beautiful specimens from this collection are copied.

Germany cannot boast of any great wealth in antique painted vessels. The only collection of importance—and that we only know through vague information—belongs to Count Lamberg, at Vienna. He collected it while he was ambassador at Naples, during the latter part of last century. In the Museum of Antiquities at Dresden, there are some painted vessels of the kind, three or four of them with remarkable subjects. Some, too, are kept in the Ducal Library at Weimar, being brought out of Italy by the late Duchess Amelia. There is, however, only one which is very remarkable. This represents the Rape of Cassandra.—*Meyer.*

Two other collections are worth citing; one belonging to Sir James Coghill, many specimens of which have been published by James Millingen; and that of Duke Blacas, described by Gherardo de' Rossi. —*Eiselein.*

(*c*) Hancarville thinks that these small vases were not mere playthings, but were sacred utensils in the lararia, or domestic chapels of the ancients, just as the larger ones were in the public temples. There was once probably a manufactory of these small vessels between Sorienti and Massa, since it is not long since an uncommonly large number was dug up there,—all similar in form, and of the natural color of the clay.—*Fea.*

(*d*) In a hall of the studii at Naples, there is the so-called Viverigo vase, which represents the misfortunes of the family of Priam. This is remarkably beautiful in form, ornament, and painting, and was found enclosed in another earthen vessel of coarser clay.—*Eiselein.*

(To be continued.)

*** *The "Euterpe" of Herodotus will be continued next week.*

SONNET.

NO. CLVIII.

"Give, give us facts," is a most common cry,
Like many common cries, on error bas'd;
As if, when these same facts were safely cas'd
Within the mem'ry, there all truth would lie.
Is *that* a truth,—created but to die?
Is that a truth, writ but to be effac'd?
Think ye the great Idea can have trac'd
In such frail characters its purpose high?
A fact is but an impulse—that is all—
To rouse the soul, that she may search and find
Truth, not without, but in her inmost cell.
And few are those who comprehend the call,—
The rest see countless facts, but still are blind;
And seek not, much less taste, Truth's sacred well. N. D.

DRURY LANE.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

DESPITE the great attraction of Macready at the Haymarket, and the *Serious Family* on the alternate nights, at the same theatre, and despite the new opera of *King Charles the Second* at the Princess's, Drury Lane continues to be crammed to suffocation every night. Jullien's new star, Jetty Treffz, is the cynosure of his concerts. She excites a furore every time she is heard, and she has already obtained for herself a popularity seldom accorded to any singer.

It is unnecessary to refer to the different performances

during the week. We have chronicled the success of the first night, and we have but to iterate consecutive renewals of that success for every concert.

Of Mr. Jullien himself as a gentleman, and in his capacity of conductor, and of his efforts to uphold the art, we have frequently spoken—our opinions are known and need no repetition; but we are pleased to find one of the most rigid and impartial critics of the daily press substantiating all we had previously averred of the energetic and exuberant *chef-d'orchestre*. The following paragraph is extracted from the *Morning Herald*:—

The first concert of M. Jullien has therefore gone off just as brilliantly, and we presume, as profitably, as its predecessors, and we trust that there will never be any abatement of the latter fact during those which are to follow. Jullien's liberality of feeling and sympathising interest in the welfare of our professional instrumentalists has often been acknowledged, and we believe no one ever stood higher in the estimation of those whom he employs than himself. Few have evinced so generous and honourable a spirit in his connection with English artists, and they are not unmindful of their obligations. On the other hand he has done much to popularise good music in this country; his programmes have invariably contained a due proportion of the rational with the fantastic, while the former has been recommended by an integrity and excellence of execution which has never before been achieved, even in a remote degree, by a popular orchestra.

With every letter of the above paragraph we most cordially agree. Jullien has done much for music in this country. That he has not done more is none of his fault. He tried English opera on a grand scale at Drury Lane—the audiences were not prepared for it. Adversity taught him that his promenade concerts would suit the public and his pocket better, and so Jullien is likely to stick to his concerts for a long time, until the people have gained more taste, or he more money.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

The new three act comedy, produced last week at this theatre, has met with a success beyond that obtained for any work of the kind for a very long time. Mr. Morris Barnet is the author, and he may congratulate himself on having written a legitimate comedy,—a rare accomplishment now-a-days—and one which bids fair to become a standard work in the dramatic literature of the country.

The Serious Family is avowedly taken from a popular French *comedietta*, entitled *Le Mari à la Campagne*, produced some years ago at the St. James's. Mr. Morris Barnet has taken the skeleton of the French piece merely; the muscle, nerve, vitality, and form, are all his own. We cannot call to mind any foreign drama, which, in its adapting to the English stage, has undergone such decided transmutation. The adapter may be said to have discovered the literary philosopher's stone.

The plot is natural and unconstrained, and may be simply told. Mr. Torrens has married a saintly young lady in a saintly household. Devoted to the gaieties and varieties of life, he all at once finds himself compelled to suit his manner of living to the family with whom he resides. This family includes his demure spouse, a rigid and severely methodistical mother-in-law, and a semi-canting preacher, one Aminadab Sleek, an Exeter Hall saint, and supporter of the Trincomalee and Timbuctoo Patent Moral Pockethandkerchief Society. The honeymoon past, poor Torrens flies from the metaphysical sour krout of his house, and, under pretence of having a day's shooting in the country, seeks amusement in the company of a dashing young widow. An old friend of Torrens', Captain Murphy Maguire, a genuine Irish gentleman, calls unexpectedly to pay him a visit, and perceiving the situation into which he has fallen, determines to come to his rescue. By a series of manœuvres and fortuitous circumstances, this is happily brought about: the wife sees the folly of rendering the home of her husband an abiding place of trials and mental scarifications, and resolves that mirth and amusements are no longer pitfalls and snares for the ungodly; the methodistical mother goes off in a rage to collect new subscriptions for the Anti-Old Bailey Soothing Company; and Mr. Aminadab Sleek hies him to Exeter Hall, to vent his fury upon the slave-trade, light sovereigns, and Popedom. Captain Maguire is the chief mover in these results; and the comedy concludes in the heartiest manner possible, by a dance of the company—*except* the mother-in-law and Mr. Aminadab Sleek.

The great merit of this work is its purpose and downright good sense. It is this which gifts it with stability and solidity. We discover no tinsel in the dialogue, nor stage trickery in the development of the story. The characters speak naturally and individually, and the point and wit of the language falls precisely in the right place. When we compare the original and the adaptation together, we must unhesitatingly award the palm of superiority to the latter.

All the performers sustained their parts with admirable effect. Perhaps since the days of Elliston's Rover there has not been witnessed a more perfect piece of elegant comic acting than Mr. Wallack's Captain Murphy Maguire. It was quite a novel idea for this popular actor to assume an Irish character; but the issue more than justified the attempt. Mr. Wallack's Captain Maguire was the genuine Irish gentleman, an amalgamation of polished ease and familiar bluntness, hearty, racy, roaring, blundering, and sensible. His very brogue was Hibernian—nay, his look was Milesian—he seemed the true descendant of Ollomh Foidhla or King Brien Boroombe. Mr. Wallack has achieved a great feat by his Irish impersonation, and has added a new lustre to his bright reputation.

We can say nothing less of Mrs. W. Clifford's Lady Creamly, the methodist mother-in-law, and Mr. Buckstone's Aminadab Sleek, than that they were both inimitable, and created shouts of laughter. Mr. Webster was excellent as Torrens, and Miss Reynolds, who played the demure wife, was all the author could have wished for in the part.

The *Serious Family* was received throughout with immense laughter, and at the conclusion created quite a *furore*. Mr. Morris Barnett was unanimously called, and made his bows from a private box amid the most energetic acclamations. Mr. Webster subsequently announced the comedy to be repeated every night not devoted to Mr. Macready's performances.

The farce produced on Saturday, under the title of the *Laughing Hyena*, is a version of a French piece, called *Le Tigre de Beggale*. The plot, which is simple, though the incidents are by no means few, turns on the jealous, suspicious character of a married gentleman (Mr. Webster), who takes the most innocent actions of a youth (Mr. Buckstone) residing opposite for amatory signals to his wife (Miss Reynolds). The lady, to prevent further annoyance, addresses a note to the neighbour, which not a little puzzles him, since it is with the most perfect innocence that he has whiffed his cigar and shifted the pots of mustard and cress at his window. He calls for an explanation, and with his entrance into the house of the jealous man begins a series of calamities. The wife, knowing the temperament of her husband, conceals the visitor, but, as he constantly leaves in the way some treacherous article, as a stick, a hat, or a shoe, he furnishes a

perpetual aliment to the "tiger's" jealousy, which goes on increasing in violence till an *eclaircissement* sets all to rights.

This piece was exceedingly well acted. A rustic maid-servant, who is the confidant of her mistress, was quite a new creation in the hands of Mrs. Fitzwilliam, who carried the impersonation of intense stolidity to a degree not hitherto attempted. The Cockney fop, harmless but conceited, with bright red hair and stereotyped smile, was played to perfection by Mr. Buckstone. Mr. Webster was evidently nervous, but this was not incompatible with the irritability of the jealous husband, and he effectively seized on the points of the character. The wife was played by Miss Reynolds with all the elegance and nice discrimination which belong to that accomplished actress. It is now a few seasons since Miss Reynolds made her *début* in the *petite* character of *Perfection*. Since that time she has formed one of the best acquisitions to the modern stage. Hers has not been a flashy success, where a "hit" in one or two characters has been followed by a series of dull failures, but she has steadily gained upon the public; and whether she has to display the natural vivacity proper to modern comedietta, to set forth the metrical beauties of a poetical work, or to give effect to the point and even the music of burlesque, she always accomplishes her task with an ease and elegance which few other actresses have attained.

Notwithstanding the drollery of some of the situations and the goodness of the acting, the *Laughing Hyena* met a very bad reception. Even about the middle of its progress such a strong opposition was made, that Mr. Webster requested the audience to defer the expression of their opinion till the conclusion. The address restored tranquillity, but when the piece reached its termination the opposition party felt that the treaty had expired, and a volley of hisses mingled with the plaudits at the fall of the curtain. This unsatisfactory state of things may be ascribed partly to the too great similarity of the various incidents, but still more to the length of ineffective dialogue which fills up the intervals between them. That the farce will ever become a permanent favourite we do not expect, but still we have seen much worse pieces much more civilly treated, and if excision be performed with unsparing vigour, it is not improbable that the whole will "work up" better, according to the hope expressed by Mr. Webster, when he announced the piece for repetition, and appealed to the fact that the majority were in its favour.

PRINCESS'S.

MACFARREN'S new opera has been played every night since the first, with the exception of Thursday last, when, in consequence of a pre-engagement of Mr. Harrison at Bury, it was suspended for one night, and the *Don Pasquale*, which had been in rehearsal for sometime, was produced for Madlle. Nau. Of the *Don Pasquale* and Madlle. Nau we shall have something to say by-and-bye; but it behoves us at present to turn our attention to *King Charles the Second*.

We have always considered the French mode of theatrical criticising in the daily newspapers by weekly *feuilletons* preferable to that customary among us, of reviewing the morning after performance. The critic in an English daily journal rushes from the theatre when the curtain falls, and without time to weigh his cogitations, or determine his opinions, if any have fastened themselves on his mind, he dashes off an article, the merit of which is to be estimated by its length rather than by any intrinsic value. It is fortunate if the Sunday intervenes between the performance of the piece and the appearance of the criticism; the writer, at all events, may balance his sentences, if he cannot fix his opinions. In all other instances the poor critic has to depend on his instinct rather than his judgment, and trust to his intimacy with Lindley Murray, and his habitual usages of the vernacular for chaste writing. "They manage these things better in France." In the case of the production of Macfarren's opera, the daily critics had the Sunday to make their preparations, and so, in almost every journal, we had unusually long and well-penned articles, if the judgment exhibited was not profound and the opinions correct. We cannot think that one hearing of Macfarren's opera would render a person competent to judge properly of its merits. A work of so high an order, and one which abounds in so many and such varied beauties as *King Charles the Second*, cannot be apprehended in the ears at one hearing like a bouncing polka, or a jingling ballad. Nevertheless, to the beauties and power of such a work no ear could be insensible, even at one hearing, and hence we find the whole body of the press unanimous in its praise.

To judge properly of a work like *King Charles the Second*, it is necessary to hear it more than once, or more than twice. There are many, many beauties of the most attractive kind throughout, but there are also many noble, refined, and deep beauties, which are not likely to captivate the ear at a first hearing. It is this profundity and refinement which separates Macfarren's music from all ephemeral productions of the present day, and which will gain for it a confirmed and lasting popularity.

We have heard the new opera five times, and each time have heard it with increased pleasure, and have discovered new charms at each performance. The opening chorus, which was simply pleasing at first, charms us nightly more and more; and the duet between the King and Rochester becomes more dramatic and striking with every new hearing. The same may be said of Fanny's first song, "Hope and fear alternate vieing," which we begin to consider one of the gems of the opera; and the duet between the King and Queen, which we now find for the first time exceedingly pretty. There are also bits in the incidental music which escaped our ears the first night, but are now listened to with delight and expected with impatience. Of these we may mention a most charming little *morceau* when Julian enters to the Captain in the first scene of act the second; and some twenty bars of a dance which comes after the madrigal, when the courtiers are diversely disposing of themselves. This last subject is as sparkling and bright as a star, and makes us always regret there is not more to come after. The Morris dance, hornpipe, and May-pole dance likewise improve on repetition. There are only two things in the opera which do not please us more than they did at first, and these are Julian's cavatina in the second act, and the rondo finale. The first we like, but we still fancy that the florid passages with which it closes are superfluous. The rondo finale is not entirely satisfactory, and though brilliant as a composition, and beautifully sung every night, it does not gratify us like other portions of the music.

The first finale, and the sestet and chorus in the second act, to be duly appreciated, should be heard several times. Much of their beauties, however, will strike the most untutored ear at once.

King Charles the Second cannot fail to make its way among all classes of such as may be called lovers of music. The more it is heard the more it is appreciated; and we can hardly fancy any one, who, having heard the music once, would not most anxiously desire to hear it again. We are pleased to say that the theatre is fully and fashionably attended every evening, and that the enthusiasm elicited by the first representation has not abated a jot. The performance is greatly improved,

and the artists infuse more spirit into their parts than they did on the two or three first nights.

Mr. Harrison acts the King with better effect than any part we have seen him perform. He is quite regal enough for Charles in his scenes at the Palace, while his assumption of the rough, hearty, rollicking seaman at Wapping is most excellent. The hilarity and buoyancy of his deportment before the sailors and their lasses makes the audience quite merry, and some of his points are in the true comic vein. By his performance of King Charles the Second, Mr. Harrison cannot fail to advance himself immensely with the public. Mr. Harrison's singing throughout is admirable.

Mr. Corri sings and acts with the best intention, and performs Rochester with good effect. His duet with the King is carefully sung and effectively acted. This duet, by the way, of late, has excited considerable applause. Both Mr. Harrison and Mr. Corri enter more into the spirit of it than they did at first.

The Captain Copp of Mr. Weiss is entitled to much praise. He dresses well, acts well, sings well, and is zealous and painstaking in all he does. He sings the magnificent song with choral responses in the first finale, "Order, order, order in the King's head!" splendidly, and his sea-song, "Nan of Battersea," is read with great point and feeling. We would, however, recommend his adhering to the text—

"'Cheer up,' cried Tom, 'I'll soon *come back*,'"—

it is better than

"'Cheer up,' cried Tom, 'I'll soon *return*.'"

These and the like are small errors, but ought to be avoided. Mr. Weiss acts with much comic effect in the grand sestet, and comes out capitally with his refrain of "God save the King," and his speech to Charles when delivering the watch.

Mrs. Weiss deserves a good word for her careful rendering of the first song—a very difficult one—and for all her exertions in by no means a satisfactory part. Mrs. Weiss has a fine soprano voice, but we think she might do more with it than she does. There is always an air of lassitude about Mrs. Weiss, which might lead one to suupose that she was not doing her best. We are quite sure the fair artist does all she can on all occasions, but we imagine, with really so pure and fine an organ, much more might be effected.

Madame Macfarren's acting indicates power, energy, and deep feeling. Like all young artists, full of enthusiasm, when she errs it is from attempting too much. In the line, for instance, which she sings aside in the first scene of the second act with Captain Copp—

"His due, indeed, for parting me and Fanny."

the action is graceful, but redundant. A significant slight shake of the head, or a finger lifted for one instant, would express more than opening out both arms after the fashion of an earnest appeal to one before her. The acting in the sestet with Fanny and the Captain would admit of improvement, on the part of all three. They stand too close together; and Julian should not hear, or should not pretend to hear, the sudden recognition of him by the other two. In other respects, generally, Madame Macfarren acted well—unusually well, indeed, for one so little accustomed to the stage. Her scene with Rochester, the King, and Fanny, at Wapping, and throughout the finale, was really excellent, her bye-play exhibiting a good deal of dramatic tact. Madame Macfarren's deportment is peculiarly lady-like and retiring—too much so for young Master Page, but while her demeanour in this regard subtracts from the dramatic effect, it renders the fair actress more interesting. No doubt, this shrinkingness will give way before habitude to the stage and self-dependency. We have already alluded to Madame Macfarren's fine declamation and energetic rendering of the splendid recitative, "O cruel fortune!" This is really excellent, and we could wish for nothing better of its kind. Her singing gives evidence of improvement every night. Madame Macfarren is particularly happy in both her costumes. The first is extremely splendid and rich, and the latter appropriate and becoming.

To Miss Louisa Pyne we offer our heartiest congratulations on the signal triumph she has achieved in Fanny—her first original part. That her performance in this character far surpasses Zerlina, or Amina, no one will deny. Had Mr. Macfarren written the music expressly for her, he could not have suited her more admirably. The character of the music befits her style to perfection, while the best parts of her voice are exhibited in the most advantageous light. Mr. Macfarren, doubtless, owes much to Miss Louisa Pyne; but Miss Louisa Pyne is indebted in no small degree, to Mr. Macfarren. We cannot recall to mind any young artist who, in so brief a time, has created so universal a sensation as Miss Louisa Pyne. She has already gained the highest reputation amongst English vocalists. She is, in fact, the *prima donna* of England. Her fine soprano voice, her excellent style and method, her distinct enunciation and articulation, and the ease and facility of her execution, have won the admiration of all who have heard her. Nature has done much for Miss Louisa Pyne, but art has done more. Her singing evidences either the best teaching, or the rarest taste and judgment in one so young. The enthusiasm she creates nightly is but a just tribute to her great talents. Mr. Maddox has at last found a gem, whose lustre has already shed a halo of promise round the fortunes of his theatre.

The band and chorus have more than confirmed the opinions expressed in our first article, and Mr. Edward Loder exerts himself in the orchestra as much as if the opera were his own.

From the great success of the opera we confidently expect that it will run up to Christmas, and perhaps be carried into the pantomime season.

By the way, the learned and impartial critic of the *Athenæum* has fallen foul of the book, and belaboured the author with an infinitude of small literary thumps. With a tact that does honour to his ingenuity, and his acknowledged misrepresentative powers, he has taken a portion of the dialogue in the first act, and a part of a concerted piece in the second, strung them together, and submitted them to his readers as a specimen of the metrical merits of the work. Just so might one take a hatband and a trouser's strap, tie them in conjunction, and present them as a fair sample of a person's ordinary costume. Certainly, independent of the learned and impartial critic's age and experience, both of which are unquestionable, no one is better qualified to judge of the unfitness of a musical libretto; he, himself, in his English adaptation of *Elena Uberti*, for Covent Garden, having produced, perhaps, the very worst book ever written, the words and verses of which were so ragged and unmanageable that the singers were compelled to make their own substitutions. To write a readable libretto for music is no easy task, especially when concessions are made to the music, and the poet in many instances is compelled to resign his phrases and his verses to the mercies and the exigencies of the notation. This applies to the colloquies, recitatives, and concerted pieces; the ballads, songs, &c., must bear all the author's sins and faults without palliation or excuse. Now, in omitting to name the songs and ballads of the libretto of *King Charles the Second*, the learned and impartial critic, whose aim was to depreciate, shewed exceeding

wisdom and skill, although there might be found some hardy enough to assert that in such shewing there was demonstrated more virulence and spleen than honesty and fairness—the perversion rather than the true intention of criticism. The writers and adapters of operas are sadly in want of a good sound model libretto to fashion them the way they should go by, and such a model are we taught shortly to expect.

Our readers may remember a self-constituted committee having assembled, some few months back, in the vicinity of Regent Street, for the ostensible purpose of establishing a new English Opera. Nothing material having been proposed or effected, the meeting was about to separate, when the learned and impartial critic offered to indite a libretto for a grand opera, and Blewitt consented to set it to music. The double offer was accepted with redoubled acclamations, and a new light forebrightened all the prospects of the projected institution. The critic, we are told, is now labouring untiringly and assiduously at his new libretto of *Cock Robin*, the music of which Blewitt is to compose, and the opera is to be produced the opening night of the New Royal Academy of Music, be it at Covent Garden, Drury Lane, or the Victoria. From this libretto of *Cock Robin*, when it comes out, a model of some kind may be expected. If the author only contrive to avoid all the faults of his former book, he cannot fail to produce something admirable in itself, and of vital importance to the present generation of lyric dramatists. In our great desire for a libretto model, and our fondest hopes for the regeneration of all ballad mongers, well may we exclaim, "Would that *Cock Robin* were come out!!!"

A new ballet, called *Les Patineurs*, taken from the skating scene of the *Prophete* has been produced with indifferent success. The scene of the frozen lake is very splendid, and Madlle Auriol has one or two captivating *pas*, and Mr. Flexmore's patomimic acting and dancing is quite unique; but there is no plot, and the dances are neither new nor striking The divertisement is played every night. D. R,

ADELPHI.

Mr. Mark Lemon brought out a new farce on Thursday, under the title of *Domestic Economy*. The Scotch ballad of "John Grumlie," has furnished the incident.

Everybody knows the ballad of "John Grumlie," in which the "gude man" performs all the internal offices of his household, and the "gude wife" is compelled to take upon her shoulders all the business out of doors, thus subverting the usual order of house regulations. There is no lack of fun in this piece, and Mr. Wright in John Grumlie is exquisitely comic. The character is novel and suits the actor to admiration. Mrs. F. Matthews played the "gude wife," with her usual tact and point, and infused into her performance a tone of feeling from her placid forbearance of her husband's oddities, that was quite touching. The only son and heir, who commits all sorts of mischief and falls into all sorts of scrapes, was acted by young Master Woodward, in a very clever manner. The farce met with much success, and Mr. Wright was called on the end.

LYCEUM.

A new two-act drama, called *Methinks I see my Father*, was brought out on Thursday evening, with complete success. The circumstances on which the piece is founded are as follows;—An old gentleman, Ebenezer Coram, who prides himself on his family and status in society, is about to bestow his niece in marriage on a young friend, Hazard; but suddenly discovers that the intended bridgroom has no father or mother, and forbids the nuptials unless within two hours his parentage is authenticated. It happens that the marriage of Hazard being broken off, interferes with the contemplated nuptials of his friend Flightly, who was to be married at the same time to Coram's other niece. Flightly does not wish that his hymeneal proceedings should be so abruptly broken off, and determines to procure a false father and mother for Hazard. The whole humour of the piece consists in Flightly's endeavours to obtain a pair of respectable parents for his friend, and these are exceedingly laughable. In the end, Coram himself turns out to be Hazard's father, and this, again, is the source of no small amusement.

The piece hung fire considerably during the first act, from not being backed by any brilliancy of dialogue. The second act, however, brought up its credit with the audience, and achieved its success.

The weight of the piece fell upon Mr. Charles Mathews' shoulders, who supported the character of Flightly with unflagging spirit and vivacity. Mr. F. Matthews was capital in the part of Philander Scrip, one of the proffered fictitious fathers, and Mrs. Humby and Mr. Granby filled up their respective parts with excellent effect.

MARYLEBONE.

On Wednesday evening was produced a new drama in three acts, entitled *The Crusaders*. The period is that of the first crusade. Emma (Miss Vining), in the disguise of a pilgrim, follows her lover, Eikenhorst (Mr. Davenport), to the Holy Wars, where, hearing that he has fallen into the hands of the Saracens, and been put to death, she, in despair, immediately takes the veil. The story of her lover's death turns out to be untrue, and we are in the next scene presented to him in the midst of a group of Christian chiefs. One of their trophies is a young girl, the daughter of an Arab Emir (Mr. J. Johnstone), who is rescued from the premeditated violence of the chief that has captured her by Eikephorst, and restored to her father, who has come to the Christian camp to ransom her; but the knight is wounded before he can effect the rescue of the maiden, and now seeks relief in the convent where Emma has already taken refuge. A recognition of course takes place, and she attempts to escape with her lover, but is taken in her flight and condemned to death; but at the moment of the execution of the sentence is rescued by the Emir, in grateful remembrance of the restoration of his daughter by the Christian knight. The incidents are a little time-worn, but the writer has shown considerable tact in the development of the story, and the situations are most of them effective. The scenery and appointments are, as usual, admirable. Some defects in the stage arrangements in the scenes in the convent, with the inefficient acting of the lady who played the Abbess, created some alarming symptoms of disgust; but the acting of Mr. Davenport succeeded in restoring order, and the curtain fell amidst loud and general applause. The drama was followed by Mr. Courtny's neatly written vaudeville comedy, *Time tries All*, in which the charming acting of Miss Vining, would, of itself, amply repay a visit to this theatre. G.

Sacred Harmonic Society.—The commencement of the season is fixed for Monday the 12th inst., when the one hundredth year since the production of Handel's *Solomon* is to be celebrated by a performance of that work under the conductorship of Mr. Costa.

Marriage of Mademoiselle Rachel.—The Paris papers state that Madlle. Rachel, the celebrated Jewish actress, is about to be married to a M. Rodriguez, a merchant of Bordeaux. The nuptials are to be celebrated at Paussac, where all the necessary preparations are being made. Madlle. Rachel will, of course, retire from the stage.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THERE has been nothing of interest to your readers to report here since our last, if we except a concert at the Concert Hall on the 29th ultimo, at which Miss Catherine Hayes was the chief vocal star, and produced a very favourable impression; our object in penning a few lines this week, is not to tell you so barren a story, but to supply an omission, which we deeply regretted, in last week's number—that is, a notice of the death of Mr. Isherwood,—which will, perhaps, be best done in furnishing the subjoined account from the *Manchester Courier*; he will be missed, indeed, in our musical circles in Manchester. During the last thirty years no individual has had such powerful and healthy influence in elevating and refining the taste of our singers or their audiences—poor "Daddy Winter"—"we ne'er may look on his like again!" We followed him to his grave, and never did we listen to a more solemn or impressive service; the tones of Mr. Ellwood's trumpet, in the accompaniment to Martin Luther's Hymn, seemed to search every heart, suspend the breath, and cause all to shed tears; a more grateful or more fitting tribute has not been seen in Manchester since the funeral of the ever-lamented Malibran.

DEATH OF MR. JOHN ISHERWOOD.

The musical circles of Manchester have suffered a great and irreparable loss in the death of this well-known and highly estimated gentleman, who expired on Monday last, after a painful and protracted illness. Mr. Isherwood's early career was connected with the rise and progress of most of the glee and choral societies of this town, and of other musical clubs, whose names are now forgotten.

His best talents were zealously employed in extending the social influence of song; for he believed, as we also believe, music to possess a refining, elevating, and civilising influence; a great and valuable instrument of instruction to the people; and that, taught by the genius of a Beethoven, a Handel, or a Haydn, they learn the depth of the divinity which is within them. He considered that there was nothing, when heard in its highest character, which could sooner spiritualise man's nature than music! But he has departed from amongst us, and his place who shall fill? Who supply in voice, talent, and feeling, him whom we shall hear no more? Peace to his memory! The tears of those who knew, and loved, and esteemed him, follow him to his grave.

The interment took place yesterday at All Saints' Church, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, and the proceedings to some extent partook of the character of a public funeral. Mr. Isherwood was a very old member of the Manchester Gentlemen's Glee Club, and for a long time took an active part in its management. The secretaries, Mr. H. B. Peacock and Mr. S. E. Cottam, therefore issued circulars to the members, naming the hour at which the funeral would take place, and requesting those gentlemen who could attend to pay a last token of respect to the memory of their late associate, to be present at the church. This drew together a large number of gentlemen, and of the general public: so numerous was the assemblage that the galleries of the church were completely occupied, and the pews beneath, on the ground floor, were also filled. The centre of the church was kept clear for the use of the mourners and others who joined in the train.

The corpse was removed from deceased's residence, Irwell Place, Lower Broughton, a little after ten o'clock, and was conveyed in a hearse, drawn by four horses, along Broughton Lane, Strangeways, St. Ann's Square, St. Ann's Street, Cross Street, Princess Street, Mosley Street, and Oxford Road, to the entrance to the churchyard in Cavendish Street. Four mourning coaches followed; the first occupied by Mr. Isherwood, son of the deceased, Master Isherwood, his grandson, and Mr. Charles Smith, as chief mourners; and by Mr. David Bellhouse, and Mr. Henry Marsden; the second by the Rev. N. Germon, the officiating clergyman, Mr. T. R. Chappell, Mr. J. Harding, Mr. T. M. Fisher; the third by Mr. R. P. Hobson, Mr. C. Swain, Mr. John Preston, Mr. G. E. Wainwright, friends of the deceased specially invited; the fourth by Mr. H. B. Peacock, Mr. S. E. Cottam, Mr. B. Hime, Mr. J. Willoughby, Mr. G. Lyon, Mr. C. Roberts, Mr. S. Cottam, as committee and secretaries of the Glee Club. Mr. Harding's carriage (closed) followed; then Mr. Barton's, occupied by himself and friend; Mr. Edward Bennet's, occupied by himself and Mr. Johnson; and last, Mr. Uriah Cooke's, occupied by himself and friend. Going into the church, the gentlemen invited by the family preceded the corpse, and the members of the Glee Club followed. Beside those whom we have named above, we observed the following gentlemen: Mr. E. Constardine, Mr. G. E. Barber, Mr. E. T. Bellhouse, Mr. W. S. Hankinson, Mr. Bagshaw, Mr. S. B. Burgess, Mr. Richard Andrew, Mr. Harrison Blair, Mr. Lillie, Mr. Lillie, jun., Mr. H. Napier, Mr. J. Yates, Mr. Lyon, Mr. Joseph Galt, Mr. Joseph Gough, Mr. H. Bridgman, Mr. Plant. We should mention also, that Samuel Leather, an old servant of the deceased, joined the funeral at the house in Broughton, and accompanied it to the place of sepulture; and another old servant met it at the church, both exhibiting every demonstration of sorrow. The hearse reached the gates about twenty minutes past eleven o'clock.

As the corpse was conveyed into the church, the organ pealed forth the melancholy strains of the Dead March in Saul, and when, after it had been carried round the centre, it rested in the aisle, Mr. Arnold, the organist, who presided, finishing one portion of the march, played a movement of Bethoven's, "I heard a voice angelic," from Gardener's Psalmody. This was connected with a reminiscence of his own. Some years ago, when Mr. Gardener, the author of the Psalmody of "Judah," was in Manchester, about to bring out the former, Mr. Arnold, Mr. Isherwood, and another friend, a gentleman named Webb, were examining the work, and Mr. Webb suggested that the introduction of this piece should be sung by a bass voice, instead of a treble, as scored. Mr. Isherwood, to test the suggestion, sung it, and was so much delighted that he expressed a wish that it might be sung at his funeral, though in giving utterance to the wish a *lapsus linguæ* caused his friends to laugh heartily at him. This was thirty years ago; but Mr. Arnold remembered the circumstance. The seat for the singers was occupied by a full and efficient choir, comprising Mr. Barlow as conductor, Mrs. J. Wood, Mrs. Winterbottom, Miss Parry, Mrs. J. Cooper, Mrs. Thomas, Miss Morris, Mrs. Turner, Miss Chapman, Mr. Standage, Mr. Holt, Mr. Waddington, Mr. Walton, Mr. Slater, Mr. Cartledge, Mr. Chambers, Mr. Clough, Mr. Shedrick, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Brook, Mr. Hough, and others from the local choirs. After the Psalms, Kent's anthem, "I am the resurrection and the life," was sung with deep feeling, and in a most effective manner; and after the lesson, Luther's Hymn was sung as a quartett, with trumpet accompaniment, by Mr. Ellwood, and afterwards as a chorus. The effect was solemn in the extreme. The Rev. Mr. Germon read the beautiful service in a most impressive manner, and so deeply affecting was the whole, that the larger portion of the audience were melted into tears. As the corpse was removed from the church, the organ pealed forth the last strains of the *Dead March*. The coffin was soon after deposited in the vault.

The friends of the deceased gentleman will meet on Sunday morning, at St. Peter's Church, when the Rev. Mr. Germon will preach a sermon appropriate to the occasion.

The Monday evening "Concerts for the People" proceed in their prosperous career. To-morrow evening Mr. Charles Hallé's first "Classical Chamber Concert" for the season takes place in a new *locale*—the Assembly Rooms in Mosley Street. Mr. Seymour (violin,) and Mr. Thorley (violoncello,) being his instrumental assistants; and a Herr Ronniger (who is he?) in the vocal department. On Tuesday, the 20th, the *Messiah* is to be given in the Free Trade Hall. Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Poole, Herr Damcke, Mr. Benson, Signor Burdini, and Mr. H. Phillips, being engaged as principals. On the Thursday following, a miscellaneous concert with the same party will be held at the same place, when Romberg's

cantata, "The song of the Bell," selections from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Athalie*, are to be given. Seymour is to lead, Benedict conduct, and a band and chorus to assist of two hundred performers.

Although, from some cause, there was no notice of Mr. Isherwood's death in last week's *World*, we were delighted to read the voluminous report of Mr. Macfarren's triumphant success with his new opera of *Charles II.* May it run long and live afterwards, as we have no doubt it well deserves to do! John Parry is coming to Manchester on the 20th inst., to give his "Lights and Shadows of Social Life," from the humourous pen of Albert Smith, at the Athenæum.

MANCHESTER NORMAL MUSIC SCHOOLS.

(From the Manchester Guardian.)

On Thursday evening, Oct. 25th, a meeting was held in the Town Hall, Manchester, in connection with the above institution; John Potter, Esq., the Mayor, in the chair. There were about 800 persons present. Upon the platform were Aldermen Sir Elkanah Armitage and Willert; Messrs. Joseph Heron (town-clerk), E. T. Bellhouse, and William Medcalf; the Rev. T. R. Bently, and other gentlemen.—The Chairman, in opening the proceedings, remarked that it was both a duty and a pleasure to him to preside on that occasion,—a duty, because he ought, at all times, as mayor of Manchester, to be ready to take part in any scheme which was for the good of his fellow citizens; and a gratification, because it was satisfactory to every well-constituted mind to co-operate in anything which had for its object the public good, and for its head any individual who disinterestedly and gratuitously desired to serve the great community of which they were members. Dr. Mainzer was already well-known to many of them; by his extraordinary musical abilities and enthusiasm, and by the harmony which he had introduced amongst the youth of many of the families of Manchester and its neighbourhood. Dr. Mainzer's avocations here had hitherto been on a somewhat limited scale; and to some extent, for the furtherance of his own personal objects,—objects, however, in every respect worthy of esteem. But, with an enlarged mind, he was anxious to give to the poorer classes those harmonies and enjoyments which he had diffused amongst their wealthier neighbours. — (Applause.) No party or sectarian animosities could possibly be caused by his labours,—they were tended only to increase the happiness and morality of his fellow-creatures. He had recently come forward nobly, and had already opened two normal classes in Manchester, the first of which was designed for the improvement and musical education of teachers and monitors of schools; and the other was for the operatives of our neighbourhood. The main object of that meeting was, to call public attention more decidedly to the efforts which Dr. Mainzer was making. He had given his time and services entirely gratuitously; and as the experiment would necessarily involve a very considerable outlay of money, it would be unreasonable in the inhabitants of Manchester to ask that gentleman to make any pecuniary sacrifice in addition thereto. The experiment was not one the issue of which was doubtful: the sphere of Dr. Mainzer's labours had already been most extensive; and he was sure that he would be but too happy were the classes in Manchester speedily to equal in number those which he had in Paris and Edinburgh. In the former of these two places, Dr. Mainzer had laboured for six years; and at one time during that period, he had gratuitously educated in music from 4000 to 5000 operatives—(applause)—and that, too, without their being put to the slightest expense themselves. In Edinburgh, too, he had spent five years. In a letter, bearing the signature of Lord Murray,—one of the judges of session in Edinburgh, and who collects within his family circle all that is artistic, enlightened, and amiable amongst the society of that metropolis,—which he (the Chairman) had received that morning, he had the fullest assurances of the sympathy and support of both Lord and Lady Murray towards this worthy object. In 1847, Dr. Mainzer had 3000 pupils in Edinburgh; and, since that time, he believed he had obtained, at least, as many more. Surely, then, if the scheme had proved so successful elsewhere, was it too much to hope that it would likewise succeed in Manchester, where there was scarcely a family in which some member was not acquainted with music, and the musical tendency of its masses was noted throughout the country? We had a larger population to work upon,—perhaps a brighter musical genius to cultivate; and sure he was, that if the children of the poor were instructed in the cultivation of their beautiful voices, many a home would be cheered and made happy,—many a father, who now spent his evenings at the gin-palace or the beer-shop, would be detained at home, comforted and improved by the sweet voices of his children.—(Applause.) Dr. Mainzer would show, in the course of the evening, what he had already accomplished in the schools which meet in the Mechanics' Institution; and would be happy to answer any questions which might be put to him.

Dr. Mainzer, in commencing his observations, remarked that there was as much difference of opinion in reference to music, as there was about religion and education. Music, generally, was not understood in a right direction. There was a man who once said, "Give me the making of the songs of a country, and I will leave to you the making of its laws." That man understood music,—that man was a philosopher—one who knew human nature. Other writers of celebrity have classed those who produced songs among the greatest men of their country. Thus, it would be seen, that music, even by great men, was not considered a secondary thing. The principles which prompted him to extend the knowledge of music wherever he might be, were the same which formed the foundation of the institution he was then advocating; and those which he doubted not would urge the people of Manchester to grant him their full support. He must say that he felt his deficiency when he came to explain those principles, and he therefore claimed their indulgence. If he failed to carry conviction home to their hearts, he might be allowed to make an appeal to what he did not consider a higher authority, but one in which they might find the reasons which he failed to give orally, in a closer and more philosophical form: he referred to his own work, "Music and Education." A few days ago he had the satisfaction of reading, in the preface to the second edition of a series of letters written by a man who was known as a philosopher and a warm advocate of education, words to the following effect:—"I was, when I wrote these lectures, totally unacquainted with music; but since I heard Dr. Mainzer's lectures on musical education, I am entirely convinced that music should be made a branch of education." That man was George Combe. After referring to the kind of music that was generally heard in our theatres and concert rooms, Dr. Mainzer observed that those who objected to the indiscriminate cultivation of the art would find in him their real defender; as he had been connected for three years with an influential daily paper in Paris, and one of the musical critics openly told him (Dr. Mainzer) that they invariably waited until his articles appeared before pronouncing their own judgments. The music performed

in the gin palaces and beer-shops of Manchester was then commented upon by Dr. Mainzer; who stated that the sentiment expressed by Plato twenty-two centuries ago was echoed in his own breast,—that unless music was preserved in all its purity to the people, to the nation, and to the state, it would, in corrupter times, be used against them all.—(Applause.) Music was deeply founded in our nature,—we could not divest ourselves of it;—music was inborn in man. No traveller could say that, in any country he had ever visited and traversed, he had failed to meet with music, and dances, and instruments. Every shepherd was a singer and a player on an instrument: and what class of human beings were more ignorant, in the generally-accepted sense of the word, than the shepherds of the Alps or Pyrenees?—and yet there have been found amongst them melodies which drew forth the admiration of nations. Whether they considered the variety, beauty, or charm of the human voice, in the different sexes or ages of individuals, they would be equally struck with the capacity of this glorious power of uttering sound, which had been given to us by Providence as an inheritance. And if, too, they examined the structure of the ear,—that mysterious organ which conveyed sounds from the external world into the deepest recesses of the soul,—they would there find a wonderful connection between the vibrations of the outward world and those of the world within,—all the accents of joy, mirth, grief, pity, hope, remembrance, there found a sympathising, vibrating string; and it was in this sympathy that the power of music was found. For what was education, if not the development of our natural faculties and dispositions, bringing them to bear on the moral and mental culture and advancement of society?—(Applause.) Many religious sects were the greatest opponents of music; and especially the Society of Friends. Indeed, so strongly were they, as a body, opposed to all kinds of music, that he almost considered these "friends" his natural enemies. This dislike to the ennobling art of music was the more strange, because they were ever foremost in anything that tended to the promotion of the social happiness of mankind. On inquiring of one whom he met with in a very unmusical country—the last of the Shetland Isles—the reason of this dislike to music, the reply was, "We have nothing against it; we approve of it; but it leads to evil, and is so often abused." He (Dr. Mainzer) would ask what was there on earth which could not be abused;—and what more than all besides,—religion! Music was based on nature, and natural laws were the laws of God; music was based on the Scriptures, and it would occupy him the whole night long were he merely to read all the different verses in the Bible favourable to its practice. He cited Moses on the shores of the Red Sea; the Jewish captives in Babylon; Christ and his disciples at the Mount of Olives; St. Paul, with Silas, in the dungeon; the first Christians, in their nocturnal meetings; and those dark periods of the world's history, called the middle ages. Songs went with the soldier to the battle-field, with the monk to his cell, with the martyr to the stake. The remarkable occurrence in the 4th century—the conversion of St. Augustine, was accomplished through the influence which the songs of the primitive churches had upon his mind and heart. Music truly proved in his case "the handmaid of religion." Perhaps St. Augustine never would have become a Christian but for this means. In his letters he says, "I remember the tears I shed when I first heard those chants. The sounds struck my ear, and the words they conveyed struck my heart, and I wept and felt happy." Dr. Mainzer then expatiated, at great length, on the enthusiasm with which music was regarded by Martin Luther, Zuinglius, Jerome of Prague, and other great reformers. When the latter was taunted by Bishop Faber with being "an evangelical piper," he replied, "Dear Father, if thou knewest but music, then the evil spirit of ambition, power, and controversy,—the pursuit of riches, luxury, and fame, would instantly be torn out of thee."—(Applause.) It was a healthy exercise; it had a beneficial influence on the chest and lungs,—those parts of the human frame which it was not in our power to reach by any other means. Draw a comparison between Germany and Great Britain, and it would be found that a much fewer number of the inhabitants perished from consumptive diseases in the former than in the latter country. It was the more extended exercise of the vocal powers that was the cause of this. Dr. Mainzer next gave an outline of the plan pursued in the normal schools, and some of the subjects upon which all the songs there performed were brought to bear. The works of creation, the manifestations of Providence, the family circle, contentment, union, temperance,—all these were subjects taught in connection with that institution,—so that it was, in fact, a kind of poetic-music: Those songs which were the simplest were the most beloved, and especially if they were historical. The lecturer cited the Persian songs; and the "Rans des Vaches" of Switzerland, the latter of which, he observed, although composed of only a few notes blown on a cow's horn, produced such effects that it was forbidden under pain of death; because the Swiss serving in a foreign country, when they heard it, either deserted or died of grief. Teach the people music; associate that music with the finest, noblest, and most elevating strains of poetical composition, conveying lofty thoughts and practical truths;—and the effects would be lasting. Dr. Mainzer then called attention to some of his Manchester pupils, who were ranged on either side and in front of him, in number about sixty. Many of them had only received five lessons, and the remainder had commenced receiving instructions last year, at the rate of one lesson per week. Dr. Mainzer stated that his plan was, to make pupils fully acquainted with the science which constituted the musical notation,—leaving the theoretical department to properly-qualified "artists." Not that he could not, of himself, instruct them in the higher branches as well; but what he had already mentioned was all that was aimed at in the normal schools. Many other interesting observations were made by Dr. Mainzer, after which his classes joined in singing thirteen exercises, commencing with the simplest, and gradually reaching the more difficult compositions, one or two of which claimed the lecturer for their author. The voices of the children blended harmoniously with those of the adults, and altogether this department of the evening's entertainment passed off with considerable interest, and was warmly applauded. Dr. Mainzer accompanied his classes on the pianoforte. On the termination of the exercises, Mr. Thomas Clegg, churchwarden, in a suitable and congratulatory address, moved the following resolution:—

"That this meeting has heard, with great satisfaction, the exposition given by Dr. Mainzer of the plan and objects of the normal school, now opened for teachers and operatives; and pledges itself to use its best endeavours to obtain that countenance and support which will ensure the complete success of the project, which, in the opinion of this meeting, is calculated to provide a means of social and refined enjoyment to all, and especially to the working classes of this borough."

The resolution was seconded by Mr. John Bagshaw, who entered, at some length, into the formation of choral societies in Manchester, and their gradual decline;—expressing himself

gratified that there was now a prospect of their being again revived.

Mr. Joseph Heron, the town-clerk, remarked that he was much in the habit of speaking in public, but it was very rarely in a voluntary sense. Notwithstanding, he could not resist the opportunity afforded him of congratulating the ladies on their presence that evening: they would, he felt convinced, be the most ardent supporters of that society. After urging upon the audience to lend their aid in the form of subscriptions (which were to range from 5s. to £5), and with every subscription to send at least one pupil, so that Dr. Mainzer might have nothing to complain of as regarded numbers, Mr. Heron concluded by supporting the resolution, which was passed unanimously.

Mr. Councillor Medcalf, in an appropriate address, moved a vote of thanks to the Mayor for presiding on the occasion; which was seconded by the Rev. T. R. Bantly, and likewise unanimously carried.

The Mayor, in returning thanks, alluded to the canvass which had already been made on behalf of the normal school. It had only continued two hours, but during that short period they had received £110 towards the object. He also read a short extract from Lord Murray's letter, showing the high appreciation in which Dr. Mainzer was held in Edinburgh. After thanking the pupils for their attendance, the Mayor terminated the meeting, about ten o'clock.

The subscriptions already made towards defraying the expenses of Dr. Mainzer's normal and operative singing classes, include donations of £5 each from the following gentlemen:—The Mayor of Manchester, the Mayor of Salford, Sir Benjamin Heywood, Bart.; Alexander Henry, Esq., M.P.; Ald. Sir E. Armitage, Knt.; Mr. Ald. Kershaw, M.P.; Mr. Ald. Neild, Mr. Ald. Watkins; Messrs. Councillors Barnes, Goadsby, Mackie, and M'Connel; Messrs. Thomas Ashton, John Bagshaw, Samuel Brooks, R. W. Barton, S. L. Behrens, Edmund Buckley, Richard Gardner, J. C. Harter, James Hertz, Philip Lucas, A. and G. Murray, George Nelson, the Oxford-road Twist Company, Messrs. R. N. Philips, H. P. Rée, Leopold Reiss, Salis Schwabe, John and Charles Souchay, and Lewis Williams. The following gentlemen have also contributed two guineas each:—Mr. Alderman Willert, Messrs. Councillors Fletcher, Gibb, and Medcalf; the Town-Clerk, Messrs. Thomas Clegg, and John Leisler. We may also add a donation of £1 10s. from Mrs. Taylor, of the Laurels, Pendleton.

MUSIC IN NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

(From a Correspondent.)

On Thursday evening in last week a most delightful concert was given at the Theatre Royal, by Miss Emily Grant, the favourite vocalist, so well known and highly appreciated by the lovers of music in this town. The Programme was most interesting, and out of the eighteen pieces of which it was composed ten were encored. Miss Catherine Hayes, whose first appearance it was in Newcastle, created quite a sensation. Her opening cavatina, "Casta Diva," was a most exquisite piece of finished vocalization, and enthusiastically re-demanded by the audience. Her voice is a soprano *sfogato* of great power, brilliancy, and effect, in the head register, but wanting resonance and roundness of tone in the medium. Her next appearance was in the ever-charming duo, "Deh conte," which was sung to perfection by her and Miss Emily Grant, both voices in the *ensemble* blending like one beautiful and perfect instrument. She also sang Wallace's elegant ballad, "Why do I weep for thee?" in which she was honoured with a double encore. Miss Poole sang most pleasingly in Benedict's favourite ballad, "By the sad sea waves," accompanied by the talented composer, and was encored, of course; afterwards she delighted the gods by her humourous rendering of the "Cavalier." Miss Grant's first solo was the lovely recitative and cavatina from the *Sonnambula*, "Dearest companions," which she sang with exceeding richness, brilliancy, and expression, and brought down the most rapturous plaudits, yielded as much to the fine quality of her round melodious voice as to the artistic skill and expressive execution with which she rendered the composition; and at its conclusion she was greeted with one of the most hearty encores ever heard in Newcastle. She also sang the old ballad "Wapping old stairs" with charming simplicity and pathos, and took part in the buffo duo "Quanto amore," with Mr. Burdini, who sang Balfe's "Look forth my fairest" excellently well. Herr Damcke did not quite realize public expectations as "primo tenore" from the Grand Opera, Berlin: in a smaller arena he might prove a pleasing singer. The instrumentalists were Mr. Benedict (who is a great favourite in Newcastle, and played one of his own graceful arrangements of Scotch airs, which was encored with acclamation), Mr. Dunsford (leader of the Philharmonic Society here), and Mr. Peter Jay, the violoncellist, who took part in a trio of Reissiger with Mr. Benedict fully sustaining their high position. The concert (which concluded a little after eleven o'clock with the national anthem, sung by all the vocalists, each lady taking a verse solo) is considered to be one of the most pleasing and spirited concerts ever given in Newcastle, being as much due to the judicious selection of the programme as to the individual talent of the exponents.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

The opening selection on Wednesday last, at the third concert, was from Barnett's popular opera, the *Mountain Sylph*, which included the overture and five *morceaux*. Among the latter were the trio "The magic-wove scarf," the song "Deep in a forest dell," and the ballad "Farewell to the mountain." Herr Formes joined Miss Rebecca Isaacs and Mr. G. Tedder in the trio, and sang "Farewell to the mountain," in which he was enthusiastically encored. He also gave the fine and very difficult scena, "See what thou hast cast away," with indomitable energy and immense power, and was applauded to the echo. The great basso's advance in English singing is remarkable, and his popularity thereby greatly increased. He was received with immense favour, and has become already one of the great vocal stars of the Wednesday Concerts.

Madame Goffrie performed a fantasia on the piano like a artist and a musician and was encored. Mrs. A. Newton sang by desire Mozart's brilliant aria from the *Flauto Magico*, "Gli angui inferno," in a brilliant and highly effective manner and was encored. This lady seems exceedingly pains-taking, and bent on achieving something beyond the fame of a concert singer. Mr. Ribas accompanied the lady on the flute splendidly.

Signor Bartolini sang the "Una furtiva," of Donizetti, and a barcarole of Rossini, with taste, expression, and a small voice. Miss Rainforth gave Davison's "County Guy" with appropriate feeling, and Mrs. A. Newton and Miss Eyles sang Balfe's duet, "The sailor sighs," with neatness and accuracy.

M. Sainton played twice during the evening. His first effort was the fantasia from *Lucrezia Borgia*; his second the "Carnaval de Venise." It is unnecessary to allude to the fine tone and finished mechanism of this admirable violinist.

The Distins claimed three successes during the evening,

One of these was obtained by Mr. Distin, *père*, in "The Soldier tired;" a very superior performance.

Besides the introdution to the *Mountain Sylph*, the band played the *Euryanthe* and *Diamans de la Couronne* overtures.

In the second part, Miss Eyles sang "On the banks of Allan water" very pleasingly, and with much purity of voice. We shall be pleased to hear this young lady again. Miss Rainforth introduced Macfarren's exquisite song, "Ah! why do we love?" from *Don Quixote*, which she rendered with delightful effect; and Herr Formes again delighted and surprised his hearers by his splendid voice and finished style in a German fisherman's song, called "Matrosen Lieder."

Next Wednesday Ernst appears, and several novelties will be provided.

Mr. Stammers is bestirring himself nightly, and exerting himself to the utmost to deserve well of the public. His band is admirable in every single point: he has an excellent conductor and an excellent leader in Mr. Anschuez and Mr. Willy; and his vocalists and instrumentalists are not only picked from the London market, but the best talent in both kinds is impressed from abroad, to render his entertainments *recherché* and attractive. Ernst's name in the bills of itself is a tower of strength.

TWO ITALIAN OPERAS IN LONDON.

(From the "Times" of November 9.)

We turn to the question in which the public are more immediately interested—the chances of a second operatic entertainment during the ensuing season. As we said before, the director's bankruptcy proves nothing in this matter, except that his failure arose in some degree from general carelessness of management, but mainly from the extravagant salaries paid to the singers and dancers in compensation for their services. In commenting upon this subject some months back, we quoted from the balance-sheet the abstract of salaries paid to these gentry during the late Covent-garden campaign, but the list is so edifying that it will well bear re-insertion here.

Artistes' salaries, 1848 and 1849:—Madlle. Alboni, 1848, 4000*l.*; Mafille. Angri, 1849, 2500*l.*; Madame Castellan, 1848, 1728*l.*; Madlle. Corbari, 1848, 432*l.*; 1849, 480*l.*; Dorus Gras, 1849, 1500*l.*; Catherine Hayes, 1849, 1300*l.*; De Méric, 1849, 500*l.*; Grisi in 1848, 3106*l.*; in 1849, 2800*l.*; Persiani, in 1848, 640*l.*; in 1849, 500*l.*; Rovere in 1848, 480*l.*; in 1849, 480*l.*; Steffanoni, in 1848, 600*l.*; Viardot, in 1848, 4000*l.*; in 1849, for two months, 1213*l.*; Signor Corradi had, in 1848, 880*l.*; Mario, in the same year, 2235*l.*, and in 1849, 2720*l.*; Roger, in 1848, 2110*l.*; Ronconi, in 1848, 1120*l.*; in 1849, 1120*l.*; Salvi, in 1848, 1520*l.*; in 1849, 1040*l.*; Tamburini, in 1848, 1700*l.*; in 1849, the same sum.

The whole amount expended in the vocal department was, in 1848, 33,349*l.*; in 1849, 25,644*l.*

In the ballet accounts the two Bretin received, in 1848, 967*l.*; Lucille Grahn, in 1848, 1120*l.*; in 1849, 1000*l.*; the two Cassati, in 1848 and 1849, more than 1000*l.*; Magnet, in 1848, 650*l.*; Silvain, in the same year, 450*l.*

The whole expenditure in the ballet department amounted, in 1848, to 8105*l.*; in 1849, to 2526*l.*

The orchestra department shows an expenditure of 10,018*l.* in 1848; and of 7398*l.* in 1849.

It is quite clear that this list is sufficient to account, in chief measure, for the failure of the concern under the lessee's management; but the failure under such circumstances is no proof that the town is not capable of maintaining a second Opera, and affording a fair remuneration to the persons engaged in carrying on the performances.

Now, to whatever series of causes the fact may be referred, it is abundantly proved that the relish for the acted drama is just now in England far less than the taste for operatic performances. If, then, we are to have music as the principal public amusement, let us have it as good and as varied as possible. We are fully prepared to admit the humanizing influences to be derived from the cultivation and diffusion of this exquisite art; but it would be a pity that the works of modern Italian composers, and those not always the best chosen, should be set up as the fixed standard on which the public taste is to be modelled. To accept stale repetitions of musical expression that at its outset was not worth much, as a substitute for what can be accomplished in music, would, indeed, be a short-sighted policy. If they can both be fairly maintained, as far as the public are concerned, two operatic establishments are better than one. Even in the interests of the proprietors of the rival establishments it is preferable that there should be an opposition. The diffusion of musical taste by the performances at one house must, in the end, be beneficial to the proprietor of the other. We see no reason why either establishment should be constituted an operatic close borough; or why, when there is free trade in everything else, there should remain a monopoly in music.

THEATRICAL DIVERTISSEMENT IN DUBLIN.

(From the Times.)

A brief engagement of five nights having been concluded with Miss Catherine Hayes, the distinguished vocalist, she made her first appearance on Tuesday evening, in the opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and the brilliant success which had followed her *début* at the Philharmonic Society added to the interest which was felt on this occasion. The house was crowded, and when Miss Hayes appeared the reception she met with proved enthusiastic in the extreme; the audience rose and greeted her with repeated plaudits, renewed again and again, and if at such a moment the voice of the artiste became tremulous and subdued through excess of emotion, it would have been only indicative of a want of sensibility had any other result been produced. Her agitation, however, soon passed away, and Miss Hayes was just identifying herself with the *rôle* which she sustained, and displaying the chastened graces of her style, when the Edgardo of the opera, Signor Paglieri, presented himself; and his singing was so deplorable, so meagre in tone, and defective in every requisite for the stage, that hisses and murmurs were quickly heard, and the absurdity became so glaring that Miss Hayes had to pause, and the curtain fell abruptly. Mr. Sims Reeves occupied a seat in the private box to the left of the house, and there were loud cries for "Reeves! Reeves!" and a general wish manifested that he should fill the character sustained by him with such *éclat* during his engagement.

Mr. Calcraft came forward, and said that he found the audience were not satisfied with the singing of the gentleman who had appeared before them (cries of "Reeves!"), and it was only justice to the gentleman to state that he had undertaken the character very unexpectedly, and at a very short notice. However, Herr Damcke, who had also been engaged, would be prepared to appear in the other acts, and the opera would be resumed as soon as it would be possible.

There were here loud and repeated cheers, and calls for "Reeves!"

Mr. Calcraft, when the storm had partly subsided, said that he had no control over Mr. Reeves; the engagement with him had terminated, and he was there that evening as a private gentleman.

The excitement here became very great; and

Mr. Calcraft then added that Mr. Reeves, although asked,

had declined to sing upon this sudden emergency. (Cheers, and renewed confusion.)

Mr. Reeves, addressing the house from the private box, said that he thought it but right to defend himself from the observations which had just been made by the manager.

These few words added to the excitement already prevailing, and continued cheering followed.

Mr. Calcraft, who made several attempts to be heard, again mentioned that he had no control over Mr. Reeves, whose engagement had terminated. ("Hear" and confusion.)

Mr. Reeves then said, with emphasis, that if the public desired it, he would sing for them, but certainly not to oblige Mr. Calcraft.

Mr. Calcraft then observed that Mr. Reeves might decline to sing to oblige him, but he was glad to find that he consented to sing, particularly as it was to support their gifted and talented young countrywoman. (Cheers.)

If the theatre presented a novel appearance during these proceedings, the public favour seemed to increase with each new incident; and Mr. Calcraft having retired from the stage, and Mr. Reeves descended from his box in order to dress for the part thus suddenly assumed, several minor incidents occurred, one being the substitution of Mr. Lavenu for Mr. Benedict, as conductor.

When the curtain rose Miss Hayes and Mr. Reeves appeared to go through again a portion of the first act, and from the want of a previous rehearsal, there was a momentary hesitation, but this ceased as quickly, and the opera, so far as relates to the leading parts, was rendered with great success. The incidents, however, connected with this *début* of the *prima donna* were so peculiar and annoying, and so calculated to discompose even the most self-possessed person, that we do not mean to give any detailed notice of the opera, or of the singing of Miss Hayes. It was manifest that, until the last act, she had not become altogether reassured; but the maniac song she rendered with a charming expression and finish, and the clear ringing soprano notes in the highest register of her voice told with fine effect. She was called for at the end of each act, as was also Mr. Reeves. The latter, in that which ought to be one of his most favourite characters, fully sustained his deserved reputation.

After the opera Mr. Calcraft came forward, and for a short time could not obtain a hearing. When silence was restored, he commenced by saying that he thought it right no misconception should go abroad in reference to the words of Mr. Reeves, that he would sing to oblige the public, but not to oblige the manager. It might be conceived from this expression that there was some secret difference—some subject-matter of complaint which had not been explained.

Mr. Reeves at this juncture, and dressed in his stage costume, came forward and took his place near Mr. Calcraft, regarding him very fixedly as he addressed the audience.

Mr. Calcraft proceeded to observe, that to remove any erroneous opinion that might go abroad, it was necessary to state that he had fulfilled his engagement with Mr. Reeves, and that he had paid him what had been stipulated. There had been delays in the production of an opera, delays for which neither he nor Mr. Reeves were answerable, although the result had been to take money from the pocket of the manager. So far from any unkindly feeling existing, he had engaged with Mr. Reeves to sing after his return from provincial engagements the week before Christmas, and he was therefore much surprised to find that gentleman so emphatically declaring that he would be quite willing to oblige the audience, but certainly not the manager.

A Voice from the Gallery.—Make it up, both of you. (Cheers and laughter.).

Mr. Reeves observed that he had nothing to make up; but, as a matter of justice to himself, it was right the public should be fully apprised of what had occurred. He had come to the theatre that evening as a private individual, and when the curtain fell, and the performances had abruptly stopped, he was asked by a gentleman who was concerned in the management of the present engagement, together with Mr. Calcraft, to sing in the opera. (Hear.) He stated in reply that the call was quite unexpected, that he had but just come from dinner, and that he had no dress ready, and upon declining to appear the person who waited upon him said that he considered his conduct was ungentleman-like. This of course incensed him, and when Mr. Calcraft afterwards spoke to him his manner seemed much excited, and not calculated to remove the impression already made.

Mr. Calcraft here interposed, and, addressing the conductor, observed that Mr. Lavenu was present on the occasion, and he appealed to him to say if his manner was excited.

The conductor, more skilled in chords than discords, although called for by the house, did not respond to the appeal.

Mr. Calcraft added that he felt happy at the opera having terminated, and obliged to Mr. Reeves for singing in it; and he bore no animosity to that gentleman for what had occurred. Mr. Calcraft then extended his hand to Mr. Reeves, which the other took, and there were repeated cheers at this termination of what at one time seemed a very decided difference.
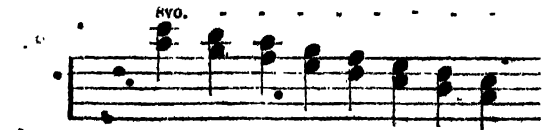
Some private conversation then took place between these persons, after which Mr. Reeves bowed and retired.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.
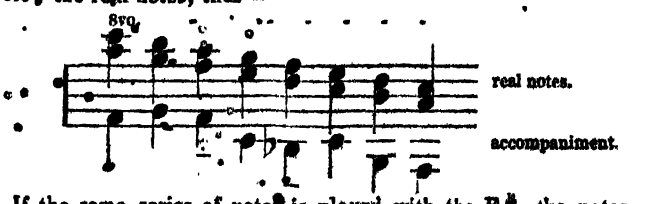
PECULIARITIES OF THE CONCERTINA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Mr. Editor,—Can any of your correspondents give me the reason why, in playing the scale in thirds, as follows,



on the concertina, there is a perceptible accompaniment produced below the real notes, thus—



If the same series of notes is played with the F♯, the notes underlined have D for the bass *each of them the same*; whereas in the above example the one F has F for its accompaniment, the other B♮. I am, Sir, A Constant Subscriber.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—Everyone at Jullien's Concerts is asking, "What has become of our old favourite Richardson?" Perhaps you can answer this question, as it has been a very great disappointment to admirers of the Flute and others, not to hear, as usual, the *first performer* in the land. Perhaps Monsieur Jullien will yet give his patrons an opportunity of hearing this admirable flautist, if he be informed through the medium of your valuable Journal how much they wish so to do.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

An Enthusiast.

November 6th, 1849.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ernst.—This great violinist visits London next week, and is engaged to appear at the fourth Wednesday Concert. The engagement of Ernst by the Director proves that he spares no expense to obtain the very highest talent for his subscribers.

Albion Hall, Hammersmith.—The Distins gave a concert at the above popular establishment, on Monday last, which was attended by all the principal inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood. Many of the instrumental, as well as vocal, parts were encored, and the whole gave the greatest satisfaction.

Jacques Hertz, the celebrated professor, who instructed Madame Pleyel, has returned from Paris to take his permanent residence in London, and resume his lessons.

Miss Cushman made her new *début* on the New-York stage on the 8th ult., and received a most triumphant and enthusiastic reception from her countrymen.

The *Moniteur* contradicts the statement that M. de Persigny had been sent to Vienna to ask for the remains of the Duc de Reichstadt.

The *Breslau Gazette* states that Count Leiningen Westerburg, father of Count Leiningen, who was recently executed at Arad, has died of grief. His age was eighty.

Mendelssohn.—A marble bust of the great composer has been placed in front of the orchestra of the Birmingham Music Hall.

Fanny Elssler.—Speaking of Fanny Elssler, who is now dancing in Hamburg, I am told that she is in but indifferent circumstances. A son of hers, a young officer in the Austrian army, deserted to the army of Charles Albert during the war with Sardinia, and served in all the campaigns as a simple volunteer. One way and another his mother has been compelled to pay heavy sums for him, so heavy that her fortune has been materially impaired. To look at her as I saw her last year—to all appearances the same fair and bewitching creature as she was in the United States when she turned all heads—one would hardly suppose that she had a son old enough to put her to such pecuniary trouble. Fanny must not be far from fifty,* yet, so kindly has time dealt with her, that on the stage she still does not look more than twenty-five.—*Paris Correspondent of the New-York Picayune.*

The Butler Divorce.—The sum of 83,000 dollars was settled upon Mrs. Butler by her late husband, the interest of which alone she may expend annually, and at her death the principal goes to the two children, to whom alone Mrs. Butler has power to bequeath it. It was also arranged by the counsel, that the children of the parties should reside for two months in each year with Mrs. Butler. It is stated that Mrs. Butler has realised 20,000 dollars by her "Readings." Mrs. Butler has resumed her maiden name: in the announcement of her Shaksperean readings she styles herself Mrs. Frances Ann Kemble.—*Boston Atlas.*

Trial by Lot.—A young female, named Leggot, whose father keeps a music shop in Leeds, was tried at the last Leeds Borough Sessions, on the charge of stealing a violin from the shop of Mr. Muff, a gentleman engaged in the same trade. The jury wrangled about the verdict for upwards of three hours, without being able to come to a decision, and then, in order to avoid being locked up all day on Sunday, determined to decide the point by lot. It was agreed that one of three jurors, who would not give up their opinions, should draw two pieces of quill-pen of unequal length, and that if the short piece came out first the verdict should be guilty, and if the long one it should be not guilty. The short piece happening to be first drawn, the jury at once walked into court, and upon their oaths, which bound them to return a true verdict according to the evidence, pronounced the prisoner guilty. Under the recommendation of the recorder who presided at the trial, the fact, embodied in the affidavits of three of the jurymen, has been sent to the Secretary of State, with a memorial praying for his interference.—*Bath Gazette.*

Manchester.—Siccama's Patent Diatonic Flute.—We understand that the flute which was used by Mr. Royal, at the People's Concert, in the Free-trade Hall, on Monday evening—the tone of which was so universally commended—was the newly-invented diatonic flute of M. A. Siccama. This instrument is an unspeakable improvement upon the old German flute, as regards the two very essential properties of *tone* and *tune*; while the fingering is quite as easy as that of the instrument in common use. The improvements of M. Siccama are founded upon a lengthy experience, and a careful study of the principles of acoustics, which have been brought to bear in the development of an instrument as nearly as possible perfect. The diatonic and chromatic intervals may be produced with perfect purity, and the tone can be easily and agreeably modulated. Mr. Royal, one of the most able professors of the flute amongst us, speaks in terms highly commendatory of the new invention.—*Manchester Examiner and Times.*

Paris.—The Italian Opera opened on Thursday, last week, under Ronconi's direction, with Bellini's *I Capuletti e Montecchi*, Angri playing Romeo, and Persiani Julietta. We have an article from our correspondent, touching on sundry matters connected with this event, which we are compelled to defer until next week.

Novelists Classified.—There are three kinds of fictions descriptive of common contemporary life and manners. The first, where the materials are derived directly from observation, and the writer possesses experience enough to comprehend the general character of the events of life he attempts to describe. The second class requires less specific observation, and probably less real knowledge of men and life, but greater art. The general subject and the particular matter may not be very new, but they are made to look so by the skill which exhibits them in new forms, and the wit, eloquence, or vivacity of style with which they are represented. The writers of the third class have no comprehensive views of life as it is, or little of what is called knowledge of the world; nor have they those literary gifts which supply its place. It is not that they wholly take from former books, or that they always write badly. Many of this class "draw from nature," as the phrase is; but they are in the condition of bad or raw artists, and do not comprehend what they see: their representations are not true, because not sufficiently large as a general picture, though they might be veracious as a matter-of-fact view, if put forward simply as such. So far as mere diction is concerned, they may write clearly and even smartly; but there is no mind in their style. Of these three classes, we should be inclined to adduce Cooper and Marryat as types of the first, in their sea and Red Indian tales. Bulwer Lytton is a very good representative of the second; for if his works are rigidly analyzed, it will be found that the general ideas, and much of the matter, are derived from other writers, but made to look like his own by a few striking characters, the manner in which contemporary opinions and manners are engrafted upon the derived substance, and the eloquence or point of the style. To the third class belong the mass of second-rate (or still inferior) novelists, and the whole tribe of circulating-library writers. Writers elaborately metaphysical and capable of pointing an important moral, form a class by themselves: those fictions which, however narrowly and imperfectly, delineate some aspect of society, rather belong to the first category of writings: historical romance is quite another walk of literature.—*Spectator.*

* The writer is certainly wrong. Fanny Elssler is forty-two or forty-three, and no more.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THALBERGARIAN EXERCISES,

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M. JULLIEN begs respectfully to announce, that the Theatre being Let at Christmas next, for English Dramatic Performances, his Concerts can continue but for ONE MONTH ONLY. The novelties of the season will, therefore, be produced in rapid succession. The New Comic Polka entitled "The Row Polka," will be played To-morrow and Every Evening until further notice. Madlle. JETTY TREFFZ having been honoured with the most flattering applause, will repeat the celebrated German Lied, "Trab, Trab," and also sing an entirely New Irish Ballad.

During the week will also be performed Mendelssohn's Last Grand Symphony, the Grand Quadrille and Selections from "*Le Prophète*," Kœnig's New Valse, Solos by Miss ELLEN DAY, Mons. SAINTON, Mr. PRATTEN, Mr. BAZARUS, Mr. STREATHER, Herr KŒNIG, Mr. COLLINS, M. PROSPERE, Herr ADOLPHE KŒNIG, &c.

PROGRAMME FOR MONDAY, NOVEMBER 12TH, 1849.

PART I.

Overture	*Masaniello*	*Auber*
Quadrille	From Meyerbeer's Opera, *Le Prophète*	*Jullien*
Solo	Kœnig, "First Love"	*Koch-Albert*
Valse a Deux Tems, *Lucrezia*		*Jullien*
Symphony	Grand Symphony in A Minor	*Mendelssohn*
Aria	Grand Romance from *Robert le Diable*	*Meyerbeer*
Ballad	Madlle. JETTY TREFFZ	
New Comic Polka	"The Row Polka"	*Jullien*

PART II.

Opera	Second Selection from Meyerbeer's New Grand Opera, *Le Prophète*	*Meyerbeer*
Song	"Night" sung by Madlle. JETTY TREFFZ	*Baker*
German Lied.	"Trab, Trab, Trab," Sung by Madlle. JETTY TREFFZ	*Kücken*
Valse	"Fleur de Marie," (1st Time this season,)	*Barrett*
Fantasia, Pianoforte	Miss ELLEN DAY.	
Polka	"The Drum Polka,"	*Jullien*

The Concert will Commence at Eight, and terminate before Eleven.

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ALTES LEIBESLIED

("*A Ride I once was taking*").

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The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

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No. 47.—Vol. XXIV. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1849. PRICE THREEPENCE. STAMPED FOURPENCE.

EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

Cupid, by Venus! I swear that the whole of thy gear I'll demolish—
Burning thy Scythian darts, burning thy quiver and bow.
Yes, I will burn them! Why foolishly laugh? Why, roguishly chuckling,
Scoff 'st thou? Soon thou shalt laugh on the wrong side of thy mouth.
Then I will cut off the wings with which the desires thou leadest,
Casting about thy feet fetters well fashioned of brass.
Yet shall I gain but a conquest Cadmæan,* by binding thee closely
Thus to my soul—'twill be like locking the lynx with the goats.
Fly, then fly, invincible, putting on Mercury's sandals,
Stretching thy swift wings wide—fly to some other I pray! J. O.

STEPHEN HELLER.

In announcing that this excellent musician has at length been persuaded to pay a visit to London, where he counts so many and such zealous admirers, we are sure that we are according a welcome piece of news to the lovers of music in this country. Our opinion of Stephen Heller, as one of the most original and conscientious writers for the pianoforte that the art can now boast, has too often been proffered, too often been illustrated by example, to need repetition or explanation here, when the simple intelligence of his having arrived among us is all we wish to convey. We trust, however, to have more than one opportunity, during the winter and spring, of testifying our high admiration of his merits, since we can hardly suppose that our amateurs and professors will allow so eminent a musician to depart without having made the best of his sojourn amongst us.

Stephen Heller arrived in London, from Paris, *vid* Boulogne, on Monday week, in company with his gifted and accomplished compatriot, Ernst. He will, probably, remain during the whole of the winter and spring. Let us hope that he may have no occasion to regret having made his trip to the metropolis of "unmusical England."

JETTY TREFFZ.

This popular and accomplished singer is engaged by M. Jullien, to accompany him in a provincial *tournée*, after the conclusion of his London concerts. The disappointment to her London admirers, who expected to have applauded Jetty Treffz on the English operatic stage, about Christmas time, will be great; but M. Jullien knows when he has got a trump card, and is determined to give his country friends the advantage of hearing the vivacious German in some of her pretty Teutonic *lieder*, to say nothing of her Italian airs, her French romances, and, above all, her English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh ballads. There has seldom been a talent more varied than that of Jetty Treffz, and the fact that it is quite as refined and original as it is varied, has been pronounced by the unanimous verdict of all the metropolitan audiences, from the Philharmonic to the Wednesday Concerts, to say nothing of the Liverpool and Birmingham festivals, where the sensation she produced in the autumn is still vividly remembered.

* A proverbial expression for a conquest that brings mischief to the conqueror.

MISS KELLY.

This once popular and celebrated actress has addressed the following letter to the leading Journal, which we re-produce with mingled pleasure and regret—pleasure, because in reprinting her letter we do our best to aid Miss Kelly's desire of making her present difficulties known—regret, because we are most grieved to find that in the decline of life, instead of enjoying in comfort the gains of an honourable and laborious career, she is still at war with rest and struggling for subsistence.

To the Editor of the Times.

Sir,—As I have not, I hope, at any time impertinently thrust myself before the public, either in my professional or private character, I trust I may be excused if, unconsciously, I now appear to do so by indulging an irresistible desire to draw, through the powerful medium of your columns, the attention of my friends to the peculiar hardship of my present position, as Ibean in no other way so well extend the statement to those who, beyond the immediate circle of my intimate acquaintances, I flatter myself may take some interest in my welfare, and a conviction of that integrity I have had credit for through a long and arduous professional life.

Sir, I witnessed, on Tuesday morning last, the utter demolition of the fixtures, fittings, and furniture of my Theatre and Dramatic School in Dean Street; and now only by courtesy of the Sheriffs' officer am permitted "a day or two" to remove, and find space for this ponderous and (for any other than its original appropriation) useless property, before I am myself for ever expelled from the building I have raised for the purest purposes, and towards which I have, for the last fifteen years, devoted my whole fortune, mind, and time.

Now, Sir, as it would deeply wound my proud heart to be pitied or blamed as a rash enthusiast or idle speculator, I wish to arrest at once conjecture and misrepresentation, to which all seeming failure is liable, by stating that my whole property has been wrested from me by my ground landlord, on default of the instalment of £160 due to him in June last, upon arrear of rent for which I had signed to him an all-powerful document.

His legal right is undisputed, and I am bound to acknowledge that he has on some occasions shown a patience and forbearance, too generally, I fear, called for from landlords now-a-days. And I also account myself fortunate in the kind and gentlemanly conduct of Mr. John Allen, his solicitor, who has, I sincerely believe, done all in his power to avert this cruel and unnecessary step—a step that I am unable to account for, and which I own I could not have believed would be taken only eighteen days before the time that would have satisfied his demand. But the peculiar feature of the case, and the hardship of which I complain is this,—that when I signed this fearful document I distinctly stated, in presence of his solicitor and my own, that I could not fulfil my promise as to the first instalment (having no dependable resources) until the end of November—the present month; and that, therefore, I signed depending on the fact that I was perfectly understood, and should be treated with the same consideration as on a former occasion, when I had placed myself equally in his power. The result, however, is, that on default of the said instalment of £160, he has only eighteen days before the time prayed for, seized a property to which, in the cost for building and the operation of the purposes for which it was designed, I have sacrificed from first to last £16,000.

Should you, Sir, feel kindly disposed, and think it well to gratify my wish in allowing space in any form for the substance of my letter, I shall consider myself infinitely obliged.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

F. M. Kelly.

Bayswater, Nov. 16.

Poor Miss Kelly! If she rely upon the world for sympathy in her misfortunes we fear she has built her hopes upon the sand. Was she not long enough a public favourite to know, that, once unable to administer to public amusement, she no longer lives in the public heart?—public mind, rather, for the public has no heart; it has but eyes and ears, to see and hear and be delighted, and hands to applaud while the youth and strength and beauty of its favourites last. These once fleetly gone, and they who wore them are forgotten. The public has but the memory of the hour. A voice, once loved, now silent, is no more remembered. The public does not mourn, but ever flies to new faces for enjoyment. The theatre is but a relaxation. The public rushes to it to forget the business of life, and be lost in a mimic dream. There is no reality in it. The author lives and is remembered, because when one actor dies, another comes and plays his part; but the poor actor must content himself with his hour's applause. When once he has quitted the scene, he must no longer hope to live in the thoughts of those who erewhile were loudest to applaud him. Malibran was scarcely cold, when the same public that was proud to be at her feet were paying homage to her rival, Grisi, in her very own character of Amina. Let the actor, therefore, make his nest while following his brief career. That accomplished, if he be still alive, he becomes himself but an atom of the public mass. If he have not profited by the exercise of his profession, he must look elsewhere than to the public for support and maintenance. A biographer may write his life, and the public will read the book, to go once again over its old pleasures; but ask one penny in charity, and the public will give him the cold shoulder. We trust, however, however, that the intimate acquaintances to whom Miss Kelly alluded may take up her case so effectively as to render an appeal to the public altogether unnecessary. Moreover the generation of Miss Kelly's enthusiastic admirers has passed away. What was her public is not the public now. A new public has arisen which knows not Miss Kelly.

WINCKELMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BOOK III.

ON THE ART OF THE ETRURIANS AND THEIR NEIGHBOURS.

(Continued from page 708.)

CHAP. IV.

ON ART AMONG THE NATIONS BORDERING ON THE ETRURIANS.

XXVIII. Vases of the kind are found in the tombs which are in the midst of the Tifati Mountains, ten miles above the ancient city Capua, near a place called Zebbia, and are approached only by a difficult unbeaten road. Mr. (*) Hamilton, the British plenipotentiary at Naples, had these tombs opened in his presence, partly to see their style of architecture, partly to try whether vases were to be found in the tombs in such inaccessible places. The opening of one of these tombs was drawn on the spot by this distinguished amateur, and a copper-plate of his drawing may be seen in the second volume of his large collection of vases. The skeleton of the deceased lay stretched on the bare earth, with the feet turned towards the entrance of the tomb, and the head lay close against the wall, to which six short flat iron rods, spread out like the sticks of a fan, were fastened by means of a nail, round which they could turn. In the same place, by the head, stood two tall iron candelabra, much corroded; while, at some distance above, hung some vases by brazen nails; one near the candelabra, and others to the right hand of the skeleton, near the feet. At the left side, by the head, lay two iron swords, together with a bronze *Colum Vinarium*,—that is to say, a deep bowl with a handle, perforated like a sieve, which fits exactly into another bowl not perforated, and, as is well known, served for the purpose of straining wine. For, as the liquor would be preserved longer in the large terra-cotta *dolia* than in casks with wooden staves, and was consequently thicker than our wine, which is generally drunk soon after the vintage, it seemed to require this straining. On the same side, by the feet, stood a round bowl of bronze, in which there was a *simplum*,—that is, a small round cup, with a long handle curved at the top, used partly to take wine out of the *dolia* for the purpose of trying it, and partly to pour wine into cups at sacrifices, for the purpose of libation. By the bowl lay two eggs, and a scraper, as if for cheese.

XXIX. I cannot refrain from adding some remarks on this discovery, although they lead me somewhat from my principal end, to which I shall return by a general notice of sepulchral vases. That the dead were placed with the feet towards the entrance to the tomb, is generally known; but it must have been a custom peculiar to the inhabitants, to put the dead body into no case, but to lay it on the bare earth, when it might have been placed, without great expense, in an oblong box, of which many are found with the corpses. As for the iron rods in the shape of a fan, spread out near the skeleton's head, these seem to have represented an actual fan, and to have indicated the custom of driving away flies with a fan from the face of the deceased. The bowl or cup, and the scraper, with the eggs, may be regarded as signs of the food and drink left for the soul of the deceased; for we know that among the last invocations to the dead, was one by which they were reminded to drink to the well-being of the relations they had left behind. On a round sepulchral urn in the Villa Mattei, we may read, HAVE · ARGENTI · TV. NOBIS · BIBES. Neither the suspended vases, nor those which stood by the skeleton, can be looked upon as pots to hold ashes: partly because, as we see, it was either not the custom to burn the dead at all, or this was contrary to the wishes of the occupant of the tomb; partly because only a single body is buried here; and partly because all these vases are open, while the pots for ashes have covers.

XXX. It is, however, remarkable, that in the ancient writers there is no mention of any vessels placed in tombs, besides those for ashes; for a vessel with oil, which, according to Aristophanes, was placed by the body, does not seem to belong to the class.

XXXI. Not less known is the use made of such vases in the public games of Greece, where, even in the earliest times, a mere earthen vase was the sign of victory, as is shown by a vase on the arms of the City Tralles, and a great number of gems. This usage was retained at Athens at a later period, when the prize in the Panathenaic games consisted of such vases, filled with oil pressed from the olives dedicated to Pallas. To this the vases on the pediment of a temple at Athens had reference. They were ornamented with paintings, as Pindar points out, and as his Scholiast explains. The paintings of several of the largest vases, both in the Vatican and the Hamilton collections, seem to refer to the same custom; for here is represented in a temple, sometimes Castor, sometimes Pollux, the latter standing with a horse, the former sitting with a pointed helmet in his hand, shaped like an ordinary cap. Castor would be a symbol of the horse-races, and the other games would be represented by Pollux, as a noted wrestler.

XXXII. Besides, many, if not most of the vases, must

(*) Sir William.

have served the purposes of our porcelain, and have been made to adorn the places where they were set up. (*a*) This may be inferred partly from the painting, which is usually better on one side than the other, so that the inferior side might be placed against the wall. Quite unquestionably is this use proved by the very form of some of these vessels, which have no bottom, and never had any, as will be found in some of the largest specimens in the Hamilton collection (*b*). From the number of figures holding a strigil, it might appear that many of the vases were hung up in baths.

SELECT VARIORUM NOTES.

(*a*). Hancarville maintains that the large handsome painted vessels were votive offerings, which were presented sometimes filled with the first fruits of the various harvests, sometimes empty for the purpose of [illegible] the temples. Hence it is, that Bacchic festivals, the deeds of Hercules, the amours of Jupiter, and the like, are so often represented upon them Along the wall of the temple a sort of shelf has been set up to hold these consecrated vases, and the possibility of seeing only one side may be the cause that the back is painted more hastily or left quite plain. Besides these votive vases, others of different size and form might have been used in sacrifices, and others have served to hold ointment in the baths.—*Amoretti.*

On the other hand, it may be reasonably objected that all these vases, not excepting the largest and handsomest, have been taken out of tombs, into which the votive offerings from the temple would have scarcely found their way. The conjecture of modern investigators, that they were given as a memorial to the young men, when they put on the virile garment, and were initiated into the mysteries of Bacchus, and that they were afterwards buried with them, seems certainly very plausible.—*Meyer.*

(*b*). Hancarville concludes that the large handsome vases would not have served for the decoration of private houses, from the fact that the ordinary rooms of the Romans were too narrow, for such large fragile vessels not to have occasioned inconvenience. He does not even consider it probable that such vases were set up in the more spacious halls, which the ancients certainly had, or in the atrium and the portico, so as to be exposed to the danger of being broken. It was the custom to place vases on the top of edifices, especially villas, but then when made of *terra-cotta*, were neither of fine workmanship nor painted. This may, however, be assumed with respect to the vases set up on the roof of a temple at Athens, not so much by way of ornament, as to symbolise the combats in wrestling.—*Amoretti.*

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(*Continued from page* 724.)

XCVI. The Egyptian ships of burden are made of the Acanthe, the form of which is like the Cyrenæan lotus, while it exudes tears of commi (gum arabic). Cutting from this acanthe planks, about two cubits long, they arrange them brick-wise, making the ship thus :—The planks of two cubits are connected with a great number of long plugs, and when this is done, they place the cross planks upon them. There are no ribs to the vessel, but the joints within are secured by byblus. They make one rudder, which passes through the keel, and use a mast of acanthe, and sails of byblus. These vessels cannot sail up the river, unless there is a strong gale in their favour, but are towed along from the bank. Down the current they are drawn thus :—There is a hurdle made of tamarisk, fitted together with a matting of reeds, and a perforated stone, weighing at most two talents. The hurdle attached to a rope is let down in front of the vessel, to be carried along by the stream, and the stone, attached to another rope, is let down from the stern. The hurdle, by the action of the current, is carried swiftly along, and draws after it the "baris" (as these vessels are called), while the stone behind, sinking to the bottom of the water, directs the course of the vessel. There is a great quantity of these vessels, some of which carry a weight of many thousand talents.

XCVII. When the Nile has overflowed the country, the cities alone appear above water, closely resembling the islands in the Ægæan Sea. The rest of Egypt is converted into a sea. When this is the case, they navigate, not according to the course of the river, but through the middle of the plain. Those who go up to Memphis from Nicopolis pass by the Pyramids. This, however, is not the ordinary route, but that by the point of the Delta, and the city of Cercasorus. Sailing to Naucratis from the sea and Canobus across the plain, you will come to the city of Anthylla, and to the one called that of Archandrus.

XCVIII. Of these, Anthylla, which is a considerable city, is given to the wife of the ruler of Egypt to provide her with shoes. This has been the case as long as Egypt has been under the Persians. The other city seems to me to take its name from the son-in-law of Danaüs, Archandrus, the son of Phthius the Achæan, for it is called (*as I have said*) the city of Archandrus. There may indeed have been another Archandrus, but, at any rate, the name is not Egyptian.

(*To be continued.*)

SONNET.

NO. CLX.

EGYPTIAN.

"Wide is the world. If in one spot you fail,
A thousand trial of your strength invite;
No ill (fine common place!) green hope should blight.
Good-will and courage must at last prevail.
Wide is the world. Then no mischance bewail.
If *here* be darkness, *there* is surely light;
There is a balance to set all things right.
The world is infinite,—spread wide your sail!"
Granted, the world is wide,—but still the road
We wander on is narrow; it is graced,
With one or two bright spots—the rest is drear.
When the broad land is by the Nile o'erflow'd,
We take no heed of the dull wat'ry waste,
But count the homes that o'er the flood appear. N. D.

ERNST.

To the testimonies of the morning journals in honour of the genius of this great artist, let us add a few selected at random from our file of weekly periodicals.

(*Morning Advertiser.*)

"A more than usually crowded audience assembled to greet Herr Ernst's second appearance; and the enthusiasm excited by the remarkable performances of that singularly accomplished and surprising violinist was more intense even than on the occasion of his *début* last week at these entertainments. It speaks well for the progress of a wholesome and elevated taste in music in the public mind, when so large and mixed an audience as that collected yesterday evening, could listen, not only with pleasure and appreciation, but delight and rapture, to the exquisite and astonishing instrumental achievements of the celebrated artiste. His first solo was founded on various Hungarian airs, in which he displayed his great and masterly powers over the violin, and exhibited some of the unusual, but remarkably eloquent and expressive tones which he alone seems so effectively to be able to produce from it. He subsequently repeated the *Carnival of Venice*, his performance of which created such a *furore* at the preceding concert. He now went through that well-known composition with quite marvellous elaborateness and ease. The variations were curiously original; and yet, amid all their eccentricity, they were always distinguished by exquisitely sweet and expressive notes. In fact, he often seemed to be revelling, so to speak, in instrumental 'puzzles'—puzzles that would perplex and confound others, but were surmounted by him with facility, precision, and elegance. An encore was, of course, the result; and the great violinist then introduced fresh, still more difficult, and still more elaborately involved variations, triumphing with only the more success and brilliancy the more arduous and unwonted the trial he had to surmount. It was a distinguished day for the London Wednesday Concerts when the managers engaged Herr Ernst; and it was a right fortunate one for the patrons and frequenters of those entertainments when they

were first enabled to hear, at so reasonable a rate, one of the musical celebrities of the time."

(*Sun.*)

"Herr Ernst made his second appearance at these concerts last evening, and performed his celebrated *pot pourri* of Hungarian airs, and the far famed *Carnaval de Venise*. His performance is most wonderful and most gratifying, and the audience were enthusiastic in their expressions of approbation."

(*From the Era.*)

"There was an unusually large muster at Exeter Hall on Wednesday last, the fourth meeting of the series. This was in a great measure owing to the introduction of the greatest known violinist of the age, Herr Ernst. The great German artist made an extraordinary sensation, and was compelled to comply with an unmistaken mandate to make three reappearances. A circumstance like this is a fine feature in the taste of the age, for though difficult and incomprehensible as much of the performance was, the audience discovered that the violin, in the hands of such a master, uttered a language as rich as it was new—a language invested with an irresistible charm. Ernst so grapples with the greatest imaginable difficulties that they cease to be; and, to our thinking, he approaches his great Italian prototype much nearer than any other artist since Paganini's time; his style, elegance, purity, and grace at once convey to the mind the idea of a great genius. Ernst is engaged for five nights, so that the public will have an opportunity of hearing him, and then can judge for themselves."

(*Dispatch.*)

"But, great as was the applause, and numerous as were the encores bestowed on the vocal part of the concert, the enthusiasm of the crowded audience was reserved for the violinist Ernst, whose extraordinary efficiency on his instrument has been the frequent theme for glowing panegyric of ourselves and cotemporaries. He executed a grand fantasia on the march and romance from Rossini's *Otello* and the *Carnival of Venice*. These two pieces served to bring out the best points of his style. Whilst he masters all the intricate difficulties, the mechanical trickery, and attains the high finish and extraordinary brilliancy of the Paganini school, he possesses the much loftier and appreciable power of evoking the varied expression and intense feeling which the violin, above all other instruments, is capable of producing. In the *Carnival of Venice*, a composition more suited to a mixed audience than one of *dilettanti*, he was rapturously encored. His engagement is the principal feature in this series of concerts."

(*Illustrated London News.*)

"The playing of Ernst on Wednesday night, at Exeter Hall, was transcendently great. Warmed by the rapturous reception of the auditory, on his return from the Continent to fulfil an engagement for six of the London Wednesday Concerts, Ernst's displays were in his happiest vein; and when his nervous temperament is not affected, he is the greatest violinist of the age. Perhaps, in the poetry and passion of his style, Ernst has never been approached. He played twice: in the first part he executed his own fantasia on themes from Rossini's *Otello;* and in the second act he performed his popular work, the *Carnival of Venice*. Paganini, at his earliest advent, never created a greater sensation than Ernst on this occasion. The hall rang with reiterated plaudits, and exclamations of delight were irresistible in the middle of some exquisite trait of execution. Marvellous as were his fantastic and fanciful bravura passages in the *Carnival*, the sentiment of his style was equally as penetrating as his adagios. The lament of Desdemona, particularly, and the lovely slow movement preceding the *Carnival*, were most deliciously interpreted; it was often as if the human voice in sweetest accents was singing, so graceful and perfect is Ernst's cantabile. His *tours de force* quite electrified the players in the band as well as the amateurs. In the *Carnival* it was a series of mechanical prodigies—octaves, double and triple stops, staccato passages, arpeggi, leaps, compassing of tenths, and every imaginable and unimaginable intricacy being conquered with delightful crispness and justness of intonation. The ovations following his finished performances were deafening."

(*Athenæum.*)

"We perceive that Herr Ernst was received at the Wednesday Concert with the utmost enthusiasm; our public at length seeming to be in the way of rightly appreciating this artist's rare and pre-eminent genius."

(*Britannia.*)

"Ernst, the violinist, has commenced an engagement for six concerts. His reception at Exeter Hall at the fourth entertainment was rapturous in the extreme, and rarely has he been heard in finer play. He performed two of his own compositions, the fantasia on themes from Rossini's *Otello*, and his 'Carnival of Venice.' Ernst is the greatest violinist of his age, for he possesses a mechanism that is inimitable; and there is no living artist who can rival him in the poetry and sentiment of his style. His adagio playing is perfection. His tone is so rich and pure, his sensibility so acute and penetrating, his pathos so irresistible, that the hearer frequently forgets that it is an instrument which is being played, and it is imagined that some exquisitely pure-toned human voice is singing. The plaint of Desdemona over the lyre is a remarkable instance of Ernst's passionate colouring and delicate tenderness. He may astonish and delight his auditory by his prodigious feats of dexterity in the 'Carnival,' but it is in the playing of his 'Elegie' and other adagios that he entrances his listeners. He raised the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch last Wednesday, and his engagement will, no doubt, be a fortunate hit for the directors. To hear such a player at such prices as those at the London Wednesday Concerts is, indeed, a boon for the musical public."

(*Sunday Times.*)

"The public are much indebted to Mr. Stammers for affording them the opportunity of listening to this celebrated violinist at these concerts. Herr Ernst made his first appearance at the fourth of the series, which took place on Wednesday evening, and never, within our recollection, was this great *artiste* in finer play. His appearance in the orchestra was the signal for a display of the most intense enthusiasm, which for a while unnerved him, and tended somewhat to affect the early part of his playing; but as his confidence returned, the brilliancy of his tone, and the wondrous facility of his execution, wrought the audience into a state of delight, which amounted to perfect *furore* on the introduction of his own version of the *Carnival of Venice*. His extraordinary execution of double stops—his *pizzicato* accompaniments whilst bowing the most elaborate variations, with other wondrous effects, hitherto looked upon as impossibilities, yet accomplished by Herr Ernst without the slightest effort, afforded the utmost astonishment, and at the conclusion the audience rose *en masse*, and signified their appreciation of the treat offered them by the most enthusiastic re-demand ever heard within the walls of Exeter Hall. Herr Ernst appeared to bow his acknowledgments, but this was not sufficient for his enraptured hearers, who insisted on its repetition, with which he complied, introducing an entire new set of variations, more brilliant and effective than the first. Herr Ernst has been engaged for six concerts by Mr. Stammers, to whom the public owe much for affording them the opportunity of enjoying so great a musical treat at so moderate a charge. Miss Dolby made her first appearance this season, and acquitted herself in her usual musicianly style. The remaining portion of the concert consisted of a selection from *Les Huguenots*, and a miscellaneous collection of songs, interpreted by Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss Huddart, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Miss Eyles, the Misses Cole—*débûtantes*, who were encored in Kücken's duet 'The Swallows'—Signor Bartolini, Mr. George Tedder, and Herr Formes. A septet by Neukomm was excellently played by Messrs. Baumann, T. Harper, Jarrett, Maycock, Nicholson, Ribas, and Pratten; as was Macfarren's sparkling overture *Chevy Chase*, and Mendelssohn's 'Scherzo' and 'Wedding March,' from *Midsummer Night's Dream*, by the full band, under the direction of Herr Anschuez. The hall was capitally attended."

Never was there a more unanimous appreciation of the talent of a great artist.

THE "BOHEMIAN GIRL" OF BALFE.

(*Translated from a Frankfort paper.**)

THIS favourite opera of the British stage, already nationalized in Vienna and Hamburg, and at present preparing for performance in Berlin, was given for the first time at Frankfort on the 22nd of October, and was conducted by the composer, who was most favourably received. The honoured stranger was cheered on entering the orchestra, and at the conclusion of the opera called on, with all the solo singers.

In regard to the book, it reminds us alternately of *Preciosa*, *La Fille du Regiment*, and of *Les Diamans de la Couronne*. The story is full of improbabilities, and often wanting in purpose, defects common to the majority of a vast number of operas with which our public is already familiar. The incidents follow each other, however, with lively rapidity—passion, feeling, joy, and pain constantly alternating; the interest of

* The *Didaskalien*.

the whole being quite enough to make an opera acceptable, if the composer has the art of fascinating the ear by his melodies.

Balfe's music unquestionably leans towards the Italian school, and resembles Bellini in style.† His instrumentation is brilliant and characteristic without overpowering the singer. Balfe belongs to the original natures (*Künstlernaturen*) marching in his own path, and producing nothing which does not of itself issue from a healthy individuality.‡ We may accuse him of doing homage to the popular taste, but this will be, doubtless, easily forgiven him, since he carries his hearers, without any attempt at learning or *bizarrerie*, to the enchanted land of romance. Balfe's earlier operas, with the exception of the *Haimonskindern* (*Quatre Fils Aymon*), are unknown to us, but from his *Bohemian Girl* alone we have enough to form a judgment that his works, with but moderately favourable stage conditions, must win the acknowledgment of public approval. Thus much of the spirit and character of the work as may be made understandable in a few lines. The most attractive pieces in the opera, to which we must particularly call attention, are the two choruses of gipsies (the subject of the former being traceable throughout the opera and overture); the Gipsies' March, for brass instruments; the last chorus of the first act; the air of the queen (composed expressly for Madame Behrend Brandt); the Romance of the Gitana, her couplets with chorus, and her song; the duet between Theodore and Gitana; the whole of the effective second *finale;* the cavatina of Arnheim; the last trio; and, before all the rest, the two gems of the opera, the little quartet, and Theodore's cavatina, a true "*Volkslied.*" The opera concludes with some couplets, richly ornamented, and accompanied by a chorus, which piece is also one of the best of the opera. The short dialogue, if set to music, would be more appropriate, as the speaking disturbs the progress of the music, while there is no necessity for it.

The personal conducting of our honoured guest, as well as his whole appearance, reminded us much of our departed Guhr,‖ which tended no doubt to produce an additional interest in his works. Some abbreviation in the first act of the opera, which is only an introduction to the rest, would be of great advantage to the general effect.

SIGNOR PAGLIERI.

Our readers will remember the account of the "row" at the Dublin Theatre *apropos* of Mr. Sims Reeves and the above-named gentleman, which we copied from *The Times* in a recent number. Having re-produced the article in which Signor Paglieri was somewhat roughly handled, we can do nothing less, in plain justice, than re-produce the letter which that gentleman subsequently addressed to *The Times* in extenuation of the incompetency laid to his charge with scarcely more severity than injustice.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

"Sir,—As the exponent of the general feeling of the English public you are necessarily a lover of fair play.

"On rising from a sick bed, after a severe attack of influenza, I have learned that a sweeping condemnation of my professional character, which appeared in a Dublin paper on Wednesday last, was transferred into the columns of your Journal, and so has gone through the world.

"If this piece of defamation had not received the sanction of your *imprimatur*, it might have done me little harm. Now, unless you allow me publicly to state under what circumstances the attack was made, its effects may be ruinous to my reputation, and you know that the reputation of an artiste is his bread.

"I accepted an engagement to sing as first tenor in the *Sonnambula*, one of a series of operas in which Miss Catherine Hayes was to appear at Dublin. I was suffering from cold and hoarseness when I left London, but I expected to have three or four days' rest before being called on to sing. On the following day, however, it was intimated to me that circumstances might occur which would place my fellow artistes in a most unpleasant position unless I consented to sing in the *Lucia*. I promised to give my assistance if it should be called for, and if the state of my health would permit. Next day I was asked to fulfil my promise. I went through the rehearsal with the company and the orchestra; my pleas of indisposition were overruled by the kind encouragement given to me by Miss Hayes, Mr. Benedict, and the rest of the company; and I had sung so often in the same opera in the principal theatres of Italy, and also in France, with unvaried success, that I, perhaps too readily, agreed to appear in the evening. Notwithstanding increasing illness, I believe that the indulgence of the audience (which had been asked for in the usual manner) would have enabled me to go through the part without discredit, if the presence of a justly popular tenor had not raised their hope of hearing him if they silenced me. But be this as it may, I call upon the public, through you, Sir, to suspend their opinion as to my qualifications for the stage, in spite of the anathemas of the Dublin critic.

"He may not have known that I undertook the part voluntarily and gratuitously; but he knew that I was ill, and he should not have concealed that fact. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"ONORATO PAGLIERI.

"*Park Lane, Piccadilly, Nov.* 12."

Having made the *amende honorable* we have nothing left to do but apologize to Sig. Paglieri for having delayed it so long.

DEATH OF CHARLES E. HORN.

The name of Charles E. Horn is intimately connected with the modern ballad music of England. In an age fertile in song writers, he stood conspicuous among the most popular. He was, in this respect, the worthy compeer of Henry Bishop, Braham, Augustus Wade, Alexander Lee, and Haynes Bayley. Perhaps no modern ballad has obtained an equal share of popularity with "Cherry ripe." It was almost as famous and as universal in its day as Rossini's "Di tanti palpiti." The words, peculiarly quaint and original, are taken from the "Hesperides" of Robert Herrick, a very hive of antiquated sweets. At that period, it would seem, poetry was of some service to a ballad. It has been said that ten or fifteen pounds was the price that Charles Horn received for "Cherry ripe," and that as many thousands were made by the publisher.

Besides "Cherry ripe," Mr. Horn was the author of other highly successful ballads. Who can forget "The deep, deep sea," which, independent of its real merit, was made famous by Malibran's singing? "Thro' the woods" was another ballad of Horn's which took the popular taste immensely in its day, as did also "I've been roaming." The duet, "I know a bank," the words taken from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, is familiar to every body, and has been universally and most deservedly admired. Mr. Horn wrote many other vocal pieces which obtained celebrity.

Mr. Horn composed several operas, or more properly, ballad operas; none of which, however, met with any extraordinary success. He also composed an oratorio, which was rather rehearsed than performed, at the Hanover Rooms, a short time before he last left England for America. Of this work, which was heard under such extreme disadvantages, it would be unfair to offer an opinion.

Charles Horn's mode of thinking in music was English, but not so decidedly English as that of Henry Bishop. He was a good musician, and enjoyed a high reputation at one time in this country. He was for many years a singer on the stage, and such was the versatility of his talent, that he alternately filled Braham's tenor parts, and Henry Phillips' baritone. His voice was of indifferent quality, but he was an excellent

† This never struck us.—ED.

‡ How then is he of the Italian school, and like Bellini?—ED.

‖ A celebrated violinist and musician, for some years conductor at the Frankfort opera—lately deceased.—ED.

artist, and could bring an indifferent voice to good account. He had great musical feeling, and was a capital actor in some characters. His Caspar, in *Der Freischutz* was really an admirable piece of histrionism. It was reckoned the best on the stage in his time, and has not been surpassed since, although many celebrated singers have appeared in it.

The following brief account of his life and works is abstracted from the New York *Message Bird*.

"It is with the most heartfelt regret that we discharge the melancholy duty of chronicling the departure of this distinguished musician, who died in Boston, on Sunday the 21st ult., at the age of 63. He has been a resident in this country about twenty years; where he has been known principally as a singer and teacher of excellence, and also a graceful composer of a lighter class of music; but of the depth and versatility of his genius we believe few at the present day out of the circle of his immediate friends are aware. It has been said of him, that he was 'indolent when not appreciated, and, when not excited, indifferent to himself and heedless of what he has neglected;' it is to these feelings, which have obscured the light of many a brilliant genius, that we must, perhaps, attribute the paucity of his great productions in this country, as well as that inadequate position which we feel that he has maintained in general public estimation, particularly of later years. His reputation as a melodist, perhaps, has been as extensively established in this country as in England; and there are few musical portfolios here that have not possessed his "Cherry ripe," "I've been roaming," the "Deep, deep sea," with other popular productions of his pen. But the evidences of his capacity in the higher grades of musical composition, and of his ability in the school of solid counterpoint, have not so abounded here, as, amid more fertilizing influences, his industry alone might have caused them to do. He nevertheless has the honour of having laid the corner-stone of whatever is noble in musical structure, that may have been since, or which may hereafter be, erected in this country. His oratorio, the *Remission of Sin*, which, it is said, contains fugues, canons, and beautiful contrivances in the accompaniment that are 'worthy of the first masters' —is the first oratorio ever composed in America. And we trust that after the New York Harmonic Society becomes fully organized, this composition will be wrested from the oblivion in which, through local circumstances, it has been suffered to remain, and will be revived in a manner that shall do justice to its merits.

"Mr. Horn was the son of an eminent German teacher of the piano and thorough bass, in London. He was born in 1786, in the parish of St. Martin's, in that city. He received his musical education principally from his father, though he profited by a few singing lessons from the celebrated Rauzzini. After which he resolved upon the profession of a theatrical vocalist, and made his *debut* in that capacity in the opera of *Up all Night*; which was performed on the occasion of the opening of the English Opera-House, London. Soon after this he composed a short opera called the *Bee Hive*, which met with a flattering reception. At the close of that season, he quitted the stage, and did not return to it until 1814. In the meantime he had greatly improved his voice by long practice under good teachers. In 1814 he appeared again at the English Opera House as Seraskier in the *Siege of Belgrade*, and was eminently successful. From that time to the period of his departure for this country, he was ranked among the principal singers of the metropolis.

"Besides numerous minor pieces, Mr. Horn has composed the music of the following operas:—*Persian Hunters*, the *Magic Bride*, *Tricks upon Travellers*, *Boarding House*, *Godolphin*, the *Lion of the North*, *Rich and Poor*, the *Statue*, *Charles the Bold*, the *Woodman's Hut*, *Dirce*, *Annette*, *Elections*, *Nounjahad*, *M. P.*, *Lalla Rookh*, the *Wizard*, and *Philandering*, &c. And (in conjunction with Mr. Braham) the *Devil's Bridge*. To this list may be added a dramatic composition produced in this country, called the *Christmas Bells*.

"Mr. Horn made his first appearance in this country, we think, at the Park Theatre, where he performed in conjunction with Mrs. Austin. He here introduced several English operas, whose success at the time was mainly attributable to his excellent acting, and his judicious adaptation of the pieces to the circumstances of the occasion. A protracted and severe illness, which deprived him for a while of the use of his voice, was the occasion of his finally abandoning the stage and assuming the more private position of teacher and occasional singer. He also established himself as an importer and publisher of music, in this city, in connection with Mr. Davis. This establishment was finally dissolved, and after his last return from England he took up his residence in Boston, where he remained to the time of his final departure. In the death of Charles Edward Horn, the musical interests in this country have experienced a loss, which, considering the versatility of his genius, we may safely affirm, can never be fully repaired. Let his personal foibles be forgotten. May his soul rest in peace!"

As one who, in the lighter atmospheres of music, enchanted multitudes with sweet song, the memory of Charles E. Horn must be revered by Englishmen, and should not be willingly passed over to oblivion. The very lightness of his pinions made him more buoyant, and more easy of transference from place to place, and hence the universality of his praise. He was not born to astound, but to please, and consequently his fame reached its meridian with the birth of his first song. He enjoyed while living all his reputation; and if he did not live, like Cherubini, to see himself a Classic, he obtained during his life-time all the renown which truth could award to shining, but evanescent, ability. So severely must criticism adjudicate on all talent save what is solid and enduring.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

THE reputation already acquired by the directors of these entertainments was fully sustained on Wednesday evening; and the brilliant name of Ernst appeared to act as a magnet upon the music-loving inhabitants of this metropolis, who crowded into all parts of the Hall, cramming the area to the walls long before the commencement of the concert.

The first part of the programme included a selection from *Don Giovanni*, commencing with the overture, which was admirably rendered by the band, under the able conduct of Herr Anschüez. This was followed by "La ci darem," well sung by Mrs. A. Newton and Herr Formes, after which Signor Bartolini (from Her Majesty's Theatre) gave the air, "Il mio tesoro," with much delicacy and sweetness. Mrs. Newton was much applauded in "Batti, batti," and encored in "Vedrai carino" most deservedly. Herr Formes obtained a similar honour in the serenade, "Deh vieni," and equally well merited it. The selection concluded with the terzetto, "Proteggo il giusto cielo," by Mrs. Newton, Miss R. Isaacs, and Signor Bartolini.

The next in order was Ernst's solo on *Hungarian airs*, which he performed with the ease, purity of tone, astonishing dexterity, and wonderfully modulated expression, which have elevated him to the lofty position he maintains. During the latter portion of the piece, the audience applauded so loudly and frequently, that the performance was almost interrupted, but their excitement and astonishment could not be restrained, and at the conclusion the universal burst of vociferous applause constrained the great artiste to re-enter and bow to the audience.

Miss Huddart sang the lute song "Ah, non voler," from *Anna Bolena*, very well; and Herr Formes was called upon to repeat "Non piu andrai," in answer to which, however, he merely responded by bowing. The Misses Cole, the young ladies who made so successful a *début* last week, sang Mendelssohn's lovely duet, "I would that my love," with charming simplicity and perfect *ensemble*, receiving the warmest applause. Signor Bartolini gave the serenade, "Come è gentil," with such unaffected taste as to obtain an encore. The lively overture to *Zampa*, played with great precision, albeit with unusual celerity, concluded the first part.

The second part opened with a new overture, performed for the first time, and composed by Mr. W. L. Phillips, who conducted the orchestra on this occasion. The writing is remarkably good, that of a thorough musician; the orchestration masterly and brilliant; the subjects startling and well balanced; the plan simple, and developed with great clearness and ingenuity. The overture was exceedingly well played, and applauded with the utmost liberality. We fancied it was rather shorter than the generality of overtures, which fact, however, in this instance, was not one for congratulation, as is too frequently the case. Mr. Phillips's work has so much merit, that it would have been listened to with attention had it been considerably longer.

The pretty Miss Eyles received an encore in a ballad, by Linley, which she sung very quietly. Miss Rebecca Isaacs was similarly complimented, in a Scotch ballad. Mr. G. Tedder, the new tenor, treated the audience to Bishop's "Native Hills," and a ballad by T. Baker. Herr Formes sang the "Standard Bearer," of which his version certainly displays more sentimental feeling than Pischek's; he received great applause. He likewise sang "The Wolf," and being encored, without a dissentient voice, substituted a German song of his own, which he sang with genuine feeling.

The instrumental portion of this part of the concert was confided to Mr. Thomas Harper, who played some variations upon an old air, on the cornet-à-piston, displaying a rich tone and brilliant execution. We should, however, have preferred listening to that skilful player in any other style of composition than an *air varié*, for which the cornet-á-piston is not well adapted.

Ernst repeated his extraordinary *Carnaval de Venise*, the beautiful introduction to which he played, if possible, with more taste than ever; of course, the difficulties in the variations were surmounted with the utmost facility, and the encore, accompanied by the acclamations of the audience, was tremendous. He did not play the same variations on his recall, but, according to his usual custom, introduced a new set, in which every possible and impossible difficulty was treated like nothing at all; the audience once more tumultuously testifying their delight.

Altogether, the concert went off extremely well, and was concluded in due time, not being prolonged to the wearisome extent of the monster concerts with which we are sometimes overwhelmed.

BENEDICT AT LIMERICK.

One of the Limerick papers offers the following glowing and appropriate eulogium of this accomplished musician's talent as a pianist:—

"Mr. Benedict delighted us with the performance of his Fantasia on Scotch airs. The arrangement is clever and musician-like, and forms altogether a very brilliant Fantasia. The introduction was appropriate and led with much effect to the first air, "Charlie is my Darling," from which he methodically resolved into that ever living melody, 'O, Nannie, wilt thou gang with me.' The reel tune ending this fantasia was capitally introduced, and constituted the *abberzo* of the piece. His style is superb, combining great manual skill, with the higher qualities of expression, grace, and inventive brilliancy. The tone he produces from the piano has an oily richness, without monotony, and the notes seem to fall from his fingers like large drops of rain from a dark and heavy cloud; in passages of the utmost rapidity this spheric fulness is invariably preserved. He is an able and vigorous composer, exhibiting the fancy and musical knowledge which have won for him an enviable position amongst musicians."

It gives us the utmost gratification to reprint this well-deserved homage of a provincial contemporary to a talent as refined as it is unpretending.

DRURY LANE.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

On Tuesday the annual Beethoven night took place, and the whole of the first part of the programme was devoted to compositions to which the mighty name of the "poet of sounds" (*Tondichter*) was affixed. All these pieces, it is true, as we shall shew further on, were not Beethoven's, but enough of them were the real thing to constitute an entertainment of a truly intellectual kind.

The symphony in C minor was given entire, and was played with admirable spirit, M. Jullien indicating the times with his usual accuracy. The overture to *Fidelio* was brilliantly executed; and with such delicacy and good colouring was the *allegretto* from the symphony in F (No. 8) performed, that it was unanimously encored. The *andante* and storm movement of the pastoral symphony completed the list of pieces which were unadulterated Beethoven. We should have been more satisfied with the last, had the final movement been played; the storm-movement does not end according to Beethoven, and the chord added at the close produces a very abrupt effect. In other respects, we have nothing but praise for this selection, which was as well performed as it was interesting.

The adulterated Beethoven pieces were four in number. There was, first, the first movement of the violin sonata in F, arranged for the orchestra by M. Nadaud. The arrangement is extremely clever, and the execution was unexceptionable; but we must denounce the system of transforming sonatas into symphonies, as radically bad. Habeneck set the example at the *Conservatoire* in Paris with the *septet* of Beethoven; but Habeneck has set many bad examples; among others may be cited the total exclusion of Spohr, and the almost total exclusion of Mendelssohn, from the concerts of the *Conservatoire*. Next there was "Adelaida," played upon the cornet-à-pistons by Kœnig, and played to perfection; but we must confess we do not like these passionate songs upon a cockney instrument like the cornet. Third, there was "Le Desir," a waltz with variations, executed by the orchestra. The theme of this waltz, which has been familiarized as "Beethoven's Last Waltz," is not by Beethoven, but by Schubert; nor are the variations by Beethoven, but by Jullien. We like both very much in their way, but why father them upon the "Poet of Sounds?" The performance of this concoction was admirable, and the two last variations, for stringed instruments, were encored.

Lastly, there was De Beriot's parody of the slow movement in the Kreutzer sonata, for piano and violin, arranged for violin solus, under the title of the *Tremolo*. We have heard Vieuxtemps and Sivori, and other great violinists play this parody, but we have never heard it executed more brilliantly, more effectively, or more correctly, than by M. Sainton, who, as one of the first of classical violinists, and an especial master of Beethoven's chamber-music, should have played something legitimate on the "Beethoven night," instead of this parody, which, ingenious enough in its way, is, after all, but a *jeu d'esprit*. There is the one concerto, for example, which would have suited M. Sainton to a T. The accomplished violinist, however, was encored, a compliment exclusively due to his masterly playing, in which De Beriot had no share.

The remainder of the concert included the selection from the *Prophète*, a waltz, a polka, and a quadrille, from M. Jullien's own popular *repertoire*, and a brilliant flute solo, brilliantly executed, by Mr. Pratten, one of the very best of our flautists. These gave entire satisfaction.

Jetty Treffz was, as usual, irresistible. Her "Trab, trab,

trab," of which no audience ever gets tired, was encored with enthusiasm. But far more to be admired was her "Vedrai carino," an exquisite bit of pure Mozartean singing, worthy of all admiration.

The theatre was crammed to suffocation. It was the fullest attendance of the season. These Beethoven nights attract a special audience to all. Jullien's concerts, quite independent of his ordinary patrons—an audience that comes to hear fine music executed by a fine orchestra, at a reasonable price—are occasions of much too rare occurrence in this vast metropolis.

A "Mendelssohn night" is announced for Tuesday next.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The concert season for the winter may now be said to have fairly commenced here. Last week Mr. C. A. Seymour held his first quartet concert, and Mr. Charles Hallé his first classical chamber concert for the season,—both of them have changed their *locale*, most probably because of the recent decision against the Council of the Royal Institution, who have been appealing against the rating of their building for local taxes (one argument against them being, that a room in the Institution had been let for classical and quartet concerts). Whatever the cause, however, Mr. Seymour opened his winter campaign in the Chorlton-upon-Medlock Town Hall, a room well enough adapted to the purpose, and well situated amongst Mr. Seymour's connection and friends, who principally reside (as he does himself) in the district of which it is the centre, but, unfortunately for your correspondent, much further from the suburb of *his* abode. Mr. Hallé has located himself within a few hundred yards of his former room, and in the same street (namely, at the Assembly Room, in Mosley Street), —a central, desirable, and most aristocratic *locale*. We believe both concerts passed off well; but we were not so fortunate as to be present at either.

Last evening, the first of the two grand concerts got up under the auspices of the spirited projector of the Monday Evening Concerts, H. B. Peacock, Esq., took place at the Free Trade Hall, and, sorry we are to say it, the result was most unsatisfactory. He may console himself, that if he could not command success, he has done *more*, for certainly he deserved it. The Oratorio of the *Messiah* was got up for the occasion in a most spirited and painstaking manner. Nothing that care, foresight, or liberality could do, was wanting to ensure a complete rendering of the greatest work of its class. The principal singers were from London, and if not all of the highest rank, all were good, and some first-rate. Mr. Benedict was there to conduct, Mr. Seymour to lead, Mr. D. W. Banks at the organ, and the most efficient band and chorus (some 150 to 200 in number) that Manchester could furnish. The *Messiah*, too, besides being the greatest oratorio of its immortal composer, hitherto such a favourite in Lancashire,—yet was one-half the vast hall miserably empty! The prices could not be in the way, either. The reserved seats (which were respectably filled,) being but five shillings each, the rest of the hall only half-a-crown! How is this to be accounted for? and how is it the Hargreaves Choral Society still remains in abeyance? Where is the support that might reasonably be looked for from the numerous and intelligent middle classes in this vast hive of industry? We can only state and regret the fact; we cannot account for it. The audience, if not numerous, certainly was select: we noticed, amongst others, as being present, J. F. Foster, Esq., Salis Schwabe, Esq., with many other of our resident magnates and their families, all, of course, (like the two named), genuine lovers of music. The overture was just concluding as we entered the hall in time to hear "Comfort ye," which no little delighted and surprised us, delivered as it was by Mr. Benson in such a style as we have not heard it since the elder Braham gave such force to it at our Festival in 1828. This may seem extravagant and overrated, but it is not the less true. Mr. Benson's elocution and dramatic delivery were of the highest order in this the opening recitative, and many succeeding ones allotted to the tenor voice throughout the oratorio. He did not quite realise the promise at commencement in his songs "Every valley," and "Thou shalt break them;" but how few tenor singers can give effect to these difficult airs—especially the latter? Miss Poole delivered all the contralto airs, as well as some of the soprano ones, with good taste and expression; and it was no slight credit to her that she so well acquitted herself, much of the music she had to sing being sadly too low for her. We missed the depth and power of Maria B. Hawes in "O thou that tellest," "He was despised," "But thou didst not leave," &c. &c. Miss Catherine Hayes was the star of the party, albeit, from indisposition or some cause or other, she did not "shine before me like a star" on Tuesday evening. She was evidently not in good trim, for we noticed her voice broke twice; we fancied too, we may be wrong, that the music of the *Messiah* was not familiar to her, she seemed to lack that assumed ease of conscious power which always tells so with an audience, and predisposes them to be pleased. It must not be thought for a moment that her first public appearance here was a failure at all—very far from approaching it—we merely felt that it was not so successful as it *might* have been. The ladylike and graceful appearance of the fair young artist of the sister isle is much in her favour; she appeared pale and not in good health that evening, but in spite of all drawback, the beautiful sympathetic quality of her voice, the artist-like style of her delivery, and the fervour and devotion she infused into her singing, most particularly in the latter part of the inspired song, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," produced a most powerful impression, indeed, consideration for the singer alone prevented the last being encored. She was encored in the part she sang of "He shall feed his flock," beginning "Come unto him" (we do not know why the song was divided), and she rose to repeat her share of it, when, from some misunderstanding, the band turned back to a wrong part, and after twice attempting to begin, poor Miss Hayes sat down in despair, and the chorus, "His yoke is easy," proceeded; thus, through a slight *contretemps*, no fault of hers, was her only encore marred. There is a natural elegance in her manner, and a sort of nervousness in her tones, that make you feel an artist is before you; it was more like Ernst and his violin-playing than any other impression we can compare it to, that was made upon us by Miss Hayes; if not unerringly faultless, there was that about her singing that shewed she could do far greater things; we hope soon to hear Miss Hayes again, and to greater advantage. Mr. H. Phillips gave all his solos as only H. Phillips can give them. We only wished it were possible he could once more be as he was twenty years ago. We have many good bass and baritone singers, but not one that can give the effect to Handel's song and recitative that Phillips does; his "Why do the nations," and "The trumpet shall sound," were excellent. In the latter he was ably assisted by Mr. Ellwood, who (save a very slight slip, which caused Mr. Phillips to turn round rather anxiously) gave the trumpet obligato with great effect. His trumpet, too, was heard with excellent taste, sustaining,

but not overpowering, the soprano voices in the "Hallelujah Chorus." The choruses throughout were a very great treat to us. What sublimity! What breadth! What grandeur! Handel not only rises with his subject, but lifts his hearers at the same time! Both band and chorus, under Mr. Benedict's admirable baton, went like clock-work, and deserve all praise. The pauses, of which there are several somewhat abrupt ones, were as sharp and sudden as if cut with a knife. The forte effect at the word "wonderful" in the "For unto us" (which was encored, by the way,) deserves especial notice. Mr. Molineux's tones in the obligati passages for the bassoon were very fine. Mr. Banks should be honourably mentioned, also, for the efficient service he rendered on the organ, especially in the recitatives. The more we think of this excellent performance in thus writing down our impressions of it, the more we feel how shamefully it has been received by the Manchester public. If such works, so performed, become neglected, the Manchester public may long in vain for the opportunity to hear such in time to come, just as they may in vain long to hear a complete German or Italian Opera, or to see a resuscitation of the Hargreaves Choral Society. Such apathy meets its reward; only the worst of it is the few who do love music, the opera, and the oratorio, and who do and have supported them, have to suffer for the indifference of others!

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

On Monday evening, the Philharmonic Society gave a *soirée musicale*, in their new hall, Hope Street. The largest audience ever seen in this building was attracted on the occasion, every box being occupied, and scarcely a vacant seat being left in the other parts of the house. The performers were M. De Kontski, the Prussian violinist; Madame Dulcken; M. Hausmann, the violoncellist; Herr Schonoff, the baritone; and Madlle. Schloss (who bears the following lengthy titles:—"*First Soprano of the Grand Festivals in Germany, and the celebrated Concerts of the Conservatoire and Philharmonic Societies at Leipsic, Dresden, Hamburg, and Berlin.*") The concert was of rather a novel description in Liverpool, being what you call chamber concerts in London, the music principally instrumental, and of a classical character. The Hall was exceedingly well filled; the prices being 3*s.* to the stalls, and 2*s.* to the gallery—cheap enough, you'll say, in all conscience. What effect it will have upon subsequent, private concerts, remains to be seen; but cheapness is the order of the day, and no amusements *will* pay now, unless they are (like the *Musical World*) both good and cheap. M. De Kontski was the lion of the evening. His performances were totally unlike anything of the sort I ever heard before. He overcomes all his self-created difficulties with the utmost ease. His first *coup d'essai* was a fantasia on themes from *Lucia*, which gave great satisfaction; but the wonder of the concert was his performance of Meyerbeer's air, "Grace," from *Robert*, which he played on one string. This performance created the utmost enthusiasm; and, notwithstanding his modesty, M. De Kontski was forced to repeat it. He also displayed some indescribable oddities in a *capriccio*, entitled "Le Rizzi Arco," which was loudly applauded, and joined in a trio of Reissiger's, a duet from *Guillaume Tell*, with Made. Dulcken, and an adagio of Mendelssohn's. Made. Dulcken's performances, as usual, were remarkable for brilliancy and ease. She played Osborne's *Pluie des Perles*, and Schuloff's *Carnaval de Venise*, with the greatest effect, and was rapturously applauded in both. Mr. Hausmann played several times on the violoncello. His most successful efforts were his variations on Irish melodies, and his *obligato* accompaniment to a song. Herr Schonoff, the bass singer, is wanting in energy, but he gave a plaintive melody of Franz Abt's, with considerable feeling. Madlle. Schloss, a soprano, with a clear, even voice, and considerable execution, sang a MS. of Henry Farmer's with great expression. I rather doubt if concerts of so exclusively classical a description will become popular amongst a mixed audience. Many left before it was over; but this was perhaps owing to the fact that the room was intensely cold, added to which the refreshment room was unexpectedly closed. This ought to be amended; as the knowledge that you are catching the toothache, or perhaps something worse, is not conducive to the right appreciation of the beauties of the "divine art."

The next concert will be a grand choral performance illustrative of ecclesiastical music, on which occasion several anthems new to Liverpool will be performed, and the lay vicar from Chester Cathedral will be introduced to sing the verse parts. The programme will embrace anthems, psalms, choruses, &c., of the best composers.

John Parry has been creating quite a laughing sensation here, having given three concerts in four days to large audiences,—a great fact, when one person is the sole attraction. I regret much that I could not go to hear him.

The musical mems. of the town are:—Signora Montenegro and party commence another engagement at the Theatre Royal next week, and from the favour with which their former performances were received, I have no doubt but that they will meet with the success they deserve. Young Hernandez (the vaulting equestrian) is astonishing the natives at the Amphitheatre; and Mr. Macmillan (the ventriloquist) at the Concert Hall; where a Mr. Richardson and his steel (?) band give a concert some day next week. Miss Anne Romer, our local and favourite *primâ donna*, and Mr. E. L. Hime, the tenor, commence playing in operas at the Lever in a few days. From the high position Miss Anne Romer holds in the town, the speculation, if properly managed, with a good band, chorus, and a tolerable baritone, will no doubt succeed. You shall hear more, however, next week, from yours, &c., J. H. N.

Liverpool, Nov. 22, 1849.

MUSIC AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Amateur theatricals are the rage here at the present moment. Nothing is heard of on all sides but dresses, properties, and stage appointments. Ladies are to be seen walking about with their manuscript parts in their hands; and gentlemen to be heard discussing their costumes and "making up," in the most approved professional vocabulary. Having, myself, on one or two occasions "smelt the lamps," I was anxious on Friday evening, to see how the *troups* of volunteers, who had created some talk in the county, would acquit themselves in Bulwer's difficult play of the *Lady of Lyons;* so I took my seat with a determination to accord my serious and undivided attention. The theatre was beautifully decorated with flags, &c., and the sides of the stage were adorned with choice exotics. But this was not all; the boxes presented a brilliant assemblage of rank and beauty; and after some excellent music from the band of the 28th regiment, who presided in the orchestra on the occasion, the curtain rose—all were on the tip-toe of expectation; and no wonder: there is no more unsatisfactory position than that which obliges you to see the

* We are at a loss to understand what our correspondent means by *classical*. Among the pieces he has enumerated there is *not one* that has any claim to the epithet, except the *andante* of Mendelssohn, whatever that may be.

abilities of your friends canvassed by a large audience, and this of indifferent strangers, and this (although, luckily, there was little reason for it on the present occasion,) was clearly perceptible in the faces of many of the fair ladies who were present. The following was the *affiche* of the day.

THEATRE ROYAL, PLYMOUTH.

GRAND AMATEUR PERFORMANCE,

BY

OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY.

On FRIDAY, Nov. 16th, 1849, will be presented Sir E. L. Bulwer's popular Play of The

LADY OF LYONS.

Monsieur Beauseant (*a rich gentleman of Lyons*)	Capt. Austen, R.N.
Glavis (*his friend*)	J. D. Macnamara, Esq.
Monsieur Deschappelles (*a rich merchant*)	Capt. Austen, 81st Reg.
Col. Damas (*an officer in the French Army*)	J. Marston, Esq.
Claude Melnotte (*a gardener's son*)	Capt. Disney Roebuck.
Gaspar	Lieut. J. Edye, R.N.
Landlord of the Golden Lion	G. Martin, Esq., R.N.
Capt. Gervais and Desmoulins	By officers of the Navy.
Pauline Deschappelles	Miss Brown.
Madame Deschappelles	Mrs. Garthwaite.
(*Who have been expressly engaged for the occasion*).	
Widow Melnotte	Mrs. Harding.

BY KIND PERMISSION.

THE FINE BAND OF THE 28TH REGIMENT WILL ATTEND, and perform the following beautiful selection of Music—conducted by Mr. W. Wallace:—

Grand Coronation March (*Le Prophète*)	Meyerbeer.
Celebrated Overture (*Norma*)	Bellini.
Duo—"Da qual l'incontrai"—(*Linda*)	Donizetti.
Aria—"In questi simplice"—(*Betly*)	Donizetti.
Waltzer—"Don Pasquale"	W. Wallace.
Scena and Aria—"Tutto è sciolto"—(*Sonnambula*)	Bellini.
Grand Selection (*Lucia di Lammermoor*)	Donizetti.
Polka—"Marien"	Labitsky.
Finale—"God Save the Queen."	

After which, the laughable Farce of The

PLOTTING VALETS.

Mr. Heartley	J. Marston, Esq.
Capt. Seymour	Capt. Austen, R.N.
Capt. Howard	G. Martin, Esq., R.N.
Trap, Trick — *The Plotting Valets*	Capt. Austen, 81st Reg. / Mr. Phillips.
Clay (*a bricklayer*)	Lieut. J. Edye, R.N.
Charlotte Doubtful	Miss Brown.

The piece opened with the discovery of Miss Brown (Pauline) and Mrs. Garthwaite (Madame Deschappelles). It was the first appearance of both these ladies on the Plymouth boards. Mr. Newcombe had engaged them at a short notice, and they arrived precisely on the day of the performance. Miss Brown is evidently well acquainted with the business of the stage, and she acted the pathetic parts with much feeling; but I should say she was more suited for the Vestris line of business than for tragedy. Mrs. Garthwaite is well known to every one in the profession, and deserves the reputation she has gained, of being one of the best *old women* on the stage. At the end of the performance, Mr. Newcombe at once engaged her for the regular season. Mr. Marston was the first of the amateurs who made his appearance. He at once created a favourable impression on the audience; his acting was gentlemanlike, and full of humour; indeed I never saw the character of Colonel Damas better played. The disagreeable part of Beauseant fell into the hands of Captain Austen, R.N., who played it with great judgment. Mr. Marston was the Landlord of the Golden Lion. He also played one of the officers. Neither of these parts were worthy his abilities; and had there been scope for his talent, he would have shown himself equal to many professional actors. His description to Beauseant of Claude Melnotte's being a "*genus*—a man who can do everything in life, except anything that's useful"—was admirable. There was an absence of *gaucherie*, an evidence of ease and self-possession about his acting, which rendered the little he had to do legitimately prominent. Claude Melnotte found an able representative in Capt. Disney Roebuck. You may remember that I mentioned to you the favourable impression he made on me at Guernsey in Don Cæsar de Bazan, and I have no reason to alter my opinion on the present occasion. Mons. Deschapelles, a species of "broken-hearted father," was ably sustained by Capt. Austen, of the 81st. He did as much for the character as any actor could do. Not less must be said of Lieut. Edye, in the unimportant part of Gaspar. His make-up was most artistic, and he looked the angry peasant to perfection.

As a whole, it was a really excellent performance. I must not, however, omit Mrs. Harding, who played the Widow Melnotte (another of the "broken-hearted parent" tribe), with her usual care and ability. Mr. Newcombe's liberality was perceptible in the most minute particulars. The garden scene, with its walks and flowers, was worthy of the Lyceum; and the getting up reflected credit on the management.

In the farce of *Plotting Valets*, Mr. Phillips undertook the part of "Trick" at a short notice, in consequence of the absence of Mr. Macnamara. He played with much humour, and, together with Mr. Martin and the Messrs. Austen, kept the house in roars of laughter till the fall of the curtain.

The Distins give concerts on Thursday and Friday next, of which I will send you particulars. They have had the good sense to take the Theatre, which, at the reasonable scale of prices advertised, will, doubtless, be crowded to excess.

T. E. B.

Plymouth, Nov. 18th.

MUSIC AT BELFAST.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

A MUSICAL treat, of unusual excellence, was given to the musical public on the 14th inst., by the exertion of our worthy "Kapellmeister Gränz," who engaged all the "stars" available for it, and we hope that his spirited enterprise did not leave him a loser, as some local intriguing was *busy enough* against him; and, I am sorry to say, our musical-loving public is but small, notwithstanding the large population—moreover, some of that small section prefer concerts which are followed by balls and suppers, where whiskey-punch plays a very prominent part.

Mr. Gränz performed a solo on the violin, also variations on the bassoon, both were masterly performances; and a grand fugue march for the orchestra proved him to be not only a first-rate executant, but also a first-rate musician, and one of those quiet, modest German musicians, which you may know for years, and find still something *new* to praise when occasion calls forth their modest, almost timidly-withheld merits. Reeves, our "English tenor," and proud we may be of him, sang "Adelaide," "The old arm chair," and a pretty new ballad, "Jeanie Gordon," by F. Praeger, &c., so as to gain torrents of applause, and richly merited the same.

Mr. Whitworth's "Non piu andrai," the "Brave old oak," &c., pleased immensely. He has a splendid voice, and has improved very much since we heard him at Drury Lane. Miss Lucombe has made herself a favourite with the Belfast public; she throws a spirit and energy into all she sings, and is evidently a good musician. Also Miss Lanza, and Messrs. Delavanti and Horncastle acquitted themselves meritoriously of the parts allotted to them. To Mr. Lavenu great praise is due for his conducting, which, besides his doing it as only a thorough musician can do, he is evidently one of the best-humoured and obliging conductors we ever saw. Altogether the concert of Mr. Gränz has been quite a *bonne bouche* for us.

X. P.

MEMOIR OF MADAME MARA.

(Concluded from page 731.)

In London, where Madame Mara had long been expected, she obtained the most enthusiastic reception. She made her first appearance at the Pantheon, and so great was the attraction, that the receipts of the house are stated to have amounted to a most enormous sum.* The Prince of Wales himself, an accomplished amateur, immediately became her warm patron. Under these circumstances, it is easy to conceive that she became an object of envy, not only to the Italian, but also to the English singers. An event, however, took place, which at once established her fame, and placed her henceforth far above the reach of envy. His Majesty, George III., that munificent patron of the arts, conceived the idea of paying a marked tribute to the memory of his favourite composer, the immortal Handel. For this purpose, it was decided that a selection of music, exclusively from the works of this great man, should be performed in Westminster Abbey. Solicitous to exert her talents in doing honour to her immortal countryman, and, perhaps, wishing to do away with the unfavourable impression which had gone forth against her, Madame Mara tendered her gratuitous services. Her offers were accepted; and in presence of the court and the assembled nobility, she produced an impression which will never be forgotten.

At the head of about two-hundred and fifty singers, supported by an orchestra of more than two hundred and seventy persons, she exerted herself in a manner which called forth the enthusiasm of the greatest number of amateurs ever assembled in England. So peculiarly clear, and so decided, was the character of her voice, that it was distinguishable among the whole of this imposing orchestra. The manner in which she gave the sublime air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was the acme of her triumph, and stamped her fame as the first singer in the world.

In the Italian opera she continued to extend her triumphs, and her renown spread to the remotest parts of the kingdom. She received an invitation to Oxford, but her reception in this seat of the muses does not afford the most favourable opinion of the boasted *liberty of old England.*

In the grand concert given here, she made choice of a piece equally calculated to display her powers in the adagio, and in passages of the most brilliant kind. Scarcely was this imposing air, which demanded so great an exertion on the part of the singer, finished, when from all sides a loud and continued encore resounded. She was so exhausted by the efforts she had made, that it was physically impossible for her to comply with the wishes of the audience. She advanced a few steps forward, and, in a graceful attitude, pleaded for indulgence; but she was not heard. The audience became tumultuous, and in the midst of the uproar she retired. Hoping that no further notice would be taken of this occurrence, she appeared at a second concert, but was received with hisses and loud disapprobation. In the meantime, the orchestra began the *ritornello*. She collected her energies, and sung with more than usual power. At the first burst of her voice, tumult was instantly hushed, and the most profound silence reigned. Her exertions, however, overcame her, and at the conclusion of the air she fell back into her seat exhausted. It might have been imagined, that hearts, however acrimonious, would have been touched by a scene like this; but such was not the case with the offended amateurs of Oxford. On the instant, a furious burst of hisses and yells ensued; and the singer was fairly hooted out of the assembly.

The striking display of English liberality did not terminate here. Dr. Chapman, the Chancellor of the University, raised his voice, he made her formally acquainted with the displeasure of the whole body of the gownsmen, and prohibited her from singing again at the University. Nay, more, in order to make this circumstance known beyond the walls of this seat of the muses, the following announcement appeared in the *Oxford Journal*:—"The unbecoming conduct of Madame Mara has given rise to just complaint: but, we doubt not, that as the Oxonians have taken upon them to become her tutors, she will henceforward know better how to comport herself."

After this, she took her leave of Dr. Chapman and his party in the following note:—"Through an attack of pleurisy, which I had at Berlin, I am forbidden by my physician to sing too long together, to walk quick, to remain long in a standing position, or to undertake any strong or continued exercise. The neglect of this is sure to be attended with severe pains in the chest, tightness of the lungs, &c. At the same time, I may be allowed to remark, that, not having been previously acquainted with the particular etiquette required relative to sitting or standing, I do not think I merit the injustice and party spirit which has displayed itself against me in so strange a manner. As to Dr. Chapman himself, he deserves nothing but my pity."

Besides this mortification, Madame Mara had, at this time, others of a more serious nature to encounter. Her domestic comforts suffered a severe blow by the unfortunate conduct of her husband, from whom it will be seen that she was finally obliged to separate.

After a stay of four years in London, where she continually strengthened herself in the public favour, she received an invitation to Turin, whither she repaired, in 1788, for the season of the Carnival. It is the established custom at this theatre to open the new season with a fresh singer, who supplies the place of another singer, either a soprano or a tenor. The tenor whom she was to succeed, was desirous of retaining his situation, and felt piqued at being succeeded by a German. He, therefore, used every endeavour to detract from her reputation, and absolutely decried her as little less than a perfect monster. This being communicated to Madame Mara, immediately upon her arrival in Turin, she determined to devise a plan for mortifying the invidious Signor. She, therefore, made her appearance at the first rehearsal in a formal old-fashioned dress, and sung as much out of tune as possible.

* The German biographer mentions a specific sum, which he makes amount to £20,000 English money! There evidently is some prodigious mistake here in the account given to the writer of the memoir; and probably the printer has had his share in so capital a blunder. Mara was far from successful on her first appearance. Dr. Burney, in his History of Music, vol. iv., p. 519, says, that she arrived "in the spring of 1784, being engaged to sing six nights at the Pantheon. The dissolution of Parliament and general election happening soon after her arrival, the audiences to which she sung were not very numerous, nor had the performance the effect it deserved, till she sung in Westminster Abbey." Of the effect she produced in this church, at the commemoration of Handel, the same historian thus writes:—

"The universal rapture visible in the countenances of this uncommonly numerous and splendid audience, during the whole time Madame Mara was performing, exceeded every silent expression of delight from music which I had ever before witnessed. Her power over the sensibility of the audience seems equal to that of Mrs. Siddons. There was no eye within my view which did not

'Silently a gentle tear let fall;'

nor, though long hackneyed in music, did I find myself made

'Of stronger earth than others.'

At the end of her performance of this air ('I know that my Redeemer liveth') the audience seemed bursting with applause, for which the place allowed of no decorous means of utterance."—*Burney's Account of the Musical Performance in Commemoration of Handel.*

The Italian was now sure of his triumph. He addressed himself to every one he knew, saying—"Did I not say so? In person she is ugly as sin; and her voice—never was heard so vile a jargon of sounds." But when, on the following evening, Madame Mara appeared handsomely, yet simply, attired, and enraptured every heart with the music of her song, nothing could exceed the mortification of her calumniator, and from that moment he was seen no more in Turin. The German songstress was crowned upon the stage, and the next day was honoured by an invitation to Court, where she was received by the King and Queen with the most distinguished testimonies of kindness, and at her departure was loaded with rich presents.

Her reception at Turin was altogether so flattering as to induce her to accept another engagement in Venice. There she had again to contend against the rivalry and jealousy of the Italian singers, and again came off victorious. The attentions she met with were of the most flattering kind; and on the night which terminated her engagement, a munificent and unexpected fête was got up for her. Immediately after the fall of the curtain, when called upon the stage to receive the congratulations of the public, she found a richly ornamented throne prepared for her. No sooner was she placed thereon, than the clouds above opened, and showers of roses, intermingled with sonnets in her praise, descended around her; while, at the same moment, the curtain rising from behind, showed figures of Apollo and the Muses, who were pointing to her with looks of admiration. After this, she was waited upon by a deputation of ladies and gentlemen, who came to offer her their congratulations; nor would they permit her to depart till she had given her promise to return, and renew her engagement the following season.

After this she received invitations to Rome and Naples, but the recollection of the admonition given her by Marie Antoinette continued to weigh upon her mind, and being determined to penetrate no farther into Italy, she returned to London, 1790. Here, however, she was doomed to encounter many disagreeable circumstances. The extravagances and indiscretions of her husband, whom she had left behind, had long been a topic of conversation, and she was accused of being a participator in them: nothing, however, could be further from the truth. She soon rose superior to the attacks of envy and malevolence; at the first magic tones of her voice, the spell raised against her was at once dissolved, and she was received with acclamation.

After some time spent in this capital, she visited Paris, in 1792, intending to return to Germany, but the war which desolated that country obliged her to abandon her project. While in Paris, she was witness to some of the horrors of the revolution.

At Cassel, she was treated with the highest respect by the principal inhabitants of the town. She was also honoured by the most flattering attentions from the Elector and his family, and did not quit the place without receiving some more solid testimonies of their esteem.

If we are correctly informed, Madame Mara afterwards resided with a Russian family of distinction, who, nobly pitying her misfortunes, employed every delicate attention to smooth the passage of her declining years.

Madame Mara's character as an artist has been thus ably drawn. The Italians say, "that of the hundred requisites to make a singer, he who has a fine voice has the ninety-and-nine." This held good with respect to Madame Mara. Her voice was in compass from G to E in altissimo, and all its notes were alike even and strong; but we may also be allowed to add the hundredth requisite: that, too, she possessed in a supereminent degree, and it consisted in the most sublime conception. Though her first impressions led her to prefer songs of rapid execution, yet she soon learned to prefer those in which taste prevails, and are touching. She was often heard to declare, that the true foundation of all good singing must lie in pure enunciation, and in the most accurate intonation of the scale. Dr. Arnold used to relate, that he had, by way of experiment, seen Mara dance and assume the most violent gesticulations while singing up and down the scale; such was her power of chest, that the tone was as free and undisturbed, as if she had stood in the customary quiet position of the orchestra.

The elocution of Mara must be considered rather as universal than as national; for although she passed some time in England when a child, and retained a little knowledge of the language, her pronunciation was continually marred by a foreign accent, and by those mutilations of our words which are inseparable from the constant use of foreign tongues, during a long residence abroad. Yet, notwithstanding this drawback, the impression she made, even upon uneducated persons, always extremely alive to the ridiculous effects of pronunciation, and upon the unskilled in music, was irresistible. The fire, dignity, and tenderness of her vocal appeal could never be misunderstood: it spoke the language of all nations, for it spoke the feelings of human nature. Indeed, Mara was truly the child of sensibility; every thing she did was directed to the heart. Her tone, in itself pure, sweet, rich, and powerful, took all its various colourings from the passion of the words she sung. Hence, she was no less true to nature and feeling in "The Soldier tired," and in the more delicate "Hope told a flattering tale," than in Handel's sublime air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Her tone was, perhaps, neither so sweet as Billington's, nor so powerful as Catalani's, but it was the touching language of the soul. It was on the command of the feelings of her audience that Mara rested her claim to renown. She left surprise to others, and was wisely content with an apparently, but not really, humbler style; and she thus chose the part of genuine greatness.

Madame Mara's acquaintance with the science of music was considerable, and her facility in reading notes, astonishing. Perhaps she was indebted to her violin for a faculty at no time very common. It has been observed, that all players on stringed instruments enjoy the power of reading and writing music beyond most others; they derive it from the apprehension of the coming note, or distance of interval, which must necessarily reside in the mind, and direct the fingers to its formation. The two branches of art are thus acquired by the violinist in conjunction. Her execution, too, was very great, and though it differed materially from the agility of the present fashion, it must be considered as more true, neat, and legitimate, as it was less quaint and extravagant, and deviated less from the main purpose of vocal art—expression. Mrs. Billington, with a modesty becoming her great acquirements, voluntarily declared that she considered Madame Mara's execution to be superior to her own in genuine effect, though not in rapidity. Mara's divisions always seemed to convey a meaning; they were vocal, not instrumental; they had light, shade, and variety of tone; they relaxed from, or increased upon, the time, according to the sentiment of which they always appeared to partake: these attributes were remarkable in her open, true, and liquid shake, which was more than commonly perfect. Neither in her ornaments, learned and graceful as they were, nor in her cadences, did she ever lose sight of the distinguishing and prominent feature of the

melody. She was, by turns, majestic, tender, pathetic, and elegant; but in the one or the other, not a note was breathed in vain. She justly held every species of ornamental execution to be subordinate to the grand end of operating with undivided force, and with certainty, upon the feeling of her hearers. True to this principle, if any one commended the agility of a singer, Mara would ask, "Can she sing eight plain notes?"

We hesitate not to place Madame Mara at the very summit of her profession, because, in majesty and simplicity, in grace, tenderness, and pathos, in the loftiest attributes of art, she far transcended all her competitors. She gave to Handel's compositions their natural grandeur and effect, which is, in our minds, the very highest degree of praise that can be bestowed. Handel is heavy, say the musical fashion-mongers of the day. Milton would be heavy beyond endurance, if delivered by a reader unpossessed of taste and feeling.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

PRINCESS'S.

Last night made the twenty-second night of *King Charles II.*, and the opera is yet announced in the bills for every night till further notice. This looks like another *Bohemian Girl* success, and we should not be astonished if Mr. Macfarren's new work should live to see its hundredth night before the close of the season. The music has now fixed itself with the public, and we venture to say, there are few drawing-rooms in the kingdom which contain not, already on their piano desks, one or more pieces of *King Charles II.*

On Saturday an English version of *Les Deux Brigadiers*—a vaudeville produced at the St. James's—was brought out at the Princess's.

The French original is laid in the time of Cardinal Dubois. A parcel of letters compromising the Cardinal has fallen into the hands of a *grisette*, and his valet de chambre and secretary determine to marry the girl to a nephew of the former—a brigadier in the dragoons,—that he may obtain the dangerous epistles. By a strange accident, a brigadier in the Queen's dragoons, who wanders into the chateau to escape his creditors, is taken by the secretary for the valet's nephew, and is married to the *grisette*. The arrival of the real "Simon Pure" reveals this mistake, but the wedded pair have made their escape, and when they are overtaken at an inn, the Queen's brigadier contrives to play off one of his persecutors against the other, working on the anxiety of each to obtain the greatest share of his master's favour. Some amusing situations are thus produced, and the whole terminates with the discovery of the fatal packet, upon which the *grisette* and her husband are left in peace.

Mr. Wigan, whose acting as the French father in the *First Night* is inimitable in its way, and who generally shines in strong delineations of national character, has not here a part that especially suits his powers; but, however, he keeps up the bustle of the piece, and the ingenious incidents produce much amusement.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FRENCH FLOWERS AND MACFARREN.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Dear Editor,—Pray spare your readers the infliction of Mr. French Flowers' loquacious egotism. Mr. Flowers is pleased to approve of the new opera by Mr. Macfarren; be it so, let him keep it to himself, it is of no consequence to you or your readers. If his letter be tested by the soundness of its criticism it at once falls to the ground, since Mr. Flowers excepts the overture, the best piece of music in the opera after the sestet and chorus in Act II., from his approval. This shows him completely ignorant of the matter, and robs you of your only excuse for publishing his letter. The very idea of Mr. Flowers approving or disapproving the efforts of a musician like Mr. Macfarren is too absurd.

During the tedious contrapuntal controversy which occupied your columns, and those of your deceased contemporary, the *Musical Examiner*, for nearly five years, I was often tempted to wield the pen and flagellate Mr. Flowers; but the man's self-composure so much amused me that I refrained, and at length, having given up reading the letters, I abandoned the idea. Was ever so vacant a perieranium stuffed with such a fume of complacency? As you, Mr. Editor, brought to light Mr. Flowers, of whom, previously, the world had lived in delightful ignorance, so it remains for you to bury him alive by silencing his prattling. This you must positively do, as compensation for your sins. You have allowed your readers to be obfuscated for sixty months (720 numbers!), by the inexpressible twaddle of this obstinate litigant; pray, for a time at least, give them a chance of recovering their reason, which has been choked in a fog of ignorance. I promise you, if he appears again in your columns, discussing or discomfiting no matter what thesis, I will arise from my obscurity and so flagellate him with the whip of common sense that he shall never again wield a pen.—I remain, dear Editor, your constant reader,

Crab.

Paddington Green, Nov. 22.

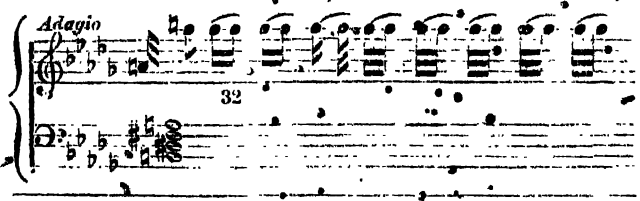
[Mr. Flowers is beyond the reach of such a scurvy controversialist as this Crab. He is a conceited blockhead, neither knowing nor respecting the laws of counterpoint. This is evident, or he would not attack its self-elected representative. Mr. Flowers, if we be not mistaken, will, in his answer, prove a lobster, and swallow up Crab. Serve him right. He has but a sorry chance who fires a pop-gun at the King of Canons. And of this Crab will be made aware, or we have not known Flowers any day this five year. Can Crab write a fugue? Let him answer. If yea, good; if nay, let him look to it, or Flowers will belabour him with a short answer in the *stretto*.—Ed.]

BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World).

Sir,—Having met with the enclosed passage in one of Beethoven's sonatas, in A 6, Op. 110, Czerny's edition, and not understanding the meaning of the change of fingering under two similar notes bound together, or whether the notes are be separately struck although bound, I should feel greatly obliged if, through the medium of your excellent paper, to which I have for some time been a subscriber, you will kindly explain it to me.

Yours &c., An Amateur.



MISCELLANEOUS.

Sacred Harmonic Society.—The performances of Handel's sublime work, the *Messiah*, usually given by this society during the month preceding Christmas, commence on Friday next, the 30th inst. The principal singers are the Misses Birch and Dolby, and Messrs. Lockey and Phillips. The oratorios will, of course, be conducted by Mr. Costa.

Mr. Macready.—This celebrated actor having tendered his gratuitous services for the benefit of the Queen's Hospital in this town, appeared this evening at our theatre in the character of Lord Townley, in the *Provoked Husband*. He was ably supported by Mrs. J. F. Saville as Lady Townley. The house was a bumper. Mr. Macready experienced a most enthusiastic reception, and the charity on behalf of which he appeared will be largely benefitted by his services.—*Birmingham, Nov. 17.*

MENDELSSOHN.—M. Jullien has announced a "Mendelssohn Night" for Tuesday next. The whole of the symphony in A minor, No. 3, will be given, and all the first part of the concert will be devoted to the compositions of that immortal musician. Two songs, by Jetty Treffz, will not be the least attractive part of the programme. The amateurs of Mendelssohn will flock in crowds to the theatre, like the amateurs of Beethoven last Tuesday.

EXHIBITION OF THE PRODUCE OF FRENCH INDUSTRY.—We were favoured on Saturday with a private view of the splendid establishment opened under the direction of M. Sallandrouze de Lamornaix, in George Street, Hanover Square. We cannot begin better our account of the exhibition, than by quoting a few words from the programme distributed on that occasion :—"This is the first attempt of the manufacturers of France to establish a real *Peace Congress*, for it is only during peace that industry can flourish, and commerce fulfill its great mission, of conveying the blessings of civilisation to the ends of the world." It is only during peace that man's inventive genius can expand for the good of his fellow-man ; it is only in peaceful times that science and art lend their aid to the industry of the manufacturer. Let us hope, then, that from this humble attempt, good may result, and that the only rivalry between England and France will henceforth be in the productive arts, in which the conqueror must instruct, and benefit the vanquished. In commodious premises and spacious galleries, extending from George Street, Hanover Square, into Bond Street, M. Sallandrouze has collected the objects most distinguished by their excellence at the late National Exposition of Paris. The predominant feature of the exhibition is the abundance of objects of art, deriving their importance from their forms and the blending of their colours. The specimens are of surpassing beauty and elegance. Bronzes, wood carvings, carpets of Aubusson and the Gobelins, musical instruments, vases of bronze and porcelain combined, silks, satins, velvets, cachmere shawls, and admirable jewels, are scattered through the rooms in kingly profusion and arranged with artistic taste. On Monday morning H.R.H. Prince Albert visited this exhibition of chefs d'œuvres ; H. R. H. appeared to notice particularly the beautiful productions of the manufactures of M. Sallandrouze, and expressed a hope that the enterprising director would be rewarded by sterling success in his liberal undertaking. H.R.H. then examined the musical instruments. M. Jacques Herz was in attendance, and executed an impromptu on the pianoforte of Kriegelstein. It is always a great pleasure to us to give an account of the marks of high consideration shown by the great ones of the earth to artists of merit; after the execution of the impromptu, H. R. H. drew near the celebrated professor and expressed his satisfaction, and said he was delighted to see him in London; that he had attentively studied his compositions, and that he hoped often to have the pleasure of hearing him. There is every reason to believe that the establishment in George Street will become one of the principal attractions of the forthcoming season.

DUBLIN THEATRICALS.—Mr. Marston's tragedy of *Strathmore* has been played with great success at the Theatre Royal, the two principal characters being sustained with immense effect by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean.

CORRADI SETTI, the barytone, who, it will be recollected, made his first appearance in this country, as one of the troupe of the Royal Italian Opera in its first season, is engaged at New Orleans in the Italian Operatic Company of Mr. Davis, and has recently appeared at New York with success.

MADLLE. CARLOTTA GRISI has obtained great success at the Academie Royale in a new ballet, entitled the *Grand Daughter of the Fairies*, said to be a charming piece.—*New York Herald.*

MR. HENRY PHILLIPS delivered a lecture on the music of various nations at the London Mechanics' Institution on Wednesday evening.

HENRI HERZ.—By the latest accounts this celebrated pianist has been feted in an extraordinary manner at Mexico, Omeretaro, and Guanajuato. He gave two grand concerts at Omeretaro, which were attended by immense concourses, and in both of which he obtained the most unprecedent success. The President of Mexico and the Ministers gave especial orders that M. Herz should be treated with the regard due to his great talents. The young violinist, Franz Coenen, accompanied the pianist in his peregrinations.

MADAME BISHOP AND M. BOCHSA have been reaping a large harvest in the Mexican States by giving concerts. The fair vocalist has created a great sensation. They have gone into the interior of the country in a private carriage, a local paper states.

M. MARETZIK'S TROUPE.—The principals are Madlle. Borghese, a soprano ; Sig. Forti, a tenor ; and Sig. Beneventano, a barytone.

THE ROW POLKA.—A slight *émeute* occurred on the opening night of M. Jullien's Concerts, in consequence of the overcrowding of the many, and the excessive loyalty of a few, of which circumstance the facetious *chef d'orchestra* has availed himself in a humorous manner. Our readers have doubtless noticed the Drury Lane *affiches*, with the mysterious phrase, the *Row Polka*, inscribed on them. Such, in fact, is the new and promised polka which M. Jullien has happily introduced as an antidote to any disposition to "rowing" within the precincts of the *salle de concert*. Taking the Ethiopian melody, "Sing, darkies, sing," as his theme, he has worked it up into a pretty polka, with an obligato "rowing" accompaniment performed by the members of the orchestra. This musical "squib" is nightly encored, amidst the laughter of the audience, who appear to enter heartily into the fun of the affair. *Vive la bagatelle !—Era.*

SALVI, Marini, and Steffanoni are playing with great success at Havanna.

THE NEW CHRISTMAS BURLESQUE at the Haymarket and Adelphi theatres, will be written by the Brothers Brough, who are now busily engaged on them.

JETTY DE TREFFZ will accompany Jullien on his next Provincial tour. From the success the fair German vocalist met with at Liverpool, Norwich, &c., she will doubtless prove a "great card" for the popular *maestro.—New York Herald.*

HENRI PANOFKA.—This able musician has returned to town, after a short stay on the Continent, to resume his professional engagements, and to superintend the production of his new work, *The Practical Singing Tutor*, from which much is expected in the shape of succinct and comprehensive information, combined with ready utility. M. Panofka is an experienced man, and just the one to lop away superfluous eloquence, leaving the facts to tell their own story in candid nakedness. In teaching, as in writing, he will carry out this welcome principle. The Earl of Westmorland has accepted the dedication of this treatise, which will shortly be laid before the world. We understand also that M. Panofka has completed some new vocal compositions during his absence, which, to judge from the "Veneziano," so prettily sung at Dreyshock's concert, in the summer, by the popular Jetty Treffz, are likely to be acceptable to concert vocalists.

MR. RICHARDSON'S CONCERT.—This celebrated pianist gave his second vocal and orchestral concert at the Albion Hall, Hammersmith, on Monday evening. The band was strong and efficient, and was led by Mr. Watson. The overtures to *Der Freischutz* and *Fra Diavolo* afforded them an opportunity to exhibit their capabilities. The vocalists were Mrs. A. Newton, Miss Bassano, Miss Messent, Mr. Frank Bodda, and Mr. Allen. The instrumentalists reckoned Kate Loder, Mr. Lazarus, Mr. W. Watson, and Mr. Richardson. Mr. Richardson played an original air and variations with great effect, and was loudly encored. He also joined Kate Loder in a pianoforte and flute duet of Benedict's and Buchan, which was most splendidly executed by both performers. The popular flautist was heard to no less advantage in other *morceaux*, in which he took share. Mr. Lazarus played a solo on the clarinet, in which his true, pure tone and perfect mechanism were as conspicuous as ever. Mr. Watson signalised himself on the violin in a theme with variations ; and Kate Loder attacked Thalberg's *Sonnambula* fantasia with her wonted brilliancy of execution and vigour of style. In the vocal section of the concert we must specialise Mr. Allen's ballad, "Here's to the maid with the love-laughing eye," from Macfarren's new opera, *Charles II.*, which was rapturously encored ; and the serenade from *Don Pasquale*, sung by the same vocalist, also encored ; and Mr. Frank Bodda's Tarentella, Rossini's celebrated one, *La Danza*, likewise honoured with a repeat. Mr. Richardson's concerts are admirably conducted, and as they combine music to please all palates, are well entitled to support. The Hammersmith folks are certainly no churls of their presence, as the crowded state of the rooms exhibited on Monday night.

Mr. David Lee, the brother of Alexander Lee, the author of many popular ballads and some operettas, died within the current month. Mr. Lee was a professor of music, an excellent pianist, and was a pupil of the celebrated Dussek. He died universally lamented.

Miss Cushman has been playing with triumphant success at Philadelphia.

Mr. Ellis Roberts, the Welsh harper, delivered a lecture on the music of Wales, at the Western Literary Institution, on Thursday evening. The vocal illustrations were rendered by Miss Vaughan. A second lecture on the same subject will be given by Mr. Ellis Roberts on the 29th.

Music at Gloucester.—The principal instrumentalists of the *Musical Union* have lately afforded the amateurs of Worcester and Gloucester a rare treat of classical music, the success of which we are glad to hear has encouraged the *entrepreneurs* to promise another performance in a few weeks hence. The programme of the Gloucester concert was arranged by Mr. Needham with much judgment, and the analysis of each composition from Ella's *Musical Record*, greatly assisted the provincial amateurs in appreciating the merits of the music.

Mr. J. W. Needham's Quartet Concert, at the Shire Hall, on Tuesday evening, was attended by a large and fashionable audience, amongst whom were some of the principal families of the neighbourhood. The quartet performers were Mr. Sainton, Mr. Louis D'Egville, Mr. Hill, and Signor Piatti. The pieces were selected from, Haydn, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn. The execution highly delighted the audience. M. Sainton is an artist of the first excellence, and in the solo on the violin, from *La Figlia del Reggimento*, displayed the most delicate and brilliant mechanism. Signor Piatti, on the violoncello, was equally successful; and their united skill was advantageously exercised in a duet. The quartets were also played with perfect correctness, taste, and finish. Herr and Madame Brandt sang some songs in a graceful style. Our fellow citizen, Mr. Washbourne Morgan, presided at the pianoforte, and played some of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," in a manner that developed all their beauties. Mr. Morgan was warmly applauded as he deserved to be. The concert was, in short, a delightful treat, and the public are much indebted to Mr. Needham. We are glad to see a young musical man commencing his career with so high an appreciation of his vocation as this spirited effort evinces, and we trust that it may be an augury of future success.

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4, *Fontanie*—Departed Love		2	0
5, *Rahles*—Ah, had I pinions		1	0
6, *Köhler*—Song of Mrs. Merrilies		1	6
7, Old Melody—With my flocks		1	0

(To be continued.)

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MENDELSSOHN FESTIVAL.

In compliance with the wish of many of his Patrons, that an evening shall be set apart for the performance of the works of the celebrated Dr. MENDELSSOHN, M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that he has arranged to do so on TUESDAY NEXT, Nov. 27th:

Dress Circle, 2s. 6d.; Boxes and Promenade, 1s.

THE GRAND BAL MASQUE.

M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL BAL MASQUE is fixed to take place on FRIDAY, DECEMBER the 14th.

EXETER HALL.

ERNST AND FORMES,

ON WEDNESDAY NEXT, NOVEMBER 28TH, 1849,
Will be held the SIXTH of the

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS,

When the Unrivalled Violinist, Herr ERNST, and the Celebrated Vocalist, Herr FORMES, will appear, together with

Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss Eyles,
Miss Rebecca Isaacs, AND **Miss Alicia Nunn,**
(Her First Appearance here;)
Mr. Land, AND **Mr. George Tedder.**

The Programme will commence with a Selection from BALFE'S Opera, the *Bohemian Girl*, in which Herr FORMES will sing—Song, "The heart bowed down." Herr FORMES will also sing "The Seaman's Song,"—*Kücken*;—the Drinking Song, from *Der Freischütz*,—*Weber*;—and *Neukomm's* popular song, "The Sea, the Sea!" Herr ERNST will perform—1st, Nocturno and Rondo, "Papageno,"—*Ernst*;—2nd, Fantasia, "The Carnival of Venice," (by desire, the third and last time)—*Ernst*. Tickets, 1s. and 2s.; Reserved Seats, 4s.; Stalls, 7s. May be had of Mr. Stride, 373, Strand, adjoining Exeter Hall (west), and of Mr. Stammers, 4 Exeter Hall; and of all musicsellers.

EXETER HALL WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

NOTICE.

The FREE LIST (except the Press) will be SUSPENDED for the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th Concerts.

JOSEPH STAMMERS, Managing Director of the London Wednesday Concerts, 3, Exeter Hall.

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The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

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No. 48.—Vol. XXIV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1849. PRICE THREEPENCE. STAMPED FOURPENCE.

EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

Nay, is it strange if the pestilent Cupid shoots fire-breathing arrows?
Or if he smites with a glance from mischievous eyes.
Did not his mother love Mars, and besides was married to Vulcan?
Thus, as a mistress and wife, partner with sword and with fire.
Was not his mother's own mother, the Sea, with her turbulent roaring
When she is lash'd by the winds?—had she a father at all.
Hence he carries the flames of old Vulcan, he joys in the humour
Shown by the waves, and he bears blood-spotted weapons of Mars.

J. O.

ALBONI.

This accomplished singer and actress is at present in Holland. She is engaged at Amsterdam and the Hague, to sing in Donizetti's *La Favorite* (in French), the part of Leonora, which numbers among her greatest and most legitimate successes. Since playing this and other parts, which, by some persons, were declared beyond her powers and out of her style, Alboni's voice has not only developed a more extended compass in the higher register, but the middle notes have vastly improved in strength and quality, while the lower ones retain all their unrivalled fulness, mellowness, and musical beauty. The great "contralto soprano," indeed, was never in such fine voice as at the present time.

FORMES.

This celebrated German bass has been engaged by Mr. Gye, to fill the place of Marini, as *primo basso*, at the Royal Italian Opera. We shall now have a chance of seeing, what we have long desired, Tamburini and Formes together, in *Don Giovanni*. Among the most famous parts of Formes are Bertram (in *Robert*), Marcel (in the *Huguenots*), and Pizarro (in *Fidelio*). So that he is just the person to suit the purposes of an establishment where grand opera is the essential feature.

MISS DOLBY'S SOIREES MUSICALE.

The second took place on Tuesday. The programme was as good as that of the first, perhaps better. The attendance was numerous and fashionable. The following was the order of the selection:—

PART I.

Trio—Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, Mr. W. S. Bennett, Herr Molique, and Herr Lidel *Mendelssohn.*
Song—"By Celia's arbour," Mr. Benson . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Preghiera—"Sommo Dio" (*Zaira*), Miss Dolby . . *Winter.*
Three Melodies—Violin and Pianoforte, Herr Molique and Mr. W. S. Bennett *Molique.*
Aria—"Hai già vinto" (*Nozze di Figaro*), Mr. Bodda . *Mozart.*
Songs, MS.—"May," "The Honved's Bride," Miss Dolby *Molique.*
Two Quartetts without Accompaniments—"The Vale of Rest," "A Hunting Song," Miss Rainforth, Miss Dolby, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Bodda . . . *Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

Quartett—Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. Rockstro, Molique, Dando, and Lidel . . *Beethoven.*
Song—"Truth in absence," Miss Rainforth . . . *E. Harper.*
Three Musical Sketches—"The Lake," "The Millstream," "The Fountain,"—Pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett . *W. S. Bennett.*
Duet—"The little watchful bird," Miss Rainforth and Miss Dolby *Macfarren.*
Song—"A Fire-side Song," Miss Dolby . . . *Wallace.*
Glee—"Come o'er the brook, Bessie," Miss Rainforth, Miss Dolby, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Bodda . . . *Sir H. Bishop.*
The Vocal Music accompanied by Mr. Rockstro.

The performance was as satisfactory as the programme. Miss Dolby sang the *preghiera*, by Winter, to perfection, and was equally happy in the beautiful songs of Molique. Macfarren's duet, quite a gem in its way, was rendered with charming taste by both young ladies; and Miss Rainforth further won the favour of the audience by her effective reading of Mr. Harper's graceful ballad. Mr. Benson, in Mendelssohn's lovely song, and Mr. Bodda, in the air from *Figaro*, were both entitled to commendation. The vocal quartets of Mendelssohn did not go quite so well as the rest of the vocal music; besides, they are intended for choral part-songs, and depend for effect on many voices being assigned to each part.

Mr. Sterndale Bennett was in splendid play. His performance in the noble trio of Mendelssohn was quite masterly. His own *Sketches*, which rank among his happiest compositions for the piano, were given with that flow and ease of execution which distinguish his style. The finished and artistic playing of Molique was heard to admirable advantage, both in the trio and in his own melodies, which are among the most graceful and attractive emanations from his pen. He was lucky, also, in having such a powerful coadjutor as Mr. Bennett, in the piano-forte part. The quartet of Bethoven is an early work, and we like it much better as a quintet—its original form. It was, nevertheless, extremely well played. Herr Lidel, one of the best violoncellists in the country, was of eminent service in both trio and quartet. Mr. Rockstro proved himself a good accompanist, as well as a skilful pianist.

ERNST.

We conclude our extracts with the following notices from two of the leading morning papers:—

(*Morning Post.*)

"Exeter Hall was last night* densely crowded in every part: the galleries, stalls, reserved seats, and the body of the building, were literally jammed with human beings. We need hardly say that the prime motive of the attraction of the vast assemblage was the second appearance of Ernst. The impression created by his wonderful performance on the previous occasion, and the unanimous laudations of the press, doubtless had their influence in producing so brilliant a result to the management. His welcome was enthusiastic, and his execution of "Hungarian Airs," composed and arranged by himself, which he introduced last season to the subscribers of the Philharmonic Concerts, was received with the irrepressible acclamations of the multitude. In this piece all the powers of the violin are elicited—brilliancy of tone, grace of bowing, distinctness of arpeggi, delicacy and clearness of harmonics, and crispness of staccato.

* Wednesday, Nov. 21.

Nothing can be more fresh or fascinating than the themes, nothing more inventive or more fairy-like than the elaborations of the chief subject. The most astounding difficulties seemed to be conquered by the mere power of will, and the singing of the adagio had the voluptuousness of tone and the sympathetic pathos of Mario. The effect was positively electric; at its termination there was one loud and continuous call for the gifted artist. In the second act he repeated his famous "Carnival of Venice," which was received with even greater delight, and a more intense enthusiasm, than on its first performance. The engagement of Ernst will secure for these concerts a similar *furore* to that produced by Jenny Lind at Her Majesty's Theatre."

(*From the Morning Herald.*)

"The fifth of the Wednesday concerts took place last night, the attendance exhibiting the same crowded and profitable aspect as upon the former occasions. The engagement of Ernst has been of moment to the entrepreneurs; and his playing last night, when he made his second appearance, was received, if possible, with greater enthusiasm than before. He regaled the audience with his Hungarian airs, and in the second act with a repetition of his fantastic variations on the *Carnival of Venice*. The former is one of the most remarkable in his repertoire of solos, and is as well adapted to amuse and gratify the popular assemblages of Exeter Hall as the *Carnival*. It is unnecessary to dilate upon a pot-pourri so well known as this: it is sufficient to say that Ernst never executed the melodies which it contains with more graceful dexterity. Such perfect violin-playing having been heard but seldom in the listener's lifetime, the delight was strong in proportion. The quaint and whimsical commentaries on the celebrated Venetian air were rendered by him with unexhausted address. The facility with which he overcomes the practical difficulties which are here grouped together, is no less significant, than the humour with which he colours them. Every time that it is heard, it seems imbued with new odours of comicality. Now, the instrument prays, now it mocks, now it laughs, now it groans, and now it weeps at the extempore will of the player, whose vicissitudes of merry and sarcastic fancy betray the fecund originality of his invention. Few performers upon the violin have ingratiated themselves so intimately with the public as Ernst; and, indeed, it could not well be otherwise, for this great artist possesses a combination of rare and peculiar accomplishments, which are as welcome to persons of taste and cultivation as they are to those who refer their impressions of pleasure to no specific standard. His delivery of the higher branches of violin music has probably never been equalled in the qualities of passion and intellectuality; while in that of a more popular character it is now periodically demonstrated that neither by Paganini, the founder of the school, nor by any of the numerous imitators of the arch-violinist, has he ever been surpassed, and we may add, rarely has he been approached. But none of these appealers to the mere wonder-loving populace have ever sought for any of the loftier honours of the art. In this respect Ernst stands alone. He shines with equal brilliancy when interpreting the inspired chamber works of Beethoven or Mozart to the chosen few, as when challenging the lower sympathies of the legions at Exeter Hall. The directors of the Wednesday Concerts were therefore wise in their generation when they engaged him, and this fact was a second time incontestably evident last night."

The intellectual and mechanical accomplishments of the great violinist could scarcely have been summed up in a more complete and eloquent manner.

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(*Continued from page* 739.)

XCIX. So far I have spoken from what I myself have seen, thought, and investigated. I shall now give what the Egyptians themselves record, and I have heard, adding something from my own observations. The priests told me that Menes, the first King of Egypt, made the dykes for Memphis, for that the river had previously flowed all along the sandy mountain towards Libya; but that Menes dammed up the southern branch of the river, a hundred stadii above Memphis, dried up the ancient bed, and, by means of a canal, made the waters flow at an equal distance from the mountains on each side. Even at the present time, under the Persian dominion, this angle of the Nile, when the water is forced into another direction, is closely watched, the dam being repaired every year; for if the river were to break out and overflow in this part, all Memphis would run the risk of being swamped. When (they said) the tract of earth thus secured from the water had become hard, Menes, the first king, built the city, which is now called Memphis, and which is situated in the narrow part of Egypt. Beyond this he dug a lake from the river towards the north and the west, being prevented by the Nile on the east. He also built in the same place the temple of Hephæstus (Vulcan), which is large and very worthy of notice.

C. After this king, the priests read to me, from the papyrus, the names of 330 kings. During all these generations there were thirteen Ethiopians and one native woman. All the rest were Egyptian men. The woman had the same name with her who reigned at Babylon—Nitocris. She, they said, avenged her brother, whom the Egyptians killed when he reigned over them. After they had killed him, they gave her the kingdom. To revenge him she destroyed many of the Egyptians by stratagem. Making a large subterranean apartment, and pretending to consecrate it, she devised further plans. Having invited those of the Egyptians whom she knew to be chief participators in the murder, she feasted many of them; and whilst they were engaged in the repast, she let in the waters of the river by a secret canal. No more is said of her, excepting that when she had done this, she threw herself into a room full of ashes, that she might escape unpunished.

CI. Of the other kings they did not narrate anything remarkable, except of Mœris, the last of them all (*a*). He they said, produced as monuments the vestibules of Vulcan facing the north; dug the lake, the circumference of which I shall afterwards set forth; and built then the pyramids, the size of which I shall mention together with that of the lake itself. These were the things done by Mœris, but the others did nothing.

NOTE.

(*a*) That is to say, the last of the 330.

(*To be continued.*)

SONNET.

NO. CLXI.

The light must be within us; else in vain
Passes before our sight the motley throng
Of apparitions; we but stalk among
Symbols obscure, which we may not explain.
Vainly the universe lifts high its strain
Of harmony; 'tis but a Sphinx's song
To our dull ears. Our efforts may be strong,
But from without no wisdom can we gain.
If the internal light be clear, but small
Need be the outward sphere; we can behold
Within us the great chain of work and cause.
Thus, by *anticipation*, we grasp all,
Knowing the universe can but unfold
Repeated instances of simple laws. N. D.

CATHERINE HAYES.

The immense success achieved by this talented vocalist, at Dublin, Limerick, and Cork, seems scarcely to have surpassed that which crowned her efforts at Manchester. The local press is in raptures with her, and, we believe, it represents, with perfect truth, the impression produced upon the public. Jenny Lind herself—the arch-furore-exciter—has rarely excited a more absolute furore than Catherine Hayes in her recent provincial tour. We give abridged extracts from the

wo principal Manchester papers, as a verification of what we have premised :—

(From the Manchester Guardian.)

Handel's *Messiah* was produced at the Concert Hall with a degree of completeness in all respects worthy of this stupendous work. The band and chorus numbered some two hundred—all efficient, and manifesting ample evidence of careful rehearsal.

Of the principals, Catherine Hayes more than realised the expectations we had formed of her from the encomiums of the London press. In what we would call dramatic expression—a merging of the mere artist in the appropriate embodiment of the sacred sentiment of oratorio,—we have no hesitation in saying that no English female singer of the present day can excel her. We shall not do her the injustice of comparing her with Jenny Lind; but Catherine Hayes possesses that power of giving fervid utterance to particular words or phrases in oratorio, and generally of imparting to it a peculiar religious character, which so pre-eminently distinguished Lind. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," exhibited these characteristics in an exalted degree. The second part of the air, "He shall feed his flock," though not so elevated in character, was equally well given, and in this Miss Hayes was encored. She made a decided impression last night; and if with her the ardent spirit be not found to have been lodged in a too fragile form, we may expect her to take the first position as an intellectual sacred vocalist.

(From the Manchester Examiner.)

Miss Catherine Hayes was new to a Manchester public, having only sung in the Concert Hall on a recent occasion. We look upon her as the first of English sopranos; she posseses a fine, pure, round voice, clear in its utterance, correct in intonation, with a charming style that may be considered as approaching the classical, from its truth and simplicity. Her execution shown in 'Rejoice greatly' was very brilliant, whilst her pathos and feeling are full of poetic beauty. She sings as though her soul were in the work she had to do,—one of the great charms of art. Nothing could surpass her lovely manner of rendering "Come unto him," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth." On being encored in the former, a misunderstanding between the band and herself as to the point at which to resume (not desiring to repeat the whole of the air), threw her out, and she gave it up. "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was given with a full burst of feeling, trust, and hope. Miss Hayes at once established her reputation and position in Manchester, not only among the learned in these matters, but equally so with all; for the truth in art goes to the hearts of even the least cultivated. We are not surprised, after the performance of last night, at the immense reception she has met with in Ireland. For five successive nights she played in the opera of *Norma*, the houses literally crammed to the roof, and many hundreds turned away nightly. At Limerick and at Cork her welcome was as enthusiastic. The personal appearance of Miss Hayes is very prepossessing—a tall, fine figure, with delicately marked features, and a manner graceful and lady-like.

At the second performance, Miss Hayes appears to have excited a still greater enthusiasm than at the first, if we may judge by the unbounded eulogies of the local press.

DRURY LANE.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

The "Mendelssohn Night," on Tuesday, was the most brilliant of the whole season. According to promise, M. Jullien devoted the first part of the programme to a selection from the works of Mendelssohn. The step was a bold one, but was crowned with entire success. The house was filled to overflow. In the promenade, so dense was the mass, that to go to and fro was impossible; "and yet this immense crowd," says a great morning journal, "listened, with undeviating attention, to a performance of not less than two hours' duration, consisting wholly of that kind of music, which is, ordinarily, addressed to 'select' audiences, and has been pronounced above the comprehension of the multitude. From first to last, there was not a sign of impatience; on the contrary, the appetite seemed to grow with what it fed on, and each successive piece was more loudly applauded than its predecessor. If M. Jullien persevere in this new line of policy, the *soi-disant* classical societies may lose their prerogative, and fine music be no longer regarded as the exclusive property of a few." With which we entirely concur.

The selection began with the third symphony in A minor, given without other curtailment than the omission of the *reprise* of the first part of the *allegro agitato*, which in so long a programme was excusable. The execution of this great and elaborate work was, in the highest degree, satisfactory. M. Jullien's indications of the *tempi* were correct in every instance, and the gradations of colouring were skilfully managed throughout. The wind instruments were deliciously in tune, and this was of essential importance in the *scherzo*, where the flute, oboe, clarinet, and bassoon (principals, Messrs. Pratten, Barret, Lazarus, and Baumann), have so many delicate points allotted to them. In the last movement (the *allegro guerriero*), the difficult passage, for oboe and flute, that leads to the fugue, was admirably played, and the *crescendo* from *pianissimo* to *fortissimo*, in the fugue itself, one of the most striking points of the symphony, capitally effected. The symphony was followed by one of the author's most beautiful chamber songs, "The first violet," sung by Mademoiselle Jetty Treffz in her usual chaste and unaffected manner. We should, nevertheless, have preferred the pianoforte accompaniment; the instrumentation, by M. Nadaud, we believe, is well done, but is wanting in that simplicity which Mendelssohn, who never intended this song to be accompanied by the orchestra, has imparted to the original. Two of the universally popular *Lieder ohne Worte* ("Songs without words")—that in E, from Book I., and that in C, from Book 6—were performed by Miss Ellen Day. "This clever pianist," says the same authority, "is especially adapted to shine in music of a brilliant and energetic character, and has yet to acquire the art of singing on the piano-forte; she, consequently, produced more effect in the last of the *lieder*, a *prestissimo*, than in the first, a *cantabile* movement. Miss Day might have chosen the *rondo finale* from one of the concertos, either of which would have suited her dashing style of playing much better than these simple melodies." M. Sainton's execution of the slow movement and *rondo* of the violin concerto was one of the greatest treats of the evening; his expression and mechanism were equally good; the full meaning of the composition was conveyed, without the slightest exaggeration of tone or accent. In the elaborate accompaniments to the *rondo*, which demand such nice delicacy and precision, we had again occasion to remark the perfect intonation of the wind instruments. The war-march of the priests, from *Athalie*, was played with pompous and imposing effect, but three or four of the extra-ophicleides might have been dispensed with, as obstreporous superfluities; they rather deteriorated than augmented the grandeur and fulness of the score. The second song accorded to Mademoiselle Jetty Treffz, "Of all the pretty darlings in the world," is another chamber air (from the six songs, Op. 57, dedicated to Miss Dolby). Nothing can be more simple than the melody, which, in the original, Mendelssohn has wedded to a pianoforte accompaniment, equally unpretending. The orchestra is altogether out of character with such a composition, and in his adaptation the arranger has overlooked the variations of accompaniment in the different couplets, which are by no means inessential. There are three verses in the original, of which Madlle. Treffz sang the two first only—precisely as the author intended them to be sung, without effort or ornament. We should, nevertheless, have liked the third verse, from the lips of the "pretty German," as the *Morning Post* gallantly styles her.

The selection from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with which the Mendelssohn part of the programme finished, included the overture, *scherzo*, *notturno*, and Wedding March, besides two other pieces that have never previously been executed in England, even at the Philharmonic Concerts, where this music was first produced. These pieces are, nevertheless, in their way, as remarkable as any thing in the score; one of them—an interlude in A minor, descriptive of "Hermione seeking Lysander in the wood"—is peculiarly romantic and beautiful; the other—a bombastic march, supposed to be a prelude to the drama of *Pyramus and Thisbe*, in which the redoubtable Bottom, with Quince, Snug, and the rest of his associates, sustain the principal characters—is equally humorous and characteristic. It is to be hoped, now that M. Jullien has successfully tested their effect, they will be included in all future selections from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The other pieces were admirably executed, especially the *scherzo* and *notturno*; in the first, Mr. Pratten mastered the trying *obligato* for the flute, with great ease and precision; in the last, the theme for horn solo was played by Mr. Jarrett, with a beauty of tone, and justness of intonation, that we have never heard surpassed. The Wedding March, rendered with immense spirit, made a brilliant termination to the performance.

The second part of the concert was composed of the usual materials. There were the selection from the *Prophète*, the *Olga Valse*, and the new *Cossack Polka* of M. Jullien, the latter of which is among his most sparkling contributions to Terpsichore. There was a brilliant solo for the violin, on *La Figlia*, well composed and superbly played by M. Sainton. There was also Jetty Treffz, with her humorous and captivating "Trab, trab, trab," which met with the usual enthusiastic reception. Besides these, there was a novelty, in the shape of a new song, by the young lady who has written so many agreeable songs under the *nom de guerre* of "Angelina." The words of "My bright Savoy," by Shirley Brooks, a gentleman of taste, wit, and versatility, are so much better than those of ballads in ordinary, that we are incited irresistibly to quote them, for which our readers will not chide us, we are sure. On second thoughts, however, we cannot do as we should wish, since they are not printed in the programme, and our memory is not sufficiently retentive to be trusted. We are sorry for this, but we cannot help it. Perhaps Mr. Brooks will favour us with a copy.

The music of Madlle. "Angelina" is in E minor. The style is plaintive and suited to the character of the words. There are many pleasing ideas in the accompaniment, and the melody is natural and flowing. It is true that the composer has not listened in vain to the Coronation scene in the *Prophète*, nor has she studied without advantage Schubert's romantic *lied* of "Margaret at the spinning wheel." But we like to see these signs of appreciating good models in young musicians, more especially when it is only the feeling, and not the notes, that suggests the idea of resemblance. Madlle. Jetty Treffz was just the singer to give due expression to this pretty song, which she gave with true sentiment and delicious quietude. Her voice was the very essence of sorrow as she uttered the complaint of the poor Savoyard. The song was well received and will be liked better every time it is heard.

During the week, M. Ilkheimer, a violinist, and M. Drayton, a bass-singer, have appeared at the concerts, but neither of them produced any very remarkable sensation. Mr. Viotti Collins has also played a solo on the violin, and Prospére's magnificent talent has been exemplified in a fantasia for the ophicleide.

Besides another "Mendelssohn Night," M. Jullien, we hear, has determined upon giving a "Mozart Night." This will be a further step in the right direction.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

MACREADY'S IAGO.

The stage representation of *Othello* is but an abstract of Shakspere's tragedy. There is no other play of the author, which, in the performance, has suffered so much curtailment and excision. Other plays have undergone more material alteration for the stage, as the *Tempest*, *Lear*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, &c., until modern taste reclaimed them, but no one has been so lopped and maimed. It is a matter of the greatest surprise to us, that Mr. Macready, in his efforts to restore Shakspere in his integrity to the stage, during his managements of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, never took into consideration the manifest injury which was inflicted on Shakspeve's sublime tragedy, by the omission of scenes, speeches, and portions of the dialogue. That the entire play could not be given, we are willing to allow, but we contend that much is left out which might be retained, among which are some of the finest and most affecting passages of the tragedy. In the very first scene, the following characteristic speech of Iago to Roderigo is omitted:—

> You shall mark
> Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
> That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
> Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
> For nought but provender; and when he's old, cashier'd:—
> Whip me such honest knaves! Others there are
> Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
> Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
> And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
> Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd their coats,
> Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
> And such a one do I profess himself.

In the second colloquy, between Iago and Roderigo, the very pith of Iago's reasoning and world-minded philosophy is thrown aside as rubbish. Here is one passage:—"Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have Reason to cool our raging motions," &c.

The scene between the musicians and clown, commencing the third act, is too brief, else it would be well worth the restoration. The clown is a very amusing personage, and his directions to the musicians, "The general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it,"—and, "If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again," are in Shakspeare's best comic style.

The greater portion of the first scene of the fourth act is omitted from the representation. The whole of this scene is exceedingly powerful, and contains several of the most pathetic passages of the play. It would, however, be impossible to restore the opening portion of the scene without certain curtailments; and a question would here arise, whether it were better omit the scene altogether, than not give it in its entirety. Let us, setting aside the reprehensible lines and

words, fancy some such arrangement of the scene as the following; the reader will, at all events, see how much that is powerfully dramatic and highly poetical is left out in the representation,

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO.

* * * * * *

Oth. It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.
Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip;
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—
Oth. What then?
Iago. Why then, 'tis hers, my lord; and being her's,
She may I think, bestow it on any man.
Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;
May she give that?
Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft that have it not;
But, for the handkerchief—
Oth. By heaven I would most gladly have forgot it:
Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infectious house,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.
Iago. Ay, what of that?
Oth. That's not so good, now.
Iago. What if I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say, (as knaves be such abroad,
Who, having by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced, or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab,)—
Oth. Hath he said anything?
Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.
Oth. What hath he said?
Iago Why, that he did,—I know not what he did!

* * * * * *

Oth. That's fulsome! Handkerchief—confession—handkerchief.—To confess and be hanged for his labour. First, to be hanged, and then to confess. I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some instruction. It is not words that shake me thus:—Pish!—Noses, ears, and lips! Is't possible? Confess!—handkerchief!—O, devil! (*falls in a trance*).
Iago Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach. What, ho, my lord!

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

How is it, General? Have you not hurt your head?
Oth. Did he confess it?
Iago. Good sir, be a man;
Think, every bearded fellow that's but yoked
May draw with you: there's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To kiss a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know:
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be!
Oth. O, thou art wise, tis certain!

* * * * *

How shall I murther him, Iago?
Iago. I would have him nine years a killing:—
A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!
Iago. Nay, you must forget that.
Oth. Ay, let her rot and perish, and be damned to-night, for she shall not live: no, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.
Iago. Nay, that's not your way.
Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is: so delicate with her needle! An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear! Of so high and plenteous wit and invention.
Iago. She's the worse for all this.
Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times:—and then, of so gentle a condition.
Iago. Ay, too gentle.
Oth. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!
Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend! for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.
Oth. I will chop her into messes.—Cuckold me!
Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.
Oth. With mine officer!
Iago. That's fouler.

At this point the acting edition takes up the thread of the dialogue, and the scene commences with Othello's directions to his Ancient:—

"Get me some poison, Iago;" &c., &c.

Now, are we hypercritical in asserting that there is much wrong done to Shakspere's *Othello* in omitting this tremendous scene in the performance? We know not who trimmed the tragedy for the stage, but the principal aim seems to have been, to cut it short with a vengeance. This is said to be the age in which Shakspere, for the first time, is truly honoured and revered, and his works permitted to shine in their native lustre; but as long as we have *Othello* dished up on the stage, clipped, mangled, and emasculated, as we witness but too often, we can subscribe neither to the honour nor the reverence.

The performance of *Othello* on Monday night at the Haymarket suggested the above remarks; and we could not but feel how much was lost to Macready's Iago by the several omissions. If these lines should meet the great actor's eye, we trust and hope they may turn his attention to what we cannot help proclaiming a crying Shaksperian sin. With the restoration of the passages we have quoted the performance would be all the better, and Shakspere no worse.

To him who had seen Macready perform Iago on Monday night, the first thought which occurred at the end of the performance was probably, "why the actor preferred testing his powers in Othello?" This is a question which has been asked on more than one occasion, and one which it is not easy to resolve. From the first night of Macready's appearing in Iago at Drury Lane—some twenty years ago—he has been celebrated for his performance and identified himself with the character more forcibly, perhaps, than with any other Shaksperian past, if we except King Lear. Kean and Macready performed Othello and Iago at that time eighteen nights successively, and Macready achieved his first Shaksperian fame in Iago. In his subsequent tour in the provinces, and, we believe, for some years after, Macready invariably played Iago, preferring it to Othello. Of late years he, as invariably, has assumed the personation of the Noble Moor. The general opinion seems to be that his Iago is a more powerful and complete performance, more vividly conceived, more dramatically coloured, and more instinct with genius. The readers of the *Musical World*, who have followed us in our notices of the great actor, will perceive that this is our own impression, an impression confirmed beyond a doubt by the performance of Monday.

Iago is a character that requires the greatest versatility of powers in the performer. He is, in truth, a double-Janus'd knave, whose four aspects are as dissimilar as the four elements. We first behold him with Roderigo, the cunning man of the world, the hypocrite, the casuist, the wheedler, the impostor, yet manifesting sufficient interest and humanity to interpose a shade between his true soul and his victim's scrutiny—enough to cajole and lure so poor a dolt as Roderigo. Othello he looks upon as credulous in the extreme, as too noble to entertain a suspicion, as one who "will be as tenderly led by the nose as asses are," and deports himself in consequence with an overweening love and anxiety, and withal a blunt-

ness and a seeming of rough honesty most attractive in a soldier. With Cassio he is somewhat more reserved in his hypocrisy—he does not afford the good-natured lieutenant a chance of prying into his true nature. Beyond a slight display of a laxity of morals, Iago would appear in the eyes of Cassio a fellow of infinite worth, as one who carries his heart upon his tongue, a gallant, boisterous *bon-vivant*. Iago is only his real self when, in his soliloquies, he bares his soul before the spectators. Here the malignity of the fiend is superinduced upon the motives and actions of the worldly man. He stands before us naked in his deformity, and every purpose of his dark soul is unfolded to the view. In personifying each and all of these aspects, Macready is eminently—super-eminently happy. The cajoling tone of flattery and self-evident dissimulation practised towards Roderigo, proves how little assumption is necessary to deceive and delude so feeble and silly a gentleman. Iago feels the blight of his own intellect, and appears almost ashamed to "expend his well-gained knowledge upon such a snipe." With Othello much greater caution is requisite; but still, to one above all suspicion, the greatest reservation is not demanded. It is plain throughout the play, that had not Othello been driven blind by jealousy and rage, he must have seen through Iago's artifices; but Iago knows exactly how far to go, and when to stop. Nothing could be finer than the judgment displayed by Macready in the scenes with Othello. It was art carried to its highest point. On the other hand, in dealing with Cassio, Iago has to treat with no fool. Cassio is a shrewd, sensible man, and, excepting when his drink is not "craftily qualified," he displays a clear and acute intellect. With such a character, therefore, Iago dared not, even by hints, expose himself as he did to Roderigo; nor, as he did with the Moor, venture upon the extravagant surmises, which he knew the plain man of the world would reject. It demonstrates most powerfully Shakspere's astonishing acquaintance with human nature, that he never makes Iago endeavour to inveigle Cassio into his snares by lies, as he does with Othello, Roderigo, and indeed almost every other person with whom he comes in contact. Iago makes Cassio his tool certainly, but by different means from those with which he "enmeshes" his other victims.

Macready's Iago is more varied than that of any actor we have seen in the part; it is also more intense and real, and appears to us more thoroughly imbued with the intention of the author. In the malignity of the character Kean certainly equalled him, as did Young, perhaps, in the blunt bearing and rough soldierly deportment; but, we think he has far surpassed both in the scenes with Roderigo and all the lighter portions of the play. It was when witnessing Macready in the drinking scene with Cassio and the "lads of the Cyprus," when he first performed Iago at Drury Lane, that the celebrated Mrs. Gibbs said, "That gentleman has mistaken his line—his forte is comedy." The words of the celebrated actress were not prophetic; but it proved how highly Macready's talent for comedy was estimated; and, in truth, no acting could be more instinct with spirit and hilariousness than that of the actor in this scene. It was throughout inimitable for its ease and heartiness.

It was our intention to have closely analysed Macready's Iago in this notice; but the length to which our preliminary remarks have extended has left us room but to point out a few of its numerous excellences. In the first place, we would direct attention to the scenes with Roderigo, which were remarkable for the display of mingled levity and cunning, and the intellect that shone through all. From these scenes we would single out the colloquy in the fourth act, where Iag induces Roderigo to knock out Cassio's [illegible]. This was splendid in the extreme, and produced an immense effect. A roar of applause followed Iago's answer to Roderigo's protestation of his being unjustly dealt with:—

"I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared."

All the soliloquies were finely delivered, and finer than all the one commencing:—

"And what's he then that says I play the villain?"

The intensity and deep malignity infused into the passage,

"Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now," &c., &c.

was exceedingly powerful and striking. There was something so terrible in the delivery of these lines as to make the listener recoil from the speaker, as from a hissing serpent.

Several points were made with great effect, which we cannot pause to enumerate. Enough to say, no performance could be realised with more admirable judgment, or more indomitable vigour, and that a treat of the highest order was afforded to the lover of Shakspere and of art.

Mr. Wallack played Othello with more than his usual carefulness, and the poetry, from his lips, lost nothing of its force, or its beauty.

Mr. Stuart was the best Brabantio we have seen for a long time.

Mr. Howe made a tolerable Cassio. His drunken scene was something overdone. Mrs. Warner's Emilia is one of her best parts; and Miss Reynolds' Desdemona is too new an assumption to bear close inspection.

We have so often pronounced Mr. Selby entirely out of his element in Shakspere, that the iteration becomes positively painful. We shall not waste criticism upon this gentleman's Roderigo; but we would simply remind him that the character he endeavours to personate is neither a fool nor a mountebank. Why does not Mr. Webster play Roderigo?

The theatre is crowded to excess every night of Macready's performance, and on the off nights, the *Serious Family* loses none of its attractions.

We shall notice at length in our next number Macready's Othello.

ADELPHI.

One of those large melodramas, which are intended to combine great variety of situation and a considerable number of actors, was produced on Monday night, under the title of the *Willow Copse*. The authorship is attributed to Messrs. Bourcicault and Charles Kenney.

The plot consists of a somewhat complicated story of crime and retribution. Sir Richard Vaughan has been disinherited by his father, and the broad acres have been bequeathed to Luke Fielding, a neighbouring farmer. The will, however, has not been produced, Sir Richard has lived quietly, though with mental uneasiness, on the family estate, and has moreover seduced Rose, the farmer's daughter. Some rigid maxims uttered by Luke on the subject of female virtue have such an effect on Rose, that she resolves to drown herself in a certain "Willow Copse," and betakes herself to the spot, having written a letter to her father. The old gentleman, more profound in ethics than in literature, cannot read the epistle, but begs the assistance of Lucy Vanguard, a young lady, who, with her father, and her intended, is stopping at Sir Richard's manor-house. She misleads Luke as to the sense of the letter, and going to the Willow Copse, prevents the perpetration of

suicide by Rose. She is escorted back to the manor-house by Sir Richard, who has likewise been to the copse to have an interview with Hulks, a mysterious villain, who knows the existence of the will, and they find the mansion broken into by the same villain, and two accomplices. Sir Richard hides Lucy in a pavilion, but dares not detain Hulks, whom he recognizes, and who therefore escapes with the will in his possession. The discovery of Lucy in the pavilion, coupled with the fact that she has taken the midnight walk with Sir Richard, compromises her reputation. An explanation, which takes place at a harvest-home festival, soon sets her right with her friends and her father, but Farmer Luke, who perceives that Rose's letter is used as the chief explanatory means, grows very uneasy. As no one will give a satisfactory account of its contents, he makes his daughter read it herself, and the *tableau* in which she, on her knees, reads the confession of her guilt, while Luke stands listening with suppressed agony, and the rest of the characters watch them with horror is exceedingly effective.

The disgrace of Rose being made known and revealed to Luke, he resigns to her his farm, intending to settle elsewhere, but insists on knowing the name of her seducer, the only fact which yet remains untold. She resists his demands and menaces, but the sound of a man's voice outside the door seems to promise that the secret must now be revealed. Luke snatches up a bill-hook, Rose falls senseless, and so also does Luke himself when he perceives that the intruder is Sir Richard Vaughan, whose father was his friend. Sir Richard, to shelter Rose from the paternal wrath, takes her in his arms, while yet senseless, and conveys her in his carriage to London. The old man when he rises has lost his intellect, and a powerful scene is produced, in which Meg, the rustic servant of the farm, who has innocently caused much of the mischief by her babbling, is almost distracted at perceiving such fatal results.

Before the *denouement* takes place four years are supposed to elapse. Sir Richard has married Rose, and has been vainly endeavouring to find her father, who has strayed from his home, and is supported by Meg, now a London milkmaid. At last accident brings him to his daughter's door, a recognition takes place, and Sir Richard, while obtaining his forgiveness, has the satisfaction of placing in his hands the will, which has been recovered with much difficulty from Hulks, who is exhibited as a frequenter of the vilest dens in the metropolis.

In the construction of this piece great ingenuity is shown. The incidents are far from hackneyed, and there are several situations of great power. Moreover, the language rises above that of most pieces of the sort, and it may altogether be characterized as one of the very best specimens of the Adelphi school. Compression will, however, be advantageous in some places, especially in the first three acts (there are five!), as there is too much matter before the interest actually begins.

Madame Celeste, as the erring but affectionate daughter, Mr. Hughes, as the stern father, Mr. Boyce, as the amatory hero, Mr. O. Smith, as the decided villain, and Messrs. Wright and Bedford, sustained their parts with great effect. The histrionic feature of the piece is the rustic maid-servant of Miss Woolgar. The awkward deportment, the clumsy gait, the vacant manner of answering, are perfect in their way, and show a decided talent in apprehending character, and carrying out a true conception.

The piece was loudly and repeatedly applauded at the fall of the curtain, and; after the whole of the company had been called, separate calls were raised for Madame Celeste, Messrs. Wright and Bedford, and Miss Woolgar.

NEW STRAND.

If we have forborne to notice the accession of Mrs. Glover to the company of this favourite little theatre, our readers will readily believe that it has arisen from any other cause than forgetfulness of, or disrespect to, our greatest living actress. Mrs. Glover joined the New Strand corps about three weeks since, and made her first appearance as Mrs. Heildeberg, in the *Clandestine Marriage*. This was received with immense fervour, and, it is needless to say, created an unusual sensation by her personation of the part. The great actress has since appeared in a few other of her celebrated characters, of which we may specially allude to Mrs. Malaprop, in the *Rivals* —a part in which she will leave no successor—and Mrs. Candour, in the *School for Scandal*. The annexation of Mrs. Glover to the company has proved a Californian mine discovery to the treasury. Such sterling gold is tragedy. After Christmas Mrs. Glover joins Mr. Anderson's new dramatic battalion at Drury Lane.

A pleasant trifle, called the *Man-trap*, has been brought out during the week. Alfred, (Mr. W. Farren, jun.) the son of Colonel Beaumont (Mr. Farren), is about to be married to the Countess de Rosseille (Mrs. Sterling), a widow many years his senior. The father arrives in a rage, but is met by the widow disguised as an antiquated coquette, who confirms his opinion that she is a "Man-trap." She then appears in her usual attire, and, pretending to be her own daughter, captivates him to such an extent that he resolves to marry her himself, while a wife is found for Alfred in the person of her actual daughter, Florence (Miss R. Isaacs). This piece, which we are assured is original, is well acted, and is enlivened by some music sung by Miss Isaacs and Mr. W. Farren, junr.

LYCEUM.

An elegant adaptation from the French, by Mr. Charles Dance, has been produced here, under the title of *Delicate Ground*. It is of the lighter French drama of the present day.

A republican legislator of France, in 1793, Citizen Saugfroid (Mr. Charles Matthews), wishes to cure his wife (Madame Vestris) of a romantic passion for an empty-headed aristocrat (Mr. Roxby). He admits the fact of the lady's predilection for another with the most provoking indifference, and consents to make the lovers happy by availing himself of the facile law of divorce prevalent at the time. His coolness has the desired effect. The lady and her lover, now they have full liberty to throw themselves into each other's arms, discover that they are in a state of mutual indifference, and the capricious fair one is but too glad to remain with her husband. Trifling as this plot may seem, it is the vehicle for introducing some excellent scenes, in which the three personages, who have the stage to themselves, are played off against each other with much force, while the dialogue does the greatest credit to the English adapter. Almost every line is a point, so that the whole sparkles with wit and worldly shrewdness, the grand purpose of the piece being to exalt common sense at the expense of sentimentality. Still, with all its merits, the piece would have fallen comparatively flat had it been less perfectly played. The imperturbable coolness of Mr. Charles Mathews, and the neatness and grace of Madame Vestris, as each, in hope of victory, darted a polished repartee at the other, had all the charm of the best French acting. Mr. Roxby, as the "spoony" lover, presented an apt surface of vacuity for the thrusts of his more astute opponent. The costumes, correct to a shirt collar, and redolent with the extravagance of republican France, contributed much to the

general effect. Loud and repeated applause from an audience who had been kept on the *qui vive* during the whole progress of the piece, followed its conclusion. The title of the French original, *Brutus, lache Cæsar*, is almost without meaning as applied to the English version, in which the incident to which it refers is kept in the background.

Another novelty of a less elevated kind is an adaptation of *L'Homme qu'on jette par la Fenêtre*, a piece written as a sort of counterpart to *La Femme que se jette par la Fenêtre*, played at the St. James's Theatre. It turns on the distress of a damsel (Mrs. Humby) in Barbadoes, into whose apartment a drunken soldier (Mr. Oxberry) has strayed, and who, though with her strong arms she has flung the intruder out of window, has lost her reputation from the fact that half her curtain has followed him to the ground. The most amusing feature in the acting is, however, the assumption of drunkenness by another soldier (Mr. C. Mathews), who, being enamoured with a young lady, whose father guards the military prison, feigns to be the culprit, in order to be a captive near his beloved. There is a traditional stage-intoxication which is anything but like the real article, but Mr. Matthews's maudlin inebriety, with his anxiety to hug everybody he meets, is truthfulness itself. This piece, which goes pleasantly, but not brilliantly, is called *Drop the Curtain*.

MARYLEBONE.

The *Love Chase* has been produced at this theatre, and played with a great deal of spirit. In sustaining the character of "Neighbour Constance," Mrs. Mowatt has wisely abstained from trenching on the ground of Mrs. Nisbett, who, in the hearty uncontrolled flood of native spirit with which she illustrates this part, could not be approached by any actress of the day. Mrs. Mowatt, while she throws less palpable force into the character, preserves its piquancy, and her merriment, while truly lady-like, is genial and pointed in its expression. The dresses are studiously rich and elegant. The butt of this joyous lady, the honest but unlucky "Neighbour Wildrake," is well represented, with all his amusing embarrassment, by Mr. Davenport. The serious scenes produce their due effect through the intensity of feeling and truly feminine delicacy displayed by Miss Fanny Vining, who acts Lydia, and the gallant deportment of Mr. Belton, the representative of Master Walter.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

We very soon realized the good opinion we had formed of Miss Catherine Hayes. On the second evening of Mr. Peacock's concerts she created a sensation, if not quite an Italian *furore*. The following was the programme:—

Part I.—Romberg's Cantata "The Song of the Bell."

Part II.—Selections from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Notturno, Instrumental.—Song, with Chorus, "Ye spotted snakes."—Solos, by Miss C. Hayes and Miss Poole."—Wedding March, Instrumental.—Final Chorus, "Through this house"—Selections from Mendelssohn's *Athalie* (first time of performance in Manchester).—War March of the Priests, Instrumental.—Chorus, "Depart ye sons of Aaron."—Chorus, "Heaven and the earth display."—Chorus and Trio, "Promised joys."—Solos, by Miss C. Hayes, Miss Poole, and Mr. Benson.

Part III.—Miscellaneous Selection.—Aria, "Durch die Walder, durch die Auen," Herr Damcke, (Freischütz), *Weber*.—Ballad, "Why do I weep for thee?" Miss C. Hayes, *Wallace*.—Song, "The Bear Hunt," Mr. K. Phillips, *Phillips*.—Air, "Search through the wide world," Miss Poole, *Donizetti*.—Serenade (full choir), "Bless'd be the home," *Benedict*.—Ballad, "Look forth my fairest," Signor Burdini, (Catherine Grey) *Balfe*.—Irish Melody, "Kathleen Mavourneen," Miss C. Hayes, *Crouch*.—First Finale from *Don Giovanni*, including the celebrated Trio of "The Maskers," "The Minuet," "The Chorus to Liberty," and "The Grand Finale."—Donna Anna, Miss C. Hayes; Donna Elvira, Miss Poole; Zerlina, Miss Morris; Don Ottavio, Mr. Benson; Don Giovanni, Signor Burdini; Leporello, Mr. H. Phillips; Masetto, Mr. Brooke; and Chorus.

On the morning of the concert the walls were freely placarded, announcing that in addition to the 5*s.* dress (reserved) seats, and 2*s.* 6*d.* undress (not reserved), there would be issued promenade tickets at 1*s.* each!—not bad policy, after the experience of Tuesday evening; better to have the blank space occupied at any price than totally vacant. The result was, as might be expected, a much better filled hall, and the concert went off marvellously well. Romberg's Cantata is not generally well known, and to a mixed audience will appear of a pleasing more than a striking character; it was listened to with marked attention, and many of the more melodious or popular pieces were loudly applauded. Mr. Phillips delivered the solos given to the master with his usual dramatic effect, and the chorus were well rehearsed and steady throughout. The soprano solo, "Oh! then with pealing sounds of joy," is a gracefully-flowing melody, (well sung by Miss Poole). The duet, "Oh! blissful feeling," is very beautiful, and was done justice to by Miss Catherine Hayes and Mr. Benson. The latter also acquitted himself satisfactorily in the tenor song, "Love's day dream is o'er," which is highly spirited and characteristic. The grand chorus, "Most useful is the might of fire!" was very fine and admirably given, although by no means easy to sing. Miss Hayes achieved her first marked success this evening in the elegant mournful strain, "Ah! it is the wife beloved," which was rapturously applauded. Miss Poole was very happy too in the descriptive solo, "Now his daily labour 's done." The recitatives of the master have a sameness about them that to us was a little wearying, else the general impression made upon us by Romberg's *Song of the Bell* is, that it is the work of a musician; the instrumentation is very spirited and clever: some of the vocal pieces contain much graceful melody, and the choral episode on the awful power of fire is of the highest order of composition.* Mr. Conran led, in place of Mr. Seymour, very efficiently; still in some of the accompaniments, where brilliancy was required, we missed Mr. Seymour's violin; he (Mr. Seymour) was unavoidably absent at Mr. Charles Hallé's second classical chamber concert, which most unluckily was fixed for the same evening.

The second part commenced with a selection from the *Midsummer Night's Dream;* the "Notturno" was well played; the soli and chorus, "Ye spotted snakes," were beautifully sung; and how delightfully in character are Mendelssohn's accompaniments! "The Wedding March," of course all could appreciate. We must do the band the justice to say, too, that they fully deserved the rapturous encore it obtained. The selection from *Athalie* was listened to with considerable interest; the "War March of the Priests," without being so strikingly grand as the "Wedding March,"† and even when not played so immediately in succession, would inevitably strike any musical ear as being the work of the same hand. The trio and chorus, "Promised joys," "Hearts feel that love thee," are in Mendelssohn's best manner; the trio reminds one, although different and quite original, of the unaccompanied bit from *Elijah*, "Lift thine eyes;" it was so

* We are compelled to state that we differ from our correspondent in his high estimate of this composition.—Ed. "M. W."

† Our correspondent must excuse us; it is far grander, though not so brilliant. Both marches are admirably in character.—Ed.

well sung, by Miss C Hayes, Miss Poole, and Mr. Benson, as to be loudly redemanded.

The third part introduced Herr Damcke to a Manchester audience, in the well-known tenor scene from *Der Freitschutz*, "Oh, I can bear my fate no longer," which he gave in the original German. He has a rough, energetic style, and a powerful more than sweet or melodious tenor voice—(we long in vain to hear a German tenor with the sweetness of Tichatszchek!)—we should have been better pleased with Herr Damcke if he had left the *tempo* and the controul of the orchestra in the very able hands of Benedict, and not have exhibited his impatience at the supposed incompetence of a Manchester orchestra, by half turning round to them continually, and looking most unutterable things!† Miss Hayes next appeared in Wallace's ballad, which she gave with all the pathos and force of which words and music are capable; a most enthusiastic encore was the consequence. Next came Henry Phillips, with his own Transatlantic inspiration, "The Bear Hunt;" although in the author's hand it is a very dramatic, and telling affair, it is rather too much in the Russell school for our taste—*mais, vous avez raison*, Mr. H. Phillips, for your "Bear Hunt" got encored. But, oh, Miss Poole! you were set down for the English version of the "Ciascun lo dice," from *La Figlia*. Why, then, would you, or did you, give instead such a trashy affair as "The Cavalier"? containing such a couplet (heaven save the mark!) as—

"But this gay Cavalier.
He quite scorned the idea" (!)!

However, Miss Poole—*vous avez raison*, too, for you were encored; mind, it is the song, not Miss Poole's singing we take exception to—her archness and humour it was that brought the encore. Benedict had next the satisfaction of hearing his serenade, from the *Gipsey's Warning*, admirably sung in chorus by the full choir; after which he came forward to announce to the audience, that in consequence of Signor Burdini being too unwell to sing his song, Miss Hayes had volunteered to sing instead the "Ah non giunge," from *La Sonnambula*; the announcement was loudly cheered. Miss Hayes, amidst the most hearty plaudits, made her appearance, and gave the well-known *rondo finale* in such a style, that the audience went wild, and, forgetting that it was a volunteered song, would have it again, and again she went through all the elaborate runs and cadences she introduced, with many a grace here and there added; with but a few minutes pause, she again came forward to give the song set down for her, "Kathleen Mavourneen," at which some of the good folks in the Hall went quite beside themselves, waving their hats and hurrahing most vehemently! Jenny Lind herself scarce ever created more enthusiasm in the same place.

The *finale*, from *Don Giovanni*, was "caviare to the general;' besides, it is really a pity to give it, however carefully, apart from the opera. Mr. H. Phillips, Signors Burdini, Herr Damcke, and Misses Poole, Morris, and C. Hayes, were heard in it to good effect. Miss Morris was perhaps too timid at appearing in such company as Zerlina, for although tolerably near, we never heard her voice. The encore had the effect of procrastinating the concert until nearly eleven o'clock! We can much sooner forgive the sin of excessive encore, than such a breach of decorum as was shown on Tuesday night during the performance of the *Messiah*, when a number of unmannerly churls sate through the performance (in the 2s. 6d. seats) with their hats on! But for the place and the occasion, they deserved *bouncting*, every one of them.

Monday, Dec. 10th, Madlle. Schloss, Madame Dulcken, and party, are announced for the Concert Hall here.

† The orchestra might have found occasion to return the compliment to Herr Damcke, if he be the same Herr Damcke of last season.—D. R.

MUSIC AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

In my last notice to you of the goings-on here, in the way of amateur theatricals, the name of *Marston* was, by mistake, inserted instead of *Martin*, making the former play three parts; instead of which, it was the latter gentleman who made two insignificant characters so pre-eminently prominent. However, they are to play again, I believe; and I hope to be able to give you as favourable an account as I did last week.

The Distins gave a concert on Thursday and Friday. The house was fully attended. As regards the treasury, the result must have proved satisfactory, which is invariably the case when entertainments of this *calibre* are given at the theatre. It would be out of place to speak of the talent of these clever artists, who have so frequently met with your discriminating approbation; but, from not having heard them for some months, the peculiar charm of their performance was felt with redoubled pleasure. Miss O'Connor, who possesses a nice voice, gave unqualified satisfaction.

There was a rumour that Madame Dulcken was coming here; but as a third party instead of the principals applied for the theatre, the Plymouth public have lost the opportunity of hearing her. It appears that the lessee, Mr. Newcombe, to prevent the possibility of mistakes, which have so frequently occurred, is determined not to make arrangements through any agents. A spacious octagon saloon has been constructed, to cover the stage, orchestra, and pit, which converts the theatre into one of the handsomest and most commodious concert-rooms in the kingdom.

The theatre opens for dramatic representations on the 26th of December, with an unusually good company. A young lady named Cameron, of whom report speaks highly, is to lead the tragic business.

T. E. B.

MUSIC.

BY C. R.

O'ER the earth and through the sky,
Thought's own singing bird I fly—
Whispering love-songs to the trees—
Laughing with the wave and breeze.

Shaken from my quivering wing,
Laughter, joy, and smile I fling,
Bringing with my earthward flight
Dreams alone of love and light.

When the soul lies dark and cold,
Woe and fear my wings unfold,
Lifting on their heavenward plume
Human faith from human doom.

Never Music's voice was heard—
Blending note or weaving word,
But it stooped in joy below
Or in hope arose from woe.

The above beautiful stanzas are taken from a Literary and Musical Journal published at New York. Our readers, without consideration of the initials, will easily recognise, in the rare combination of poetic feeling and finished expression, the hand of our old and valued contributor, Mr. Charles Rosenberg, author of *The Philosophy of Life*.—ED. "M. W."

WINDSOR THEATRICALS.—*Julius Cæsar* is the play selected by Her Majesty for the opening night. Mr. Macready has consented to lend his assistance. We suppose he will play Brutus; Charles Kean is to play Marc Antony.

MISS CUSHMAN.

(From the New York Home Journal.)

We have announced that this lady's welcome to the American boards was a warm one. The interest which she at first excited has been more than sustained, as nightly throngs can testify at each successive performance, and thus far each in its turn has well borne the ordeal of criticism and of public taste. Hers was a familiar face and form that had grown up amongst us, a spirit that had early shown the germ of real talent, which had been transplanted, to be fostered and matured in a foreign clime. Her latter years have been passed in close and earnest study; and a mind naturally possessed of good sense and a nice discrimination, has been richly stored with its fruits. She has been actuated by an ambition which soared at the highest fame in her profession, and she has attained it. Her training has been in the best of schools; hers have been the highest models of her art. She has played with Macready; and also alone and unaided, before the most intelligent and refined London audiences, and been for years subjected to a high standard of literary judgment. The literati and the press of England have been lavish in their praise. She returns heralded by a voice from the same boards which sounded with the fame of a Siddons and O'Neil. But although we owe most of our histrionic talent to this foreign source, and are in the habit greatly of bowing to its dictation, yet as this lady is in a national point of view our own property, we shall act a little independently, and exercise our own judgment respecting her. And first, as to the great physical powers which we had been led to anticipate in Miss Cushman's acting, we were somewhat disappointed. The tones of her voice, for instance, are not so powerful nor so reaching as we had been led to suppose. Nor is her acting marked by those points which burst upon and electrify an audience; nor is there anything like the studied and vehement declamation of the schools, too often presented on the stage. But her voice is peculiarly distinct, even in the vehemence of passion, a rare quality, and its tones are full, deep, and expressive.

Her reading is almost faultless; we have scarcely ever heard one who pleased us more; it was throughout most natural and impressive. Perhaps an emphasis might have been laid more strongly on a word or phrase that had a deep significance; but our ear may be too nice, our judgment too critical. Her style is always chaste and true to nature. There is nothing artificial, no exaggeration, no rant, no straining after effect. She becomes identified with the character, throws herself into it, her soul and body seem absorbed in it. She is the living, breathing, animated creation, not of poetry, but of every-day life, placed in scenes of sorrow and of joy, and where the struggles of the heart and the deep, wild and stormy passions of woman's nature are called forth. This identity is never lost sight of. This is striking in her gradual development of the characters she portrays; and this is the secret of her power in chaining the interest of the audience, which invariably rises with each succeeding scene. Nothing reaches the springs of the heart like the true touches of nature, and hers is a master-spirit to evoke them.

We have dwelt on these points because we conceive them to be very rare, and difficult of attainment; because they are evidences of severe study, and of decided genius; because they give to the stage its highest interest, its greatest charm. There is also a great deal of variety in Miss Cushman's style, and she has the most happy contrasts in the grave and gay; you see no failure in her aims, no misconceptions of character. In the one case she has measured and knows her strength, and in the other nature has been her study and her guide. Her Mrs. Haller, in the *Stranger*, awakened the deepest sympathy, as in those thrilling scenes heart spoke to heart; and when that sympathy was once aroused, not a sob was uttered, not a tear was shed by her in vain; all told powerfully with the audience.

Her Rosalind was a beautiful impersonation of tenderness and playfulness of nature. There was an innate modesty, which threw its charm over the sallies of a wild and sportive spirit, and a piquancy and happy archness were given to her pointed humour and wit. Her scenes of alternate moods with Orlando and Celia, the effect she gave to the humourous description of a lover, and of love as a madness; and to that passage prefaced by "In all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love cause"—these were illustrations of her happy and pointed delineation of this charming character.

In Julia, in the *Hunchback*, much has been sacrificed to stage effect, and the plot of the play in its construction is somewhat artificial and strained. Yet no where in the whole range of the modern drama are the intricate workings of a woman's soul so naturally, so powerfully portrayed; nor the interest of the scenes so wrought up and sustained to the close. From these two causes, the one growing out of the other, has sprung its wide popularity and success. The struggles between her pride, her resentment, and her love, were most touchingly delineated by Miss Cushman; and in her great scene with Clifford, and the closing one of the play, there was a moral grandeur in her acting, which was felt by all, and is rarely equalled on the stage.

Her Lady Macbeth was one of her happiest conceptions—and this we design to notice more in detail hereafter. We are precluded from doing so by the length to which this article has already extended.

There was in this character an exhibition of that mental power, those iron nerves, that daring purpose, and that firm resolve, of that spirit which rose superior to the appalling sight of the murdered in their blood, and to superstitious awe. And these were portrayed by Miss Cushman with great energy and power. In the transition from the murderous resolve to that touch of nature, "Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done it," she was truly effective. In the banquet scene, her impatience, her anxiety and agitation, her assumed gaiety and self-command, her active energy at the close, all were forcibly represented. We left the house deeply impressed with the last scene. It produced a thrilling effect upon the audience. As a whole, it has been her best and highest effort.

To sum up our views of Miss Cushman's acting, we think it chaste, natural, and effective, evincing close study, formed on the best models, and exhibiting mind, feeling, and good taste throughout, and occasionally displaying great power. She has fewer faults than it has fallen to our lot to witness on our stage for many years. And if the effects she produces are less brilliant and startling than those we have beheld, she will, on the whole, bear a favourable comparison with the highest names which have graced our dramatic annals.

M. Jaques Herz.—This excellent professor has announced a course of instructions on the piano for the winter months. M. Herz has had extensive teaching in Paris, and has founded his system on the principle of class instruction. To this system he has devoted himself with much earnestness. The fact that he taught the celebrated Madame Pleyel the rudiments of the piano speaks loudly in favour of M. Jaques Herz' system of pianoforte teaching.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BEDD-GELERT.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

"The spot shall bear
The name of Gelert's grave."—*The Hon. W. R. Spencer.*

Sir,—In the catalogue of the Royal Academy, for this year, I notice (No. 327), the "Death of Gelert, by R. Ansdell." Jerrold, on the 19th of May, in alluding to this painting, speaks of it in an interesting manner:—"The passionate story, and the high expression of the dog, rather than in the delineation of his hair or his skin, and the whole treatment of the subject, takes it into the historical class. It certainly has great merit in this respect, and, altogether, is a pleasing and artistic production if it be not truly historic."

Not so the *Illustrated*:—"This is less like Edwin Landseer than is common with this clever artist, who has sufficient originality of his own to render it unnecessary for him to traffic with other people's ideas."—Let the sequel speak for itself.

More than eleven years ago, I was anxious to see a very interesting Welch Legend taken up by some talented painter, and full scope given to the powers of his imagination; and those who are attached to the Fine Arts—more especially natives of the Principality, or have been brought up in the vicinity of Snowdon, the scene of action—I am sure could not but contemplate a painting of this nature, without emotions of great delight and satisfaction. Impressed with ideas like these, I wrote an article on the subject, which John Hunt, in his kind and truly liberal spirit, responded to, by inserting it in the *Examiner*. I then forwarded a copy of that journal to the late unfortunate and talented Haydon, soliciting his attention to the object I had in view, but he returned me no answer of any kind, although he was fond of writing. I had given him more particulars than those which had appeared in the *Examiner*:—a short history of the secluded, but romantic village, the ancient hall, the residence of the prince, the circumstances which led to the sanguinary conflict between the wolf and the hound, the miraculous preservation of the infant, and the unfortunate end of Gelert, by his hasty and cruel master. But as Haydon's forte was more on grand historical subjects, portraits, &c., and not noted as an animal painter, perhaps, was the reason he declined to accede to my wishes. But be that as it may, I was determined to have this painting out, and in order not to be deficient in points of interest to the next artist I might apply to, I went to the library of the British Museum, and extracted, from a celebrated work there, the whole of the beautiful poem of "Bedd-Gelert," twenty-four verses, with the little episode attached to the legend, or, I should say, historical fact, and forwarded the same, with a note, to Edwin Landseer. I flattered myself justice would now be done to the wolf and dog; but I am very sorry to record, for the second time, no notice was taken of the poem or letter; rather a want of courtesy, and disheartening, I think you will coincide with me; but under all circumstances, from the peculiar and interesting nature of the poem, I flattered myself, perhaps, at some future day, when higher considerations had been accomplished, that talented artist would not disdain to notice my ideas and wishes. Years rolled on; I had nearly forgotten poor Gelert, when, to my great surprise and delight, a few days ago, the catalogue of the Royal Academy, for this year, by mere chance, fell into my hands; the first thing which met my eyes, was 327, the "Death of Gelert." I wished very much I had seen the painting.

In conclusion, I have to observe, that the incident upon which the painting is taken from, occurred during the early part of the twelfth century, and there is no record of it in any other work than the one I selected it from, which was published fifty years ago. It recalls forcibly to my mind the days of my youth. I knew well the Reverend author, at his particular desire, I learnt by heart the poem, and for the amusement of himself and friends, I used, occasionally, to recite the same before them—at that time, in my tenth year. It now remains to be shown under what circumstances are the public indebted for that work of art, the "Death of Gelert" or why it should have been thought necessary, in noticing the painting in the *Illustrated*, to have introduced that invidious remark. Nelson's motto terminates my letter.—I have the honor to be, sir, your obliged and obedient servant, CIVIS.

SOMETHING TO SUIT TEUTONIUS AND YOUR MANCHESTER CORRESPONDENT.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—Herewith you will find a couple of musical rebi, to vary the contents of your excellent journal. I hope they may be acceptable for that purpose. Yours respectfully, E. J. F.

MUSICAL REBUS.

The sceptre of a musical conductor, as well as his magic wand;
A vocalist wonder and perfection of prima donnas;
An Italian basso, of good quality as well as quantity;
One of the best of German operas; and
One of the feeblest of Italian operas.
The initials of the foregoing will name a British composer of great merit.

MUSICAL REBUS.

A theatre in Westminster;
One of Rossini's opera seria;
A talented female concert vocalist;
A superb musical structure, the grand attraction of musical festivals, an oratorio;
A renowned Italian baritone.
The initials of the above will also name a British composer of great excellence.

SHELLEY, HUNT, AND KEATS.

From the Boston Museum.

In 1818, these three distinguished men once spent a very pleasant, poetical evening together, at Hunt's house. A rare and a genial symposium it must have been—full of the felicities and fine thoughts of genius, no doubt. The general conversation has not been recorded, and we only have the results of what must have been one subject of it. The poets were, of course, talking of the river Nile; for they agreed that each should write a sonnet on that theme; and this was done. Our readers who have, doubtless, already formed their opinions of these three remarkable bards, will, perhaps, be curious to see these sonnets in their original juxtaposition. Shelley was a poet of high—of the highest psychological order. He was a man of most affectionate, but vehement feelings. His "bird-like spirit" was always accustomed to bound away into the generalities of existence, where the eyes and sympathies of the many were not able to distinguish him. His imaginations were very strong and ungovernable; but it is remarkable to see how his fine, fluent, nervous English is always able to keep pace with them.

Keats was a sensuous poet, a poet of beautiful forms. He loved to embroider his fancies, as it were, with the quaintest and freshest phraseology of the language. He wrote less from the feelings of his heart, than the dreams of his head. Hunt, with less power and brilliancy of imagination, had a more feeling experience of life and the affections than the others; he had more of the ichor of humanity, more of the common red blood running through his poetic vein—more general sympathy with the world and its ways. But he had a rare and general love of all old English excellencies—and had formed his tastes on the quaint freshness of our original literature.

But let us have the sonnets. The following is that of Keats—the youngest of the trio, and then only twenty-three:—

TO THE NILE.

Son of the old moon-mountains African,
Stream of the Pyramid and Crocodile;
We call thee fruitful, and that very while
A desert fills our seeing's inward span:
Nurse of swart nations since the world began,
Art thou so fruitful? or dost thou beguile
Those men to honour thee, who, worn with toil,
Rest them a space twixt Cairo and Decan?
O, my dark fancies err! They surely do:
'Tis ignorance that makes a barren waste
Of all beyond itself. Thou dost bedew
Green rushes like our rivers, and dost taste
The pleasant sunrise. Green isles hast thou, too,
And to the sea as happily dost haste.

The next is Hunt's:

THE NILE.

It flows thro' old hushed Egypt and its sands
Like some grave, mighty thought, threading a dream;
And times and things, as in that vision, seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands—
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands
That roamed thro' the young earth, the glory extreme
Of high Sesostris and that Southern beam,
The laughing Queen that caught the world's great hands.
Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong
As of a world left empty of its throng.
And the void weighs on us; and then we wake
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
Our own calm journey on, for human sake.

Here is Shelley's sonnet. He has diverged somewhat from the Nile—to some emphatic spot of wilderness on its banks, apparently; but his idea is cognate with the others:—

OZYMANDIAS.

I saw a traveller from an antique land,
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive (stamped on those lifeless things)
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed.
And on the pedestal these words appear:—
"My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings—
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

It is interesting to compare the poets—even in this small matter of sonnets. Keat's is certainly the feeblest—both in idea and execution. It seems to prove that it was written by the youngest. But Shelley was only two years older than Keats. Shelley's idea of making the desert place tell the transitory tale of human grandeur is very fine—he adopts, as it were "the voice of one crying in the wilderness." The image and the moral are both well and effectively defined, and the rythm is nervous and stately. And yet, we are impertinent enough to think he might have done better by coming closer to his Nile, as he strictly ought to do, and emphasizing the moral, by the freshness of its rolling waters; the same to-day as when the unshattered Ozymandius washed his hands in them or floated his galley over them. But we shudder, lest somebody should call us Aristarchus.

The two first lines of Hunt's sonnet arrest us at once with a sense of very great pleasure. They are wonderfully picturesque and fine. Since the hour we first read them they have stuck to our memory—refusing to be displaced by any other couplet in the language—and we think they are in the right. The power of this sonnet is exhausted, as it were, in the first eight lines; the rest is an easy flowing in, and coming round, after the first powerful stress. These lines make a great visionary scene, in which the old historic magnificence of Egypt moves full of shadowy objects before your eyes. The exquisite freshness and modulation of the verse give effect to the whole. In the choice of words, the veteran taste of Hunt is beyond the eager and delicate rhetoric of Keats. Shelley never seems to wait for his words, or look back for them. He takes his cotemporaneous vernacular, and when it has been fashioned to the shape of his ideas, you find it impossible to change or excel it. There is an unlaboured manliness in Shelley's harmony of numbers—which seeks nothing from the cunning order of words.

MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

Plagiarism is a righte pleasante and profitable arte. It exalteth the lowly, it enricheth those who are of poor estate; it purchaseth respect and reverence from the ignorant, and oftentimes winneth the applauses of the learned:—it procureth for a man well skilled and knowing in its use, fame in this present valley of mourning, and the reputation of wit and genius when he hath descended in sheet and shroud to that gloomy bourne from which no gentleman, since the days of Ulysses, Menippus, Don Giovanni, and one or two other rakes and rogues of luck, hath returned to reanimate this mortal body of flesh wherein we are enveloped. To thee, O Divine Sovereign and Omnipotent Plagiarism, who, like Midas, canst transmute all thou touchest into pure gold, or at least an admirable semblance of the same;—to thee who art able to convert the musty labours of forgotten minstrels into gladness—bringing guineas, and exhilarating bank notes—to thee, O wonder-working goddess, doth that excellent and subtile clerke, Virgilius, the knavish plunderer of Homer, Hesiod, and ten thousand other long-bearded Greeks and Latins, owe much of his present estimation in the schools;—thine aid did the enfranchised African, Terentius, invoke, when entering like a thief in the night the unfenced property of the elegant Menander; before thine altar bowed the rare Ben Jonson, the still more rare and erudite John Milton, the paper-sparing Pope, the Coffee-room-loving Joe Addison, the dandy Mr. Gray, the dunce Mr. Mason, and the gay Harlequin genius of our revered and reverend countryman Laurence Sterne, parson, fiddler, and buffoon! Thou hast been the resource, likewise, of all the poor in spirit, the mean in capacity, the pigmy in intellect, the deficient in ability, and the weak in imagination! Thou canst lend the bright sunbeam Fancy to the darkest souls, and the gem Learning to the dullest understandings! Thou has not at any period, or under any pretext, neglected the supplications of the most humble, nor hast thou been puffed up with vanity, because the proudest spirits have worshipped at thy temple! Thou art equally the goddess of the rich and the poor, of Parnassus and of Grub Street, of crystal Helicon and its antipodes, the muddy Row; and whether invoked upon the sunny lawns of Persia, by bards nestling like nightingales among the roses, and drawing inspirations from those fountains of fancy, the dark and soul-bright Oriental eyes! or amid the desolate hills of cold Caledonia, by minstrels who know of breeches but the name, and whose Hippocrene is toddy; in the golden East, in the bleak North, under warm Western skies, or in fair Southern gardens—in each and all thou art equally propitious, courteous, and benign! With solemn awe we contemplate so potent a divinity; with pleasure we prepare to celebrate thy dear devoted child, the Bard of Sloperton—the white-headed favourite of thy choice. And worthy, in sooth, is he of thy selection; for none of modern days hath so unsparingly worshipped thee—called thee to his aid, and made thee his constant handmaid in affliction. Thou hast raised him from the homely courts and alleys of Aungier Street, Dublin, to the graceful and romantic retirement of Devizes, in Wiltshire; thou hast introduced him into the patronage of Lansdowne, the oasis of Holland, and the friendship of Sam Rogers; thou hast bestowed upon him a pretty wife, a snug annuity, and a modicum of fame; and he has repaid thee by indefatigable devotion and faithful love. In fine, it is in thee, O Plagiarism, he lives, and moves, and breathes, and hath his being; and of a verity into such trifles doth he carry the principle of imitation, and his devotion unto thee, that his dearest

friends do solemnly declare his very walk is plagiarised from the waddle of a goose.

I am about to enter on an examination of the most remarkable literary impostors that has cheated this unsuspecting world, since the days of Lauder, Ireland, and Macpherson—need I say the writer of Lalla Rookh? His works are absolutely curiosities of literature—things of shreds and patches, like a beggar's coat, to which half the cast-off rags of a parish have contributed their quota—or his meat wallet, to the stuffing of which every table in the town has yielded the broken remnants of the well-picked joint. With equal justice may one call the compiler of the English dictionary, the author of the English language, as the compiler of Lalla Rookh the author of that swindling production. In the whole of this *Oriental Romance* scarcely a single idea is original. It is a heap of other men's thoughts, images, metaphors, tropes, figures apostrophes, scenes, characters, situations, plots, arguments, descriptions, expressions, aphorisms, and similes, for which all sorts and sizes of volumes, from the Falstaff-looking folio, to the Tom-Moore-looking 64mo. have been unsparingly and feloniously ransacked; and which are here plastered up together by this mason of the Muses in a way that reflects a great deal of credit on his ingenuity and handiwork, and fulfils, to the strictest letter of the law, the poetaster Lloyd's receipt to make a modern fine epic, or at least such an epic as Lalla Rookh:—

> A mere mechanical connection
> Of favourite words—a bare collection
> Of phrases, where the laboured canto
> Presents you with a dull memento,
> How Horace, Virgil, Ovid join
> And club together half a line.

Once that the extracts from the various authors whom he has pillaged were gathered together, the merest dabbler in letters, the veriest booby that ever wrote a page of pot-hooks, the most wretched pauper scribbler that ever possessed the freehold of half a rood on Parnassus, might with the help of that refuge of dunces and sinners, Walker's Rhyming Dictionary, and the knack of counting one, two, three, on his fingers or toes, have easily patched up a tinkling thing like Lalla Rookh, and five hundred tinkling things of sound and senselessness like the melodies; and might for a time dupe the world as successfully as the Poet-tinker of the same. Such is my broad proposition. Such do I assert the artful dodger of this minnikin of a mannikin to be; and I will demonstrate the fact so completely to even the meanest mind, that Moore himself will be the first to own his guilt, and beg pardon on his knees for having so long and so outrageously deceived the world.

To begin with so confident an assertion, will to many goodly-minded people seem at the least extremely hazardous—to prove it, difficult, if not utterly impossible; and the abettors of Tom Moore will start up from many a garret and undercellar in arms to defend the caitiff, and to demolish my poor self with a ruthlessness peculiar to the literary character only.

> No author ever spared a brother;
> Wits are gamecocks to one another.

The pot-valiant Jeffrey, aroused for a moment from his senile dotage, will puff himself up like the silly frog in the fable, and croak loudly and nastily according to his wont. Mr. Albany Fonblanque, or whoever he be that does the jokes and jests of the infidel *Examiner*, will probably relate an apposite story somewhat in manner following. "In a certain splendid and learned disquisition on Moore which we have recently seen, a startling proposition is laid down, which reminds us much of a retort given by that witty profligate, Charles II., to some carpers who assured him that Dryden's play of the "Spanish Friar" was stolen from the French, and therefore rebuked him for the praises which he had bestowed upon it. 'Odds fish,' quoth the king, 'steal me such another play, any of you, and he shall have no reason to complain.' So we say, continues fool Fonblanque to the critic on Moore, 'Compose us such another poem as Lalla Rookh, and then we shall believe that any dunce may do it—*but not till then.*' To which the said critic maketh answer, and saith, 'Put into my fist the sum of 3000 guineas, as the silly Longmans very sillily did into the long paw of Tommy, and I shall then show you what I can do.' Jackass Jordan the bankrupt, will bray hugely from his *literary* Gazette, and will attempt to bamboozle the public and the Newspaper critics' by some frothy fulsome compliments on the Slopertonian dwarf: while Barry Cornwall of Gray's Inn, will gently opine, as he sips his weak gin and water, that to be accused and convicted of plagiarism is a very considerable bore, and piously thank heaven, that he—dear sucking innocent!—has nothing to do with the vice, although his neighbours are accused of it.

> "Then will he toss his heels in gamesome play,
> And frisk about as lamb or kitten gay."*

Flummery Montgomery—the devil's poet-laureat—will threaten to bring Satan against me, if I even drop a hint about him and his pilferings from Hooker, Taylor, and Barrow; and the meek and godly Bernard Barton, while he swallows his twenty-seventh cup of bohea beneath the shadow of his beaver-hat, will quiver much in his hams, lest I may perchance whisper that even he, the sweet whiner of the conventicle, is not altogether immaculate, but has stolen a thing or two from Dr. Watts and Dr. Young. The rest of the witling tribe of poets and poetasters will, doubtless, open their jaws and grunt much, but I heed them not, for I am armed so strong in proofs of what I allege, and so well made up on all points, that I defy the world to come to any other conclusion than that which I shall present for their most sweet voices. What care I for aught that can be said? I am firmly determined, despite all opposition, to knock Moore and a dozen other literary impostors and schemers just as vile, down from their pedestals, or at least to give them one or two hearty shakes; and this I will do even if I had to encounter a legion of demons, or what is worse, an army of critics while making the attack. So here I begin.

F. MAHONY.

* Coleridge, Verses to a Young Ass.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

On the 29th of March the Olympic Theatre, which was erected by old Philip Astley, and which obtained some celebrity from the fact of George III. having contributed the principal portion of the timber used in the building, was entirely consumed by fire. A comparatively short period has elapsed since the work of re-erection commenced. Already the new theatre presents the appearance of being all but completed. The frontage of the house is plain and simple, the entrance to the pit and boxes being, as before, in Wych Street. The lumbering portico which formed part of the old theatre is not to be restored; but in lieu a light awning, carried sufficiently forward, is to be erected. The entrance to the gallery is to be from the passage fronting Newcastle-street, and a roomy and handsome stone staircase has been erected, insuring at the same time perfect safety and convenience. The entrance to the boxes is by a flight of steps of Portland stone, which leads to a small but neat saloon. On entering the theatre the beauty and proportions of the interior contrast strikingly with the plainness and simplicity of the exterior. The stage occupies about as much space as it did in the old house. The audience part of the theatre is of the horseshoe shape, decidedly the shape best of all adapted for the comfort and enjoyment of the audience. From every part of the boxes, pit, and gallery, a complete view of the stage will be obtained; and, so perfect is the arrangement, that from the extremest bench in the gallery the spectator's vision can take in the furthest end of the stage at the height of at least 10 or 12 feet. The boxes and gallery are supported by reeded columns of cast iron, of a light and airy appearance, and so constructed that they cannot in the least impede the view. The seats in the tier of boxes are to be supplied with arms and to be cushioned, and the seats in the range of stalls, in front of the pit, are to be similarly furnished. The private boxes are 12 in number, 6 upon each side of the house. The pit, it is calculated, will hold about 600 persons, and the gallery about 800. Escape passages have been provided in case of fire—the passage from the gallery leading into Wych street, and that from the pit leading to Newcastle-street. The decorations are to be in the arabesque style. A considerable portion is already completed—the proscenium, the pilasters on each side of the proscenium, and the ceiling. The latter is divided into four compartments, representing the seasons; and underneath is a sunk panel, having the signs corresponding with each season. On the proscenium is a representation of the Muses, painted in chiaroscuro, and on the pilasters

on each side of the proscenium are exhibited the crests of the proprietor of the theatre and of the landed proprietor—Lord Craven. The front of the tier of boxes is also to be in the arabesque style, corresponding with the other decorations. It will be divided into pannels, on each of which is to be a cameo, and every pannel is to be of a varied character. It should be mentioned that the comforts of the performers have not been overlooked, in the providing of numerous dressing-rooms. The ventilation of the house has also been attended to. On Thursday the Government referees paid a visit to the theatre, and expressed themselves entirely satisfied with the work and the arrangements. The audience part of the house is to be lighted by means of an immense glass chandelier, weighing near three quarters of a ton. It is intended to open the house for performances on "Boxing Night" Mr. Watts is the lessee of the new house.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MENDELSSOHN.—So great was the success of M. Jullien's "Mendelssohn Night" that he has determined to give another next week.

RACHEL.—We are delighted to be able to state that the difference between this unrivalled actress and the *Theatre Francais* is amicably arranged. Rachel will return to her duties at her own theatre, and, which is of still more import to ourselves, will most probably give some representations during the following season at Mr. Mitchell's theatre in St. James's.

MR. HENRY TYRRELL gave the first of a series of lectures on the drama of our living dramatists at the National Hall, Holborn, on Thursday evening week. The lecture, which included an analysis of the works of Sheridan Knowles and John Westland Marston, appeared to be highly relished by the audience.

MR. HILL, the eminent tenor player, and Mr. E. Holmes, author of the *Life of Mozart*, have been elected Associates of the Philharmonic Society.

Mr. G. V. BROOKE made his appearance at the Manchester Theatre on Saturday last, in the character of Othello.

JOHN PARRY has been giving his musical entertainment at Manchester, with his usual brilliant success.

THE DISTIN FAMILY return to town this day, after prosecuting a most successful tour in the provinces. They gave concerts lately at Teignmouth, Totnes, Plymouth, Torquay, Wells, Warminster, Salisbury, Winchester, &c.

SICCAMA'S DIATONIC FLUTE.—Many and various have been the contrivances to remedy the defects, and facilitate the fingering of certain notes in the execution of rapid passages: until at last the flute, in its primitive state, has lost its identity with the splendid instrument which now dazzles with its bright array of keys, cranks, and valves. Perhaps the most recent combination of theory with musico-mechanical ingenuity, to remedy the defects, is Siccama's patent diatonic flute, in which, "owing to the gradually diminishing distances between the holes, and their exact position according to acoustic principles, combined with the mathematical proportions observed in the bore," together with additions and modifications of keys, the inventor says he "has succeeded in producing a flute equal in correctness of tone to the violin." In a sort of theoretic exposition of the instrument, the inventor has entered into a series of mathematical demonstrations of intervals and chords, with numerous musical illustrations, and gives a table of the various fingerings of all the tones and semitones from C below the stave to C above the fifth ledger line. As an evidence of the minuteness of this table, we may state that many of the tones are fingered in from six to eleven different ways, and one (E sharp or F natural above the stave), in *fourteen*. We pass no judgment upon the theory, other than it appears a learned one; and none upon the flute, other than it is a splendid and ingeniously constructed instrument.

MISS NEWCOMBE.—This talented young artiste has been playing before a large party of the *haut-ton*, assembled at Saltram, the seat of the Earl and Countess of Morley. Her abilities as a pianiste, combined with her agreeable manners, have rendered her a most welcome addition to these aristocratic *réunions*.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The first of three performances of the *Messiah* took place last night, under Mr. Costa's direction. The chief singers were, Misses Birch and Dolby, Messrs. Lockey, Phillips, and Lawler. The performance was first-rate. "For unto us," was encored. The hall was crammed.

LOLA MONTES.—This notorious lady is the subject of many a paragraph in the Barcelona papers. She goes, it appears, to the pistol gallery every day, and astonishes the officers of the garrison with the precision of her fire.

LEICESTER MONTHLY CONCERTS.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The second of the above concerts was given on Tuesday evening week. The principal vocalists were Miss Eliza Nelson and Mr. Machin; the band was led by Mr. Gill, and Mr. Mavius presided at the piano. The first movement of a symphony of Mozart's and the overture to *Fra Diavolo*, were rendered with good effect by the orchestra. Miss Elisa Nelson acquitted herself in the vocal pieces assigned to her in a manner that challenged applause from the entire audience. She was encored in Mr. Nelson's pretty ballad, "Come to my fairy home," which she gave with much taste and expression. Mr. Machin was called on to repeat Loder's popular song, "Philip the Falconer." These concerts are well conducted, and are likely to be profitable, not only to the speculators, but to the musical taste of the town. The series has now been extended to five.

ITALIAN OPERA AT NEW YORK.—Max Maretzek, the new manager of the Italian Opera, commenced the season on Thursday evening last at the Astor Place Opera House, with *Lucia di Lammermoor*. The house was fully and fashionably attended. The several artists performed their parts with credit and efficiency, and the night passed away in the most pleasant way imaginable. It was, however, more a display of fashionable dress, female beauty, gay cavaliers, and white-kid dandies, than anything in the musical line. The old artists of the *troupe*, male and female, were well received and kindly remembered. The new artists will require a little time and opportunity before the fashionable *dilettanti* can reach the highest state of rapture in regard to their merits. The Italian Opera has been again commenced as an experiment. Is there any chance of its success in this city? From all we can learn of the skill of the manager, of the character of his arrangements, of the taste of the public, and of the temper of the *dilettanti*, we are inclined to think that the present attempt, to establish the opera in New York, will be successful. We have seen many attempts to establish the Italian Opera here, all of which have been unsuccessful—the last attempt being the most melancholy and silly of the whole lot within our recollection, which goes back to the last thirty years in the theatrical annals of New York. The second representation will be given to-night, on which occasion a better judgment can be formed on the qualifications of the artists, and the prospects of the season.

FACILITY OF LEARNING THE WELSH LANGUAGE.—It is a mistaken idea to suppose that the Welsh language is hard to be acquired—the very reverse of this is the fact; there is probably no spoken language of Europe, not derived from the Latin, which may be so soon or so agreeably acquired as the Welsh. A good knowledge of it, so as to enable the learner to read and write it currently, may be obtained certainly within a year by even a moderately diligent student; and the power of conversing in it with ease and fluency is to be gained within, perhaps, a couple of years. The language is daily studied more and more by persons not connected with the principality, and acquired by them; nay, what is a remarkable fact, next to the galaxy of the Williamses, the best Welsh scholar of the present day is Dr. Meyer, the learned German librarian at Buckingham Palace; while Dr. Thirlwall, the present Bishop of St. David's, has made himself, with only a few years' study, as good a Welsh scholar as he had long before been a German one. We believe that, if the present system of education be steadily carried out with its consequent developments in the principality, the two languages, English and Welsh, will become *equally* familiar to those who may be born in the second generation from the present day; and the inhabitants of Wales, becoming thoroughly *bilingual*—for we do not anticipate that they will abandon their ancient tongue—this apparent obstacle to a more complete amalgamation of interests between the two races will be entirely removed. One thing is certain, that the aptitude of Welsh children to learn English of the purest dialectic kind is very remarkable, and the desire to acquire English is prevalent among all the people.—*Blackwood.*

MR. CHARLES HALLE'S CLASSICAL CHAMBER CONCERTS.—It must have been highly gratifying to the talented conductor of these classical *réunions*, that notwithstanding the unusual attraction in another quarter, such a numerous audience assembled at this the second concert of the season. The room on Thursday evening was almost filled with attentive and appreciating hearers, and the programme comprised selections from the very highest order of chamber music. Being obliged to leave at an early hour, we were only able to hear the first part, which consisted of a pianoforte trio by Beethoven, and a sonata for the pianoforte by the same composer. This part of the concert was a happy combination of good music and excellent performance. It is almost needless to say, that throughout this trio M. Hallé's performance was of that rare character which a fine natural discriminativeness and a thorough study of his subject alone can give; and that the violin and violoncello of Messrs. Seymour and Thorley maintained a graceful subserviency to the leading instrument. The *Sonata "quasi Fantasia"* with which the first part of the programme concluded, opens with a beautiful *Adagio Cantabile*, contrasting widely with the finale, one of those wild conceptions for which Beethoven was so famous. To maintain the rhythm amidst the rapid and abrupt changes of form and *tempo* which characterise this movement, must tax the skill of the performer to a high degree. The versatility of M. Hallé's hand triumphantly overcame this difficulty. The second part of the programme consisted of a quartett by Mendelssohn, and a selection from the works of Chopin, whose recent death, and the honours paid to him at his funeral in the French capital, attach a melancholy interest to any composition of his. We hope to be able to report as numerous an attendance at the next of these attractive soirées.—*Manchester Examiner.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VIPPONA.—*We have frequently attended grand musical performances* in the afternoon, *in Germany, but we believe it is the general custom to give* concerts *in the evening. The musical season at Vienna, Leipsic, Berlin, and all the great German towns, is, we believe, like that of Paris, in the winter.*

AN ADMIRER AND SUBSCRIBER.—*Besides the overtures mentioned by our correspondent, Beethoven has written a grand concert-overture in C major, the overture to* King Stephen, *and another to* Leonora. *Altogether, there are four overtures to the opera of* Leonora, *generally known as* Fidelio. *The overture to the oratorio of the* Mount of Olives *may also be added to the list. About Miss Marian Marshall, we regret that we have no information to give. Most delighted should we be (like our correspondent) to welcome that talented singer and charming lady once more back to the concert-room, of which she was so great an ornament. We shall be obliged to any one who can satisfy, through the medium of our columns, the curiosity of our correspondent.*

A CORRESPONDENT.—*Hector Berlioz' treatise on instrumentation has, we believe, been translated into English. Inquire of Cramer, Beale, and Co.*

AN ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRER OF JETTY TREFFZ.—*Yes—at Vienna.*

T. J.—*We have heard M. Thalberg play the* Tarantella *on several occasions, never precisely in the same* tempo, *but always with the same effect. How, then, is it possible to answer the question of our correspondent, who demands M. Thalberg's time by Maelzel's metronome, an instrument of which no real musician ever makes use!*

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The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

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No. 49.—Vol. XXIV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1849. PRICE THREEPENCE. STAMPED FOURPENCE.

EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

Evil is Cupid, most evil. Yet, why do I often repeat it,
Crying again and again, "Evil—most evil is Love?"
Words like these provoke him to laughter; and when we upbraid him,
Pleas'd is the mischievous boy—strengthen'd by terms of reproach.
Wonderful is it to me, that the child of the blue-colored billows,
Venus, who rose from the sea, ever gave birth to a flame! J. O.

ERRATUM.—In last week's Epigram, line 2, read—"with a glance *darted* from mischievous eyes," or the pentameter will be incomplete.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our provincial correspondents are requested to be as minute as possible in their *details*, avoiding redundancy of illustration. *Criticism* of *known works* is unnecessary, since we cannot consistently print in our columns opinions that may be adverse to what we have already expressed ourselves. We are always obliged for information of every kind that can interest musical readers, and are particularly desirous of *news* (in the strict sense of the word), from the provinces. We cannot, however, pay any attention to *programmes*, or *circulars*. Those who wish the record of special events in our columns must supply us with the necessary details, in the form of letters, or extracts from local papers; the former is preferred. Our city and suburban contributors will also oblige us by attending to the above. *Nota bene*:—for the future we must decline inserting programmes, unless presenting peculiar features of interest. They occupy too much space.

STEPHEN HELLER.

We have received an entire set of the works of this distinguished and original composer, which we propose to introduce to our readers in a series of papers, the first of which will appear in our next number.

SIGNOR RONCONI AND MR. DELAFIELD.

Some ill-judging counsellors persuaded Signor Ronconi to forward a letter of complaint and self-justification to the office of the *Times*, which appeared in the columns of that journal on the 30th ult. We reproduce it with much pain, coupled with the conviction that Signor Ronconi was very imperfectly aware of its meaning.

(*To the Editor of the Times.*)

"Sir,—Your strictures upon Mr. Delafield are justly severe, but as regards me they are unjust. In the balance-sheet he states that I received for the year 1848, £480 and £1120; 1849, £480 and £1120.

"I received in 1848, only £340; in 1849, £0 0*s.* 0*d.*

"My claims against Mr. Delafield are, therefore, for 1848 and 1849, £3560; and against Mr. Beale, for the year 1847, £480.

"You see, sir, by this statement, that my connexion with Covent-garden has been very unfortunate for one who has no other fortune than his profession as artist. Mr. Delafield must give a better account of the dilapidation, not only of his own fortune, but also of the fortunes of others, to satisfy English justice.

"With deep sentiments of gratitude to you, sir, and to the generous English, for their *bon accueil* of a foreigner,

"I am, sir, your very obliged and humble servant,

"G. Ronconi, *Directeur du Théâtre Italien*

"*Paris, Nov.* 18." *à Paris, 29, Rue d'Amsterdam.*

The strictures of the *Times* upon Mr. Delafield, were severe, and we will not question their justice; but it was hardly, we think, graceful, or becoming, in Signor Ronconi, all things considered, to add his voice to that of the public censor. We will not revert to the difficulties that beset the management of the Royal Italian Opera in all its dealings with Signor Ronconi; the subject is most unpalateable to ourselves, since while we deeply sympathise with the failure of the generous and spirited, though ill-starred, director, we rejoice to be among the most unbounded admirers of the genius of the artist. But the worst that can be said of the matter, by those who are well-informed, is that Signor Ronconi and Mr. Delafield were partners in misfortune.

We have hinted that we do not believe Signor Ronconi well understood the purport of the letter to which he has been persuaded to affix his name. This is not surprising, since he is a foreigner, and knows little or nothing of the English language. But, on the other hand, it is difficult to imagine any legal adviser sufficiently thick-headed to have advised or permitted his client, under existing circumstances, to commit himself to the *fourth* paragraph:—"You see, sir, by this statement, that my connection with Covent Garden has been very unfortunate *for one who has no other fortune than his profession as artist.*"

Yet, at the bottom of the letter, Signor Ronconi signs himself, "*G. Ronconi, Directeur du Théâtre Italien à Paris.*" In what condition, pray, would Signor Ronconi be, if the business were to turn out very unprofitable at the theatre under his own management? Precisely, it appears to us, in the same condition as Mr. Delafield—with this difference, that Mr. Delafield *had* money to lose, while Signor Ronconi declares he has none! "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones." Had Signor Ronconi, or rather his adviser (lawyer or layman)—for we persist in believing the Signor to have had a very obscure notion of the intentions of the letter—been acquainted with this wholesome adage, he would probably have thought twice of the matter, ere committing himself to the whole world in the universal columns of the *Times*.

Another enormous blunder—which we believe Ronconi much too sagacious to have made (again supporting our conviction that he was not thoroughly cognizant of the meaning of the letter)—involving a most extraordinary ignorance of accounts, we shall leave to be answered by Mr. Delafield himself, who has addressed the following statement to the *Times*, which appeared in yesterday's paper:—

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN.

(*To the Editor of the Times.*)

"Sir,—I have just read in the *Times* of the 30th ult. a letter from

Signor Ronconi, which, if allowed to pass unnoticed, would be likely to convey an impression to the public mind that the accounts rendered by me under my bankruptcy were erroneous, and cast an imputation upon my character wholly unfounded.

"Allow me to state that Signor Ronconi, as a creditor under my estate, has certainly not taken advantage of the right he possesses, either by himself or representative, of perusing and examining the books and papers relating to the Royal Italian Opera, now in the possession of the official assignee, Mr. Cannan, where they have been for the last three months, open to the inspection of all parties interested; and had he exercised that right he would have seen the real state of the case, and not have fallen into error in the way he has done.

"In his letter to you Signor Ronconi says, that in my balance sheet I state that he received during the season 1848, £480, and £1120; and 1849, £480, and £1120. Now, the accounts do not state any such thing, but plainly show that, after giving him credit for the amount of the engagements of himself and Madame Ronconi for the two seasons, the actual sum he did receive in 1848 was £490, and 1849 *nil*. If Signor Ronconi will look to the debtor side of the balance sheet, he will find I charge myself with the sum of £21,623 1cs. 10d. for goods delivered and services rendered to the Royal Italian Opera, which sum includes the balance due to him on his engagements; and in order to discharge myself from that sum, the items comprising the same were necessarily carried to the different heads of expenses in the opera ledger. Accounts are at all times difficult to comprehend by the uninitiated, and it is not, therefore, surprising that Signor Ronconi should have misconceived the process of debtor and creditor, which it appears he has done. I beg, also, to refer him to a statement filed in the Court of Bankruptcy, having reference to the opera department, and styled as follows:—'A statement showing the expenses paid and incurred in carrying on the Royal Italian Opera for the seasons 1848 and 1849;' which account embraces the whole amount of the engagements of the different artists, paid and unpaid. And this was necessary to be done—first, to discharge myself from the liabilities of the £21,626 12*s*. 10*d*., as before explained, or such as related to this department; secondly, to ascertain the gross expense of the opera department.

"In conclusion, I can only state, that the engagements of Signor and Madame Ronconi were not more unfortunate for them than for me; that during the two seasons they were engaged Signor Ronconi sang but six times, Madame Ronconi not once; and that during the short time I was at the theatre no artist showed himself less willing to make his talents of use, or less anxious for the welfare of the theatre, than Signor Ronconi.

—I remain, sir, your obedient servant, "EDWARD DELAFIELD.

"*Brussels, Dec. 4.*"

Nothing can be more clear and satisfactory than this explanation. The last paragraph, which we have perused with the keenest regret, we would fain have omitted; but justice to Mr. Delafield, the attacked and not the agressor on this occasion, compelled us to retain it.

Let us once again repeat that we believe Signor Ronconi to have been nearly, or wholly, unconscious of the purport of the letter which bears his name. We admire him too greatly as an artist, and like him too much as a man, to wish to think otherwise. It was not merely cruel and unjust, but wholly unnecessary—since the *Times*, in its articles on Mr. Delafield's bankruptcy, made no allusions whatever to Signor Ronconi's discredit. Thus, self-justification was quite superfluous. That *complaint* was more than superfluous, we think may be equally gathered from the last paragraph of Mr. Delafield's letter.

WINCKELMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BOOK III.

(*Continued from page* 708.)

ON ART AMONG THE NATIONS BORDERING ON THE ETRURIANS.

XXXIII.—THE chief subject of this treatise is, however, not the form of these vases, nor the purpose for which they were used, but the paintings or designs which are executed upon them, and the greater part of which may, on account of their qualities be ascribed to Greek masters, so that they are a worthy object for the observation and imitation of our artists. Now, since in drawings we can often more plainly than in complete pictures perceive the mind of the artists, their thoughts, their manner of representing them, and also the readiness with which the hand can follow and obey the intellect—this being indeed the object of valuable collections of drawings; this object is more nobly attained by the painted vases, as these actual drawings, with three marble slabs of the Herculanean museum, which I shall mention hereafter, are the only drawings left us from antiquity. For here only the contour of the figure is given, as must be the case with drawings—that is to say, there is not only the loose outline of the figure, but also all its parts, with the cut and folds of the garments, besides the ornaments, indicated by lines only, without light and shade. We call them paintings, not in the proper sense of the word, but because they are drawings laid on with colours, a practice which is indeed common in drawing. These vases can be called *painted* just as correctly as we speak of *engravings* in copper, when we mean only *etchings*.

XXXIV. On most of the vases the figures are painted in a single colour; or to speak more correctly, the colour of the figures is, properly speaking, the ground, being the natural colour of the very fine *terra cotta*. On the other hand, the ground of the painting, that is, to say, the colour between the figures is a blackish glazed colour, being the same that is used for the outlines of figures painted on the reddish-yellow ground (*a*). Several vases, painted in various colours, may be found in the collection. One of these, and also one of the learned vases in the museum of Herr Mengs at Rome, is a parody* of the amour of Jupiter and Alcmena; that is, a ridiculous version of the story represented in a comic manner; or one might say, the chief scene of a comedy, like the Amphitryo of Plautus, is painted on this vase (*b*). Alcmena looks out of window, like those ladies who sold their favours, or played the prude to make the most of themselves. The window stands high, after the ancient fashion. Jupiter is disguised with a white bearded mask, and wears the bushel (*modius*) on his head, like Serapis, which is of the same piece with the mask. He also carries a ladder, between the rungs of which he puts his head, as if on the point of climbing to the chamber of his beloved. On the other side is Mercury, with a fat belly, fashioned like a servant, and disguised, like Sosia, in Plautus. In his left hand he holds a staff, which he rests upon the ground, as if trying to conceal it, that he may not be recognised, and in the other hand he bears a lamp, either to light Jupiter, or, as Delphis in Theocritus says to Simætha, to go to work with axe and lamp, or, as we should say, with fire and sword, if his beloved does not admit him * * *. Both figures have whitish hose and stockings in one piece, reaching down to the ancles, like the sitting comedians with the masks before their faces, in the Villa Mattei and Albani: for the characters in the comedy of the ancients could not appear without hose. The naked part of the figure is flesh-colour, while the dress is dark, that of Alcmene being spotted with stars. Garments worked with stars were known to the Greeks, even of the oldest times. The hero Sosipolis in an ancient picture had a dress of the sort, and so had Demetrius Poliorcetes.

SELECT VARIORUM NOTES.

(*a*). Many attempts have been made, and many recipes offered, to produce the blackish brown colour with which the ancient vases are painted. However, the manufacturing arts are that in which the ancients have rather cause to envy *us* than we to envy *them*. But their whole life was imbued with art and taste; and in the most trifling of their monuments grace and beauty are most charmingly combined with the most perfect

* Say caricature.

aptitude to a purpose. In short, a breath of art has passed over everything that is derived from cultivated antiquity. In *this* our age is deficient, and *this* should be the object of our investigation.—*Meyer.*

(*b*) On the vases painted with different colours, the delicate varied colours were laid on first, after the vase had been baked once. From this reason they have been generally not combined perfectly with the clay, but are easily chipped or scratched off.—*Amoretti.*

SONNET.

NO. CLXII.

Within the precincts of one earthly frame
Art certain that one soul alone can dwell,—
That two may not inhabit the same cell,
Alike in nought save in their pris'n and name?
And may not each put forth exclusive claim
To occupancy, and so heave and swell,
That the close tenement becomes a hell,
Which its own prisoners supply with flame?
Oh, mystery of mysteries!—this sphere,
Which we call *self*, as if it were our own,
Though nought it shows save an abyss profound;
To knowledge dark, but to the sense too clear—
Since its existence oft is only known
By its deep anguish at a trifling wound.

N. D.

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(*Continued from page 764.*)

CII. Passing over these, I will mention the king who succeeded them, and whose name was Sesostris. The priests said he was the first who with long vessels set sail from the Arabian Gulf, and subdued those who dwelt by the Erythræan Sea, and that he continued sailing till he came to a sea no longer navigable, on account of the shallows. Thence, when he had returned into Egypt, according to the words of the priest, he raised a great army, marched through the continent, and subdued all the nations he came to. To all whom he found valiant, and courageously struggling for their freedom, he set up pillars in their country, stating, in words, his name and that of his country, and that he had subdued the people by his own strength. To those whose cities he had taken easily, and without fighting, he erected columns, with the same inscription as for the valiant nations; but he added a mark of effeminacy to show their want of valour.

CIII. Thus he went through the continent; he passed from Asia into Europe, and subdued the Scythians and the Thracians. The Egyptian army appears to me to have gone as far as these nations, and no further; for the pillars are seen standing in their country, but there are none beyond them. Returning thence, he went back; and when he came to the river Phasis, either he himself, dismissing part of his army, left it to colonize the country, or else some of the soldiers, tired of their wandering, settled on the river Phasis. Which was the case I cannot exactly say,

CIV. However that may be, the Colchians appear to be Egyptians. This I conjectured before I heard it from others, and when the notion came into my mind I questioned both nations, and I found that the Colchians remembered the Egyptians more than the Egyptians the Colchians; while the Egyptians said that they thought the Colchians belonged to the army of Sesostris. I formed my conjecture from the fact, that they are both dark coloured, and have woolly hair. This, indeed, is not sufficient, for there are other similar nations, but there is more weight in another fact, that the Colchians, Egyptians, and Ethiopians, are the only nations in all mankind who have practised circumcision from time immemorial. The Phœnicians, and the Syrians, and those in Palæstine acknowledge that they learned it from the Egyptians; while the Syrians about the rivers Thermodon and Parthenius, and their neighbours, the Macrones, say that they recently learned it of the Colchians. These then are the only people who follow the practice, and they seem to have followed the Egyptians. With respect to the Egyptians and the Ethiopians, I cannot tell which of them learned it from the other, for it appears to have been a very ancient practice among them. But, that those (*other*) nations who mixed with the Egyptians learned it of them, I have great reason to believe; because those of the Phœnicians who have intercourse with Greece do not follow the Egyptian practice, but abandon it.

CV. I can mention another point of resemblance between the Colchians and the Egyptians. They are the only nations who work linen in the same manner; they live alike, and their languages are similar. The Colchian linen is by the Greeks called Sardonic (*a*), and that which comes from Egypt, Egyptian.

CVI. Of the pillars which Sesostris, King of Egypt, set up in the (*conquered*) countries, the greater number are no longer in existence; but in the Syrian Palestine I saw them myself, with the inscriptions and marks already mentioned. And about Ionia there are two figures of this man cut out of the rock, one on the road from Ephesia to Phocæa, the other on the road from Sardis to Smyrna. In both these places is carved a man five spithamæ (spans) high, with a spear in his right hand, and a bow in his left, and the rest of his attire to correspond, being both Egyptian and Ethiopian. On the breast, from one shoulder to the other, is this inscription, in the sacred Egyptian character, "I acquired this country by my shoulders." Who he is, and whence he came, he does not shew here, but he has shewn it elsewhere. Many who have seen the figure suppose that it represents Memnon, but they are far from the truth.

NOTE.

(*a*) The word "Sardonic" generally means "Sardinian," but here it seems to denote "Sardian."

READINGS FROM THE GERMAN MUSICAL LITERATURE

(Collected and Translated for the Musical World.)

MOZART'S REQUIEM.

A SKETCH BY ORTLEPP.

The Contract.

"But, really, my dear Mozart, you exert yourself beyond your strength! Pray, do cease, it is getting so late!"

With these words Constance interrupted her husband, who a little before midnight was still working at a new grand opera; and she added: "You know I cannot sleep, unless you retire also."

"My dear little woman," replied Mozart, "I should much like to go to rest with you, for, of late, I have almost worked too much; but leave me to myself this night: you know me; these are moments which never return! Go and enjoy a quiet, refreshing sleep; but do not interrupt me any more in my work."

Constance hesitated; it appeared to her as if Mozart had of late grown paler than usual;—but she soon approached him and gave him a kiss, which was affectionately returned. But Mozart, at the same time, made a gesture towards the door, which Constance understood well enough to retire at once, and without saying another word.

And now the master sat alone in the deep silence of night. He fancied it felt cold—he shivered. The work before him did not progress as he wished it; and, as it sometimes happens

to an artist, that in the midst of a work which tires him out without satisfying him, the idea of another work steals upon him: so it happened this night to Mozart, into those profane melodies sounds of a quite different nature—solely, super-terrestrial sounds—tried to creep again and again.

According to his custom, he was noting down at once some of those strange ideas, when the clock struck twelve. Mozart felt a trembling come over him, but believing it to be a mere symptom of bodily weakness, he continued to write with diligence; when, as the last note of the church-bell was dying away, the door of his room suddenly opened. He jumped up, and, taking the screen from his lamp, looked around; there was nobody to be seen. Mozart shut the door; but it opened again; again it was shut; but Mozart had scarcely sat down, when it opened a third time; and this time there entered through it a human form enveloped in a black cloak. Mozart knew it was a spirit from the other world, who now approached him in slow and solemn steps.

All spirits require to be addressed before they speak themselves; so Mozart:—"What do you want?" He was a little frightened at the strange apparition, who resembled the statue in his *Giovanni*; but in his heart he felt no trepidation.

"Be not afraid, my dear Master," was the answer; "I only come to beg of you a composition, which you carry already about in your head."

"I have no composition in my head any longer," replied Mozart, "for I know I shall soon be dead. And when dead, all is over, as you know, my dear friend, (pardon the address friend:) but I hold it with the old saying, *Quelq'un praesoumer buono!* This is not correctly spoken, I know; but, dear spirit, I am fond of mixing different languages:—a little *Italiano er Tedesco*, sometimes a bit of *old English, French en Français*—it is all to me *tout egal*—pardon the pleonasm. I am not all afraid of you, speak out, my sweet Moor of Venice; say, what do you want of me?"

The strange black gentlemen, or rather demon, was to some extent startled at the good humour of Mozart, and trembled before the latter, instead of making the composer tremble.

"I only wanted to hand over to you a hundred ducats," the unknown one commenced almost shyly; "they are all full weight! real Cremnitz' ducats!"

"*Ma pourquoi?*" replied Mozart, "Will you sit down?" he added; being accustomed to show respect to persons who brought him money.

"It is only the first instalment," said the black one.

"You talk in riddles; but sit down my dear friend, on the sofa or that chair, just as you like."

"I never sit," was the answer; "I like standing best, it has considerable advantages. A word in confidence, dear Mozart; will you write me a *requiem?*"

"If that be your errand, you must necessarily sit down on this sofa, and drink with me the two bottles of champagne, which stands under it."

"Is that necessary?" said the stranger.

"Yes, it is absolutely necessary, if you wish to settle the bargain with me," said Mozart.

"I must confess I do not like sitting down."

"I'm sorry, *mon cher*; but there's no help. You must sit down and drink with me, or I won't compose a requiem, and you may take your hundred ducats, in God's name, and go where you come from. Allow me, however, to observe, that between twelve and one in the night is not a very proper time for paying a visit; *mais vous etes* once here; therefore, *restez encore, et* take a seat, or the devil take you; which, however, you may perhaps be yourself."

"*Pardonnate; Io son un uomo*, but more *un spirito*, of the purest and noblest intention and descent. You see, I am already sitting down, my very much esteemed *maestro*. Will you have the kindness to relieve me of the weight of these ducats?"

"*Mon Angelo au diavolo aimablissimo*, will you not first drink with me this glass and ten more?" answered Mozart. "Come, here's to the *spirit*."

"Whom," inquired the unknown one.

"To the good and to the evil one, for both are necessary."

"But your champagne is good for nothing; it is a sort of *Esslinger*.* I am accustomed to a better wine."

"Which a poor composer like me cannot afford to drink."

"There's help for it," replied the stranger; "my pockets are both wide and deep, and contain many different things." So saying, he produced four bottles of genuine champagne.

"Ah!" said Mozart, "certainly, that is a *cosa rara!* I never yet got tipsy in company of a personal spirit; and it gives me, therefore, uncommon pleasure to finish a bottle with you, my dearest guest."

In that night both drank a great quantity of genuine champagne together, toasting and talking of music, men, and spirits of all kinds. Mozart undertook to write the Requiem, and the stranger promised to pay 300 more ducats on delivery of the work;—at last both had lost all consciousness of themselves:—and when at the next morning Mozart awoke by the side of his beloved Constance, he almost fancied the whole affair had been a dream.

MATTEO MARIA BOIARDO.

SONETTO XXXIV.

Chi non ha visto ancor il gentil viso,
Che solo in terra sè pareggia al Sole,
E l' accorte sembianze al mondo sole,
E l' atto dal mortal tanto diviso;
Chi non vide fiorir quel vago riso,
Che germina de róse e de viole;
Chi non audì le angeliche parole
Che sonan armonia di paradiso;
Chi piu non vide sfavillar quel guardo
Che, como stral di foco, il lato manco
Sovente incende, e mette fiamme al cuore;
E chi non vide il volger dolce e tardo
Del suave splendor tra il nero e il bianco
Non scia, nè sente quel che vaglia amore.

On thy sweet face who ne'er hath fixed his gaze,—
Sweet face! outshining sunlight's loveliest beams,
Brighter than aught that mortal fancy dreams,
Glowing with heavenly, not mere earthly blaze;—
Who ne'er hath seen the garden of thy smile,
Roses and lilies blent in living wreath,
Or heard the music words thy red lips breathe
Like angel anthems; feeling all the while
The magic of thy glance, that like quick fires
Shot down from heaven, with love his soul inspires;—
He who ne'er saw the slow, the soft, yet wild
Luxuriant langour of thy fawn-like eyes,
Knows not—he cannot know—the power that lies
In Beauty, or in Love, the quiver-bearing child.

ALBERT SMITH AND THE SURREY.

Mr. Albert Smith has addressed a letter to the *Era*, and other weekly newspapers. As, doubtless, our vivacious friend—who has just returned to London from Constantinople, and has written a column and a half to *The Times* (complain-

* A spurious imitation of champagne; much drank in Austria, and manufactured at a place called Esslinger.

ing of Lloyd's Steam Company, and quarantine at Smyrna) under the cognomen of "A Bird of Passage"—wishes the complaint embodied in his epistle to be widely circulated, we have transferred it to our columns, for which he will be much obliged to us. Another time, however, Mr. Smith will do well to transmit such matters at once to our office. Had he done so on the present occasion, the entire public would have known it a week sooner. The letter is as follows:—

DRAMATIC AUTHORS AND MANAGERS.

(*To the Editor of the Era.*)

"SIR,—Permit me to request that you will insert this letter in your journal. Whilst an unpronounceable shirt, or an intricate trousers-strap can be protected by register, no such security extends to an author's ideas; and his only redress for having them pilfered is the publicity which a newspaper can give to the wrong.

"About a year ago, an arrangement was made by Mr. Shirley Brooks and myself, for the production of a drama, with Mr. Shepherd, at the commencement of his management of the Surrey Theatre; this gentleman assuring us that both the acting and *mise en scene* of the piece, should be such as we might look for at the *Theatre Historique* or *Porte St. Martin*, at Paris. The great 'effect' that we had decided upon was to be the entire section of a ship at sea—the crew on deck working her by night—the passengers in the cabin with lights—and the villain of the drama, scuttling her whilst a prisoner in the hold. With an entire sinking of the vessel the curtain was to fall, and every thing was to be written up to this *denouement*. I submitted a sketch of the construction of this 'set' to Mr. Shepherd; but finding subsequently that a coalition of the Victoria and Surrey companies was about to take place, the drama was withdrawn, and, in my leisure moments, I have been employed upon it for another theatre.

"A few days ago Mr. Shepherd informed me, that it was a curious coincidence, but that a similar effect had been proposed to him, and that it had been done before in the play of *Halifax*. Having read this piece, I knew that there was nothing of the kind in it. I asked who had proposed the effect, and Mr. Shepherd replied that he was not at liberty to give the name. The subject dropped; I never for one moment conceiving that anything more would be heard about it.

"You may judge my surprise, when, on visiting the Surrey Theatre, on Thursday evening, I found that the entire effect had been appropriated in the most barefaced manner—the crew on deck, the people in the cabin, and the villain in the hold scuttling the vessel—whilst the *denouement* was as closely pirated. And what is worse (for the management at least) it was all so badly and inartistically carried out, that whilst my idea has been entirely ruined, its appropriation has done no service to anybody. It scarcely got a hand.

"I must apologize for thus intruding on your space, but the matter may interest your theatrical readers; at the same time it may put authors on their guard when submitting a piece to Mr. Shepherd's inspection.

"I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

"ALBERT SMITH.

"14, *Percy Street, Nov.* 30, 1849."

We quite believe Mr. Shepherd, of the Surrey, to be capable of borrowing "*ideas*" from an English dramatic author, without giving him the *quid pro quo*; but have not some score of French dramatic authors the same cause of complaint against some score of English play-writers?—of course we do not include Albert Smith. We have some notion of the kind

VIVIER.

WE believe that Vivier is in London; nay, unless it was his wraith that we saw the other day in Regent Street, we are sure of it. And yet it seems hard to believe that such an artist can be in this great metropolis, where musical performances are so plentiful, without once making himself heard in the course of three months. How is this? What are M. Jullien and Mr. Stammers about that they allow Vivier to remain idle? All the amateurs of the metropolis are anxious to hear him again. "Sors, donc grand artiste, bel esprit? Ne sois pas rebarbatif. Nous te tremporons une soupe bien soignée."

DRURY LANE.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

THE Drury Lane Concerts are now advancing towards their termination. The season will wind up, according to custom, with a grand *Bal Masqué*, on Friday next. For this special occasion Jullien has provided sundry novelties, among which may be mentioned a CHRYSTAL CURTAIN of surpassing grandeur. The usual splendour of decorations and floral magnificence may be depended on, together with the dazzling brilliancy of the superb chandeliers, and the starry radiance from the light infantry of gas jets; all presenting a *coup d'œil* which can be only afforded at Drury Lane under the presiding genius of the grand Napoleon of caterers—even Jullien. In short, as the bills set down, "every possible exertion has been made to secure the approbation, and to ensure the amusement of M. Jullien's patrons; and he feels the greatest confidence in being enabled to present them with an evening's entertainment, which, as a scene of variety and dazzling brilliancy, will be pronounced unrivalled."

The performances of the week past have vied with the preceding, both in the excellence of the programme and the effect created.

Mr. N. Mori, son of the late Mr. Mori, the talented violinist, who for so many years was leader of the band at Her Majesty's Theatre, played a solo on the violin for the first time at these concerts, on Friday—last night week. Mr. Mori is an excellent performer. His tone is pure and sweet, and his mechanism easy and correct. He played De Beriot's "Air Varié," and was loudly applauded. His success was undeniable.

On the same night we derived exceeding pleasure from hearing Jetty Treffz in Meyerbeer's "Robert, toi que j'aime," which she rendered with captivating expression and genuine feeling. The fair Teutonian also repeated Angelina's pretty song, "My bright Savoy," with increased success, and the never-wearying "Trab, trab, trab," with sparkling effect, obtaining the inevitable encore.

Jullien's benefit took place on Tuesday, when the house was crammed to suffocation, the greater number of the popular conductor's admirers rushing to Drury Lane to pay him especial homage. On his entrance into the orchestra, Mr. Jullien was hailed with cheers and applause. On this occasion M. Jullien, in a most gallant manner, presented a copy of a new *Valse a deux tems*, of his own composition, called "Wild Flowers," to each of his lady patronesses. The *valse* was composed expressly for the occasion, and was played for the first time. It is written in Jullien's best manner, and is in every respect worthy the romantic circumstance of its birth. The themes are all pretty and striking, and in the *coda* the first and fourth are ingeniously combined. The Mendelssohn festival was repeated on Thursday. The performances were as well received as on the first night, every *morceau* being heard with attention, and applauded with fervour.

The beautiful song in A flat, "On, Love's bright pinions," was introduced by Madlle. Treffz on this occasion, and sung with charming feeling.

The "Row Polka," of course, has been played continually. The majority of the audience have become so used to it, that they could as easily dispense with milk and sugar to their tea, as depart without hearing it. Although we must note, that a small and factious opposition illustrate the music in action by hissing, and so getting up a flightly "row."

This evening the popular Jetty Treffz takes her benefit. That the house will be a bumper is beyond a doubt. The admirers of the charming Jetty are as numerous as the gnats

near a brook side on a summer evening, and if even only a tithe of these be present at Drury Lane Theatre on the occasion of their favourite's benefit, the crowd will be unusually large. A brilliant night may be safely prognosticated for the "Fair Star" of Jullien's enlivening concerts.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

We have been requested to publish the following particulars relative to this excellent society:—

"An alteration in the plan of the seats furnishes an accommodation greatly needed for the comfort of a large portion of the patrons of the Society. The central rows of seats in the body of the Hall have been converted into reserved places, numbered like the stalls at the Philharmonic Concerts, &c. The charge for a single ticket is 10s. 6d., or a reduction to three guineas for a season admission. Arrangements also are pending for making use of the small hall on the basement floor (on the left hand of the Exeter Street entrance), as a waiting-room for carriage visitors.

"The subscriptions already received exceed the amount of any former season; and as the most popular of the performances (the *Messiah*) is now in progress, they will doubtless be materially increased before the close of the year. By a recent arrangement, those Subscribers entering before Christmas, who did not receive tickets for the first performance (*Solomon*, on the 12th of November), will be entitled to a double number on either of the *Messiah* performances."

The alterations are of real utility. The extra charge for reserved places will be amply atoned for by increased accommodation. On inclement nights, when the Hall is crowded (as at the performances of the *Messiah* and *Elijah*), the new waiting-room will be a valuable convenience. We are pleased to hear of the good prospects of the present season, and heartily wish the Sacred Harmonic Society the success it so richly merits.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

The success of Ernst goes on, if possible, increasing. At the sixth concert, on the 28th ult., he performed his admirable *Rondo Papageno*, and, for the last time, the popular *Carnaval de Venise*, which was encored and demanded a third time; in response to which compliment, however, Ernst merely returned to the orchestra and bowed. Ernst has long been the delight of the connoisseurs and the musical world in particular, and now he appears likely to become the "very idol" of the crowd, if we may draw an inference from the unbounded enthusiasm created by his performances among the untutored crowds that besiege the doors of Exeter Hall on the nights of the Wednesday Concerts.

The selection was from Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*. Formes, who has become quite a pet singer with the multitude, obtained an encore in the ballad called "The heart bow'd down," which he sang with much feeling, pronouncing the words with great distinctness. Miss Alicia Nunn, pupil of Signor Rovedino, made her *début* at these concerts, and shewed ambition, if not judgment, in selecting the difficult cavatina from *Tancredi*, "Oh patria," finishing with the popular "Di tanti palpiti." The Misses Cole confirmed their growing popularity, in Horn's pretty duet, "I know a bank," which they sung very agreeably, obtaining a well-deserved encore. Formes, in "The Sea!" by Neukomm, obtained another encore, and again a third in "The Wolf," both of which he declaimed with vigorous energy.

Mr. Richardson played a solo on Siccama's patent flute, in the most finished and brilliant manner, and was encored with enthusiastic unanimity. The band, led by Mr. Willy, and conducted by Herr Anschuez, played the overtures to *Figaro*, *Anacreon*, and *Gustavus*, in capital style. We were much pleased to hear the last mentioned, which has been unjustly laid on the shelf, although of Auber's best orchestral pieces.

There were many more encores, and a number of vocal pieces of diverse kinds, which, unhappily, have slipped our memory. One thing is certain—we should be equally gratified with fewer of these encores, which are too often mere displays of partizanship, and frequently of the commonest taste.

As we were unable to be present at the seventh concert, last Wednesday, we avail ourselves of the following:—

(From the Times.)

"The seventh took place at Exeter hall, before a crowded audience. Herr Ernst, whose playing is the better liked the oftener it is heard, is still the chief attraction of the programmes, and made his fourth appearance on this occasion. The performances of this great violinist, no less intellectual than they are surprising, are tending to elevate the taste of the large numbers that flock to the Wednesday Concerts. His influence is already beginning to be evident. The enthusiasm he excites on every occasion would seem to have weakened the *prestige* of the ballad style of music, and the encores, which, when indiscriminately awarded, have hitherto been an absolute plague at these entertainments, are apparently less frequent, and certainly less hearty and unanimous. The opposition at the present concert to some of the encores was strong, and in two or three instances successful. The patrons of Mr. Stammers have, perhaps, come to the conclusion, that if too much of a good thing be good for nothing, too much of an indifferent or a questionable thing is worse than a bore. We by no means object to good ballads, nor do we think it advisable in concerts like these to "cram" the people with serious music, as it is called; but we must protest against a surfeit of ballads, especially when two in every three are utterly worthless, and still more particularly when two in every three are sure to be encored by the friends and partisans of particular singers, in merciless disregard for the nerves of the majority, who are too apathetic or too good-natured to manifest any audible signs of dissatisfaction. The sensation created by Herr Ernst at the seventh concert, even surpassed that of any previous occasion. His solo piece was the famous *Air Varié* of Mayseder, known to all practised violinists, but in the hands of Ernst a thoroughly original performance. Grace of expression, vigour of style, and dexterity of execution, were never more happily mingled. The theme and each of the variations were followed by a burst of genuine applause. But the wonder of the performance was in the *cadenza*, composed by Herr Ernst himself, a feat of prodigious difficulty, concluding with a series of arpeggios unparalleled in brilliancy. The hall rang with the cheers that followed this extraordinary display, and Ernst was recalled with one voice; but being, it may be presumed, an enemy to the encore system, he merely returned to the orchestra and bowed. The desire of the audience was, however, this time, too unanimous and genuine to be resisted, and in obedience to continued acclamations, the violinist reappeared, with his instrument, and played some of the popular variations of the *Carnaval de Venise*. The moment the theme was heard the manifestations of satisfaction were renewed, and Ernst was compelled to wait until the applause subsiding gave him a chance of being heard.

A very interesting feature in the programme was the celebrated *Septuor* in E flat of Beethoven, played by Ernst (violin), Hill (viola), W. L. Phillips (violoncello), Rowland (double-bass), Maycock (clarinet), Jarrett (horn), and Baumann (bassoon). The whole of this fine work, with the exception of one of the slow movements and one of the

minuets (there are two of each), was given, and the performance occupied about thirty-five minutes. This was testing the appreciation of the audience—and their patience, some may add—with a vengeance; but what crowd, assembled for the express purpose of listening to music, could have heard with indifference a composition so overflowing with natural melody, performed with such fervor and unerring skill? It is gratifying to state that the *septuor* was completely successful, and received both the attention and applause that were its due. Equally happy were Cherubini's overture to *Les Deux Journées* (a dramatic *chef d'œuvre* that has been unaccountably overlooked by our great Italian theatres, where the productions of the French lyric stage have been lately in such favour) and Sterndale Bennett's romantic and beautiful concert-overture, the *Wood Nymphs*, both of which were admirably played by the band, led by Mr. Willy, and under the direction of Herr Anschuez, and both liberally applauded.

The selection was from Mozart's *Figaro*—serious music again. Some of the gems of that masterpiece were given, and encores were allotted to the duet "Sul' aria," and the bass air "Non piu andrai," the former exceedingly well sung by Mrs. A. Newton and Miss Eyles, the latter rendered with great spirit and effect by Herr Formes, who is gradually getting more popular with his English audience. The miscellaneous portion of the vocal programme was agreeably varied by two concerted pieces, finely performed on the sax-horns by the talented Distin family, who were carefully accompanied on the piano by Mr. Willy, jun. Miss Poole gave some popular ballads in her best style, and introduced a pleasing and well-written song by Angelina, a young composer of promising talent, called "My bright Savoy," which was favourably received. The words of this song, by Mr. Shirley Brooks, have the advantage of being intelligible, as well as poetical, which is not frequently to be noted in the verse-makers who at present wield their pens in the service of music. The Misses Cole, whose success was recorded on the occasion of their *début*, sang Mendelssohn's lovely chamber duet, "I would that my love," with unexceptionable taste, and were deservedly applauded. Mrs. Newton deserves praise for the brilliant manner in which she executed a clever *aria*, to Italian words, the composition of Mr. Ribas, who himself performed an *obligato* part for the flute, which added materially to the effect. Sterndale Bennett's charming song, "May Dew," sung with feeling, but much too slowly, by Miss Eyles; and J. L. Hatton's sparkling serenade, "The silver moon," in which Mr. Lockey (well accompanied on the piano by Mr. Land) obtained an encore really well merited, completed the noticeable points in decidedly one of the best programmes Mr. Stammers has ever given to the public."

We should add that a Miss Kell made a highly favourable *début*, in the *Figaro* selection, in the beautiful song of "Porgia mor." Her voice is a *soprano* of sweet quality and considerable power. Her method is good, and her expression pure; she has also much true feeling. These distinctions may partly be traced to the instructions of M. Panofka, her professor, but also in a great degree to natural qualities of her own. Miss Kell's success was decided.

At the next concert, Ernst will play his *Elegie* and *Romanesca*, and will also repeat the *Air Varié* of Mayseder, which created such an unparalleled sensation, it would appear, at the last. Further interest is attached to the ninth concert in the *début* of Mr. Frodsham, a young tenor, of whose voice we have heard the most glowing accounts. Thalberg will recommence shortly after Christmas. Is there any hope of a duet between him and Ernst? That would be a rare treat for the Wednesdayites.

MY BRIGHT SAVOY.

We promised our readers the words of the new song by the clever "Angelina" They are by Mr. Shirley Brookes, and, like the music, will be found beyond the common order.

My bright Savoy, my bright Savoy!
Thy rills are leaping, fresh and clear,
Undimmed thy smiles of tranquil joy,
But I am wandering lonely here;
With many a slighted tear to shed.
To toil through many a weary day,
To crave the chiding stranger's bread,
And sigh for those far, far away.

Oh! when to yonder distant cot,
Where mountain roses linger round—
Where streamlets creep through silent grot,
And spring to light with joyous bound;
Where loving faces round me smile—
Oh! when shall I return to stay?
Renew thy course, poor wandering child,
And sigh for those far, far away.

If the verses of all ballads were as well written as this, there would be much better chance for the music. But Shirley Brookes' do not run through every garden. "Such brooks are welcome!"

MACREADY'S IAGO.

The impression Macready has created in Iago is no more than what we had long anticipated. By such as are but qualified to pronounce on its merits, the performance is reckoned among the highest of the great actor, if not ranked as the very first: all the papers that have spoken of it are loud in its praise. From the weekly journals alone, however, can we obtain any extracts, as the critics of the daily press were occupied with the new piece at the Adelphi on Monday, the night Macready appeared in Iago. This was unfortunate for the tragedian, as his success was merely chronicled the following morning, and the performance dismissed in a few lines. The following extracts will bear us out, in our eulogistic opinion of last week.

(From the Illustrated News.)

On Monday the tragedy of *Othello* was repeated with an exchange of characters, Mr. Macready effecting Iago, and Mr. Wallack, Othello. The part of Iago, as played by Mr. Macready, is an unique performance. It has never been done justice to by the public; though never popular, it is in our opinion, his very best character. Mr. Macready aims in the personation at an immense variety. According to his conception, Iago is one who, not to write it profanely, becomes, all things to all men, in order that he may win them over to his purposes. His intellect is fertile in invention, and his assumption of character is that of the perfect artist in real-life, who has, by whatever means, to forge his fortune out of the infirmities of his associates. Marked differences and surprising contrasts distinguish Mr. Macready's Iago in his intercourse with Rodrigo, with Cassio, with Desdemona, with Emilia, and with Othello. He is frivolous or moody, sympathetic or contemptuous, polite or irascible, according to the person or the occasion. The part, therefore, as Mr. Macready plays it, is not one, but manifold. It is many characters artistically harmonised in an intelligible unity; and as such presents an amount of ability, and an extent of resources almost astonishing. It has always been to us a topic of surprise, that the critics and the public opinion of the day should have suffered such a performance to pass without especial honor. But so it has been—its very excellence, perhaps, being the principal reason why it was never adequately appreciated.

But, though thus "various and contrarious" in his relation with others, to himself Iago is intensely individualised. In his soliloquies Mr. Macready is indeed mighty. Iago's jealous, revengeful, cunning, and unscrupulous disposition, with all its subtle traits and intricate involutions, is brought out and interpreted with wonderful intelligence, power, and effect. There are also minor beauties, which it would be well to particularise, but that the investigation would lead to an extensive analysis of the character, for which we have at present no proper opportunity.

One scene, however, must be particularised—the great scene of temptation in the third act. As a sustained scene, this is one of the most elaborate in Shakespere. In acting, everything depends on Iago maintaining such a deportment towards Othello, that the Moor should have no reason to suspect his designs. Here it was that Young, otherwise so excellent an Iago on the old pattern, used to fail. Mr. Macready performs it with exquisite judgment, and the nicest tact. He hits it exactly between wind and water. It is a triumph of histrionic skill. The exceeding subtlety of the temptation becomes even painful to the observer; but when his point is finally gained, he requires no apology for Othello's conviction of Iago's honesty, and his wife's guilt.

We agree to the fullest extent with the encomiums of the writer of the above; but he has fallen into a decided mistake when he says the critics and the public have not done justice to Macready's Iago. Until Macready gave up performing the part, and, from some unaccountable motive, preferred playing Othello, Iago was universally allowed to be one of his greatest performances. The criticisms of the whole press when Macready first appeared in Iago were highly eulogistic, and the public were not behind hand in subscribing to the opinions expressed by the journalists. It was certainly no compliment to the tragedian or to art, that the late performance should have been passed over with a word; but this was partly the result of a new piece being produced at the Adelphi the same night; and the critics, unless they were "possessed of ubiquity like the birds," could not attend in two places at once. However, as the *Willow Copse* was likely to be repeated, it appears to us, on such a rare occasion, Shakspere might have claimed the honour of a primâ attendance.

The following notice is written in the same tone of feeling, and criticism as the first :—

(*From the Examiner.*)

We have always esteemed Mr. Macready's Iago one of the masterpiece of this great actor's interpretations of Shakespere, and the performance of Monday night confirmed that impression.

It would be idle to refer to the poet's design in this remarkable character, but that it is so often, we may say universally, misapprehended in the theatre. To see the tragedy as it is ordinarily acted, is to see everybody among the audience laughing at Iago for a knave, and everybody on the stage devoutly confiding in his honesty. Any actor's effort to exhibit anything but a fawning, swaggering, sycophantic, lying rascal, we cannot tax our recollection with. Yet Iago is a scholar and a soldier. He is a man with an extraordinary power of intellect, and the keenest knowledge of the world. He has the soldier's bluntness, with the scholar's speech and fluency. He is privileged to be frank and outspoken with all; but the privilege is used with a difference. With his superior he is deferential and watchful, with his equal careless and confiding, with his inferior jovial and roystering. But over all alike he is predominant; though undisguisedly the tyrant and coarse unsympathetic sensualist to his wife alone. Iago would have been a great man if passions had been weaker in him and sympathies not wholly absent.

With a most subtle perception, and a power sustained at the highest level throughout, Mr. Macready embodies this idea of the character. His malicious glee in the success of his schemes is remorseless as that of a fiend. You see that he has a devouring passion for mischief, and not a human sympathy to restrain it. Yet how could Othello hesitate to place trust in that ever zealous suggestion, that blunt and honest resolution? What reason has Cassio to distrust this frank sympathetic comrade, so full of entertainment and friendship? Would it have been possible for Roderigo to place his jewels in safer hands? And do we not see that every character in the play, even the gentle Desdemona, even the knowing Emilia, is in some sort a willing slave to the ready wit and humour of the man? There are little points in Mr. Macready's performance which convey volumes of meaning. When he tells his wife to be silent as to the stolen handkerchief, with an expression of evil in his face that makes the simple words more awful, we cease to wonder that Emilia should have preserved his secret even to the danger of heremistress. When Roderigo threatens to ask for his jewels, the quick change of manner implies a resolution suddenly taken, and of necessity acted on too suddenly to guard against the subsequent failure. Not a point is missed. The night scene in Cyprus, the account of the brawl, the whole of the great interview with Othello, were the most consummate specimens of the art of the actor which we can remember on the stage. And contrasted with the unconcealed malignity and devilishness of the soliloquies, and with the hardened sullen brutality of the last scene, the effect of these various assumptions was most extraordinary.

Let no one fail to witness this performance who would understand what resources may be brought by an actor to illustrate the subtlest meanings of a poet.

When next Macready plays Iago, as, we understand he intends doing, on his return to the Haymarket after Christmas, we trust a little more notice will be taken of the performance by the critics of the daily press. DESMOND RYAN.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT BRISTOL.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

LACK of time prevents me from giving you a detailed account of the events which have taken place in our musical life during the last three months. You must, therefore, be satisfied with a few short notices, and some general remarks. Since the lull during the summer season, we have had plenty of concerts in our old city, and fresh ones are announced to take place almost every day. Of those which have taken place, I mention, firstly, a miscellaneous concert, given by "The Classical Harmonist's Society." This was arranged with a view to make up for the heavy losses sustained by the previous performances of *Elijah* at Bristol and Bath, and consisted of different instrumental and vocal pieces—quartettes, songs, choruses, &c. The price of admission being very low, a large audience was expected, but this expectation proved quite vain; and, instead of improving its financial condition, the society have only plunged deeper into debt. This is to be regretted, as such repeated failures must naturally tend to dishearten the most enthusiastic members and friends of the society. The concert itself, as an artistic performance, went off tolerably well; and Mr. Cooper, in particular, delighted the audience with four violin-solos, played in the most beautiful and perfect manner imaginable. It is a pleasure to perceive how Mr. Cooper is daily improving; and, like a true artist, never considers himself too old or too perfect to learn.

I next notice two concerts, by a young girl, Miss Foote Hay, called the Liverpool Jenny Lind, though there is nothing of Jenny about her. Miss Foote Hay has a very fine soprano voice, and sings with much expression and a pleasing air of simplicity, strongly contrasting with the affected manner of "the Sappho," to whom she threatens to become a formidable rival. The said Sappho has been singing here during the last fortnight, with considerable success, at the Albert Rooms; and is going to stay for some time longer. As she is going to London afterwards, I shall not enter into a criticism of her performance; leaving you to judge for yourself, when she comes to the metropolis. In my opinion, the days of this juvenile *virtuoso* are numbered.

About three weeks ago, a number of amateurs, styling themselves the "Bristol Glee Society," of the existence of which, by-the-bye, no Bristolian was previously aware, gave a concert at the theatre, under the patronage of the Mayor and our members of parliament, the Hon. H. Berkeley and W. Mills, Esq. The theatre was tolerably well filled; but the performance was not of such a nature as to deserve the particular notice of a correspondent of the *Musical World*. It consisted of glees, for the most part performed in a manner open to severe criticism, the more so as the originators of this concert had pompously announced it as "one on the grandest ever attempted in Bristol."

A young society, the Bristol *Amateur* Madrigal Society, also gave what is termed a "ladies' night," some time ago, and succeeded in drawing together a numerous and fashionable audience. There is a sort of spell in the word "madrigal," which exercises a strange and powerful influence over our Bristol folks, or rather gentry; and which, in regard to the concert of the old and, as it were, legitimate society of the same name, goes so far that the tickets for the next performance (the 18th of January next) have long been disposed of, and can scarcely be obtained at any price now. What a contrast this, to the fact that Miss Catherine Hayes, together with the artists accompanying her, could scarcely attract

an audience sufficiently large to defray the expenses of her concert The latter took place on Tuesday morning (last week), at the Victoria Rooms, and was, in my opinion, worth a million of "madrigal nights." Catherine Hayes has now proved to us also, that fame has not spoken too lightly of her; and if her arrival did not create that sensation which accompanied the visits of Jenny Lind, it is quite certain that the enthusiasm of her audience was as warm and sincere as ever was manifested at a concert of the Nightingale; and this is the more flattering to Miss Hayes, as her smaller audience consisted mostly of persons who knew how to appreciate her talents, and did not applaud her for mere fashion's-sake. I must forego the pleasure of criticizing, or rather praising, the fair singer; but I send you last Saturday's *Bristol Times*, in which you will find a long and enthusiastic account of the concert and its leading star. The *Bristol Times* is a paper which deserves your notice for the care it bestows upon the musical department; as far as its opinion goes, concerning Miss Hayes, I entirely agree with it.

Mr. Cooper has announced a grand concert, to take place on Tuesday, the 18th, when Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, and Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, will be performed, by a powerful chorus and band. The nucleus of the chorus will be formed by our Classical Harmonists, who, under the direction of Mr. J. P. Smith, are actively engaged in practising. There is no doubt but that this concert will be extensively patronised, as well by Mr. Cooper's friends and admirers, as by the lovers of music in general; and I only hope the two great works will be performed in a manner worthy of their composers. I shall let you know how the concert went off the week after next.

I see you still persist in "my 1, 2, 3;" but why did you not give the solution of the last enigmatical nut, before you inserted another? Pray let us have it next time. As to the musical Rebi —by the bye, is that the plural for rebus?—which "E. J. F." has kindly dedicated to your Manchester correspondent and your humble servant, I think they are not quite so childish as those arithmetical enigmas, and "E. J. F." has my thanks for his dedication, which your Manchester man, whom I respect, will perhaps accept also.

When is Mr. Flowers going to turn a lobster, and eat the crab? Are his canons not in a position yet to silence the popgun by a short answer "in the *stretto*?" If I had not made the humiliating experience—since the famous twenty pounds question—that Mr. Flowers does not think my testimony worth listening to, I should have felt inclined to express my doubts whether that gentleman is indeed so well known, and stands so high in the opinion of Germany, as to be of material service to a man like Macfarren. I should have ventured to state that, being a German by birth, and having had plenty of opportunity to hear what was said in musical circles in all parts of my native country *about foreign musicians*, as late as two years ago, I yet never had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Flowers' name mentioned whilst there; nor did I know anything about the existence of his "Essays on Fugue," before he himself alluded to them in one of the numbers of your paper. But, as I said before, my testimony will count for nothing; I therefore shall leave the lobster and the crab to fight out the question between themselves, and remain, Sir, your

"*Innocent*" TEUTONIUS.

MUSIC AT PLYMOUTH,

(From our own Correspondent.)

THEATRICALS are at a stand still, but our spirited lessee has entered into an engagement with Mr. Gompertz, who has been exhibiting his panorama at the theatre during the past week to well filled houses. Report having spoken so favourably of this exhibition, I was led to expect an entertainment of no ordinary merit, but was hardly prepared to witness anything so interesting and well arranged, and which, as a work of art, far surpasses anything of the kind I ever saw in Plymouth. The first series represents the memorable events of the late invasion of British India by the Sikh army, and the many glorious achievements of British arms in that distant country, which have at last led to the subjugation of our warlike and determined enemies, the Sikhs.

The diorama of the great fire of London is very remarkable, its breaking out in the eastern part of the city, and its gradual increase until the whole presents an entire mass of flame, is an astonishing work of art. But the *chef d'œuvre* of the series is the representation of the Crypt of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, which I do not hesitate to pronounce as a powerful illusion upon the senses. It is, also, interesting, being the spot where our Saviour was entombed; the gradual changes from daylight to midnight gloom—the solemn tone of the convent bell—and again the illumination for the celebration of midnight mass by the Franciscan monks, with the distant tones of the organ, was at once most solemn and effective.

Madame Wharton makes her first appearance on Monday next.

T. E. B.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

SIGNORA MONTENEGRO and party have been performing in several favourite operas at our Theatre Royal during the past and the present weeks, but as I so lately sent you a few remarks respecting them, it will be needless to enter into further details. Their most successful performance this time, as before, was the *Lucrezia Borgia*. Montenegro's personation of the Borgia is effective, and Santiago sings the music of Gennaro with feeling. Little Montelli was encored in Alboni's famous "Brindisi," which she gave with spirit, although wanting in physical power. They play to-night in *Lucia*; and on Friday Montenegro's benefit, and the last performance—*I'Puritani*. *Don Pasquale*, on Monday evening, was a comparative failure. *Comic* Italian Operas never draw in the provinces, unless supported by *first-rate* talent. Miss Anne Romer has been exceedingly successful at the Liver Theatre. Having frequently noticed her performances in the *Musical World* in laudatory terms, I borrow a few phrases from a long and eulogistic article in the *Liverpool Journal*, to corroborate my opinions.

"That Miss Ann Romer is an "attraction," the state of the Liver Theatre each night amply testifies; and she may feel gratified by the fact, for truly there is little but herself to draw. Such a representation as we witnessed of the *Somnambula*, on Wednesday evening, ought not to be tolerated, even for the sake of so perfect an Amina. Miss Anne Romer's acting is full of quiet pathos, and her singing evidences study, care, and *intention*. Her Amina is one of those things we can always look back to with pleasure. On Tuesday and Thursday Miss Anne Romer appeared as Marie, in the *Daughter of the Regiment*. Last night, the last act of *Somnambula* was given; to-night, the *Beggars' Opera* will be played, and we can assure those who have never seen Miss Romer in it, that she is one of the most charming Pollys the stage can boast. Miss Kenneth, who was announced for Thursday, as Lisa, has been too ill to appear, and her assistance has been lost; she is a pleasing vocalist and actress, and, we trust, will be sufficiently recovered to appear during the ensuing week."

Miss Anne Romer has also appeared in *The Bohemian Girl*, and *The Mountain Sylph*, with equal success. But she is the only member of the company worthy of mention. for more preposterous operatic performances were never witnessed. The tenor, baritone, chorus, and band are equally bad; the performances consequently are of a character anything but effective, and excite nightly marks of censure and merriment. We have had some wretched burlesques upon operatic performances in this town; but never anything half so atrocious as those which have lately taken place at the Liver Theatre. We quite feel for poor Anne Romer—the dove among this company of crows. No wonder the theatres are deserted, and managers ruined, when such are the attractions held out. Theatrical speculators ought to recollect that, in musical matters more particularly, the public taste has greatly advanced, and that the old "barn" style of performance will not do in these days. It has been a matter of regret that Miss Romer is not where she ought to be—at a metropolitan theatre. She possesses both talent and ambition worthy of encouragement.

I understand that Jullien and his band, accompanied by the fascinating Jetty de Treffz, will give a concert at the Philharmonic Hall, at the end of the month. Jullien will be glad that Liverpool possesses so fine and large a place for his performance, for on former occasions he has been sadly "hard up" for room. There is another chance of our hearing Sontag, I am told, in the course of this present winter. *On dit* that Mr. Lumley and a well known local singer intend giving a concert at the Theatre Royal, at which Sontag will sing. The prices on this occasion will be much reduced. —*Experientia docet.*

At a concert to be given at the Concert Hall, on Saturday evening, by Miss Skinner, Mr. Blewitt will sing.

The new organ of the Collegiate Institution will be opened on the 26th December, 1849. With a view of obtaining the balance required to meet the contract, the Organ Committee purpose, during the ensuing Christmas vacation, to give a series of sixteen *soirées musicales*, to comprise a grand opening performance on the new instrument; three lectures on the capabilities of the organ, with illustrations; three oratorios, and nine miscellaneous concerts. The oratorios will be conducted by Sir Henry R. Bishop, Knt., Prof. Mus., Oxon., who liberally offers his gratuitous services for this purpose. The organ is being erected by Mr. R. Jackson, of this town.

The Welsh Choral Society gave a concert of sacred music on Wednesday evening.

During the week, the Messrs. Richardson have been giving an entertainment of a novel character, at the Concert Hall—the instruments employed being composed of stone, steel, and bells. With these materials the band play overtures, airs, quadrilles, waltzes, and operatic music, besides an air named "The Harmonious Stonemasons," composed by Mr. Costa expressly for them, as a companion to Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmiths." The most rapid and difficult passages are executed by these musicians (three in number) with precision and effect.

The Liverpool Courier says, the Philharmonic Society is about to establish classes for ladies and gentlemen for the study of vocal music theoretically and practically. The classes will be separate, and, commencing with the rudiments of music, will progressively advance to the higher branches of art. It is intended to engage the most eminent local professors, and the terms have been fixed at the lowest rate. Those who wish instruction in singing, as a means of personal enjoyment, will thus have a favourable opportunity, while the classes will constitute a feeder for the choruses of the Philharmonic Society. It is the intention of the committee to form a musical library, in connexion with these classes, as soon as their necessities require it, and at a subsequent period, to institute classes for the study of instrumental music.

Mr. Ryalls gives a concert at the Concert Hall, on Monday next, under the patronage of the Mayor. The programme includes the names of several great favourites, including Mrs. Sunderland and Miss Anne Romer; together with Herr Wehle, the pianist, and Herr Kohler, the performer on the flageolet and cornet-a-piston. Mr. George Holden will conduct.

The second dress concert of the Societa Armonica, which is composed principally of gentlemen amateurs, was given on Friday evening last, at the Assembly-rooms, Great George Street, when a fashionable and numerous audience was drawn together. Amongst the performers were Herr Wehle, pianist, Mr. S. Percival, flautist, and Miss Parsons, Mr. Ryalls, and Mr. Armstrong, vocalists. The band, about thirty in number, was conducted by Mr. G. B. Herrmann.

Liverpool, Dec. 5, 1849.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

PRINCESS'S.

King Charles II. was played for the thirtieth time on Thursday night, and has been temporarily withdrawn by Mr. Maddox to make way for a new opera by Signor Schira, entitled *Mina*, which will be produced this evening. Whether the manager be politic or not in withdrawing a work which has unquestionably achieved the greatest success ever obtained in his theatre, time will certify.

Mr. Loder's *Giselle*, the most charming operatic composition of that talented musician, is also in rehearsal, and will be brought out forthwith. Miss Louisa Pyne will play the heroine, and Madame Macfarren will make her second dramatic essay in Miss Sarah Flower's part—the *contralto*. The decided improvement made by the last-named lady in her late performance of the Page in *King Charles II.* warrants us in anticipating for her no small success. We are most anxious to witness her in a second character.

MARYLEBONE.

One of the most crowded audiences of the season assembled on Monday to witness the comedy of *Twelfth Night*. Although this drama, like so many more of its authors, is better suited to the closet than to the stage, it combines very largely the requisites for both. With all its wit, humour, and delicious poetry, a chief element of its power lies in the deep humanism which is said by some to have been, after all, the leading quality of Shakspere's mind. To the stoic or cynical philosopher, the play, like its fellow-drama, *As you Like it*, is worth a whole volume of sermons. The sentiments given to Orsino, Olivia, and Viola, are familiar to every body; and the friendship of Antonio and Sebastian, though subordinate to the main action, most impressively aids the general effect of this most beautiful of dramatic poems. Mrs. Mowatt played Viola with her usual graceful and ingenuous *naivete*. The part of Malvolio is hardly worthy of Mr. Davenport; but wherever it gave him scope, especially in the scene in which he finds the forged letter, he made it tell with due effect. Miss M. Oliver was the Maria, and with her laughing black eyes and slender waist, looked and acted as archly as the most inveterate lover of mischief could desire. In Mr. Herbert's performance of the Clown, there was a racy repose, which we hope to see oftener, in this gentleman's delivery of Shakspere's humour, which, as we have before hinted, is not in general suited to the actor's peculiar aim. The other parts, including those of Antonio and Sebastian, which, although small ones, call for judicious assignment, were well filled. The theatre terminates its season at the end of this week, the company removing to the new Olympic on the 26th. Of the future fate of the Marylebone Theatre nothing has as yet transpired, but we trust it is not destined long to remain closed.

G.

BERLIN.

(From a local Correspondent.)

On the celebration of her Majesty the Queen's birthday, a concert was given at the court, in Potsdam, under the direction of chapel-master Taubert. His Majesty had requested the attendance of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, to afford her Majesty an agreeable surprise. The following was the programme:—

Rondeau à Quatre mains, (Messrs. Taubert and Theodor Kullak)	*Prince Louis Ferdinand.*
Air, from *I Puritani*, (Madlle. Jenny Lind)	*Bellini.*
Duo, from *Tancred*, (Madlle. Bertrand and Herr Mantius)	*Rossini.*
Rheinisches Volkslied, "Of all the pretty darlings," (Madlle. Jenny Lind) Op. 57	*Mendelssohn.*
Duo, from *Stabat Mater*, (Madlle. Jenny Lind and Madlle. Bertrand)	*Rossini.*
"Das Veilchen," (Herr Mantius)	*Mozart.*
"Mein Liesel," (Herr Mantius)	*Taubert.*
Scene from *Romeo e Giulietta*, with Harp accompaniment, (Madlles. J. and R. Bertrand)	*Vaccaj.*
Frühlingslied, "Thro' the wood," (Madlle. Jenny Lind)	*Mendelssohn.*
"Ich muss nun einmal singen," (Madlle. Jenny Lind)	*Taubert.*

The celebrated opera composer from England, Mr. Balfe, has arrived here, and, as we hear, intends to bring out his new opera *Mulatto* (*The Bondman*).

Mendelssohn.—We hear that a quartet, and other posthumous works of this lamented composer, have already been published at Liepsic. It is to be hoped that our spirited friends, Ewer and Co., of Newgate-street, will not be long in placing them at the disposition of the English musical public, who will appreciate them much better than the ungrateful inhabitants of Leipsic, unworthy to have had such a great, genius, and good man so long among them.

MUSICAL COPYRIGHT.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Sittings at Nisi Prius at Westminster.—Before Lord Chief Justice Wilde and a Common Jury.

LEADER AND OTHERS, *v.* STRANGE.

Mr. Serjeant Channell and Mr. Petersdorff were counsel for the plaintiff, and Mr. Serjeant Byles and Mr. Boothby appeared for the defendant.

This was an action brought last Tuesday, concluding on Wednesday, by four plaintiffs—Messrs. Leader and Cox, and Messrs. Duff and Hodgson—all of whom were musicsellers, against a bookseller, carrying on business at No. 21, Paternoster-row, for having infringed their copyright to an opera called *Leoline*, by having sold three copies of a song called "My boyhood's love, enchanting theme," which was the principal song in the opera.

Mr. John Medex Maddox, examined by Mr. Serjeant Channell: Witness in the year 1846 was the proprietor of the Princess's Theatre. He knew a Mr. Thomas Herbert Reynoldson, and that person was often employed to adapt foreign operas for the English stage. Witness had employed him frequently for that purpose to a considerable extent. Mr. Reynoldson had shown great skill and talent, and there was no person better fitted to adapt foreign operas to the English stage than Mr. Reynoldson. In 1846 witness was at Paris, and there saw an opera performed, called *L'Ame en Peine*. The opera was composed by M. de Flotow, a German. Witness bought the music and words of that opera, and on his return to England, employed Mr. Reynoldson to adapt the opera for representation at the Princess's Theatre. Mr. Reynoldson did so, and the opera was brought out at the Princess's Theatre, under the name of *Leoline*. Mr. Reynoldson acted the part of Count de Telmar in that opera, and his performance was very much admired. The song of "My boyhood's love, enchanting theme," was encored every evening. In the French opera, which was called *L'Ame en Peine*, there was only one verse to that song, and when the opera at first came out at the Princess's Theatre, under the name of *Leoline*, there was also only one verse in that song, which Mr. Reynoldson composed. When the opera passed into the hands of Mr. Leader, before he had it published for public sale, he wished to have another verse added, and accordingly witness directed a Mr. Lucas, who was in his employ, to write a second verse, which he accordingly did. Mr. Leader, the plaintiff, purchased the opera of the witness, and he gave £25 down and £25 more after the opera of *Leoline* had been performed thirty nights. Witness then assigned the copyright of the opera to Mr. Leader and the other plaintiffs. *Leoline*, in the opinion of witness, was a work of merit, inasmuch as it had been adapted for the English stage by Mr. Reynoldson, who was a talented composer. The song of "My boyhood's love, enchanting theme," was the favourite song in the opera.

Mr. T. H. Reynoldson, examined by Mr. Serjeant Channell: In the year 1846 witness was employed by Mr. Maddox to write the libretto for an opera to be brought out at the Princess's Theatre. The opera was produced under the name of *Leoline*, and was an adaptation of the French opera, *L'ame en Peine*. Witness had adapted a great many foreign operas to the English stage. Witness composed the first verse of the song "My boyhood's love, enchanting theme." The English words in that verse were not a literal translation from the French. In adapting foreign operas for the English stage, witness took the general idea contained in the opera, and paraphrased it. Witness embodied the idea in his own language. It would be quite impossible to adapt a literal translation of foreign words to English music. It required considerable skill and experience to adapt foreign operas to the English stage.

Cross-examined by Mr. Serjeant Byles: Witness was paid by the piece for adapting the opera in question. In the song sold by the defendant the first line was "My boyhood's love, enchanting spell;" and in the song sold by the plaintiff it was "My boyhood's love, enchanting theme." It was true the rest of the songs did not contain the same words in any other part, but witness thought that the three first words gave a colour to the whole song, and gave the idea that the song sold by the defendant was a copy of that one sold by the plaintiffs. Witness received about £12 for adapting the opera in question for the English stage, and there were about seven songs in it.

Mr. Lucas, examined by Mr. Serjeant Channell: Witness had been connected with the stage about eighteen years. Recollected the opera of *Leoline* being brought out at the Princess's Theatre. Witness was afterwards applied to by Mr. Maddox to write a second verse for the song "My boyhood's love, enchanting theme." Witness accordingly wrote the second verse, but before he did so he read the opera, and he composed the second verse in such a manner that it would carry out the story of the opera. Witness considered the song by the defendant was a copy of that one sold by the plaintiffs.

Mr. Serjeant Byles (to the witness): Now, I see the words in the second verse composed by you are—

"My boyhood's love, a fleeting dream
That o'er me beam'd, is past away;
Now again sweet mem'ry's theme
Returns to bless each dawn of day.
So passing clouds obscure the sun's refulgent light,
'Till through the shadows dark it breaks with radiance bright."

Witness: That is the second verse which I wrote.

Mr. Sergeant Byles: Now, the words in the second verse in the song sold by the defendant are—

"My boyhood's love, though fate awhile
A darksome cloud upon it shed;
'Tis past, and now, beneath her smile,
The cloud hath, like a shadow fled.
And, oh, that transient gloom will brighter hues impart,
Unto the hopes which bloom within my faithful heart."

Mr. Sergeant Byles: Now, with the exception of the three first words in the first line of the two songs, there is no similarity between them.

Witness: The words are not the same, but I think the idea is the same in both.

The Lord Chief Justice: They both mean to convey the idea, that though love may depart for awhile, yet it will return again.

Mr. Manfred Maggioni was the next witness called, and he proved that he had made a literal translation of the French words in the song of "My boyhood's love, enchanting theme," and that as it stood, literally, it would not be adapted for English music.

Mr. Frank Romer was then called and examined, and cross-examined at great length. He stated that he was employed by the four plaintiffs to adapt the music of the French opera, *L'Ame en Peine*, to the English opera of *Leoline*. He received about £14 for doing so; and he considered the music in the song of "My boyhood's love, enchanting theme," sold by the defendant, was certainly copied from his adaption of the French music.

Mr. William Hutchins Callcott, son of the celebrated Dr. Callcott, and Mr. Chalmers Masters, who had been a pupil of Thalberg, and also of the well-known Mr. Patter, corroborated the evidence of Mr. Romer.

Mr. Bloe was the next witness examined. He stated that he was in the employ of two of the plaintiffs, Messrs. Leader and Cox. The first three months after the song of "My boyhood's love, enchanting theme" was published, 1,100 copies were sold, but after that the sale decreased. Witness, in January, 1848, bought three copies of the song at the defendant's shop in Paternoster Row. Witness was attesting witness to the deed of assignment to the plaintiffs of the copyright of the opera.

This was the case for the plaintiff.

Mr. Serjeant Byles then addressed the jury for the defendants, and submitted that there was no proof of piracy. The song was old, and not copyright. He would call Sir H. Bishop, professor of music at Oxford, who would tell the jury the sole value of the song was in the melody which it was admitted was Flotow's, and common to both, and that the symphony was worthless. The song had been long ago published in Hamburgh and in Paris, and the defendant's version of it was a literal translation of the German version. The jury would see the only similarity was in the words in the first line, "My boyhood's love;" and surely the defendant had as much right to use those words as the plaintiff. For the words, it appeared, 10s. 6d. had been paid to the unhappy poet, and £2 2s. to the composer for the symphony, the melody of the song being entirely Flotow's. Thus, for £2 12s. 6d., which they had expended upon altering but not improving the original, the plaintiffs claimed a right to an exclusive copyright in it; but he was satisfied the jury would not give it them to the injury of the public.

A commission to examine witnesses was then put in and read, and the depositions of some foreigners that the song was published and sold in Hamburgh in 1847. A lithographic printer named Hardy deposed that he printed the defendant's songs, and that the stone was copied from an old plate he had bought with the defendant's name upon it; that the defendant did not know of it, and had nothing to do with it. The defendant's son deposed that his father was a commission agent only for the sale of the *Musical Bouquet*, and had no other interest in it.

Mr. Serjeant Byles said the defendant had certainly done nothing morally wrong in giving to the world for 3d. that which the plaintiffs sold for 2s. He (Mr. Serjeant Byles) should call evidence before the jury to show that the opera had been published abroad some time ago in German and French, that it was idle to say that there was any originality in the alterations made in the music of the opera by Mr. Romer. In the course of the case of the plaintiffs, it had come out that a Mr. Jeffreys, of Soho-square, and a Mr. Duncan (so we understood the learned serjeant to say) had also sold copies of the song, entitled "My boyhood's love."

Mr. Joseph Hardy was then called and examined by Mr. Serjeant Byles: He said he was a printer carrying on business at 192, High Holborn. He printed the copies of the song of "My boyhood's love," &c.,

sold by the defendant. He did so by the order of Mr. Charles Sheard, who was the proprietor of the music. The defendant sold the song as an agent, and had nothing whatever to do with the song beyond so selling. The song was published in the *Musical Bouquet*, which witness printed.

Cross-examined by Serjeant Channel: The name of Mr. Strange, jun., 21, Paternoster-row, was upon the music. He was one of the agents for the *Musical Bouquet*. Mr. Strange, sen., had retired from the business.

Mr. East John Westropp, examined by Mr. Serjeant Byles: Witness had been a musical composer in London for twenty years. He had composed the song of the plaintiffs, with the defendant's edition of the same song, and in his opinion there was not a sufficient difference in the arrangement so as to give it originality. The variations between the two songs were trifling. There was no inveption nor any new idea in the alterations which had been made in the song sold by the plaintiffs. There was nothing in the alterations made in the song of the plaintiffs worth imitation. There was no value in them.

Mr. Serjeant Byles: Are there such 'men as hack musicians? (Laughter.)

Witness: I am afraid there are a great many. (Laughter.) One of that class could make the alterations which had been made in the song sold by the plaintiffs. A hack musician, for making alterations in an opera, would perhaps be paid one guinea.

Sir Henry Bishop, examined by Mr. Serjeant Byles: Witness was the professor of music at the University of Oxford. He had compared the song called "My boyhood's love, enchanting theme," which was sold by the plaintiffs, with the original song in the foreign opera. The melody was the same, but the arrangement of the symphonies and the accompaniments were somewhat varied. The melody of the symphonies and the accompaniments was varied. He could not find any invention in the edition of the plaintiffs, because there was so clear an imitation of the original. There was a similarity between the song sold by the plaintiffs and that sold by the defendant, but it was not unlikely that two parties might have adopted the same alterations. If the French edition had been simply transposed from G flat to D natural, it would have been better, and, he should conceive, would be equally saleable with the edition of the plaintiffs. The only accompaniment that had been made was the transposition of the key, which a mere copyist could do. There was nothing in the plaintiffs' accompaniment that was original. The alterations that had been made were to make it more simple than the original. As to the violin passage which had been referred to, that was similar to the original, with the exception that the notes were made more simple.

John Freckleton Burrowes, examined by Mr. Serjeant Byles: Witness had heard the evidence of Sir Henry Bishop, and he agreed with his statements generally.

Mr. Robert M'Pherson, examined by Mr. Serjeant Byles: Witness was a professor of music, and he had had experience as a composer. He had had great experience both in vocal and instrumental music. Witness perfectly agreed with the evidence of Sir Henry Bishop.

Mr. Serjeant Byles: Are you a native of this country?

Witness: No, I am a Scotchman (laughter), and not the less informed for being so. (Renewed laughter.)

Mr. Serjeant Byles: Oh, no, certainly not. You come from the modern Athens, you know. (Laughter.)

William Strange, jun., examined by Mr. Sergeant Byles: Witness was a son of the defendant. Witness's father formerly carried on business at No 21, Paternoster-row, as a bookseller and publisher, and he sold upon commission. Of late years witness's father had not printed any publications. The defendant never had any interest in the *Musical Bouquet* except selling it as a commission agent, and he had nothing to do with the copyright of it. It was the invariable custom to put the name of the agent on the piece of music. The numbers of a piece of music which were not sold were either returned to the proprietor when the account was settled, or kept on hand and put into the running account. The whole profit which the defendant had ever got upon the song called "My boyhood's love," &c., was 3s. The defendant had not been in the business regularly since June, 1848. On the 27th January, 1845, the date of the assignment of the copyright to the plaintiffs, and when the copies of the song were bought, the defendant was ill at his house at Bayswater.

This was the case on the part of the defendant.

Mr. Serjeant Channel having replied,

The Lord Chief Justice summed up the evidence very elaborately, and left it to the jury to say, 1st, whether the plaintiffs had a copyright in the song in question; 2nd, whether the defendant had caused the song to be printed and published; and 3rd, whether the defendant had knowledge that the song was unlawfully printed and published.

The jury then retired, and after an absence of upwards of two hours, returned into court with the following verdict. The foreman said the jury found that the plaintiffs were the proprietors of the song called "My boyhood's love," &c., and that the defendant had sold a copy of that song, but he had not sold it with a guilty knowledge that it had been unlawfully printed. They also found that the song sold by the defendant was in all essential particulars a copy of that sold by the plaintiffs.

This was substantially a verdict for the plaintiffs. Leave was reserved by his lordship to Mr. Serjeant Byles to move to enter a nonsuit.

MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

(*Continued from page* 765.)

Before I commence my anatomy of the illustrious bard of Tulip-Cheek (for such, it seems, is the interpretation of the Hindostanee word, Lalla Rookh) it may not be inappropriate or unuseful to say something about that noble art of literary pilfering, to the patron-goddess of which I have dedicated this memorable encomium. My remarks shall be few and brief. I have neither time nor inclination to enter into an extended Essay on Plagiarism, although I am not acquainted with a more fertile subject for a display of reading, or one which would more delight a bookworm like myself to enter on and pursue. There is something infinitely exciting in a chase after an original conception; and I doubt whether the rapture of a fox-hunter on securing the brush, after riding many a weary mile of hill and valley, is at all to be compared to the transports of a writer, who, after a long and toilsome search from bookshelf to bookshelf, at length discovers the robberies, and the robber by whose adroit management the Republic of Letters has been for any period of time grossly tricked. This amusement, indeed, may be called the foxhunting of literature, and books are the beagles; and seldom has Reynard himself resorted to more tricks and knaveries in his endeavours to escape, than a cunning fox of a poet (like the sly old gentleman who is now in scent, and after whom we shall presently be in full cry) in eluding all attempts to discover the scene of his pilferings, or in wrapping up the stolen goods, so that even the owner himself would find it difficult to recognize them in their new shape; and, if he were an honest man (which few literary people are) would feel considerable scruple in claiming and demanding them back as his own legal property.

Between Foxes and Poets there certainly are a great many points of strong resemblance: and not the least striking is the innate habit of thieving peculiar to the two. So early was this propensity observed, that in the Coromandel language, the same word, *scámmp*, is used indiscriminately to signify both; and the mighty Nimrod is well known to have unkenneled his beagles after his Poet Laureate whenever there was a deficiency of other vermin. Among the Malays bard and badger hunting are the most pleasant and fashionable recreations; and whenever the badger-killing season ends, the bards are immediately hunted down; but owing to their scarcity, the sportsmen complain sadly, and talk of importing fresh batches under the new Tariff from the Continent of Europe. Hence, indeed, is derived the word *badgering*; and hence the peculiar appositeness and truth with which the *Edinburgh Review* of yore, and the *Quarterly* of late, were said to "badger the poets," or in other words, to use them in like manner as the Malays. Some matter of fact people there are, possibly, who will deem all this apocryphal; but I assure them that I am not jesting, and that all I have advanced is sober uncoloured truth. Those who have any doubt about the identity of the word, which I have said, signifies Poet among the Coromandel people, (and I candidly own it looks suspicious), may refer to the dictionary of that country, published by Dickenson, vol. ii. p. 713, where the fact is stated, and supported by a file of references. There are a great many words among the eastern nations, which pass current among ourselves, in a sufficiently laughable sense, and which we should never expect to find among them. Thus, in an Oriental Treatise on War (*Sir W. Jones, vol.* vi, *p.* 135,) the following queer passage occurs. "While this was going a Baca, or *Paddy*-bird, who had been sent out as a spy, &c.," which the seriousness of the subject, and the gravity of the author, alone prevent us from regarding as a hoax. Whether it was an Irishman* first gave this name to the Baca, or whether as a learned writer in that profound collection entitled the *Bilgewater Treatises*

* D'Israeli (*Curiosities of Literature*, vol i., 239) cites as follows:—"The same author (Lilly, the astrologer) informs us, that in his various conferences with angels, their voices resembled that of the Irish."

states, it was conferred because the bird, like a Dublin man, is always chewing tobacco, I do not pretend to decide, but the passage exists, and may be found by any sceptic who feels inclined to look.

Nor is it to be wondered at, that such a coincidence as that which I have just mentioned should exist, seeing that poets have from the earliest times been noted for their pilferings, and assimilated by the wits of all ages (the English of the last century in particular) to such animals as are most remarkable for their skill in the science of appropriation. There are no two words so nearly assonant and synonymous as *Vulpes* and *Vates*; and the lines in which the sporting poet, Somerville, alludes to Reynard gliding from the cover, with his reflections on the instability of dishonesty even in this slippery world, apply with wonderful truth to the trickery and downfall of that two-legged fox whom we call a poet:—

From his { kennel / garret } sneaks
The conscious villain; see, he skulks along,
Sleek at { the shepherd's / dead authors' } cost, and plump with { meals / thoughts }
Purloined; so thrive the wicked here below!
The Chase, Book iii., v. 54.

Hence it will be seen that sportsmen and scholars both have their game in due season, the only difference between their pleasures being that one hunts in a red coat, the other in a black (although I have known very good critics who hunted down poets without having a coat or shirt at all, and merely for the excitement of the chase), the first in a field, the other in a library. Of the two, man-hunting is the nobler pursuit, and in my opinion, far the most amusing. Between the animals hunted there is but little dissimilitude, and that in the article of prey alone, the human fox generally preferring couplets to capons, and a good metaphor to a fat goose.

In all other respects the Poet and Reynard resemble each other. Both are commonly sharp, ravenous, rapacious, regardless of appearances, and anxious only for a good feed, which they care not how they get. Universally shunned—the one by the poultry, the other by the tradesmen. Constantly dunned,—the first by the sportsmen, the second by their creditors; with remarkable good appetites, and a hearty contempt for Mr. Malthus and his theories on procreation, their career is usually short and pleasant; but inflexible justice seldom fails to pounce on them in the moment of fancied security: upon the fox in the shape of an eagle, upon the poet in the shape of a critic, who is generally believed to have some of the bloodhound in his composition. Thus it is that both in the end go to the dogs, and as they lived without honesty, they die without commiseration.

"There's no escape,
But unreprieved they die, and bleach'd in air,
The jest of clowns, their reeking remnants hang."
The Chase, v. 212.

So far, poets and foxes are alike.

Plagiarism, like all other vices and villainies—pastimes and pleasures—is by no means in its infancy. It is as old as hanging or wiving; and, indeed, the first individual on record who is reported to have stolen a piece of knowledge, wrapped up in an apple, was our lady-mother Eve herself. Her descendants, like dutiful children, have followed in her footsteps, and larceny of things literary and substantial can boast an older and a haughtier pedigree than the line of Bourbon, and has numbered among its most distinguished professors, names infinitely loftier than the races of Guelph or Capet, in all their generations, can produce. There is no family which would not feel itself ennobled by such ancestors as Cæsar, Virgil, or Dick Turpin—three great men, than whom few more remarkable ever lived; the first famous for robbing towns and cities; the second, notorious for plundering the property of the dead, Homer, Mimnermus, and others; the third, celebrated for lightening the pockets of the living. It remained for the present generation to witness the *tria juncta in uno* in our national bard, Thomas Moore. Of his resemblance to Cæsar—or Seize-her (as Fielding calls it)—we hope to give pregnant proof. Like Maro, he extracted the *marrow* from other men's bones, and passed it off as his own chattels; and, if he be not lineally descended from Turpin, his conduct to Sheridan shows, to use the words of the facetious justice in *Joseph Andrews*, "that he was very nearly related to *turpis*."

F. Mahony.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MISS BASSANO AND THE SACRED HARMONISTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Dear Sir,—Can you, as an habitual visitor of the concerts of both these societies, inform me wherefore it is that the above popular and highly talented native artiste has never yet been heard at either of them? I need not enlarge on her claims as one of the first English contralti, for they have been long since attested and acknowledged by the public, and were fully confirmed in her engagement at Covent Garden, during Mr. Bunn's brief lease of that Theatre last autumn. Meantime, her deep love and pure conception of Handel, and (if report speaks truly) the devotional turn of her mind, would make her services, one would think, particularly acceptable to the visitors of the Sacred Harmonists. These remarks were forcibly suggested to me at the late performance of the *Messiah*, by the new society. The two famous contralto songs, "Oh thou that tellest" and "He was despised," were committed to Mr. Young, who was compelled to deliver nearly every note of the former, and a great part of the latter song, with his falsetto voice. You may judge of the effect on those who remember Mrs. Shaw and Miss Dolby. What a falling off was there! No disrespect to Mr. Young; but with the recollection of those accomplished vocalists upon us, it would require the power and flexibility of the voice of Rubini himself to give due effect to these songs. Nor had the committee the plea of economy on this occasion; for while it is to be presumed that Mr. Young would not sing for nothing, vocalists who have never appeared here, are, I believe, compelled to give their services once—and sometimes twice—gratuitously. We were also presented with a couple of youthful *débûtantes*; one, at least, of whom (Miss Laura Baxter) gave fair promise enough. It may be perfectly right to give every facility to youthful vocalists to manifest their talents, or try their unfledged wings, but consistently with the pledges of these societies to the efficient performance of their concerts, and with the claims of the established favourites of the public. As you are no doubt acquainted with the inquiries current on this subject at the Hall, you can perhaps favour me with a solution of this enigma.

Your obliged,
Astyanax.

PROFESSOR TAYLOR'S LECTURES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—I have often wondered at not seeing, in any periodical devoted to Music, an account of the Lectures delivered on that subject at Gresham College, Basinghall Street, during Term, by Professor Taylor, as, in my humble opinion, they are deserving of notice. I send you a short account of the course lately delivered, for insertion, if you think fit, in your interesting periodical.

The subject was "English Dramatic Music," commencing from the time of Dibdin, from whose operas we had the first selection. The vocalists were Miss Rainforth, Mr. Benson, Mr. Hill, Mr. Howe, and several of the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society. Professor Taylor briefly alluded to the somewhat unflourishing state of English Opera at present, and condemned the lately much adopted practice of naturalizing Foreign Opera, which he justly observed, is usually unsuited both to our language and our vocalists. The illustrations from Dibdin's operas were principally taken from the *Quaker* and the *Waterman*. "The Captive Linnet," from the former opera, was nicely rendered by Miss Rainforth; although she seemed to be suffering somewhat from cold. "I locked up all my treasure," "Then farewell! my trim built wherry," and "Did you not hear of a jolly young waterman," were admirably sung by that rising singer Mr. Benson, and excited much applause. The Second Lecture was illustrated by the same vocalists, with the valuable addition of Mr. Card, the Flautist. The selection was from Sheridan and Linley's opera, *The Duenna*, from which were given "Adieu thou dreary pile" (with obligato flute, by Mr. Card), and the introduced air "Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd," were sung with great feeling and taste by Miss Rainforth, who had recovered from her indisposition. The serenade, "Tell me, my lute," "Friendship is the bond of reason," and "Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast," were sung by Mr. Benson. The glees "What art, O Time, discover," "A bumper of good liquor," and the finale,

"Come, now for jest and smiling," were well sung by the principals. The third and concluding lecture consisted of selections from various operas by Linley, Shield, Hook, and Arnold. The Professor stated that Hook during his life composed upwards of 3000 songs. The best songs of the selection were "No flower that blows is like this rose" (*Selima and Azor*, Linley), "Within this breast the record lies" (*Flitch of bacon*, Shield), "Love's soft illusion" (*Castle of Andalusia*, Arnold), and "Like as thistle down moving" (*Rosina*, Shield), sung by Miss Rainforth. "As the sailor when adrift" (*Strangers at home*, Linley) "Let no accusing sigh cause" (*Love in the East*, Linley), and "The hardy sailor braves the ocean" (*Castle of Andalusia*), sung by Mr. Benson. "For you my sweet maid" (*Rosina*), duet by Miss Rainforth and Mr. Benson; and the glee "How merrily we live that soldiers be."

The Professor concluded by observing that, judging from the attention and gratification with which the airs from these operas had been listened to by crowded audiences, he thought managers were wrong entirely to banish them from their "repertoire," as if they were so well received in the form in which they had been there produced, a still more favourable reception might be anticipated with the additional advantages of scenery and dresses, &c., and he promised to continue his subject on an early occasion. Mr. Turle, the organist of Westminster Abbey, accompanied the vocal pieces and greatly added to the gratification of the audience. The Hall was crowded on each occasion.—I remain, sir, your constant reader.

H. N

P.S.—The commercial part of the audience were much amused by an observation of the Professor, that "an Italian opera is a Bill of exchange, which, if endorsed at Naples or Milan, is sure of acceptance in London.

London, Dec. 4th, 1849.

HARMONIC SYMBOLS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—"A Constant Subscriber" states the notes which result from certain concords; and he wishes to know how these causes produce their effects. He has overlooked several letters upon this subject which have appeared in your pages in the course of the last few months. I would refer him to those letters, and to the article GRAVE HARMONICS in Dr. Brewster's *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, for the required information.

"Teutonius" neglects to give either the fundamental bass-notes for his puzzle scale, or the arithmetical symbols for the notes of his scale in the minor mode, which I requested. I know that the former can be done; but I believe that the latter is impossible: because I conceive that his fundamental common chords in the minor mode are fashioned accordingly with a mistake.

Yours truly, J. MOLINEUX.

22, *Hope Street, Liverpool, Dec. 4th*, 1849.

ANSWERS TO MUSICAL REBUSES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I enclose solutions of the rebuses in your excellent journal No. 48, which are at your service.—Yours truly, IAGO.

1st. Bator is the sceptre of a musical conductor, as well as his magic wand; Alboni is a vocalist and the perfection of prima donnas; Lablache is an Italian basso of good quality, as well as quantity; *Fidelio* is one of the best of German operas; *Ernani* is one of the feeblest of Italian operas; Balfe is a British composer of great merit.

2nd. Lyceum is a Theatre in Westminster; *Othello* is one of Rossini's opera seria; Dolby is a talented female singer; *Elijah* is a superb musical structure, and the grand attraction of all musical festivals; Ronconi is an Italian *baritone*; Loder is a British composer of great excellence; consequently, BALFE and LODER are the respective answers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN will appear at the Haymarket on Monday, and perform in the popular play of the *Wife's Secret*. They have encountered the usual warm reception from the press and public of Dublin.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The *Messiah* was given for the second time last night with the same vocalists as before, the same crowd, and the same general excellence in the performance. The oratorio will be given next Friday for the third time. The "Dead March" from *Saul* prefaced the oratorio, in respect to the memory of the Queen Dowager. Meanwhile, Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* is in rehearsal, the production of which will be the great event of the season.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Only one performance has hitherto been given by this society. The oratorio was the *Messiah*. Mr. Surman conducted. A vast crowd assembled; the orchestra was stated to consist of 800 performers—more than a hundred above the number that can, by any possibility, be squeezed into the area devoted to the vocal and instrumental performers.

MISS BINFIELD WILLIAMS' SOIREE MUSICALE took place at the Harley Street Rooms on Wednesday, and was elegantly and numerously attended. Miss Williams is a pianist of very considerable accomplishments, and was heard to advantage in the "Pluie des Perles" of Osborne, a *caprice* of Mendelssohn, and other pieces. The other soloists were Mr. Giulio Regondi on the concertina, and Mr. Cooke on the oboe. Among the vocalists were Miss Dolby, who sang Holmes' ballad, "Scenes of childhood," in perfect style; the Misses Maskall, who made an extremely favourable *début* in the duet of "Two merry gipsies;" Signor Marras, who sang some favourite Italian cavatinas; and Madame Macfarren, who sang the ballad, "She shines before me like a star," from her husband's opera of *King Charles the Second*, with her accustomed power and sweetness. The whole passed off with much *éclat*, and, we hope, was a true benefit to the concert giver.

MR. C. R. WESSEL, the energetic chief of the eminent musical firm of Wessel and Co., in Regent Street, has returned to Town from a six week's tour in the provinces.

MADAME CLAIRE HENNELLE.—This talented and much respected professor is in Paris, giving instructions in the vocal art.

KING CHARLES II.—The successful new opera of Mr. Macfarren has been played thirty times up to the present moment.

WEBER.—Can any one inform us what has become of the project, much talked of some years ago, about a monument to be erected to the memory of the composer of *Der Freischutz*, in his native town? Sir George Smart, Mr. Benedict (Weber's pupil), and Mr. Dulcken were, if we remember well, the chief promoters of the scheme.

BENEDICT.—The "Catherine Hayes tour" in the provinces being completed, this excellent musician has returned to London, to resume his numberless professional avocations.

JULLIEN.—This indefatigable promoter of the public amusement will start on a six weeks' tour in the provinces, with the popular and fascinating Jetty Treffz as his vocal star, directly after Christmas.

MR. H. NICHOLLS gave one of his dramatic readings of Shakspere on Thursday evening, at Exeter Hall. *Macbeth* was the play chosen for illustration.

MISS ELIZA WARD, the pianist, gave a concert on Monday, at the Commercial Hall, King's Road, Chelsea. The fair concert-giver was assisted by Mrs. A. Newton, Miss Julia Bleaden, Miss Eyles, Messrs. J. N. Sporle, and Mattocks, Herr Theodore Haag, Signor Nappi, and Master Ward.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The annual examination of candidates for the King's Scholarship will take place on the 21st inst. C. J. Lyon, Esq., has been appointed general superintendent of the institution.

JENNY LIND.—Mr. Barnum, the Yankee phenomenon-monger, and proprietor of General Tom Thumb, has offered the Swedish Nightingale £40,000 for one year, to sing at concerts in the American theatres or elsewhere, as he pleases, within the limits of the United States. With this sum he has also stipulated to provide Mademoiselle Lind a carriage and horses, three servants, board, lodging, and all necessary and reasonable luxuries. Two negresses might be added, as "helps" for the entire party, and General Tom Thumb, as "tiger." We are not able to say whether these terms are considered sufficiently liberal by the celebrated vocalist.

BALFE.—Our popular countryman is at present at Berlin, superintending the production of his opera, the *Bondman*, one of his very best works. After this, *Keolanthe*, another of his most esteemed operas, will be produced. Balfe's most ardent well-wishers could not desire for him a heartier reception than he has, for the second time, experienced in Germany. His works will be played at the Grand Opera—not at the Italian Theatre (as some have said), of which Signor Orsini is the musical director, and which is of inferior size, resources, and importance.

MR. RICHARDSON AND MR. PRATTEN,—two of our most celebrated flautists, have recently been playing on Siccama's patent flute, the former at the London Wednesday Concerts, the latter at M. Jullien's Concerts. These gentlemen appear to entertain a profound conviction of the excellence and utility of Mr. Siccama's invention. The public, by their applause on each occasion, has testified its concurrence with the preference accorded by these favourite artists.

BATH HARMONIC SOCIETY.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—This society, under the skilful management of Mr. Bianchi Taylor, is becoming one of the most popular in the West of England. The first concert of this season took place at the Assembly Rooms, on the 9th November, in honour of the birthday of the Prince of Wales, and was attended by nearly 700 persons. The selection was chosen from the works of our best composers, and the singing elicited many encores. Two young ladies made their first appearance, and acquitted themselves most satisfactorily. They were encored in a duet by Glover, "When I gaze upon the brightness." Their names are Miss Gilbert and Miss Stanley Heys. The latter has sung at the Hanover Square Rooms as a child (a pupil, we believe, of Signor Crivelli's), and gives promise of future excellence. She is now fifteen years of age. The amateurs number about thirty-five. The society, during the season, gives eight concerts,—four members' nights, and four ladies' nights. The principal soprano is Mrs. K. Pyne. The Marquis of Thomond presides.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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For the Funeral of QUEEN CAROLINE.

String Parts,—Violino Primo, and Secondo, 2s. 6d. each; Viola, 2s.; Violoncello Basso, 2s. 6d. Vocal Parts,—Treble, Alto, Tenor, and Bass, 3s. each. Any portion of the Anthem may be had singly, at 3d. per page. Pianoforte copy arranged by Dr. CLARKE, 8s.; to be obtained of Mr. SURMAN, 9, Exeter Hall, and of all respectable musicsellers.

Mr. JULES BENEDICT

Begs to acquaint his Friends and Pupils that he has returned to Town for the Season.

2, *Manchester Square, December*, 1849.

WANTED

In the CATHEDRAL CHURCH, WELLS, a CONTRA-TENOR VOICE. A person accustomed to choral duty will be preferred; but a good voice and unexceptional moral character will be indispensable. Application to Mr. PERKINS, Organist. A trial will take place early in January next.

Mr. FERDINAND PRAEGER

Begs to inform his Friends and Pupils that he has REMOVED to

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Begs to announce to her Friends and Pupils that she has changed her Residence to

No. 8, Stratton Street, Piccadilly,

where she will be happy to receive them on MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS.

Mr. FRANK BODDA

Respectfully announces to his Friends and Pupils that his SOIREE MUSICALE will take place at No. 8, STRATTON STREET, PICCADILLY,

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12th, 1849.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had of Mr. FRANK BODDA, 42, Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square.

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Will perform at the following places:—Monday, December 10th, at GUILDFORD; 11th, DORKING; 12th, EXETER HALL; 14th, BIRMINGHAM

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Being the Favourite Violin of the late P. RODE, and the only one used by that celebrated violinist. A Certificate of its being genuine will be given by the Widow Rode. The wood, &c., is of incomparable beauty. It is in perfect preservation, and, as it possesses extraordinary power, sweetness and equality of tone, this violin has always been called 'The King of the Guanerini's

Price,—6,000 francs (about £240).

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Auctioneers of Music and Literary Property, will SELL BY AUCTION, at their GREAT ROOM, 191, Piccadilly, on WEDNESDAY, December 18th, and following day, at ONE o'Clock most punctually, in consequence of a Dissolution of Partnership), the Stock of nearly 20,000 ENGRAVED MUSIC PLATES, being a portion of the Stock of the late Mr. PRESTON, Music Publisher, of Dean Street, Soho; comprising a very Extensive and Valuable Collection of INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC, in Score and Parts; HANDEL'S WORKS, Vocal Music, Glees, Sacred Music, Pianoforte Music, &c., by the most esteemed composers, and including many VALUABLE COPYRIGHTS.

Specimens of the Works may be seen at the place of sale, and the Plates viewed at the Warehouse, No. 71, Dean Street, two days before the sale; and Catalogues will be sent on application.

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LAST TWO NIGHTS—M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that his Concerts will most positively terminate

ON WEDNESDAY NEXT, DECEMBER 12th, 1849.

ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 10th, (*the Last Night but One*),

The Programme will include Solos by Miss ELLEN DAY, Mr. PRATTEN; Two Songs by Madlle. JETTY TREFFZ; the Grand Selection from MENDELSSOHN'S "Midsummer Night's Dream," as performed at the MENDELSSOHN FESTIVAL; by particular desire, M. JULLIEN'S New Valse, "Wild Flowers," "The Row Polka," &c., &c.

On Tuesday the Theatre will be Closed, in consequence of the Interment of her Late Majesty the Queen Dowager.

ON WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12th (*Positively the Last Night*).

The Programme will be selected from all the most attractive Novelties of the Season.

On Thursday there can be no performance on account of the preparations for the Bal Masque.

ON FRIDAY THE GRAND ANNUAL BAL MASQUE WILL TAKE PLACE AND TERMINATE THE SEASON.

M. JULLIEN'S BAL MASQUE.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that his GRAND ANNUAL BAL MASQUE, on a scale of UNEQUALLED GRANDEUR, will take place

NEXT FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14th, 1849.

on the present occasion, M. JULLIEN has availed himself of the extensive alterations lately effected in the Theatre, which will afford greatly increased facilities in the arrangements for the Ball. The SALLE DE DANSE will exhibit a NEW and TASTEFUL DECORATION, the Audience Portion of the Theatre, as well as the Stage, being entirely WREATHED WITH ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS. A SUPERB ECLAIRAGE will, as usual, shed lustre on the scene, and be characterised by the SUPERB NOVELTY of a

CHRYSTAL CURTAIN.

In short, every possible exertion has been made to secure the approbation, and ensure the amusement of M. Jullien's patrons, and he feels the greatest confidence of being enabled to present them with an evening's entertainment, which, as a scene of variety and dazzling brilliancy, will be pronounced unrivalled.

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WILL CONSIST OF

112 MUSICIANS, AND BE CONDUCTED BY M. JULLIEN.

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Persons in the Costume of Clowns, Harlequins, or Pantaloons, will not be admitted.

Mr. J. NATHAN, Jun., of 18, Castle Street, Leicester Square, is appointed COSTUMIER to the Ball.

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EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

EVER within these ears is the voice of Cupid resounding—
Ever my eyes to Desire carry their tribute of tears.
Neither the night nor the day brings rest, but by magical philters;
Love's too well-known mark now is impressed on my heart.
Oh! can it be, wing'd Cupids, that you can do nought but assail us?
Oh! is your pow'r at an end when you would fly from our hearts?

J. O.

ALBONI.

AFTER playing Leonor, in the *Favorite*, with immense success, at Amsterdam and the Hague, Alboni has left Holland, covered with laurels. The icy hearts of the flat and drowsy Dutchmen were melted into butter by the thrilling tones and sunny looks of the Italian songstress, whose sweet warbling made the tears flow from their herring-like eyes, and trickle down their India-rubber cheeks. Alboni has the secret of vanquishing all sorts of audiences; she moves with equal facility the stoniest and the softest breast.

Alboni was in Paris last week, and assisted at one of the representations of the *Prophète*, at the Grand Opera. She appeared delighted with Meyerbeer's great work, which she listened to with absorbed attention. Alboni's visit to Paris is not a professional one. It was simply to spend a few days with her youngest brother, who is being educated for the military profession in one of the colleges.

PUNCH AND MENDELSSOHN.

WE write *Punch* first, because he has behaved like a good boy. Instead of quizzing the etymology of the musical critic, he has paid homage to a great musical genius. *Punch* has given the honest reviewers of the press, who have been long fighting for the good cause against the shafts of ridicule and the sneers of indifference, a real lift. He has dealt a buffet to the "fast school," from the effects of which they can scarcely recover. But let Mr. Pips speak for himself. He never had a worthier theme for his quaint and humble eloquence:—

"THURSDAY, *December 6th*, 1849.—Did set my Wife poor Wretch! this Evening to mend my Socks, which is a pretty Employment for her Leisure; and myself to Drury Lane, to Monsieur Jullien's his Concert. *The first Part of the Concert all* DR. MENDELSSOHN *his Musique, which I did long mightily to hear, and, so to do in Comfort, buy a Ticket for the Dress Circle, cost me 2s. 6d., but found the Seats all full, and obliged to stand the whole While*, which made me mad, but a pretty full-eyed young Lady being forced to stand too, and close by me, though with her Brother, did comfort me a little, not that she could not sit, but that she was by me. *Heard a Symphony that did well please me, seeming to fix me into the Clouds, and was mighty mystical and pretty; and the Musique, in the* Midsummer Night's Dream *did give me much Delight, the Twittering throughout the Overture putting me in Mind of Singing-Birds and Fairies and I know not what, and the sleepy Passages very sweet and lulling. Mightily taken with the Prelude to the Mock-Tragedy,* Bottom *his March as droll Musique as I ever heard; but what did most of all delight me was the Wedding March, a noble Piece, and I did rejoice therein, and do think to hire a Band to play it under our Window on my Wedding Day. Monsieur Jullien in his white Waistcoat and with his Moustachios mighty spruce and as grand as ever, and did conduct the Musique, but so quietly in the first Part that I could scarce have believed it, and methought showed Reverence for the Composer; which was handsome.* But good Lack! to see him presently, when he came to direct "*God save the Queen*," flourish his Baton, and act the mad Musician! All the Company rising and taking off their Hats, was a noble sight, and grand the While, to hear that majestical Anthem. Jullien had a special Audience this Night. Between the Parts, I into the Pit to walk about among the Sparks, and there a great Press, and the House crammed to the Ceiling. Did visit the Refreshment and Reading Rooms, where young Blades and Lasses drinking of Coffee and eating of Ices, and some reading of the News, and with Shrubs and Statues round about, and the House all White and Gold, and brightly lighted, mighty gay; and the Sparks jaunty, but not, I think, wearing such flaming Neckcloths and Breast Pins as they were wont. Did stay out the second Part only because curious to hear the Row-Polka, and heard some Musique of the *Prophète*, full of Snorting of Brass Instruments and Tinkling of Triangles, and a long Waltz that did give me the Fidgets, and nothing wherein I could take any Delight at all, save in Jetty Treffz her singing of 'Trab, Trab," which was pretty. At last the Row Polka played, and well-named it seemed to be, and very droll and absurd with Chiming-in of Voices and other monstrous Accompaniments, making a good ridiculous rough Musique. But many of the Hearers did hiss, methought with Unreason, the Polka being no worse than any other Polka, but better as less empty, having some Joke in it.

"HOME, THE WEDDING MARCH RUNNING IN MY HEAD, AND GLAD TO FIND GOOD MUSIQUE DRAWING SO GREAT A HOUSE, WHICH I DO HOPE WILL BE A HINT TO MONSIEUR JULLIEN."

Bravo, Mr. Pips! If you had written three columns, you could not have said more to the purpose. The time is not far off, we are confident, when, writing on the same subject, you will be inclined to give the preference to the first piece, which you now give to the last—to the Symphony, which takes thirty-five minutes in performance, instead of to the Wedding March, which takes only five.

Now that we know where your heart is, good Mr. *Punch*, we shall better be able to put up with your fun. You have spoken with respect and admiration of the great and lamented Mendelssohn. Laugh your utmost now, and make your readers laugh, with our unhappy technicalities; we shall never quarrel with you henceforward.

ALBERT SMITH *versus* A SHEPHERD.

THE Surrey manager has put forth an answer to the accusation of Mr. Smith, which we feel bound in fairness to reproduce, having given a wider circulation to the latter than it could possibly have received through the medium of the Sunday Press. Mr. Shepherd writes lengthily, and as follows:—

MANAGERS AND DRAMATIC AUTHORS.

"Mr. EDITOR,—Perceiving in your paper of the 2nd inst. a letter from Mr. Albert Smith, charging me with having appropriated an original idea of his in the drama of the *Ocean Waif*, now acting at the Surrey Theatre, I request the favour of your inserting the following statement of facts in reply, respecting this said idea.

"Mr. Smith did (as he has stated) propose writing a drama, the main feature of which would have been to illustrate an effect depending solely

on the carpenter's hammer and the blacksmith's anvil, and which drama he kindly offered to make me a present of. Now, considering this effect was to embody and carry out *Mr. Smith's idea*, it would have been a complimentary and valuable gift. It is unnecessary to say why he did not fulfil his good intentions; it is sufficient to state that, through no misunderstanding between us, the drama was not written, though I cannot but express surprise that I had not the advantage of his bounty, having subsequently found that the idea was not his own. The drama of the *Mousquetaires*, by Alexander Dumas, produced in the year 1845, at the Ambigu Comique, Paris, has in it the section of a ship, as described by Mr. Smith, the only incident in the piece produced at the Surrey Theatre which he claims as his original idea.

"My attention was directed to this by the party who arranged the drama of the *Ocean Wave*, and I did not think I was acting unfairly in appropriating an idea belonging to any one (in this country) who might choose to adopt it. Mr. Smith accuses me of having, in the most barefaced manner, pilfered from him this brilliant notion. Now, what can be more barefaced than Mr. Smith's endeavour to palm off an effect produced by Monsieur Dumas, in Paris, as the bright emanation of his own fertile imagination? If my memory serves me, Puff, in the *Critic*, says something about Shakspere having anticipated some of his ideas. Now, believing in Mr. Smith's integrity, I must regard him in the same position as poor Puff—that he was anticipated by Monsieur Dumas; and that he penned the letter which appeared in your columns last Sunday under the hallucination that he had been deprived of thoughts which were solely the creation of his rich, varied, and well-stored mind.

"I beg to apologise for the length of this letter, but look upon it as an act of justice to myself and the establishment I am connected with, to repel Mr. Smith's charges, and vindicate my own integrity.

"I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

"*Apsley-lodge, Clapham, Dec. 7.* "R. SHEPHERD."

Whereunto Mr. Smith reiterates his former opinion in the fashion underwrit:—

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S REPLY.

"Mr. EDITOR,—Perceiving that Mr. Shepherd has replied to my letter of last week in the early edition of the *Sunday Times*, will you permit me to take advantage of your later impression to state that I never saw nor read the piece he alludes to, and that until I have done so and found that the action and set of the piece entirely corresponds with the one I submitted to the Surrey management, I shall entertain no other opinion of the transaction than that which I stated in my letter.

"I do not wish to intrude longer on your time and patience to refute the *whole* of Mr. Shepherd's letter, which I will do him the justice to say is written with much tact. The mysterious "party" who arranged the drama of the *Ocean Wave* is, I expect, the only person who could satisfactorily clear up the whole affair.

"I am, sir, yours respectfully,

"*Saturday Afternoon.* "ALBERT SMITH."

The "much tact" of Mr. Shepherd, charitably acknowledged by his opponent, has escaped us; although we have perused his letter, line by line, placing our fore-finger on each syllable, lest, for lack of due attention, the "tact" should evaporate. However, Mr. Smith, as a magnanimous enemy, has a perfect right to discover good things in his antagonist's defence. We have no business to quarrel with him on that point, albeit our own intelligence is too opaque to perceive the *esprit* of the Surrey manager.

Mr. Smith makes a capital hit when he affirms never to have "seen or read" the piece to which Mr. Shepherd alludes. How then, in the name of Jupiter, could he have cribbed the "action and set" of any particular scene? Nathless, great writers sometimes jump together, and it is possible that Mr. Dumas and Mr. Smith may have instantaneously and consecutively given birth to the same idea, of an inside of a ship in the inside of a theatre. How wonderful are the freaks, or rather the ordinances, of Nature!

After all, however, as Mr. Smith shrewdly guesses, "the mysterious *party*" who concocted the *Ocean Wave* can alone give a satisfactory explanation of this grave and imminent matter.

SONNET.

NO. CLXIII.

Strange was the moment, when the Avatar,
After long fett'ring by an earthly chain,—
After long discipline by earthly pain,—
After an universe had seem'd to war
Against him, and to set a constant bar
To his strong efforts, so that when in vain
He long had struggled, he had wished to gain
Some tranquil spot, from ev'ry contest far;—
Strange was the moment, when at last he woke
From his sad dream, and calmly looked around,
While mystic light render'd his eye sharp-seeing.
No sooner were the fetters seen than broke;
And then each seeming obstacle he found
Was but the efflux of his own great Being. N. D.

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(*Continued from page* 771.)

CVII. When this Egyptian Sesostris was returning home, bringing with him many captives of the nations whose lands he had conquered, and had arrived at the Pelusian Daphnæ, the priests say, that his brother, to whom he had intrusted Egypt, invited him and his children to a feast, and surrounding the house with wood, set fire to it. Sesostris perceiving this, immediately consulted his wife (who had come with him), and she advised him to place two of the children, who were six in number, across the pile, and thus make a bridge over the burning mass, by walking on which they might save themselves. Sesostris did this, and thus two of the children perished, but the rest were saved.

CVIII. When Sesostris had returned into Egypt, and punished his brother, he used the captives of the subdued nations, whom he had brought with him, for this purpose: they drew the stones, which are of enormous size, to the temple of Hephæstus (Vulcan), and were forced to dig all the canals which are now in Egypt. Thus these captives, against their will, made Egypt, which had previously abounded in horses and chariots, destitute of both; for from that time, although the country is entirely a plain, horses ceased to be used. The cause of this is the canals, which are very numerous, and run in every direction. The king had the canals cut, because those of the Egyptians whose cities were not near the river, but inland, suffered a scarcity of *fresh* water, and used the salt water, which they drew from the wells.

CIX. They told me also, that this king distributed all the land among the Egyptians, giving an equal square lot to each person; and that he thence derived his revenue, by imposing an annual tax. If the river took off a part of any one's lot, he went to the king and told him what had happened. The latter then sent persons to examine and measure how much the land had been diminished, that the owner might only pay a tax proportioned to the part that was left. This seems to me to have been the origin of geometry, which afterwards passed over into Greece. The *polus* and the gnomon (*a*) and the twelve parts of the day, the Greeks learned from the Babylonians.

CX. This was the only Egyptian King who reigned over Ethiopia. He left, as monuments, some stone statues before the Temple of Vulcan; two of them, representing himself and his wife, are thirty cubits high, and the other four representing the children, twenty cubits each. A long while afterwards, when Darius, the Persian, was about to put his own statue in front of these, the priest of Hephæstus (Vulcan) would not allow him, saying that he had not done such deeds as Sesostris,

the Egyptian; for Sesostris had subdued no fewer nations than he, and had, moreover, conquered the Scythians, whom Darius had not been able to conquer. Hence it was not just (he said), for any one to place statues before the effigies of Sesostris, unless he had surpassed him in his deeds. Darius, they say, pardoned the priest for these words.

NOTE.

(*a*) The polus is a concave sun-dial; and the gnomon a column on a plane surface to determine the sun's place.

READINGS FROM THE GERMAN MUSICAL LITERATURE.

(Selected and Translated for the Musical World.)

MOZART'S REQUIEM.

A SKETCH BY ORTLEPP.

II.—PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

We meet Mozart again in the middle of the night, but three months later, when he had already completed for his unknown friend the greatest part of his Requiem. Outside it snowed, and the storm blew the flakes against the clattering windows; but in and about Mozart there was nothing but music.

About eight o'clock his wife had entered the room with their two children—a son and a daughter—to beg him to come down to supper.

"I have no appetite to day," said Mozart, "please take your supper by yourselves!"

"But I do not enjoy a meal," said the daughter (the younger of the two children), "when my dear papa, whom I love so much, is not with us."

"Father, you look very pale to-night," said the son, "come down with us to supper; mother has prepared roast-goose, with *braunbake* (stewed greens); you know it is our favourite dish, and you will certainly enjoy it."

"No!" replied Mozart, "to-day I feel no hunger or thirst for eating food. Go, dear wife and children, I wish you may enjoy it. Good night! for to-day I cannot eat a bit. But, my dear Constance, have the goodness to send up a few bottles of champagne; I want something strengthening, as my stock of ideas is well nigh exhausted."

Wife and children went away with tears in their eyes, and left the father alone, who, after the champagne had been sent up, locked the door. Mozart was this night in a peculiar mood. In the morning his boy had wept at his ghastly looks, and said, "Father, I am sure you will soon die!"

He felt, indeed, very unwell. Some days before, the chapel-master, Salieri, had invited him to dinner. In Vienna there was no man who had treated Mozart with greater attention and kindness than chapel-master Salieri, whom, for this very reason, the former did not trust much. The evening after the dinner he felt a cramp and pains in his bowels, against which no physic would prevail. This Mozart, himself, attributed to a dietetic transgression; a fault which he was but too apt to commit, but which this time had produced more serious consequences than ever before. For Salieri was a very pious man, whom there was no reason to believe jealous of Mozart's renown.

It was the same day of the month when the stranger had appeared to him, or when Mozart had, perhaps, merely dreamt of such an appearance. The clock struck twelve. The Requiem, as we mentioned before, had very much progressed, but Mozart's strength was also almost exhausted. He had spent over it many a night, and awoke paler every morning, but yet could not separate himself from the work. This night, in particular, he felt himself to be much disposed for composing. He fancied the dark stranger stood again before him, reminding him of his contract, and supplying him with some melodies and themes, which he still wanted, and which came to him quite spontaneously. The writing went on rapidly; the black man looked over his shoulders into the manuscript, and from time to time whispered into his ears, "Bravo, my little friend! go on! you know you will compose yourself to death; what matters it, whether a day sooner or later, so as you get well paid?"

A shudder came over Mozart; it was as if hell stood at his side, to buy of him his last and most beloved work; but he folded his hands in prayer, and then came into his mind the melody of "Tuba mirum spargeno sonum!" which drowned the whispering of his black companion.

Several times the dark one repeated his whisper—"Mozart, you'll soon die! I help you to write your own death-mass!" But Mozart heard or heeded him not, and continued to write until sleep overpowered his weakened frame.

III.—THE LAST PROMENADE.

It was a lovely autumn afternoon, when Mozart walked for the last time into the fields.

"Upon the silent bowers and meadows
The sinking day drops peace;
The stillness of autumn embraces nature!
How pure and fresh is the air!
How clear the azure sky!
From behind the golden clouds
The ruler of the day smiles 'adieu.'
Insects play on his parting rays!
Into the valley the ravens descend;
A zephyr is whispering through the trees,
And plays with faded flowers."

Thus spoke Nature. Who has not heard that language before? It was like one of Ossian's strains; and Mozart, in his latter days, was, like Napoleon, fond of reading Ossian.

Mozart grew soft on looking upon fading nature. Every thing was so clear, so transparent, so mild—like his own compositions—and yet there rose in the background a huge dark cloud, which more and more overpowered the rising moon, and from which Mozart fancied to see the unknown one look threatening down. At different times tears gushed from his eyes; but what they meant we cannot say. Not one of us knows how a genius feels; for we all are only logs of wood, or blocks of stone.

Mozart grew more melancholy to-day than he had ever been before. There was no elasticity or power in his steps, and when he arrived at a clear spring, from which he drank, he was startled by the reflection of his ghastly features on the mirror-like surface of the water.

Many things he wrote into his pocket-book this afternoon, but all his ideas were autumn-like, some even winterly. He felt a secret longing for the rest of the grave, and resolved to die over his Requiem.

Oh, the world was so beautiful this evening! The mountains swam in the evening mist! The Danube wound like a silver thread through the lovely valley below! And before him lay the city of joy, his dear, beloved Vienna, gilt by the sun's last rays! A hundred lovely melodies played around his ears; but he preserved not one of them; for to-day he had no inclination for writing—he only wished to *feel*. And what he felt that evening, that he has taken with him to the silent grave.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

The *début* of Mr. Bridge Frodsham, the new tenor, whose advent has been looked forward to with considerable expectation, gave a new feature of interest to the ninth concert, last Wednesday. Mr. Frodsham judiciously selected two simple ballads for his first public essay—"I do not ask a token," (words and melody by Captain Hawthorne Reed, of the 17th Lancers), and "Madoline," by Nelson.* He was encored, with great unanimity and good-will on the part of the audience, in both. Mr. Frodsham has a high tenor voice of peculiar sweetness, and so flexible that, with study and practice, almost anything may be effected with it. He has already a very agreeable and unaffected style of singing, which at once placed him on good terms with his hearers. With youth and a prepossessing appearance to back him, Mr. Frodsham may look forward to a successful career, whether his future arena be the stage or the concert room. His nervousness was very evident on Wednesday night, and when he had finished his first song he literally ran out of the orchestra, as though afraid of the applause that greeted him on every side. This timidity, however, began to disappear under the genial influence of public encouragement, and Mr. Frodsham was enabled to exhibit his good natural qualifications more advantageously. The impression he produced was unanimously favourable, and the interest attached to his appearance was not a little enhanced by a strong resemblance, in the upper part of his face, to that of his popular cotemporary, Mr. Sims Reeves. Mr. Frodsham is, we believe, a pupil of Signor Felice Ronconi, a professor of acknowledged eminence, and brother to the celebrated and inimitable Giorgio Ronconi. The pupil does credit to the master.

The selection on this occasion was from the *Huguenots*, in which Miss Poole, Mrs. A. Newton, Mr. Travers, Mr. Land, and Herr Formes took part. The "orgie" chorus, the second song of the Page ("No, no, no," composed expressly by Meyerbeer for Alboni), sung by Miss Poole, with many unallowable alterations; the first romance of Raoul, by Mr. Travers, viola *obligato* Mr. Hill; and the recitative, chorus, and air, "Piff, paff," by Herr Formes, principal, were the selected pieces. The choruses were unsteady and imperfect, owing to an evident want of rehearsals. Herr Formes sang the "Piff, paff" splendidly, and restored some portions of the recitative which were omitted at the Royal Italian Opera, because Signor Marini could not execute them. But the effect of Herr Formes' vigorous singing was pretty nearly nullified, at times, by the slovenly manner in which the choral parts were rendered. It may be remarked, that Herr Formes sang his part in Italian, while the chorus appeared to be singing an *ad libitum* mixture of German, French, and English. The air was encored, nevertheless.

From the remainder of the vocal pieces we can only select a few. Miss Kell (M. Panofka's pupil, whose successful *début* we recorded in our last) sang the "Deh per questo" of Mozart, the choice of which, although it be at present beyond her powers, was honorable to her own ambition and the taste and school of her master. The Misses Gole sang a very pretty and ably written duet, called "The Pilgrim Sisters," the composition of M. Panofka. The clever sisters took the utmost pains, and sang with neatness and point, being accompanied on the piano by the author of the duet. Herr Formes was again encored in Don Giovanni's serenade, "Deh vieni alla finestra," which he sang with much taste, admirably accompanied on the mandoline by a gentleman from the German orchestra, who was favorably mentioned in these columns, last summer, for the same performance at Drury Lane Theatre, but whose name was not in the bills on either occasion. A delicious duet of Mendelssohn, sparkling with fancy and freshness, "The May bells,"* was exceedingly well sung by Mrs. Newton and Miss Eyles. Mr. Leffler was encored in the drowsy old melody, "The Lads of the Village," the delight of amateur table singers, who were flattered by their friends, half a century ago, into the belief that they had voices like Incledon. Miss Kell, M. Panofka's pupil, exhibited further progress, and obtained much more decided success, in Benedict's beautiful ballad, "Scenes of my youth." Mrs. A. Newton revived a song by Shield, "How fondly our hearts," remarkable for vocal difficulty and musical insipidity. The clever singer, however, executed the elaborate divisions with great skill, and was most ably accompanied in an *obligato* oboe part, much more perplexing than graceful, by Mr. Nicholson. This was of old a famous song of Mrs. Billington, but we see no reason why it should have been exhumed from its grave in the church-yard of oblivion. Miss Poole sang, with infinite *naïvete*, a long rambling ballad called "The Keepsake," a sequel to the "Cavalier," and quite as stupid and vulgar. The "Bay of Biscay," sung for the first time by Formes, obtained an encore; but Herr Formes must hear Braham the elder sing this antique nautical ditty before he attempts it again.

The "Cujus animam," from Rossini's *Stabat*, by Messrs. Distin and Sons, on a quartet of Sax-horns, and Bellini's "Meco tu vieni," by Mr. H. Distin, on the *Sax Tuba*, were both admirable performances, but came too late in the evening to be appreciated as they deserved. Of the miscellaneous part we have nothing more to say.

Ernst was in his glory on this, his fifth appearance. He has completely warmed to his Wednesday audience, and encouraged by their hearty demonstrations, has unfolded to them the whole treasures of his immense talent. Never, perhaps, did this wonderful player achieve a more triumphant success than on this occasion. His *Air Varié* of Mayseder, repeated by desire, was a prodigy of execution. Everything succeeded. Not a difficulty, however perplexing, was rendered doubtful by obscurity; all was as clear and satisfactory as it was brilliant and astonishing. The *cadenza* was a perfect marvel; a more extraordinary display of mechanism, a more surprising command of the instrument was never heard, even from Paganini, if, indeed, (which we beg leave to doubt) Paganini ever dreamed of such a *tour de force*. Every variation had its burst of applause, and the *cadenza* was followed by a regular hurricane of acclamations, the like of which we never heard before in a public assembly. Ernst, who was fairly tired with his exertions—for he had already been encored in another *morceau*—returned and bowed again and again; but this was not enough for the multitude—despotic as mobs are ever, despotic and inconsiderate. The hurricane continued, when Ernst had left the orchestra, with increasing vehemence, and he was once more forced to return. Combined cries of "the Carnival," and "the cadence," now rode upon the waves of the hurricane. The mob was divided. Ernst, however, obeyed the majority, and his own convenience—for really the *cadenza*, twice through in immediate succession, was impossible—and played some variations of the "Carnival." At the commencement, the band being unsteady and uncertain in the accompaniment, Ernst amused himself by playing capricious snatches of the melody, suiting whatever harmony, tonic or dominant, which

* From a set of six "Two Part Songs," published by Ewer and Co., of Newgate Street.

the band was playing, until, when all was right and comfortable, he set off in right good earnest, and executed a series of the variations, with which the tumultuous auditors were at length content, and the violinist retired amidst renewed enthusiasm.

The other performances by Ernst were his own plaintive and beautiful *Elegie* in C minor, his performance of which is a musical flood of tears; and the *Romanesca*, a quaint *air de danse* of the 16th century, the pointed, expressive, unaffected, half-playful, half-passionate, and all delightfully capricious manner of his playing, which was as touching as it was charming. This was his first encore.

The band, led by Willy, and conducted by Anschuez, performed the overtures to *Zampa* and *Fra Diavolo* with great spirit. We regretted, however, not to hear one orchestral piece in the classical style from this excellent phalanx of instrumentalists. The hall was crammed to suffocation; the heads of the audience waved about like a troubled sea.

MR. WILLY'S CONCERTS.

A SERIES of six Classical Concerts has been announced by Mr. Willy, in order to afford the public generally, as well as musical amateurs, an opportunity of enjoying the works of the most eminent composers for the chamber. Mr. Willy has not overlooked the signs of the times. The degree of favour shown by the public at large to the orchestral compositions of the great masters at M. Jullien's and the London Wednesday Concerts, by large masses of people, was a fact too suggestive to remain unnoticed or without wholesome consequences. The Classical Concerts, under the direction of Mr. Willy, will, we have no doubt, tend still further to disseminate that taste for music in which the events of the present day show so remarkable a progress. The first concert took place on Monday week. The following was the programme:—

PART I.

Quartet (in D major, No. 63) two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. Willy, Zerbini, Weslake, and Piatti *Haydn.*

Two Songs, (MSS.) { "May" / "The Bride" } Miss Dolby . *Molique.*

Aria—"Dove Sono," Miss Ellen Lyon *Mozart.*

Grand Trio (in D minor, Op. 49), Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello *Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

Grand Sonata (in F major, Op. 5), Pianoforte and Violoncello, Messrs. W. Sterndale Bennett & Piatti . *Beethoven.*

Song—"Tutta ora," (*Scipione*) Mr. W. H. Seguin . *Handel.*

Duet—"The little watchful bird," Miss Dolby and Miss Ellen Lyon *Macfarren.*

Quintet (in A minor) performed by the following members of Mr. Willy's Concert Band:—First Violins, Messrs. Willy, Zerbini, and Mori; Second Violins, Messrs. Bradley, Hill, and Webb; Violas, Messrs. Weslake, Waud, and Day; Violoncellos, Messrs. W. Reed, Gardner, and Calkin; Double Basses, Messrs. Pratten, Mount, and Giles . . . *Onslow.*

Accompanist, Mr. Land.

The performance of the above pieces was what might have been anticipated from such a combination of talent. The great feature, however, was the first trio of Mendelssohn, splendidly executed by Sterndale Bennett, Willy, and Piatti. The *scherzo*, one of the most fanciful of the many exquisitely fantiful creations of Mendelssohn in this particular form, was encored.

Miss Dolby sang Molique's beautiful songs in her own quiet and attractive manner, and was well accompanied by Mr. Land.

We heartily wish success to Mr. Willy's speculation, and that it may benefit himself as much as it cannot fail to benefit the public.

DRURY LANE.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

ON Wednesday night M. Jullien concluded his present series of concerts; one of the most successful, and one of the most deserving of success, which has taken place under his direction. There have been none of those extra and doubtful attractions, in the shape of ear-splitting military orchestras, to engage the attention, by superfluous noises, of the ordinary patrons of M. Jullien's entertainments; but in place of these the general programmes have been intrinsically better than in any previous season, and more plentifully mixed with selections from the works of the great orchestral writers. The recent Beethoven and Mendelssohn nights—(we wish we could add the Mozart night—and the Haydn night—and the Spohr night) were attended with overflowing audiences; the selections were bold in respect of the quantity given—M. Jullien not having quailed ever before entire symphonies—and judicious in respect of their variety and contrast. We have witnessed few performances before a mixed crowd to which stricter attention has been paid, and where applause has been administered with more discretion and heartiness. While paying this deserved compliment to M. Jullien, we must also congratulate, with equal sincerity, the large audiences, whose taste he has been the means of elevating, whose capability of enjoyment he has unquestionably enlarged, and whose respectful attention, while receiving the wholesome lesson administered, must be regarded as a sign more gratifying and more convincingly indicative of the progress of the public mind in appreciating the noblest and purest manifestations of the most innocent and beautiful of the arts, than the flourishing prosperity of a thousand Philharmonics and Conservatoires, where the audiences are exclusively aristocratic and professional.

The instrumental performances, which have involved a more than usual amount of excellence and variety in what may be now called the ballet department of M. Jullien's programmes, have been pleasantly diversified by the nightly exertions of one of the most graceful and accomplished vocalists of the present day—Jetty Treffz. The extensive and various *repertoire* of this popular artiste, which embraces the German, French, Italian, and English schools, provided a continual succession of novelties in the vocal department, which have materially enhanced the attractions of M. Jullien's already more than ordinarily attractive entertainments. Under these circumstances, the increased vogue of the spirited chef d'orchestre's oldest speculation is nothing more than the natural consequence of his enterprise, which he never allows to be lulled to sleep in the security of unchanging prosperity.

On Saturday last Jetty Treffz took her benefit. A bumper house was the inevitable result. The farewell performance of the popular Jetty was also the most interesting. A more hearty and generous reception has not been accorded to any other favourite of M. Jullien's concerts than that awarded to Jetty Treffz on Saturday evening, when she appeared in the orchestra. This enthusiastic reception was but the herald of a series of acclamations with which the artist was hailed during her performances. Eight times did she sing in the course of the evening, all her songs being encored. At the close of her last song an unusual demonstration in the concert-room was made in favour of the singer. Wreaths and bouquets were thrown in profusion, accompanied by universal and prolonged cheering. Of these and any encomiastic displays Jetty Treffz is undeniably the worthy object. She has worked her way silently but surely with the English public, and the firm

footing she has gained by her unquestionable talents no idle breath of favour, nor wanton prejudice, nor restless novelty can alter, or imperil. Mademoiselle Jetty Treffz accompanies M. Jullien in his forthcoming provincial *tournee*.

On Wednesday evening, as we have already hinted, the present series was brought to a termination. The last performance was a happy wind-up to the season. The theatre was crammed to the ceiling; the encores were numerous. Jetty Treffz sang *nine* times! the applause uproarious, and the satisfaction universal and particular. Jullien was received, both on his entrance, and at the end of the performance, with deafening cheers, and the utmost and most vigorous demonstrations which could be shadowed forth by clapping of hands, pounding of sticks, umbrellas, and feet, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, &c. &c.

Last evening the annual *Bal Masque* was given, which proved more brilliant by far than any of its predecessors, more attractive, more novel, and more varied. Of this surpassing brilliancy, however, and of the attractions, the novelty, and variety, we must defer our account until next week, when we shall do our endeavours to render justice to all its excellences. Enough to say, in a word, that M. Jullien has gone beyond all his former efforts, and has kept true faith with the public according to his promises.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

Mr. Macready closed his first farewell engagement at this theatre on Saturday, in *Macbeth*. He returns after Christmas, and appears in a new round of parts. His engagement must be prolonged to an indefinite extent, if, as it is reported, he will play all his favourite characters. In his twenty-seven performances at the Haymarket he has appeared in only five, having repeated one character, Macbeth, no less than eleven times. This looks as though there were a possibility of Mr. Macready's not retiring from the stage in June or July.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean returned on Monday, and appeared in the popular play of the *Wife's Secret*. They were received with immense favour by a crowded audience, who testified their delight at the performance by repeated and signal bursts of applause. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean have been earning laurels in the provinces, and appear to have achieved the most triumphant success in Mr. Lovell's admirable play. During their engagement at Dublin a new piece was brought out, written expressly for Mrs. Charles Kean, entitled *King René's Daughter*, in which the fair actress created a powerful sensation, by her intense passion and pathos. This drama, which is in one act, will be produced on Monday. Mr. Charles Kean has a part in it, although, as we understand, not an important one.

Hamlet was given on Wednesday, with Mr. Charles Kean, Mrs. Charles Kean (Ophelia), and Mrs. Warner (Gertrude). Hamlet is Mr. Charles Kean's most admirable Shaksperian performance, and the fair Ophelia finds a most charming representative in Mrs. Charles Kean.

The *Housekeeper* and the *Wonder* were given last evening.

A new drama, called the *Loving Woman*, will be brought out next Monday. It is from the pen of Mr. Mark Lemon.

PRINCESS'S.

A comic opera, in two acts, called *Mina*: the book by Messrs. Val. Morris and George Linley; the music by Signor Schira, was brought out on Saturday night.

We were present at the representation, and, of course, have formed our opinion of the work; but we defer putting it in print, for reasons that those who run may read.

NEW STRAND.

A dramatic sketch, translated from the Danish of Henrik Herz, was produced on Tuesday night, with decided success, under the title of *King René's Daughter*. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean played a version of the same piece during their recent engagement at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, but their version was by Colonel Phipps, while this is by a writer well-known in periodical literature as "Bon Gaultier," and was published in the *Dublin University Magazine* during last year.

The drama is no more than an exhibition of a peculiar psychological position, and when this is developed, it terminates. A daughter of King René, of troubadour celebrity, has become blind, at an age so early, that she is not aware, by comparison, of her peculiar deficiency, and as she is kept in a state of seclusion by her father, who has enjoined all her attendants to abstain from revealing the secret, she believes that her condition is that of ordinary humanity. A young nobleman, who accidentally discovers her retreat, and is struck by her beauty, awakens in her mind the feeling that there is a world of sensations, of which she has never been aware. Shortly afterwards her sight is restored by a Moorish physician; and, though she is at first terrified by the new scene presented to her, she is soon delighted to recognise her father, and to hear that the youth who first gave her notion of light is her betrothed.

This little piece, simple as it is in plot, is evidently the product of much reflection. The difficulty of making a person destitute of a sense apprehend, even to a slight degree, the objects to which that sense applies, is exhibited with a great deal of acuteness, and also with much poetical feeling, and the verse of the English adaptor is smooth and melodious.

Mrs. Stirling is just the actress to seize on a definite idea, and to work it out with thoughtfulness and accuracy. The uncertainty of her movements as the blind girl, the attitudes, which were too pleasing to be called awkward, but which yet conveyed the notion of an inability in the body to obey the dictates of the mind, were highly truthful; and the air of trusting simplicity with which she replied, even to a strange voice, was the more pathetic from the complete absence of exaggeration. The attitude with which, on her restoration to sight, she greeted the sky above her, approached the statuesque, and showed a profound conception of the beauty of the situation. Mr. Leigh Murray, as the chivalric lover, looked exceedingly well, and by depicting a generous enthusiasm, gave force to a character more slightly sketched. At the conclusion of the piece, which was received with loud applause, Mrs. Stirling, Mr. Leigh Murray, and Mr. Diddear (who played King René) were called before the curtain.

SADLER'S WELLS.

Garcia, a tragedy, by Mr. F. G. Tomlins, printed for private circulation some years ago, was produced on Wednesday night.

The story, which is exceedingly simple, is laid in Spain, at the time when the Inquisition was first established in that country. The Countess de Vieyra, a noble lady, in spite of the entreaties of her son, Garcia, gives refuge to a miserable Moor, who is flying the vengeance of the holy tribunal. The man being afterwards taken by the inquisitors, and put to the torture, reveals the name of his protectress, and she is immediately arrested. Garcia, who believes that her death is cer-

tain if the same evidence which the Moor has given to the Inquisition is conveyed to the court, is moved by a designing noble to waylay the witness in a mountain pass, and to murder him. When Garcia has committed the crime, he finds that he has sinned without a purpose. His mother has been pardoned at the simple intercession of the Queen, but dies of grief when her son is dragged off by the familiars of the Inquisition, on account of his needless deed.

A great merit in this very simple play is the clearness with which the author has defined to himself his own moral purpose, and the care and completeness with which he has represented the peculiar position of his hero. The words of Garcia, towards the conclusion, "I fell for want of trust in Heaven," contain the whole purport of the drama. The moral law that admits of no exception is made to predominate, and the individual, though he seems to have every excuse to violate its sanctity, and is prompted by no meaner feeling than filial devotion, is forced at last to confess that he is—

> "A murderer! whom all shun; who preys on
> His own kind. The worst of thieves; that breaks ope
> The walls of flesh, and steals away the life.
> A self-will'd piece of dust, that dares to take
> The thunderbolt into its weak hand, and
> Launch it where it lists."

Or, as he says in another place,—

> "I am a ruin.
> The immortal gem is flawed. 'Tis marred for ever.
> Love may o'erlook the speck; Mercy forgive it;
> But still the imperfection will be there."

To give significance to the collision which is the basis of this tragedy, Mr. Tomlins has taken great pains to make his hero a most amiable character, innocent almost to weakness. The filial affection, which becomes in him a motive to wrong, is constantly kept before the audience, and is artistically introduced at the begining of the piece, by an allusion which his sister makes to a similarity between him and his mother. No less motive, you feel, could have tempted Garcia to crime, but still the justice of his fall is made obvious. This recognition of the doom of the individual to be crushed, when brought, on the mere pretext of feeling, into opposition to the moral idea, shows that the author has a true perception of the elements of tragedy. His language (considered apart from the metre) is generally forcible and terse, and the fault, common to novices, of over-loading their dialogue with imagery, is avoided.

In the technicalities of his art he is not yet thoroughly practised. His verse is on the mistaken principle of enumerating syllables, without attention to accentuation, but nevertheless it does not read badly in rhythmical prose. To the villain of the piece, played by Mr. Marston, to a slight comic character, acted by Mr. Hoskins, and to other parts of secondary importance, he has not given sufficient substance to render effective the scenes which depend on them alone. Hence some portions of his play appear weak, though still, if we consider the simplicity of his subject, it would have been hard to avoid this defect. The author has reserved his main power and care to the development of his chief figure; and the force and accuracy with which he has set forth the situations of temptation and remorse, show that he has much capability in the delineation of character.

The principal personages were acted by Mr. Phelps and Miss Glyn. They do not admit of much variety, but the harrowing state of horror into which the hero is repeatedly plunged in the course of the work is forcibly depicted by Mr. Phelps, and his weak though amiable character brings into contrast the firm trusting spirit of the mother, played by Miss Glyn with much dignity, and with something of the notion of a supernatural support. The miserable Moor, ever in a state of fright, was also effectively rendered by Mr. Graham.

At the fall of the curtain the applause was loud and continuous, and Mr. Tomlins crossed the stage in compliance with repeated demand. Mr. Phelps and Miss Glyn were also called.

MARYLEBONE.

Mr. Watts, the lessee of this house, took leave of his public on Monday night; Mr. Ellis, his stage-manager, acting as spokesman on the occasion. In the farewell speech which this gentleman delivered, the supporters of the establishment were thanked, the services rendered at Marylebone to the cause of the drama were enumerated, and the removal of the company to the Olympic was officially announced. The audience, which was unusually crowded, on account of Mr. Davenport taking his benefit last night, and also on account of the leave-taking, were loud in their acclamations; and, not satisfied with the appearance of Mr. Watts by deputy, insisted on his coming forward in person.

With this farewell probably ends that style of management which for the last two years has maintained the Marylebone Theatre in a position sufficiently elevated to render it an object of general interest, in spite of its distance from the ordinary theatrical precincts.

Prior to the autumn of 1847, this house was of a class so professedly inferior, that its existence was scarcely so much as known out of its immediate locality. Not having been built very many years, it had not even a reminiscence of better days to clothe it with a sort of *prestige*. Mrs. Warner, however, who, jointly with Mr. Phelps, had succeeded in raising Sadler's Wells from degradation to the respectability which it enjoys at present, thought when she left that establishment that an experiment which had succeeded in the Islington neighbourhood might also have prosperous results in Paddington, and accordingly, in October, 1847, the theatre was opened for the legitimate drama, Mr. Watts being the lessee and manager, and Mrs. Warner the directress. As at Sadler's Wells, the greatest attention was paid to *ensemble*, pieces requiring elaborate decoration were put on the stage in most perfect style, and people who had been trained to fastidiousness in Westminster, and had never heard that there was such an edifice as the Marylebone Theatre in the world, were astonished at the elegance of the *salle*, the beauty of the scenery, and the judgment and good taste which regulated the entire performance. During Mrs. Warner's direction, Mr. Macready played for some nights at the Marylebone.

When Mrs. Warner quitted the theatre, in the beginning of 1848, it continued open under the direction of Mr. Watts, and was for some time a sort of "starring" house. Mr. and Mrs. Keely, Mr. T. P. Cooke, Mr. Buckstone, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam, were among the performers of eminence engaged for short periods. By the engagement of Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Davenport, about a year ago, the performances again assumed a permanent character. Mrs. Mowatt, unquestionably the most graceful actress who ever came to this country from America, had previously appeared with Mr. Davenport at the Princess's and the Olympic, and had made a most favourable impression on the public, which she increased by conquering certain national peculiarities of enunciation, and by gradually becoming more of the artist and less of the amateur. With her personal attractions, her piquant reading of certain parts, and a

peculiar fascination of manner, she is now, in a character that suits her, one of the most pleasing actresses on the stage. This lady, Mr. Davenport, who has most creditably distinguished himself in various departments of leading 'business,' and Miss Fanny Vining, an excellent actress, attached to the house from the time of its opening under Mrs. Warner, have remained the leading artists till the closing on last Friday night. During this concluding portion of Mr. Watts' management, there has been no relaxation of that spirit and energy which, in 1847, raised the house to importance, but the beauty of the decorations and the good taste with which the pieces have been produced, have remained a theme of general admiration.

The Olympic Theatre is to open on "Boxing" night.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

We submit in the best of temper to your annotations on our last article. We believe *you*, Mr. Editor, to be a musician and a composer, and, having no pretensions to either distinction ourselves, we are content to give the impressions made upon us by any composition we hear in the simple character of an ardent lover of music, who desires to give a fair account of music at Manchester. The comparative instead of superlative had been better perhaps in speaking of "The choral episode on the awful power of fire," in Romberg's Ode—to have said that it was of a high or higher (and not the highest) order of composition. The "Wedding March" we still cling to our opinion about, as being grand as well as brilliant; it may be that the writing may be grander in the "War March of the Priests;" we judge only of the effect; certainly the "Wedding March" was the first produced, and has the charm of being the earliest and (in our opinion) brightest inspiration.* We fully agree with D. R., the orchestra could with justice return Herr Damcke's scornful glances. But enough of this: we have something more genial and delightful to communicate. Your correspondent was honoured with a special invitation to Mr. Charles Hallé's Third Classical Chamber Concert, on Thursday, the 6th inst. and a most interesting affair it was. As already intimated, these concerts are held this season in the Assembly Rooms, Mosley Street, and any room more fittingly appropriate it would certainly be difficult to find; sufficiently large to hold the numerous subscribers (who we are glad to see fill Mr. Hallé's list this season), it is just the sort of room to hear chamber music in. As the floor is used for dancing, it was carpeted, a cheerful fire at one end of the room, upwards of one hundred wax lights threw their gentle yet brilliant light (from elegant branches at the sides and ends of the room, and from two beautiful cut glass chandeliers suspended from the ceiling) on a well dressed audience of some two hundred or more of some of our first families—the leading cognoscentis in music—and a very large portion of resident German and other foreigners, notwithstanding whose hirsute visages (moustachoed, be-whiskered, and "bearded as the pard," in the modern French fashion,) the room had quite the easy comfortable air of a large private party, and filled and lighted as it was it looked extremely well. We were quite in a humour to be pleased when Mr. Charles Hallé, Mr. Seymour, and Signor Piatti, made their appearance on the slightly elevated platform to give us Beethoven's trio in B flat. But we forget the programme, here it is,—

PART I.—Trio, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, (in B flat, Op. 97) *Beethoven*—Song, Miss Andrews (pupil of Sir George Smart), "The Maid of Judah," *Kücken*—Grand Sonate, Pianoforte and Violoncello (in A, Op. 69), *Beethoven*.

PART II.—Duo, Pianoforte and Violoncello (in D, Op. 58), *Mendelssohn*—Song, Miss Andrews, "L'Addio," *Mozart*—Fantaisie, Pianoforte, sur "*Le Désert*," de F. David, *Stephen Heller*.

We longed for the ready flowing pen of D. R., and the scientific knowledge of J. W. D., to enable us to make even a faint attempt at doing justice to the trio of Beethoven, and to its able exponents on this occasion; any thing more perfect we never listened to, but when we essay to give ever so slight a sketch of the two lovely subjects in the allegro (which are bandied about—and repeated—and worked out in such a way as no other master ever could or did work out a subject like Beethoven—yet in the most delightful manner), of the wayward playful *scherzo*—the hymnal solemnity of the *andante*—or the brilliancy and grandeur of the *finale*—it does seem vain indeed. Who is there can so handle a quaint grotesque subject as Beethoven has done in his scherzos, teazing it as it were in the most delightfully provoking manner, making order of the most admired disorder, harmony of the most fantastic vagaries? Anon you hear the strange melody grumbling in the lowest depths of the violoncello, next it is given out in the highest treble of the violin, then in brilliant *roulades* on the piano-forte, yet all forming one admirable whole. Beethoven's chamber works are so full of melody, originality, and beauty, and are so suggestive of high thoughts and aspirations, that the mind gets carried away with wonder and delight; and we are apt to forget, in listening to such strains, the master hands who are performing them, in amazement at the wonderful mind and lofty genius of the man who could conceive and perfect such compositions. We need say no more on this occasion than that it must be rare indeed that Beethoven's trio can be done greater justice to; the talented artists seemed each and all thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the composition, and gave to its execution a charm we despair of describing. In the sonata, and Mendelssohn's beautiful duet, we heard more of Piatti, and were very much delighted with his finished execution, and easy gentlemanly style of playing; his tone has not that full roundness we have been accustomed to hear from Lindley,* it more approaches the viola at times, as if he played (as we have little doubt he does) with thinner strings, but when there was occasion he could display plenty of power too—at times he can give a clarion tone almost as full as Kœnig's cornet, although on such a different instrument; at others he can give the effect on his bass string as though we were listening to the pedal notes of an organ—he is a master hand on the violoncello, and Mr. Charles Hallé could not have had a worthier helpmate in Beethoven's sonata. We cannot notice each separate movement, it is a work of beauty throughout, and was evidently a labour of love to these two gifted men; the *adagio* was surpassingly beautiful, and we could but remark that in the three great works performed on this evening—the *andante* in the first, the *adagio* in the sonata, and the *adagio* in Mendelssohn's duet, were all of a sublime, nay, almost religious character. *Sung* as they were on these respective instruments, and, if where all was so superlatively good we must give a preference, it would be in each case to these very movements. The applause was loud and frequent,—the stillness during the performance most marked—and Mr. Hallé may congratulate himself on having an audience that could appreciate the fine taste he had shown in his selection, as well as the rare talent exhibited in the performance by himself and brother artists.

But we must speak of the young lady—the only vocalist of the evening. In doing so, we must say that the vocalities at these concerts are really made so subordinate—being chiefly given as a relief or a break to the instrumental pieces—that it requires a really great singer to make any impression upon the rapt and entranced minds of the audience. To say merely that Miss Andrews acquitted herself well on this occasion would be scarcely doing her justice; she sings like an artist, although so young, and when her voice is more fully developed will, we doubt not, take rank as a concert-singer. The songs chosen for her on this occasion were both of somewhat too sombre a cast, and we should have liked in the first a *leetle* more warmth and more distinctness in her words and articulation. Mr. Hallé himself wound up the concert with Stephen Heller's showy, brilliant, and ingenious fantasia on David's *Le Désert*, which was a marvellous display—*à la* Thalberg—of thundering out an air in the middle of the instruments, whilst pouring forth floods of *arpeggios* like a torrent, with both hands over the whole of it—and what liquid round pearly tones does he elicit! what delicacy, brilliancy, firmness, and power combined! For genuine pianoforte playing, that will rather delight than astonish an audience, commend us to Mr. Charles Hallé! and as an exponent of Beethoven, we do not believe there is a player in Europe to surpass him. Mr. Seymour must not think we neglect

* We merely suggest that there is not the least resemblance between the two marches, and consequently no ground for comparison.—ED. "M. W."

* Signor Piatti's tone is not so full, but quite as pure, and even more beautiful than Lindley's. He is beyond rivalry the greatest violoncellist now living.—ED. "M. W."

him in speaking directly of him last, we have alluded to him already indirectly, in eulogising the excellent style in which the trio was given. It was the only thing he had to do, and we are sure he will think it high praise when we say that his performance was worthy his coadjutors, and worthy the exalted theme they were all three discoursing so eloquently. The next concert, we see, is fixed for the 20th of December.

We are sorry to say there is no talk of any revival of the Hargreaves Choral Society. It has been suggested to make a temporary one in the large ball room at the Assembly Rooms; but it is not large enough to hold an audience that would enable the committee to keep up an efficient band and chorus (which, after all, is the main expense of a choral society,) and, at the same time, to get the best London talent for principal vocalists. Our opinion is, that no good will ever be done until a Hall is built for the especial purpose of the Society. It has been a suggestion that the Hall of Science might be purchased very cheap; but the Hall of Science is not in a desirable situation by any means, being too far removed from the centre of the city; besides, if the Free Trade Hall is objectionable, would not the Hall of Science (with its reminiscences of Socialist orgies,) be still more so? First and foremost, as Mrs. Glasse says, "catch your hare"—in other words, get together *the means*, and better—more central—sites may be found to build a Hall more suitable, yet at a very moderate cost. Why not purchase the land and buildings on the side of Corporation Street—convert the front into shops or offices, and put the Hall in the rear—where now are old crazy warehouses, empty or to be let or sold, we should think, in comparison, for an *old song*—the very thing for a Musical Society to buy?

Thus far had we written, Mr. Editor, before your imperial mandate to provincial correspondents, with its significant *nota bene*, met our eye; luckily, chamber concert programmes are only six lines, and Mr. Charles Hallé's is so classical as to deserve insertion. Were all your correspondents like your Manchester one' their communications would very soon be shorn of their prolixity or redundancy. In another month or two we would rather see the space devoted to the admirable articles from your own pen, and that of your excellent *collaborateur*, D. R., in giving the doings of the Italian operas at "both their houses," than see our own lucubrations in print. We are grateful for, and cordially reciprocate the good opinion of your valued correspondent, Teutonius," and fully agree with him as to the robi—which, by the way, reminds us of the elder Mathews, who, some years ago, in one of his inimitable "At Homes," soon after Omnibuses came into use, contended, in his humourous way, that they ought in the plural to be *Omnibi*.

Jullien, with his usual consummate tact, is taking advantage of the Christmas holidays, when all the young masters and misses are at home, to make his provincial tour; he has announced his Manchester appearances, with Madlle. Jetty Treffz, for December 26th, 29th, and January 1st.

The Concert on Monday, at the Concert Hall, passed off but flatly, we hear: De Kontski's violin being the most singular feature. Madlle. Schloss sang well, and Madame Dulcken never plays ill; still there was no "entusymusy," as Lord Byron said that Braham said long ago.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Mr. Ryalls, who holds the position of *primo tenore* in Liverpool, gave his annual concert, at the Concert Hall, on Tuesday evening. The prices were moderate, and the hall was crammed; in fact I have rarely seen it fuller. The performers were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Anne Romer, and Mr. Ryalls (vocalists), Herr Wiele (pianoforte), and Herr Kohler (cornopean and flageolet). The concert was remarkable for the number of encores, every piece in the programme, with one exception, being re-demanded. Miss Anne Romer met with a warm reception, every thing she sung was encored; after "Love rules the palace" the audience applauded so loudly that she was forced to re-appear; upon which she substituted "Wapping Old Stairs," which she sang without accompaniment. The audience insisted upon encoring this also. Her success was complete. Mrs. Sunderland's soprano was advantageously heard in the ballad, "Little Nell," and other popular vocal *morceaux*. Mr. Ryalls was received with great applause, and encored in everything. His best performance was in Balfe's "In this old chair."

Herr Wiele's performance was a piece of Dreyschock's; he also played variations on "God save the Queen" and "In this old chair." Herr Kohler's nervousness hindered him from displaying his talents as a cornopeanist to advantage. The concert altogether was very agreeable, the only drawback being the eternal encores.

Madame Sontag and party, including Calzolari, F. Lablache, Piatti, Miss Whitnall, and Mr. Percival, will appear at a concert, at the Theatre Royal, on Monday next. The prices have been lowered, and there is little doubt that the speculation will be successful. Sontag is to sing "Home, sweet home," and several of her most popular pieces.

Signora Montenegro and party have been playing again this week, for the last time. *Lucrezia Borgia* was given on Monday. All the performers sang effectively; Montelli (who has lately become Madame Santiago) winning her usual encore in the "Brindisi," and the same fate attending the trio, "Gusl te spreggo." Signor Montelli played the Duke.

Last night *Sonnambula* was performed, in which I think the company appear to less advantage than in anything else they play. Montenegro is not fitted for the character of Amina. She sang the music with brilliancy, but without feeling. I should strongly advise the *troupe* to adhere to operas of a more decidedly comic or serious description. Santiago was encored in "Ah! perche;" and the chorus, who sang exceedingly well throughout, were honoured with a similar compliment in the 2nd act. Montelli was the Count, and his sister Liza. On Friday they make their last appearance in *Norma*, being engaged at Glasgow on Monday.

I cannot omit mentioning that this Italian company has given great satisfaction on both occasions of their visiting Liverpool. All the operas they have produced have been well done, and, though no, one singer in particular can be called first-rate, the *ensemble* has been well worthy of praise. At the Liver Theatre, Anne Romer has been increasing her reputation in *Clari*, *The Beggars' Opera*, *Fra Diavalo*, &c. When she appears at a Metropolitan theatre you will find that the musical public have not praised this young singer without reason.

I append you a notice of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, which has been furnished me by a well-known pen.

This society gave a choral performance illustrative of ecclesiastical music, on the evening of Monday last, in their spacious Hall, to a numerous audience.

This society has hitherto proved itself a good caterer for the musical public, but on the present occasion their efforts were not so successful as customary; the lay vicars from the Cathedral at Chester were engaged to sustain the voice part of the anthems, and we confess our opinion, that the society could have chosen much better talent from their own body. We do not wish to detract from the merits of the gentlemen as lay vicars; they may be well enough in their places, but certainly have no pretensions to figure as concert singers. While Liverpool possesses ecclesiastical musicians of local eminence, we do not think there was any reason to have gone from home, as we know of no choral body better qualified for the illustration of Church music than the Liverpool Philharmonic Society. With the exception of the Chester choir (Miss Stott from severe indisposition, being unable to appear) the principals were Misses Parsons, E. Stott, and Linacre, together with Mr. Armstrong.

In consequence of the death of the Queen Dowager, the performance opened with the Dead March in *Saul*, played upon the organ.

The first anthem was Croft's "God is gone up with a merry noise," which was executed creditably. This was followed by Neukomm's "Offertorium," which was rendered in clever style by Mr. Armstrong, whose fine *bogso* told well in the noble hall.

Farrant's prayer was next on the list; one of those *morceaux* in which the chorus of this society excel. This composition was sung with precision and feeling, and obtained an unanimous encore.

Boyce's anthem, "By the waters of Babylon," came next. We were much disappointed with the execution of this work.

Spohr's beautiful arrangement of "As pants the hart" followed, the solo being given to Miss E. Stott, in the absence of her sister. This psalm was also encored. In the choral accompaniment we were pleased to notice the *pianos* and *fortes* well marked. It was hardly warranted in Miss Parsons to act as *prompter* to her fair associate, especially when the latter did not require her hints. The effect was to cause a slight hesitation in the time, which would not otherwise have occurred.

Miss Parsons might profit by a closer attention to the conductor's baton. This hint is thrown out in friendly feeling; but we have noticed in her a habit of *dragging*, which she would do well to conquer, if possible.

S. Wesley's motet, for a double choir, "In Exitu," closed the first part, and had it been taken in its proper time, would have told well, but it was too hurried and not sufficiently distinct. The second part opened with Purcell's anthem, "O give thanks," in which the *alto* solo was, for some inexplicable reason, omitted, although there were two professional *altos* present as principals. With this exception, the anthem was well given. Miss Parsons sang "To thee, O God;" and the unaccompanied trio from *Elijah*, "Lift thine eyes," nicely sung by Misses E. Stott, Linaere, and Parsons, was, as usual, encored. Mendelssohn's music seemed to be the most in favour during the evening, which was hardly to be wondered at in the midst of so many old masters. Hayes's anthem, "Lord, thou has been our refuge," and Boyce's "O, where shall wisdom be found," followed in succession. We were disappointed with the *soli* in the latter anthem, which, with the exception of Mr. Armstrong's, were too dry and mechanical.

The concert ended with Spohr's "How excellent," which few of the audience had the good grace to remain and hear.

The chorus of the society must have had good drilling at rehearsals. They did their duty effectively. For the solo voice parts, we regret we cannot say as much; they could never start together, and, consequently, there was scarcely a verse sung with decision.

Mr. W. Sudlow, who is the secretary of the society, did not preside at the organ (his usual duty) on this occasion; officiating as conductor. His place was filled by Mr. Best, a young musician of talent, though rather too fond of sacrificing the composer's ideas to his own facility.

Jullien and his "goodly company," including Jetty de Treffz, are engaged by the society for two concerts at Christmas.

J. H. N.

MUSIC AT READING.

(From a Correspondent.)

One of the best concerts I remember having attended here for a long time, was given in the Town Hall on Wednesday evening, by Mr. A. H. Tull. This gentleman is, or has been, a Professor of the Royal Academy, and is a flautist. The entertainment of Wednesday was the third of a series of vocal and instrumental concerts. On the present occasion the vocalists were the Misses A. and M. Williams: the instrumentalists, Kate Loder (piano), Blagrove and Patey (violins), R. Blagrove (tenor), Lucas (violoncello), and A. H. Tull (flute). I should have sent you a printed programme but for your prohibition in your last number.

The concerts opened with Mendelssohn's quartet in E flat (Op. 12) for two violins, viola, and violoncello, executed in first rate style by Blagrove, Patey, R. Blagrove, and Lucas. This quartet, an early work of the composer, is nevertheless the decided offspring of genius, and sparkles with his delightful peculiarities. It was listened to with great interest. The quaint *canzonetta* (allegretto in G minor) was rapturously encored.

The duet from the *Prophète*, "Della Mosa," for Bertha and Fides, was charmingly sung by the Misses Williams, although it naturally loses something by removal from the stage. Miss Ann Williams was deservedly encored in Spohr's lovely song, "The Bird and the Maiden." Mr. R. Blagrove played the clarionet *obligato* on the concertina very cleverly. Miss M. Williams also received an equally well-merited encore in Mozart's fine air "Io ti lascio;" and the talented sister divided a similar compliment in Macfarren's "Two Merry Gipsies," one of the prettiest and most popular of chamber duets.

Mr. Patey played a violin solo—a "Romance Sans Paroles" of Vieuxtemps—with great taste and energy, and was much applauded.

Mr. Tull performed a fantasia on the flute. His tone is clear and true, and his execution neat. He introduced Drouet's "God save the Queen," with variations—an old, but not an ineffective composition for the flute.

Kate Loder, whose appearance was hailed with great applause, played Beethoven's *Sonate Pathétique*, and, with Mr. Tull, a "Grand Potpouri," by Boucher and Benedict, for flute and piano. The accomplished pianist performed with more than her usual energy and feeling in the two first movements of the sonata; and exhibited all her accustomed brilliancy and finish in the *Rondo Allegro*. Miss Loder produced an evident sensation among the good folks of Reading, and more than confirmed her London reputation.

Beethoven's Trio, No. 1. (Op. 9), for violin, tenor, and violoncello, went excellently in the hands of the Messrs. Blagrove, R. Blagrove and Lucas.

The concert, which was under the patronage of the High Sheriff of Berks, and numerous gentlemen of rank and influence, attracted a large and fashionable audience.

MUSIC AT BELFAST.

(From our own Correspondent.)

In sending to you an extract from "*The Northern Whig*," relating an occurrence that took place on the Belfast stage, you must permit me to say briefly, that I should gladly not have done so; considering it one of the things better concealed than brought to light; but, fearing that a garbled statement might find its way to London, I prefer at once to give the whole proceeding, and leave its decision to the judgment of your readers. I must needs remark, by the way, that this affair would certainly not have taken this unpleasant turn if all the parties engaged had not acted on the heat of the moment; the remark by the kind-hearted editor of the *Northern Whig*, on Mr. Whitworth's appeal to the public, would not have been treated so contemptuously; Mr. Whitworth would not have appealed to the public, which, however, he did in the most gentlemanlike way (and, by the way, be it said, that we know no member of the profession whose private character deserves more esteem than Mr. Whitworth's); and Mr. Cunningham would not have given up the management of a theatre which, by his spirited enterprise, he had raised to a degree that gained him the thanks of all that section of the inhabitants of Belfast who go to the theatres; as religious motives on one side, and whiskey-punch meetings on the other, leave but a small public to encourage Thalia and Melpomene.—Yours, &c., X. P.

The Affair in the Theatre, on Friday Evening.—Scarcely anything could be more foolish or in worse taste than the conduct of the operatic gentlemen, on Friday evening, in coming whining and complaining before the audience, because of some pecuniary differences between them and the manager. What had the audience to do with the matter? Had *it* failed in its part of the understood contract? No; but because the gentlemen were dissatisfied with the manager, they must, forsooth, give the audience only *part* of what it had made bargain for, and paid for! If all great persons, like these singers, were to feel at liberty to act in this way, we should have a pretty time of it. The manager has thought it necessary to defend himself in the following letter, which we publish with only one feeling of regret. From all we can learn, we think that his sensitiveness has led him to mistake the spirit of the great majority of those present. They ought, no doubt, to have promptly ordered the operatic intruder off, and told him to settle his private affairs privately; but, in such a case, people cannot at once make up their minds, and concur in what they should do. We have heard only one opinion expressed on the subject, and that confirms our own, which is, that Mr. Cunningham has misconstrued the real feeling of the house. The following is the letter:—

"To the Editor of the Northern Whig.

"Sir,—From the kind and just remarks made in the *Northern Whig*, of Saturday last, respecting the disagreeable occurrence which took place

in the theatre on Friday evening, I am led to hope that you will permit the following explanation and remonstrance to appear in your Journal.

"The difference between Mr. Whitworth and myself having been arranged, by Mr. W. volunteering before two gentlemen, chosen as arbitrators, to do, on Saturday morning, what I had urged him to on Friday evening, *before* his appeal to the public, and the gentlemen in whose hands I placed myself having advised me to close with his offer amicably, rather than part 'unfriendly,' I feel, as regards Mr. Whitworth, that my hands are tied, as I cannot enter so fully into the dispute between us, particularly in his absence, as I could have wished. But, the accusation having been public, my duty to myself and friends compels me to make my vindication public also. If I depart from the facts of the case in the slightest degree, the two gentlemen chosen to decide between us, and before whom the letters relative to the engagement were laid, will not hesitate, I am sure, to contradict me. In reply to Mr. Whitworth's offer of the services of the operatic company for Belfast, I wrote that I should be happy to receive them on the 12th of November (the time we then stated); but that as there had been disappointments lately in engagements where Mr. Sims Reeves was concerned, I could not take the risk of advertising and preparing for the opera, unless he (Mr. Whitworth) would agree to pay a moiety of my expenses, should any disappointment occur in this case, arising from *illness* or other causes. To this Mr. Whitworth assented, in these words:—'I think we now understand one another, as to terms, *viz.*, to divide the receipts on the basis proposed by you.' The *time* of the engagement was then altered, at his wish, and named for the 5th of November, instead of the 12th. The public of Belfast can avouch, that this arrangement was announced; and I exerted myself to prepare for their reception; but, being in want of a few auxiliaries, I left Belfast for Dublin, on Thursday, 1st November, and was astonished to see, on my arrival there, on Friday morning, bills out announcing the appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves, and party, at the Theatre Royal Dublin, on *Monday, the 5th, the very time they were engaged to me!* This was the first intimation I received of the disappointment in store for me, Mr. Whitworth's letter, dated Thursday, having crossed me on the road; and naturally surprised, I sought an explanation, when it appeared, that owing to illness in Liverpool, Mr. S. Reeves had not studied the part of *Ernani*, and when it was announced in Dublin, could not appear in it; consequently, the theatre had to be closed on that night. But, Mr. Calcraft insisting, I presume, upon the full number of nights for which the operatic company had engaged, and as there are only a certain number in a week, the additional night had to be borrowed without leave asked from me, and Belfast was to be sacrificed for Dublin. I had no resource but to break off the engagement, and seek my remedy at law, or consent to the postponement. The latter course I adopted, consoling myself with the reflection that it was lucky I had inserted the clause respecting the moiety of my expenses being paid, in case of disappointment. I will not take up your time with an enumeration of the difficulties and annoyances I had to encounter throughout the whole of this unfortunate engagement, but come to the concluding scene. That there might be no dispute as to money matters between us, I never interfered between the box-keeper and Mr. Whitworth, with whom, every night, after the performance was finished, he divided the house. The last night I intended to settle myself, that we might arrange respecting what I was to deduct from it as Mr. Whitworth's moiety of the expense occasioned by the disappointment, and directed the box-keeper to tell him that I would see him at eleven o'clock the following morning, for that purpose. To this he objected, and insisted upon having it settled that very instant. When I saw him, and offered to go through the accounts with him, he repudiated the idea of any remuneration to me, refusing, also, my offer to leave the matter in dispute to any gentleman he himself might name; he would have the whole amount that instant, or he would appeal to the audience (a very competent tribunal to decide upon a litigated account, at twelve o'clock at night). I would not be coerced by such a threat, and then came the scene—not incidental to the opera—one that I was not prepared for, especially as I had been confined to my bed for two preceding days, and was so hoarse that I could hardly speak so as to be heard. Mr. Whitworth, I believe, acted on the supposition that the original agreement was vitiated when the time was altered with my consent, forgetting that the disappointment had then taken place. It was injudicious on his part, to say the least of it, to address the audience; and I am sure on reflection, he thought so, for the next morning he made me the offer, which I accepted, rather than carry the dispute farther. But what, sir, shall be said of an audience, who, when their manager—known to them for a number of years, who had never been accused before of breaking faith with public or actor—under whose management the Belfast Theatre was esteemed and visited by every *artiste* of eminence, without farther guarantee than his word—what, I repeat, shall be said of an audience who, when this manager appeared before them to repel an unfounded accusation, almost refused to hear him, and doowned his explanation with their uproar? For the favour of the gallery, I care no more than I did for their threats, when they honoured me by placarding their animosity, because I refused the use of the theatre for a seditious meeting; but, I confess, the apathy of the better portion of the house touches me more nearly—'Service is no inheritance.' Nevertheless, I was entitled to be heard, supposing that I had forfeited the good name I had acquired during the eight years the theatre was under my control, and for my former services. My friends—for surely I had some in the house—should have insisted upon this right. If a manager is to be 'frightened from his propriety,' by a threat of an appeal to the public, whenever an individual in his establishment supposes that he is wronged, farewell to all discipline. For their own sakes, the audience should condemn and put an end to such proceedings. I am not, sir, now writing for myself; as, towards me, the Belfast audience shall never have another opportunity of conducting themselves as they did last Friday. That night's proceedings close my career in Belfast, as a manager.

"I have made an engagement with the eminent tragedian, Mr. Macready, to receive him in February, that he may take his farewell of Belfast; but, as I have the honour to call that gentleman my friend, I am sure he will not hesitate to release me from my agreement, when he is made acquainted with the cause that compels me to request it.

"Regretting that I have been dragged before the public, and apologising for the length of this letter, I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"*Holywood, Nov. 26th.*" "THOMAS CUNNINGHAM."

REVIEW.

"*Polka Glissante.*"—WESSELL AND CO.

THIS is one of the most attractive trifles we have seen for some time, being at once most admirably suited for dancing and very effective for the pianist. Its peculiarity lies in a sliding passage for one finger that is effectively mixed up in the rhythm; this *pianoforte trick*, which Henry Herz made general, and has not been disdained by more classical composers, Weber and Hummel having introduced it with propriety, and therefore with good effect, in some of their most important works, is here employed to a different purpose, but no less effectively than we can elsewhere remember. The *Polka Glissante* has a clearly marked and especially catching melody, and if there be any thing new under the sun at this season, when the sun so rarely shows, may be said to possess unusual novelty. We vaticinate much popularity to it throughout the approaching harvest of hilarity.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—Mademoiselle Vera's *début* is the only incident at the *Théâtre Italien*, worthy your notice. You have heard the *débutante* at Her Majesty's Theatre, so I need not enter into particulars to describe the quality of her voice, and her capability as an artiste. It is enough to say her voice is very pleasing, true, and flexible; her style and method artistic, while her appearance is most favorable as an actress, she possesses energy and a certain amount of dramatic force. Mademoiselle Vera made a decided hit with the Parisian public in the *Elisir d'Amore*, and, if you are to accredit the journals, created a *furore*. A certain degree of timidity was generally remarked in the performance of the fair artiste, but this seems to me to attach a new grace to her. While the friends of Madlle. Vera must be perfectly satisfied with the impression she has created in her first appearance, they must not be led away by certain journalists who hint at her undertaking the part of Semiramide, the result of which would be nothing short of the utter annihilation of all she had previously earned. But, although I have perused such a notion in one or two papers, I do not think Ronconi so inconsiderate as to hazard such a performance before a Parisian audience. It is much more probable, if *Semiramide* is brought out at all, that Madame Ronconi will undertake the Babylonian

Queen. Before quitting the *Elisir d'Amore*, I must inform you that I look upon Ronconi's Dulcamara as one of the greatest pieces of comic acting I ever saw. *La Presse* says that Luchessi, the new tenor, who has arrived at Paris, is the only singer in Italy who can worthily interpret Rossini's music. By the way, when it is well ascertained that Rossini's operas are, and have been for some years, *rarae aves* at the Italian theatre, how can the *Presse* establish that fact? Luchessi, however, may be the best singer of Rossini's music *in* Italy, but while Mario is living he must be a phenomenon indeed if he be the best *out* of Italy. This fame-heralded tenor is to *début* in *Matilda di Shabran*, one of Rossini's earliest and smallest operas, but which contains the germs of some of his greatest after accomplishments. This opera has not been performed since 1831. No doubt it will bring a few good houses. There is no work of Rossini entirely devoid of interest, and so much cannot be averred of all modern works. Two new vocalists are to appear in *Nabucco* — the tenor Ferrari and Madame ———. Of the lady great things are expected, and report is busy with her numerous excellencies. Of Signor Ferrari I know nothing. Brendel's *Musical Zeitung* mentions, that the fair and talented vocalist, Madame Rosalie Schodel, who some years ago created so great a sensation by her performances in the German company at Drury Lane—believed throughout Germany, to have been executed at Debrecsin for a high political offence—has been lately singing at Pesth. Without being a metaphysician one may, therefore, conclude that Madame Schodel was *not* executed at the before-named locality.* P. P.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I am delighted to find that "Teutonius" has not heard of me in Germany, because it shows the class of musicians he belongs to in his Father-land; and that title I gave him, "*Innocent*," is not *altogether* a severe or unjust one. I trust, Mr. Editor, you will think that a sufficient answer to such fish as crabs and lobsters; and I remain a greater admirer of *Charles II.* than your crawling correspondents. FRENCH FLOWERS.

3, *Keppel Street, Russell Square.*

ASPULL IN RE FLOWERS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Oh, the World!—*Musical World* I mean—I write with mingled emotions, but of the *species* I will not attempt to describe. It was said—nay, bruited forth—that the *Musical World* had lost one of its brightest luminaries, that it was lost to imperishable fame, and that darkness reigned where light in its utmost refulgence did shine before; But never did true and worthy merit, however *modest*, sit long under a bushel, and lo! comes forth in radiance supreme, that "fearless," "conscientious," and reckless correspondent, who rejoices in the name of French Flowers. Thrice has he appeared in the pages of the *Musical World* in almost as many weeks, with a "felicity" quite his own, no doubt, but with a "despair" to your readers, none but he, however desperate, can inflict. Thrice has he appeared, and with what success I take the liberty of recording. His first *coup* was evinced in a singular *mal-a-drot* remark on Mr. Macfarren's excellent criticism on Beethoven, which that true son of genius condescended not to notice. At the foot of his letter was a remark equally *mal à propos*, which, while eulogising a most deserving and highly talented young artiste, inflicted a chastisement upon her composers, as uncalled-for as it was undeserved. However galling the remark might be to these around, to the fair artiste herself it must have given a deep and bitter pang.

* Is not this old news?—ED. "M. W."

In his second contribution, after his very modest, and gratuitous mode of proclaiming his reverend ancestors, he adroitly eulogizes his new and original mode of "chanting," and in terms that his acquaintance with the Moses-ian and Hyam-esian muse is profound; and, lastly, in his third apparation, comes forth the gigantic, portentous, and overwhelming announcement that he, the said "French Flowers," is pleased, nay, absolutely *admires* the new opera by Macfarren! But listen, ye writers of the musical press; listen ye, whose elaborations in the *Times*, the *Daily News*, the *Post*, the *Chronicle*, the *Herald*, the *Athenæum*, *Spectator*, and *Examiner*, and even the *Musical World* itself, evince as much sound, just, and true criticism on art-musical as doth any press in the world's widest range—Listen, I say, nor let each particular hair stand on end, for it has been reserved for "French Flowers" to be the only exponent of truth! He writes you down, as "liars of the first magnitude!" In short, he conceives it an absolute necessity, that "though the press is unanimous in its praise of the opera," it requires the stamp, authority, and value of his opinion, to make it current in Germany. He gravely tells us that the Germans do not credit *all* they read in our newspapers in matters of art, and as *he* is known in that country, *he* takes the liberty *on this account*, as *he* says, "to give *my* public opinion of this opera, being known in that country, and *my* word being credited (credit, Judæus); for they know that I am fearless and conscientious, and affix *my* name to all I write!"

This is really absurd, and is perhaps better calculated to move the risible organs than those of any other faculty. Martial says:—

"He that moves another man to laughter,
Must first begin, and t'other soon comes after."

In this view, I will not question the propriety of admitting such trash into the pages of the *Musical World*. But even this may be carried too far; I felt it painfully so, on reading letter No. 3. Dr. Johnson describes laughter as "convulsive merriment." I can tell you, Mr. Editor, that there is no meriment in getting into convulsions. Some people say extraordinary things when so seized. Even so alarming, as would surely act as a preventative to its indulgence; for instance, they go so far as to say they were convulsed with laughter—ready to burst—splitting their sides—and lastly, in due order, dying with laughter! I will not say these ejaculations were wise, but did not Chissippus die laughing, when an ass was invited, and did actually sup with him? Did not a great man burst with laughter, when a monkey came to his bed-side and put on his tiara? And yet what are these to the contributions of French Flowers? Laughter is weakening. Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, gives an amusing anecdote. But *revenons à nos moutons*;—had Mr. Flowers' letters possessed no other attribute—no other provocative than that of laughter, his letters had like himself been harmless. His observation, however deserved, as said before, on Miss Louisa Pyne (and no one will join more heartily in praise of that young and exquisite singer than myself) contained in addition, a remark that provoked anything but a happy feeling. There is a singer whose style, phrasings, and method, proclaim him among the best vocalists this country ever possessed. I need not say, that were Mr. Allen's voice commensurate in power and fullness of tone, with that of his facility—as well as of his true taste, just conception, and pure delivery—he would be second to none in opera, whether from a Beethoven, Mozart, Rossini, Meyerbeer, or any other author, living or dead. Macfarren's opera has all the stamp and imprint of genius, and of a high and noble order. It is fraught with the intensity of genius; glowing with original thought, invested in the most magnificent and gorgeous apparel of beautiful imaginings, stamped with the manifestations of talent in every bar—vigorous in style, and almost omnipotent in varied beauty. We are introduced into a new and delightful region; pursue then, Macfarren, a course which nature and art alike enjoin. Thy *ignorance* is of far more value than is the learning of the staunch upholders of Voglerian theory, yclept classical! Music will be to thee the fulcrum that Archimedes idly wished for, wherewith to move the world. Throw thyself on thy own resources—they are exhaustless. Borrow not from ancients or classicals: Thou hast imagination productive enough to create for itself; dig into thy mind for facts, and into thy heart for feelings. Run through every vicissitude of thought—the joyous, the sad, the mournful, and the grotesque, and my life upon it, the results

will be the same. There have been some men whose will is the father of the power. Few in number are they, rarely do they come. Be thine so.

A word to Mr. Flowers. I did not think I ever should have another word with, or much less from him, but I have been for many years a subscriber to the *Musical World*, even from its birth; and it is not an unseemly act for those who take as much interest in its welfare as I do, to protect its pages in instances where an Editor feels that his doing so might appear invidious.

I have the honour to be, your very humble servant,

WILLIAM ASPULL.

MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

(*Continued from page 774.*)

Bayes. This is my book of Drama Common-places, the mother of many other plays.

John. Drama Common-places! Pray, what's that?

Bayes. Why, sir, some certain helps that women of art have found it convenient to make use of.

John. What are those rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or *regula duplex*, changing verse into prose and prose into verse alternative, as you please.

Smith. Well, but how is this done by rule, sir?

Bayes. Why thus, sir,—nothing so easy when understood. I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere—for that's all one; if there be any wit in't—as there is no book but has some—I transverse it; that is, if it be prose, put it into verse (but that takes up some time), and if it be verse, put it into prose.

John. But, Mr. Bayes, are you not sometimes in danger of their making you restore by force what you have gotten thus by art?

Bayes. No, sir; the world's unmindful; they never take notice of these things.

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, among all your other rules, have you no one rule for invention?

Bayes. Yes, sir, that's my third rule; that I have here in my pocket.

Smith. What rule can that be, I wonder?

Bayes. Why, sir, when I have anything to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do; but presently turn over this book, and there I have at one view all that Persius, Montaigne, Seneca's tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's Lives, and the rest, have ever thought upon this subject; and so in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the business is done.

The Rehearsal.

WHEN the inspired prophet, holy Job, exclaimed, "*Oh! that mine enemy had written a book,*" he must have alluded to that order of books which modern writers call pieces of plagiary; for, in the detection of his enemy's robberies, he would doubtless have repaid himself for whatever injuries he had suffered at his hands. I know no other interpretation which this part of Scripture can receive; and I hold it to be important, as establishing beyond all controversy, the great antiquity of literary felony. For let us reason thus—Job wished his enemy to write a book, which should be either good or bad. Now, if the book were good, it is unlikely that the prophet would have selected his enemy, above all other men, to be the author—the sublime precept of Christianity, to render good for evil, not having been yet promulged; and if the book were bad, it must have been compounded of plagiarisms; for if *original*, it could not be considered bad. It is clear, therefore, that the inspired writer wished his enemy to compose a book of plagiarism, in order that he might have the gratification of exposing and degrading him before mankind. From hence it follows, that plagiarism was known, practised, and cherished, among the Hebrews, who, I am inclined to think, received it as a traditionary custom from Eve herself, as mentioned a little while ago; and by that ancient people is the art of appropriation practised, even unto this very day. This, I believe to be the earliest intimation of its existence to be found in the books. From the land of Judah it was carried into Egypt, where it suddenly grew fashionable, and to this, indeed, we may attribute the origin of Egyptian erudition: for as it must be confessed, that to be a plagiarist, a man must know how to read and write, so a devotion to the fashion induced in them a desire to learn the alphabet, and thus they proceeded by degrees to make great discoveries in art and science. And it was a delicate allusion to the custom then prevalent, of making new books in the same manner that apothecaries (as old Burton informs us*) make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one vessel into another, and then adding some new-fangled title to the fluid, that the Alexandrian library bore over its entrance, the inscription,—

ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ.—*The Physic of the Soul.*

FROM Egypt it was transmitted easily to Greece, and from thence it passed over the world, until at length it finally settled in our happy island of Great Britain, the air of which seems to be particularly favourable to its growth and culture; so much so, indeed, that plagiarism has never, by any people, been so extensively practised as by our noble English writers.

It was a favourite aphorism of Sir Isaac Newton's grandmother, that "Nothing is new under the sun;" and few more manifest truths are to be found in the writings of either Aristotle or Bacon. Whether the good old lady discovered the fact by her own acute observation, or was taught it by her ancestors, I do not positively know, but the same thing has been frequently expressed by the august seers of old. And among other writers of great and good reputation, it is to be met with in the didactic comedies of Terence, somewhat, if I remember aright, in the following fashion:—

Nullum est jam dictum, quod non dictum prius.

Now, than Terence, no man was better qualified to say this. It came, indeed, with peculiar propriety from the devastator of Menander, and was probably presented to his audience as a peace-offering, or humble and contrite apology for those shameful acts of robbery which he every day exhibited before them on the Roman stage. And it was not without reasonable cause that he endeavoured to atone for a crime which has been at all times marked with befitting reprobation. Plagiarism, as he well knew, was but another name for infamy; and his natural African shrewdness taught him that the surest way to disarm justice of more than half its force, was to avow openly and candidly his own crimes, and to plead in extenuation of punishment the general prevalence of the thieving vice among the banditti of Parnassus. That it succeeded fully need not be told. It is questionable, however, whether Terence would be regarded by the present age in any loftier light than that of a mere translator, if the works of Menander had survived the general wreck of Literature, for which this good-natured world has to thank wars born of low ambition and the pride of kings. Certes, there never lived a literary pilferer of greater luck. The destruction of Menander established the fame of Terence on a basis which must endure as long as the world itself. And it is this very loss alone which has reconciled us to the plagiarisms of that author. Nay, we now feel grateful to him for having transmitted to us a portrait, however faint, of the inimitable Grecian.

But with plagiarists of the modern race, whose originals are every day to be met with, marshalled on our bookshelves, and courting our acquaintance, the case is very different. Such Irish Rogues and Rapparees as Mr. Tom. Moore, or Mr. Will. Ireland, are not to be treated with the leniency which we extend to Terence and Virgil. *They* cannot plead with any reason the hackneyed apology of poor Sir Isaac's grandmother; nor will the enormities of preceding writers form an ægis under which they may securely defend those which they have themselves committed. To have transcribed for us the thoughts of deceased poets, and republished them, does not in itself constitute any crime; it is *the falsely palming them on the world as original*, in which the trickery and villeness consist. And such is the view which Dryden has taken of this kind of thieving, in his letter to the Hon. Sir Robert Howard. "In some places," says he, with an honesty which cries shame on our modern fine gentlemen poets, "where either the fancy or the words were his (Virgil's), I have noted it in the margin, *that I might not seem a Plagiary.*" The propriety of this dictum once established—and he must be a bold man who will question the authority of Dryden on a point of this nature—not all

* As apothecaries we make new mixtures, every day, pour out of one vessel into another; and as those old Romans robbed all the cities of the world to set out their own bad-sited Rome, we skim off the cream of other men's wits, pick the choice flowers of their tilled gardens, to set out our own sterile plots.—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*

the arguments in the world will acquit Mr. Moore of the charge of plagiarism, however skilfully his eulogists or parasites may endeavour to gloss over his detected thefts, under the name of *imitations*, allowable in all poetical compositions. Mark the words, I pray you. "I have noted it in the margin that I might not seeem a Plagiary." Has Mr. Moore ever done anything like this? Has *he* ever so annotated his meadows of margin, embosoming his babbling rivulets of rhyme? Alas, there is no answer; or if there be, only such a one as announces he is guilty. Out of the words of Dryden, then, he stands convicted—*He is an imitator who cives his author; he is a Plagiarist who does not cite him.* And branded with the latter name henceforth, and into all future time, speaks Tommy Moore—branded with the infamy (for it is an indelible infamy) of having prigged other men's thoughts, and by concealing that they were so prigged, *of having like a false caitiff sought to impose them on the world as originals.* O rare and honest gentleman! O high-minded and respectable bard! How worthily did tongue so foul as thine declare O'Connell to be "a blackguard!" How admirably does Ireland rank thee "as the first of her sons!" A poor thief who steals a salt sprat, value the twentieth part of a farthing, is liable to exile or imprisonment; a poetic knave who steals literary property, and *sells it as his own*, is honoured with the laurel. How long is a foul disgrace like this on the world of literature to last? Is the time distant when critics, truly worthy of the name, shall arise with an ability and a will to demolish measureless liars of this description? Yes, I *do* think better of the literary men of the present age, than to suppose they will any longer abet a verse-robber of such an infamous character? Constituted, as we now are, it is not to be expected that any journalist of Mr. Moore can have the hardihood to defend him for the repeated larcenies of which he has been accused and convicted. In the last century similar attempts at palliation for impostures of this kind were made by barefaced ruffians of the Lockhart and Terdan stamp, but they were instantly scouted down as they deserved. The assassin of Milton's fame—Lauder—had the insolence to justify his forgeries; and the notorious Ireland thus excused his base deceptions on the good faith of Society. To answer to an accusation urged against him "that he had most grossly duped the world," this worthy prototype of Tommy Moore thus insolently replied. "Whose fault is that? Mine or the world's? *How could they suffer themselves to be thus deceived?* Men of superior genius, of uncommon understanding, truly, sincerely, and firmly believed that Shakspeare alone, and no other, wrote those papers. *I knew they would believe it., I knew how far the credulity of mankind might be imposed on.* The number of plagiarisms which I collected from all Shakspeare's plays did not deter me. I knew this would be the last subject of investigation. I brought forth this not undigested, not unconnected medley, and success crowned my bold attempt. I have deceived the world, you say. No; the world have deceived themselves. Whose fault is it, I ask again, mine or the world's?" (*Preface to the Abbess, a Romance, in four Volumes, by W. H. Ireland, the avowed Author of the Shakspeare Papers*, 1799). Resolute as Mr. Thomas Moore has proved himself, by the boldness of his plagiarisms, and barefaced as his newspaper satellites have ever been in the extent of their psaises of this man, I scarcely think that either he or they will ever resort to a defence so false and impudent as this.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Stephen Heller.—*The Art of Phrasing. Twenty-four Studies, in Three Books.* Op. 16.—*Twenty-five Studies for the Pianoforte, &c. Two Books.* Op. 45.—*Thirty Studies, &c. Two Books.* Op. 46.—*Twenty-five Studies.* Op. 47.—*Composées par* Stephen Heller.—From the numbers prefixed to these publications, it will be gathered that they range over a considerable period of their composer's career. They are, nevertheless, self-consistent as members of a series which may now probably be accepted as complete. We are not acquainted with anything in modern music more agreeable, individual and practicable, than this centenary of short movements. The notes are by no means difficult,—the melodies of many are new without conceit or extravagance: and yet to play them properly are required qualities of a high order—sensitiveness of touch, nicety of accent, ease and steadiness in the management of rhythm, and that feeling for the picturesque which is rarely, if ever, called out by the more formal and solid compositions of the older pianoforte writers—Beethoven's always making the exception. On these grounds, M. Heller's "Studies" are to be warmly commended, whether for study or for pleasure, to all such musicians or amateurs as have a touch of the romantic in their disposition. Their author has published more ambitious and extensive compositions (let us especially particularize among recent works his *Second Grand Sonata for the Pianoforte Solo*), which in due time may receive the respectful attention merited by the care, science, and individuality displayed in them. But, whereas they may be measured against—and will possibly prove to be exceeded by—other works of similar form and order, these hundred studies occupy an excellent and separate place. While their comparative easiness renders them most desirable as introductory practice to the Studies of Moscheles, Chopin, Liszt, and Henselt—their fulness of meaning and elegance of form will furnish occupation for the taste and expressive powers of the pianist, be his amount of *bravura* execution ever so great. Let us conclude by stating that for variety of character, and evenness of excellence, they are highly to be commended. In so extensive a work we have rarely found so few traces of manufacture or weariness.—*Athenæum.*

Sacred Harmonic Society.—Handel's *Messiah* will be again repeated (for the last time) on Friday next, 21st instant, at Exeter Hall.

Windsor Theatricals.—In consequence of the lamented decease of the Queen Dowager, the theatrical performances at Windsor Castle are postponed.

Henri Herz, the celebrated pianist and composer, has arrived in London from South America. He will join his brother, Jacques Herz, in the pianoforte classes about to be instituted at the Harley Street Rooms.

Mr. Frank Bodda's Soiree Musicale took place on Wednesday last, at No. 8, Stratton Street, Piccadilly. The rooms were thronged with an elegant and fashionable assembly. The programme was principally confined to vocal music. The instrumentalists numbered Kate Loder and Mr. F. B. Jewson, pianists; and Mr. Richardson, flautist. The vocalists who joined Mr. Bodda, were the Misses Dolby, Messent, and Pyne, and Messrs. Benson and Land. Mr. Bodda sang the duet from *Figaro*, "Crudel perche," with Miss Messent; a Romanza from Donizetti's *Don Sebastian*, called "O Lisbona;" Kate Loder's plaintive ballad, "The Blind Boy;" the "Madamina," from *Don Giovanni*; and took part in sundry trios and concerted pieces, in all of which he acquitted himself well, especially the "Madamina." Miss Dolby gave Balfe's "Hopeful heart should banish care," in her most effective style. Miss Messent, Miss Pyne, and Mr. Land gave songs, all of which belonged to the good school. Mr. Richardson played a fantasia, of his own composition, on the flute. Mr. F. B. Jewson played Schulhoff's "Galop di Bravura," in a brilliant manner; and Kate Loder Beethoven's *Sonate Pathétique* with admirable effect. Mr. Jewson and Mr. Land were the accompanists. All the performances were much applauded, but only one encore was awarded—a glee, in which all the singers participated.

The Distins.—This talented family have been deeply occupied in their musical engagements within the last fortnight. December the 3rd they gave a concert at the Lecture Hall, Greenwich; on the 4th they performed at the Beaumont Institution; 5th, Wednesday Concerts; 6th, Hastings; 7th and 8th, Brighton, morning and evening; 10th, Guildford; 11th, Dorking; 12th, Exeter Hall; and Birmingham yesterday, for the benefit of the Masons' and Orphans' Society.

Zamboni.—The *Florence Gazette* announces the death of this once celebrated barytone, who was the original Figaro in *Il Barbiere*, and who, on the second night of the performance of the opera, when its success was established, hurried with the other singers from the theatre to Rossini's house, drew him from under the bed, whither the *Maestro* had fled, when he heard the uproar on the stairs, fearing a repetition of the first night's *fiasco*, and helped to carry him on his shoulders through the city. Zamboni was also a composer, and among his manuscripts after his death, was found the complete score of an opera.

Mr. W. Beale, the well known glee writer, with his three sons, gave their first of three quartet concerts last Monday, at 76, Harley Street, to a numerous and fashionable audience. The programme included four quartets of Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven; these works of our greatest masters were executed with great skill and artistic feeling. The audience warmly applauded the efforts of the talented family, and we hope that the second concert of the series will be still better attended. The eldest of Mr. Beale's sons executed with great firmness and brilliancy one of the most difficult of Mendelssohn's compositions. Madlle. Enouy has a mezzo soprano voice; she sang twice, and was encored in the well known song "The Swiss Girl."

Madlle. C. Enouy gave an evening concert on Thursday, the 29th ult., at the Rooms, No. 76, Harley Street.

Music by Electric Telegraph.—It appears that songs and pieces of music are now sent from Boston to New York by Electric Telegraph. Our American brethren have among them such remarkable musical instruments, and, in fact, such astounding lyres, that nothing coming from the other side of the Atlantic can take us by surprise; and we are, therefore, not altogether dumbfounded by the announcement of music having been carried from one portion of the States to another on the wires of the Electric Telegraph. It must be delightful for a party at Boston to be enabled to call upon a gentleman in New York for a song. The grand point of the invention, however, seems to be, that, if songs can be carried along the lines, our popular vocalists may treble or quintuple their present salaries by singing in four or five places at once. Our own Jenny Lind, for example, who seems to be wanted everywhere at the same time, will have an opportunity of gratifying the subscribers to Her Majesty's Theatre, and a couple of audiences many hundred miles off at the same moment. The telegraph, being found applicable for singing, may also be used by the shareholders, who are beginning to sing out pretty loudly for their dividends, as well as for the directors, who have been obliged to sing rather small during the last twelvemonth. We hope the music of the wires may have the effect of restoring harmony to the railway world, which has long been out of tune, and which has lately been acting by no means in concert.—*Punch.*

Harmonic Union.—We perceive, by the Theatre Royal opera bills, that Madlle. Montelli, since her return to Liverpool, has been designed "Madame Santiago, late Mademoiselle Montelli;" so we presume these vocalists have taken each other for better or for worse, and that the compact is to last during the remainder of their natural lives.—*Liverpool Mail.*

Sacred Harmonic Society.—The second performance of *The Messiah* by the Sacred Harmonic Society took place on Friday se'nnight at Exeter Hall, before an audience crowded to inconvenience. Frequently as this oratorio has been rendered by the Society we never heard it so well performed as on this occasion, the precision and accuracy of the choruses amounting as near as may be to perfection. The solo vocalists were the same as on the last occasion. As a tribute of respect to the memory of the Queen Dowager the Dead March in *Saul* preceded the oratorio. The impressive character of this dirge, the black drapery that hung from the platform and conductor's rostrum—the singers and the majority of the audience being also attired in deep mourning—added to the general veneration in which the memory of the deceased royal personage was held, gave a peculiar solemnity to the moment which had its effect upon all present. *The Messiah* was repeated last night, for the third time, under precisely similar arrangements. There is a probability of a fourth performance of the same oratorio, owing to the very crowded audiences that have honoured the three others.

Maidstone.—A successful concert was given by Mr. Ireson on Thursday evening, in the Corn Exchange, which was crowded. The singing of Mrs. A. Newton and Miss Eyles in the duet, "The May Bells," satisfied the company that the vocal department was well filled. Mrs. A. Newton received much applause in "Lucia di quest' anima," and Miss Eyles sang the page's song from the *Huguenots* with spirit. Mr. Gregg's bass voice was effective in Mozart's "Non piu Andrai," and also in a Bacchanalian song, which latter, however, was deficient in spirit. Mr. Clementi possesses a tenor voice of considerable compass, and sung the scena from *Somnambula*, "All is lost now," with such taste and feeling as to obtain an unanimous encore, but he was compelled to substitute another song; his "Lass o' Gowrie" was also demanded a second time. Miss Eyles was encored in a ballad, and Mrs. Newton received considerable applause in "Lo, here the gentle lark," the flute obligato accompaniment to which was played by Mr. Field. The glee, "Turn on, Old Time," from *Maritana*, well sung by Miss Eyles, Mr. Clementi, and Mr. Gregg, was repeated. Mr. Clementi also, by request, gave another song, which afforded great satisfaction. The orchestra, which comprised between forty and fifty performers, ably led by Mr. Field, played the overtures, *Fra Diavola* and *Masaniello*, Ireson's Kathleen Quadrille, and a pretty new polka by the same author. The effect of the quadrilles was much enhanced by the cornet playing of Newland, a young man in the *depôt* band. Altogether the concert went off exceedingly well.—*Maidstone Gazette.*

Literary Institution.—A concert was given at the Institution, Edward Street, Portman Square, last evening, under the direction of Charles Furtado. The vocalists were various and numerous, and comprised the names of the Misses Lowe, Morrison, Thornton, Madlle. de Faire, and the Messrs. Williams, Furtado, Collet, Horne, G. Tedder, and W. Carleton. Mr. P. Chatterton performed a fantasia on the harp and Mr. R. Blagrove, a solo on the concertina. Mr. Alfred Norman presided at the piano.

Hertford—On Monday last Mr. Land gave the first of a series of morning performances of English vocal music at the Shire Hall, under the patronage of the Earl and Countess Cowper. Mr. Land was ably assisted by Miss Pyne, Miss Messent, and Mr. Frank Bodda. The concert was elegantly attended, and went off with great *éclat.*

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EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

Greatly the goblet rejoices; it says it has just, with soft pressure,
Touch'd those sweet-speaking lips shewn by fair Zénophilé.
Oh, bless'd goblet! I wish she would press those lips against *my* lips—
Oh, she might drink to me then, quaffing my soul at a draught! J. O

HENRI HERZ.

Our correspondent was in error when he stated that this well-known musician was in London. Henri Herz is still in South America, where he is, we believe, making a handsome fortune. He has no idea of returning to Europe at present. The classes in Harley Street will, therefore, be under the sole and competent direction of his brother, M. Jacques Herz.

STEPHEN HELLER.

The sonata, the noblest form that instrumental music can assume, appears to be going out of date. So much the worse for the art. Let the sonata be once entirely laid aside, as antiquated, and music will rapidly fall from the high place it now occupies as a beautiful and intellectual pursuit. Sonatas, continue to be written, it is true; the German and French catalogues of new music, the latter more rarely than the former, and the English still more rarely than the latter, occasionally announce a new sonata, by some unknown composer; but few of the tried and acknowledged writers ever venture on producing, certainly not on publishing, a work of this gravity and importance. A young musician not seldom begins his career with "a grand sonata," with all the four movements unusually long, which, for want of encouragement, he prints at his own expense. Finding that it does not sell, and that, except the few he may have presented to his friends, who do not thank him, the fifty or hundred copies originally issued remain a dead weight upon the shelves of his publisher, he abandons all idea of composing a second sonata, and at once sets to work upon capricios, fantasias, romances, sketches, songs without words, and whatever he may consider the most marketable commodity. If he be ambitious, and a lover of his art, he will not descend to the variations, rondos, sketches *à la valse*, &c., with which our pianofortes are covered by those who are neither; he follows, however, in the train of his cotemporaries, and gives birth to a series of short movements of the *capricio* form—that is of no form whatever—which he dignifies by names borrowed from others, or names of his own coinage, having no intelligible connection with the works to which they are applied. Whether, from all this farrago of the fancy, anything clear and symmetrical will arise, to induce us to regret the sonata no longer, it is for some commanding genius to prove. Mendelssohn invented a beautiful form, in the *Lieder ohne worte*; but he exhausted it himself. To him it was but an exercise of the fancy, an easing of his continually inventing brain from some of the ideas with which it was overlocked, and which he did not find convertible to loftier purposes; but his imitators—for the most part unblest with one idea in a twelvemonth, destitute of fancy and invention—attempting to emulate him, have only demonstrated their incompetency. Their *Lieder ohne worte* are little better than an empty figure of accompaniment, to which a meagre and passionless tune has been made to fit, with infinite and unprofitable labour. So true is this, that the title of *Songs without words*—in German, French, or English—affixed to a piece of new music, predisposes us against the author, and takes away all the inclination we might otherwise have felt to look at his work. To Mendelssohn, also, may be traced the endless forms which the *capricio*, or caprice, has assumed within the last twenty years. But his imitators—who include, we may almost say, the entire race of modern composers for the piano—independently of the barrenness of their invention, have altogether overlooked that element which, in Mendelssohn's smallest efforts, is never absent—the symmetry and consequence of form which ally them more or less to the sonata.

The fantasia used to be regarded, among the old writers, as a sort of improvisation, and was an exception, not a rule. But what would Mozart have thought, had he lived now and found nine works out of every ten devoted to the pianoforte and other instruments, fantasias—long or short—in other words improvisations, without plan or order—unmeaning jumbles of themes, good or bad, which might belong to anything else than that in which they appear, with quite as much of quite as little propriety? Mozart would not have believed his ears. The ingenious development, or working out, of a theme—which was wont to signalize, not merely fantasias, but actual improvisations—he would have sought in vain; much more in vain the elaborate fugue, demonstrating the composer's facility in counterpoint, that lent interest to the fantasias of the elder masters.

Some will have it that Beethoven completely exhausted the sonata. But this is a manifest error. Beethoven rather showed, by the infinite variety he imparted to it, that the sonata was inexhaustible. He was aware of all the latest resources of the art—as may be well supposed, since he had so large a share in their invention; but he could find no better or more convenient field for their development than this particular one, which already existed, and already, if constant use can wear, had been worn threadbare by Mozart and Haydn—to say nothing of Dussek, a composer too often disregarded by superficial writers, in considering the history and progress of the art. But Beethoven came to the sonata with a world of new ideas; in his hands it was as fresh, and vigorous, and young, as when it first issued from the prolific brain of Haydn, who by right of this one invention enjoys the undisputed title of "Father of Instrumental Music."

The numberless and prodigious inspirations of Beethoven still filling the world with new delight and wonder, it was an

impossible task for any instrumental writer immediately coming after him to take him as a model, without becoming his slavish imitator. This shows Mendelssohn and Spohr, the two original composers of instrumental music of our day, in a worthier light. What they have done, when we consider how near they were to Beethoven, must be regarded as extraordinary. In their symphonies, quartets, and other productions of the kind,* they have, while adhering to the plan of Haydn, which cannot be profitably neglected, discovered new thoughts, new means of development, and entirely new styles. There is not a shadow of resemblance in the writings of these men to those of Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven. Spohr, the elder of these, has virtually finished his career; Mendelssohn, the younger, has been cut off in his prime, and thus forbidden by Providence to fulfil his mission. Happily he lived to complete the oratorio of *Elijah*, the greatest master-piece of the art. Wholly original as are the styles of these great men, they emulated their predecessors—Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven,—in their reverent adherence to the one true form—THE SONATA.

(*To be continued in our next.*)

SMITH VERSUS SHEPHERD.

Mr. ALBERT SMITH has favoured us with a counter-retort to Mr. Shepherd's reply, which the Surrey manager will find it difficult to get over. Judge for yourself, reader:—

(*To the Editor of the Musical World.*)

SIR,—In reply to my charge against Mr. Shepherd, of the Surrey Theatre, for appropriating the idea of an effect in a drama submitted to him, which I afterwards withdrew—partly because a coalition with the Victoria company was contemplated, and partly because Mr. Shepherd wanted to play a sailor in it (if the whole truth must out)—that gentleman stated that the scene in question had first been introduced in a drama by M. Dumas, as long back as 1845, and therefore was anybody's property.

I could not get the piece, nor any correct information about it in London; so I came over here for the drama and got every particular connected with the sectional ship in question; and, for my own credit, am happy to tell you, that there is not one point in common between our notions. The effect of the sinking ship, attempted at the Surrey, was precisely the one I had suggested to the management; and had nothing at all to do with M. Dumas' drama.

This is a mere straw of an affair, but it serves to show the wind; and apparently to be caught at, as regards the hope of the Surrey ever becoming anything more than what it has been. You know, by the proverb, in what position such trifles are made available.—I am, sir, yours respectfully, ALBERT SMITH.

Paris, Hotel Mickodière, Wednesday.

Mr. Shepherd has brought his sheep to an ill market. Foregad! our friend Albert has dealt him a scurvy buffet, in lieu of "coins for his muttons." Odzooks! *Un eboulement de terrain difficile a grimper.*

ERNST.

THE success of this distinguished violinist goes on, if possible, increasing. The *Illustrated News* says of one of his recent performances:—

"Ernst was the lion instrumentalist; he played his divine 'Elegie' most poetically and passionately—producing heart-rending tones from his instrument. In a quaint *air de danse*, of antique form, he was encored, and again, most cruelly so, in Meyseder's air, with variations, when he substituted 'the Carnival.' His cadence in the Meyseder air was one of the most prodigious feats in executive dexterity ever heard, and seemed to astonish the orchestra quite as much as the enormous audience."

Speaking of the same performance, the *Morning Post* says:—

"Herr Ernst was the great feature of the evening. He performed his well-known 'Elégie,' followed by the 'Romanesca,' a celebrated *air de danse*, composed in the 16th century, in the first part; and Mayseder's air, with variations, Op. 40, dedicated to Paganini, in the second. He was encored in 'Romanesca.' His performance of Mayseder's piece was truly marvellous; in that he enacted 'more wonders than a man,' and worked up his audience into a perfect state of rapture. He transposes the situation of the variations, playing the fourth second, and the second third. He otherwise alters the text by the introduction of double notes, octaves, tenths, &c., increasing thereby the difficulties, and adding to the brilliancy of the effect. The cadence he introduces is one of the most extraordinary feats of digital dexterity we ever listened to. The Op. 40, as Ernst plays it, is certainly more *his* 'air varié' than Mayseder's; but, as it is not a work of high character, we can easily reconcile ourselves to the liberties he takes. The applause at the conclusion of his performance was so overwhelming that he was forced to re-appear, when he gave the "Carnival of Venice" variations."

The *Athenæum* also renders due homage to this fine performance:—

"It is hardly in the course of possibility for a more perfect specimen of violin playing to be presented than that by Herr Ernst at the last Wednesday Concert. His performance of 'La Romanesca,' (first introduced here by M. A. Batta) was of itself worth the price of a ticket: while the familiar 'Air Varié' of Mayseder was given by him with a grandeur, brilliancy, and spontaneous fancy which raised it to the beauty and interest of a new work. Whereas other violinists execute their music, Herr Ernst plays with his: in this respect approaching the Mozarts and Paganinis, whose idea of solo-exhibition more or less included improvization."

To which it is unnecessary for us to add anything whatever.

LORENZO DE MEDICI.

Spesso mi torna a mente, anzi giammai
Non può partir dalla memoria mia,
L'abito, e 'l tempo, e 'l luogo dove pria
La mia Donna gentil fiso mirai,
Quel che paresse allor Amor, tu 'l sai,
Che con lei sempre fosti in compagnia;
Quanto vaga gentil, leggiadra, e pia,
Non si può dir nè immaginar assai,
Quale sovra i nevosi ed alti monti,
Apollo spande il suo bel lume adorno, e
Ch'i cain suoi sovra la bianca gonna;
Il tempo e 'l luogo non convien ch'io conti
Ch'dov' è si bel Sole è sempre giorno,
E paradiso, ov' è si bella Donna.

How oft my memory gladly ponders oe'r
Those old, old days of passionate first love:
The place, the time, the dress my mistress wore,
When, smiling, like a seraph from above,
She won me first! Thou, Cupid, *thou* can'st tell
How she then looked; for never from her side
Hast thou departed! With what gentle grace
All paradise seemed opening in her face!
As down some snowy mountain's summit wide
A flood of sunshine falls, her tresses fell
Over her robes of white——dream all the rest;
I cannot hymn what passes in my breast.
It must be day where such a sun doth bide,
And heaven the place by her sweet presence blest! E. K.

* It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers that a symphony is a sonata for the orchestra—a quartet, a sonata for four-stringed instrument, &c.

FILICAJA.

Dov' è Italia, il tuo braccio e a che ti servi
Tu dell' altrui (non è, s'io scorgo il vero,
Di chi t'offende il defensor men fero ;
Ambo nemici sono, ambo fur servi.
Così dunque l'onor, così conservi
Gli avanzi tu del glorioso Impero?
Così dl valor, così al valor primiero,
Che a te fede giurò, la fede osservi?
Orva ; rigidia il valor prisco e sposa
L' ozio, e fra il sangue, i gemiti, e le strida,
Nel periglio maggior dormi e riposa.
Dormi adultera vil, fin che omicida
Spada ultrice ti svegli, e sonnachiosa
E nuda in braccia al tuo fedel t' uccida.

Where is thine arm, Italia? Why dost *thou*
Beg aid from others? Both I deem thy foes,
Who dare defend thee, & who dare oppose;—
Both were thy bondmen once, though hostile now.
Where is thine honour? Where thy grand remains
Of thine o'erspreading empire? Where the might
That once was thine? The faith that thou didst plight
To ancient Glory on the embattled plains?
Away——repudiate olden Valour, Fame;—
Sink to disgraceful sleep, and tamely lie
Mid groans, and scorn, and blood. Sleep on, and die,
Thou vile adulteress, for the avenging knife
Shall find thee naked, with thy minion by,
And rob thee of thy shame, at once, and life. E. K.

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(*Continued from page 787.*)

CXI. On the death of Sesostris, his son Pheros (*a*), they said, inherited the kingdom. He did not undertake any military expedition, but was blind from the following cause :—The river overflowed at that time to its greatest height of eighteen cubits, and having swamped the fields, a wind arose and the waters became rough. Upon this, the king was so foolish as to take a spear and cast it into the midst of the raging waters. Immediately afterwards his eyes were affected and he became blind, and remained so for ten years. * * * * The woman, by whose means he recovered his sight, he made his wife. When he had recovered from the disease in his eyes, he sent offerings to all the celebrated temples; the most worthy of record being some remarkable works he sent to the temple of the Sun, namely, two stone obelisks, each made of one piece, and each a hundred cubits high and eight broad.

CXII. He was succeeded in the kingdom, they say, by a citizen of Memphis, who, in the Greek tongue, has the name of Proteus. He has a very handsome and highly elaborated "Temenos"* in Memphis, to the south of the temple of Hephæstus (Vulcan). The Tyrian Phœnicians dwell round this "temenos," and the whole place is called the "Camp of the Tyrians." Within the "temenos" is a temple of Proteus, called that of the "foreign Aphrodite (Venus)." I conjecture that this is the temple of Helen, the daughter of Tyndareus, partly because I have heard the report of Helen residing with Proteus, partly on account of this epithet, the "foreign Venus," for in some of the other temples of Venus is she called "foreign" (ξεινη).

CXIII. When I made inquiries about Helen, the priests told me as follows :—When Alexander (Paris) carried Helen from Sparta, he was sailing into his own country, and while he was in the Ægæan, was driven by adverse winds into the Egyptian sea. Thence (for the winds did not cease) he came to Egypt, *viz.*, to the Canopic mouth of the Nile and the Tarichæans. Now upon the shore was a temple of Hercules, which is there still. If any one's slave fled to this and received the sacred marks, giving himself up to the god, it was not lawful to touch him. This same law has remained in force in the same manner from the very beginning down to my own time. The slaves of Alexander, having heard of this law of the temple, fled from him. Sitting as suppliants to the god, they accused Alexander with the intention of harming him, narrating the whole history about Helen and the wrongs of Menelaus. These accusations they uttered to the priests, and to the guardian of this mouth of the Nile, whose name was Thonis.

CXIV. Thonis having heard these things, sent, as soon as possible, a message to Proteus at Memphis to this effect:—"A stranger has come, by race a Trojan, who has done an impious act in Greece, for having seduced the wife of his very host, he has come hither, bringing her and a great deal of treasure, having been driven to this country by the winds. Shall we then suffer this man to go unharmed, or shall we take away what he has brought?" Proteus, in reply, sent a messenger, who spoke thus :—"Arrest this man, whoever he is, who has acted thus impiously towards his host, and bring him to me, that I may know what he can say."

CXV. Thonis, hearing these words, arrests Alexander, and detains his ships. Afterwards he sent him to Memphis, together with Helen and the treasure, and also the suppliant slaves. When they were all brought before him, Proteus asked Alexander who he was, and whence he was sailing, upon which the latter revealed his family and his name, and the place whence he had sailed. Proteus then asked whence he had brought Helen? As Alexander now wandered in his discourse and did not utter the truth, the slaves accused him, and narrated the full particulars of the crime. At last Proteus declared himself thus: "If I did not consider it a high obligation to put to death no foreigner who comes to my country, being driven by the winds, I would punish thee for the sake of the Greek—thee, oh, basest of men! who, having received hospitality, hast committed a most impious act. Thou hast seduced the wife of thy host; and not content with this, thou hast carried her off. Nor was even this enough for thee, for thou hast plundered thy host's house. Now, though I hold it a high obligation not to kill a foreigner, I will not allow thee to take away this woman and the treasure, but I will keep them here for thy Greek host, until he himself comes to fetch them. Thee, and those who have sailed with thee, I order to quit this country for some other within three days. If not, you will be treated as enemies (*c*).

* A place set apart and consecrated.

Notes.

(*a*) Called by Diodorus, "Sesostris" or "Sesoosis." Eusebius calls him "Pharaoh," which merely means "king."

(*b*) According to Diodorus, the Egyptian name for this king is "Cetes."

(*c*) This legend, according to which Helen never reached Troy, was adopted by Euripides in his tragedy of "Helen."

MENDELSSOHN.

A highly interesting lecture was given on Thursday at the Camberwell Literary and Scientific Institution, on the character and writings of this great composer. The lecturer was Mr. Benedict, than whom no one is more competent for

such a task. Mr. Benedict having been an intimate personal friend of Mendelssohn, was enabled to give many anecdotes of his life, which occurred in the course of a long association, often interrupted, but always renewed, on both sides, with cordial eagerness. The character of Mendelssohn the youth, and Mendelssohn the man, as drawn by Mr. Benedict, was enthusiastically panegyric, but not a bit overdone. Of Mendelssohn's music few, by thorough acquaintance with all his works, and a comprehensive knowledge of the art, combined with a keen appreciation of the beautiful, could be better qualified to speak than Mr. Benedict. The musical illustrations from Mendelssohn's compositions were numerous, attractive, and appropriate to the lecture. The executants were Miss Birch, Miss Poole, the Misses Williams, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, and Mr. Benedict himself. The lecture-room was crowded. We shall return to this subject next week.

SONNET.

No. CLXIV.

Where has dread Nemesis set up her throne?
In some broad desert,—nought but plain and sky,—
Where she can cast around her watchful eye,
Then rise and strike to earth some pilgrim lone?
Or does she dwell where the repeated moan
Claims as a privilege the right to die,
While the stern gods the suppliant's pray'r deny,
And bid the heart live on, though joy has flown?
No; Nemesis shuns the dark nooks of earth:
In scenes of merriment she takes delight—
She hears the joyous song and pleasant tale;
And when she is a-weary of our mirth,
She rises—an embodied form of night,
Shaking her long wild hair,—and all men quail. N. D

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

The ninth concert began with a selection from Mozart's *Il Flauto Magico*. The overture was well played by the band, under Herr Anschuez. Mrs. Newton, Misses Isaacs, Eyles, and Kell, Mr. Land, and Herr Formes, took part in the selection. The three ladies gave the delicious trio, "Gia fan ritorno," very nicely, and Mr. Land sang "O cara imagine" with much taste and a real feeling for his author. Encores were awarded to Herr Formes in "Qui sdegno," and to Mrs. A. Newton in the air of the Queen of Night, "Gli angui d' Inferno," both of which were well deserved.

Mr. Bridge Frodsham, at his second appearance, confirmed the favorable impression recorded in our last. He sang Balfe's "The blighted flower," and Neil Gow's "The Lass of Gowrie," in both of which he was encored, although in the midst of some strangely determined opposition from certain individuals dispersed all over the hall, who, persisting in their opinion even while Mr. Bridge Frodsham was on his legs before them, succeeded in emulating the Sims Reeves' uproars of last season. This should be sifted. *Verbum sap. sat.*—a word to Stammers will suffice.

From the other vocal pieces in the first part let us single out the bacchanalian of Caspar, sung with dramatic energy by Formes, and encored; Benedict's graceful ballad, "By the sad sea waves," gracefully sung by Miss Poole; and, though last not least, the plaintive and beautiful duet of Mendelssohn, "O, weep thou in the cauld blast," which was sung in the right style by Mrs. A. Newton and Miss Eyles. The *Scherzo* and Wedding March from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, of the same immortal composer, whose music relieves so many dull concerts from monotony, played by the band in such a manner as merited all praise, finished the first part.

The second part began with another capital performance by the band—the brilliant overture to *Oberon*—in the first movement of which the exquisite tone of Jarrett was the object of general remark. It may here be asked, since Mr. Stammers has such a good orchestra, why has he not a better? Since he has forty good men, why not fifty—aye, or sixty, "the Beethoven number?" Exeter Hall is large enough, and the Wednesdayites would not object. Mr. Stammers could then give a symphony and make some tremble in the high places. *A symphony for a shilling* would become the watchword and war-cry of the musical reformers, and the enemies of *Music for the Million* would run away at the sound like affrighted crows. Why, Mr. Stammers—you, who are a reformer—why do you not think of this? Why not take example from JULLIEN, who has already given *a symphony for a shilling*,—who has already fed his multitudes with Beethoven and Mendelssohn, to their delight and his own profit? While Jullien flies about the country with the name of MENDELSSOHN on his banner, revolutionizing the musical taste of manufacturers and millers, of cotton-spinners and agriculturists, you, Mr. Stammers, should bestir yourself at home. If you do not, rest assured that Mr. Willy, or some other enterprising speculator, will take the silver spoon out of your mouth, and gobble up its contents.

The performances of the Distins on the Sax-Horns were the chief attractions of the second part of the concert; the first, a quartet, called the "Jenny Lind Fantasia," was encored, and the second, a quartet, called the *Huguenots*, was much applauded. The other vocal pieces included a variety of ballads, old songs, rounds, naval songs, and glees, all English and all Scotch, composed by Bishop, Alexander Lee, Shield, Knight, Neil Gow, Wallace, Frank Romer, Davy, Charles Horn, and Lord Mornington, and sung by Misses Poole, Kell, Eyles, and Isaacs (Rebecca); Messrs. Land, Leffler, B. Frodsham, and Formes, to the perfect satisfaction of all those who relish a smoking dish of national ditties, and as we do not profess to be of that number, to our own absolute indifference.

We have left Ernst last because he is the first in name, attraction and merit; and it was said that "the first shall be last." Ernst again experienced a tumultuous reception. The "many-headed" enjoy his performances more than ever. They "rise at him," as the pit was wont to do at Kean the Elder, and Braham the Elder, in their time. As Ernst is an emperor among the chosen few, so is he a god among the mixed multitude. He plays to their hearts as well as their ears, and flatters their feelings while improving their tastes. Ernst is the great master, the predominating genius, no matter where he plays. He appears, and as by a tacit and universal consent, the mob of ballad-mongers are hushed into unanimous respect. Here is one, they say, whom we listen to as to an orator. And what orator more inspired than Ernst, with his fiddle for a tongue? He can make the crowd cry, or laugh, or shout with ecstacy, as it pleases him. He possesses that secret as deeply as Paganini, and uses it as well. Like O'Connell and Hamlet, Ernst can be the delight of an intellectual circle, and the spirit that sways the mob, as the wind sways a field of corn, with equal ease. He has but to choose his scene of action.

Ernst played first his fantasia on airs from *Il Pirata*, one of the best, most popular, and most brilliant of his solos. His singing of the "Tu vedrai" was so tender and passionate, that we were half persuaded that some fairy had changed Rubini into a violin, and that he was singing, in his wooden prison, a pathetic appeal to the cruel fairy for deliverance. But it was not Rubini. It was Ernst, which was better still.

We have already said so much of Ernst's powers of execution, that we may be spared further allusion to them. Our readers well know, without our telling them, how the master accomplishes the almost impossible difficulties of the *Pirata* fantasia. We must here, however, express a wish that the solo pieces were better rehearsed. Good as is the band in other matters, it is always too coarse, too loud, and generally imperfect in these.

The other piece of Ernst was the "Carnival." The "Carnival" again, and again the same furore, the same recalls, the same encore, the same excitement.

A word with Mr. Stammers to conclude. What was the use of Mendelssohn writing the finest concerto (not excepting Beethoven's) ever composed for the violin, if Ernst does not play it? And what is the use of Mr. Stammers having engaged the most accomplished violinist ever born (not excepting Paganini) if he does not invite him, nay, compel him (if force be necessary in such a cause) to play the finest of concertos at the London Wednesday Concerts? Mr. Stammers will say it is too long. No—it is not too long; but Mr. Stammers is too short (*sighted*) if he overlooks it. *Verbum sat. sap.*—a word to Mr. Stammers will suffice. M. Jullien treated his public with a very fine performance on the two last movements of this concerto, by that admirable artist, Sainton, on a night when no less than two hours and a-half of mortal time and attention were bestowed upon Mendelssohn solus; what excuse, then, is there for Stammers?

The hall was again crammed to suffocation.

On the back of the *libellus* which gives the programme in detail, we perused the following announcement with mingled satisfaction and regret:—

"*The directors of the* LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS *beg leave to announce that obstacles of a private nature having prevented* MR. ABRAHAM, SEN., *from completing and carrying out the engagement arranged for him by his representatives in London, the directors, anxious to secure to their subscribers and the public the highest available talent, have entered into a further engagement with the unrivalled violinist,* HERR ERNST."

Delighted as we are to know that Ernst will continue to play, our pleasure is dashed with disappointment at the barrier which prevents the "honoured veteran of English song" from once more appealing to the suffrages of his million staunch and devoted admirers.

Item.—At the next concert the celebrated Thalberg will make his first appearance this season.

JETTY TREFFZ.

THIS popular and fascinating vocalist, although scarcely rested from the fatigue of M. Jullien's arduous and uninterrupted season of five weeks, has already started with the enterprising *chef* on a series of provincial engagements. On Tuesday, Madlle. Jetty Treffz sang at Richmond, on Thursday at Brighton, and on Wednesday elsewhere, with invariable success. She will be as great a favorite in the provinces as in London.

VIVIER.

No sooner heard of than sought. We are able to inform our many fair enquirers that Vivier is engaged to play at Mr. Allcroft's annual concert, which shortly takes place. The great cornist will perform two solos. Vivier is also, we understand, in treaty with Mr. Stammers, for several concerts in the month of April. Vivier is likewise already engaged at divers provincial towns. Since his absence he has mastered sundry novel effects of harmony and modulation, on his difficult and beautiful instrument, while his tone is, if possible, richer and more melodious than before. *C'est un artiste a tous crins, dont les principes sont de ne s'immiscer pas dans les effets d'autrui, comme certains quarantenaires du cor, aussi charnels que charnus, qui se choyent de leur propre egoisme comme des jouvenceaux rebarbatifs.*

READINGS FROM THE GERMAN MUSICAL LITERATURE

(Selected and Translated for the Musical World.)

MOZART'S REQUIEM.

A SKETCH BY ORTLEIP.

IV.—THE DELIVERY OF THE WORK.

HE, whose life draws to a close, generally sinks rapidly. Thus it was with Mozart also. During the days following his last walk in the fields, he worked so hard, that his wife was at last obliged to take the score away from him; whereupon Mozart, for two weeks, scarcely ever came home. It was painful to Constance to see him do nothing at all, and yet could she not prevail upon herself to encourage him to work. But one day Mozart came home in unusually good spirits; he kissed his Constance, stroked her cheeks, and—and—"but!"—and got back his score. Now the work was again resumed and progressed rapidly, in spite of the weakness and decay of the composer.

But some night there came, for the third time, a knock at the door, just when the clock struck twelve; and a voice inquired, "whether the Requiem was ready?"

"Soon," said Mozart to the unknown one in the dark cloak. "*Perdonate, Signor, I am un poco malade ou egroto; mia vita, it seems, will finire; but I will finire mon œuvre before.*—You understand me, dear friend; I shall die in a few days, but I'll see whether I can't finish the work before!"

"I bring another hundred ducats to pay," said the black one.

"Pshaw! go away with your dirt!" replied Mozart; "I am already where I want neither gold nor silver! *Mais, mon ami*, do take once more a glass with me; I am just in the mind for it, and have also got a bottle of better stuff than last time—real genuine champagne, my boy."

"*Si vous plait, ich voglio, je suis un esprit* to some extent; but, *ich liebe*—I mean, I have no objection to—in short, I'll drink with you, Mozart; but I tell you, it will soon be over with you."

"I can do no more," said Mozart, handing the score over to the stranger; "if you want it finished apply to my pupil, Süssmeyer, and give him these scraps; he will be able to put them together in a manner of which I need not be ashamed."

"Long life as I wish you," replied the stranger; "I nevertheless cannot shut my eyes to the fact, that you will die to-morrow; therefore take this for your family!"

"Family! that's a word about which one may think much," said Mozart. "Well, give me the money. There are many fine melodies still in my head, but I feel how death already runs through my veins, and am not sorry for it either!"

Both spoke long and earnestly this night.

The next morning Mozart was dead. Salieri got the idea in his head of having poisoned him. But Salieri was an honest man, and for an artist no poison is necessary—they rot and decay without it.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

On Monday, a new and original three-act drama, called *Loving Woman*, was brought out and met with success. It is from the pen of Mr. Mark Lemon, author of the popular domestic drama, *Gwyneth Vaughen*, *Old Parr*, and other minor works. That *Loving Woman* is "new and original" cannot be for a moment doubted; for the plot is so complicated, the incidents in general so spiritless, and the *denouement* so feeble and unsatisfactory, that they never could have recommended themselves to a translator or an adapter. The language occasionally rises to the poetical, more frequently floats on the surface of mediocrity, and not seldom sinks to the depths of bathos, as may be instanced in such lines as the following:—

"The wickedest thing on earth is Revenge."

The intention of the author appears to have been to show woman triumphant over all the miseries of the connubial life to which a husband's estrangement has submitted her. In attempting this, we do not think Mr. Mark Lemon has carried out his point. His two principal personages—at least the two he meant to make principal—are not made sufficiently prominent, and do not awake the interest of the audience to an extraordinary degree. In a three-act drama the author had not room enough to develope clearly the several characters which he has sketched with skill and tact, and it had been better for the piece had a few of these characters been made more subordinate. The characters were too many for the incidents. The parts of the amorous usurer, and the bankrupt merchant, are both conceived and drawn, to a certain extent, with vigour and point, but their paramount importance distracts the attention from the hero and heroine.

The argument we shall endeavour to render intelligible to the reader, without much hope of accomplishing our aim in unravelling so tangled a skein.

Ottillia (Mrs. Charles Kean), the ward of Wielfert (Mr. Howe) is about to be married to Rosen (Mr. Charles Kean). The play commences with a love scene between Ottillia and Rosen. Wielfert endeavours to dissuade Ottillia from the marriage, and, to the astonishment of the lady, declares that he himself loves her, and offers her his hand and wealth. The lady indeed had cause to be astonished with such an offer at such a moment. Ottillia leaves her guardian in a towering passion, and Weilfert vows vengeance against Rosen, and determines on his ruin by means of some pecuniary embarrassments into which the youthful bridegroom had been unwittingly involved, through some clause in his mother's will. Weilfert brings up certain unpaid bonds of Rosen, and on the day of the marriage enters the festal room, seizes on the house and furniture, and turns the newly-wedded pair out of doors to seek another home. Ottillia is possessed of a fortune of some thirty thousand crowns, which has been settled on herself by the advice of Weilfert; but the husband is represented as so deeply imbued with the feeling of independence, or honour, or some subtle spirit which common sense cannot recognise, as to lose half his brains, and all his devotion to his wife and confidence in her, at the bare thought of living on her bounty. The morality or purport of this escapes us altogether. In the end, Ottillia agrees to a divorce, which Rosen suggested in a fit of jealousy, and having obtained the marriage settlement bond, tears it in pieces, throws herself at her late husband's feet, and entreats forgiveness and restoration to his arms. All ends happily except for Weilfert, who is detected in sundry villainies and carried off to prison to await his doom.

The *denouement* is built on a sandy foundation. If Rosen were dependent, living on his wife's fortune when it was settled on herself, how could he feel less dependent living on the same fortune because a husband's right, there being no marriage settlement, left it at his disposal?

There is an underplot, in which one Herrman (Mr. James Wallack) is the principal actor. This elder personage enters in the first act in rags, and in the third appears costumed as a wealthy and substantial burgher; though how the change is brought about is never explained. Herrman has been expelled from the country through the instrumentality of Wielfert, who, to get some money left him by his father, had him accused of high treason. He wanders about the world begging for twenty years, and at last, by means of a dying old woman, is informed of the existence of certain documents, and their place of hiding, which shall restore him to home and wealth. He obtains the papers from a wine-cellar in Wielfert's house, and discovers that Rosen is his son.

The character of Herrman is well drawn, but the incidents in which he is involved are too forced, and smack of the melo-dramatic school.

But the piece has merit, notwithstanding. One or two of the scenes are very striking; and the story, though weakened and mutilated in parts, progresses with interest to the end.

The *Loving Woman* was admirably played throughout. We have seldom witnessed three parts in any piece supported with greater effect than Ottillia, Rosen, and Hermann by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean and Mr. James Wallack. Mrs. Kean, we think, might have had a more prominent part to sustain; but the main interest of the drama rested with her, and most artistically did she awaken it, and keep it alive in the breast of the audience, from the beginning to end. The unaffected truthfulness and pathos of the charming actress was manifested in every scene.

Mr. Charles Kean's part was not unthankful, but it was wanting in importance. His love scenes were exceedingly tender and passionate; and the fretfulness and irritability in the last act, were finely put on. Hermann is, we fancy, the best drawn character in the drama, and we hardly ever saw Mr. James Wallack to greater advantage in any part of this class. His costume and deportment, in the first scene, as the beggared merchant, were perfect in their way. He played throughout with a spirit and a tact that could not be surpassed.

Mr. Howe performed the amorous guardian with excellent effect, and assumed the old man with great propriety.

The piece was honoured with considerable applause, and was followed by the usual energetic demonstrations and general recalls.

On Tuesday, the new drama, in one act, called *King René's Daughter*, was produced after the *Loving Woman*. We have already alluded to this piece, and the reader is made acquainted with the plot from our notice of the New Strand Theatre version in our last number. It is enough, therefore, to state that the story is identical in both versions, the adapters having closely followed the incidents and language of the German poet, Henric Herz.

In the Haymarket bills, *King René's Daughter* is styled "A New *Lyric* Dramatic Sketch"—but it contains no music, nor is the dialogue in verse.

The popularity of the new drama may be gathered from the fact of its being performed nightly at two different theatres. So great was the sensation produced in Dublin by the "Dramatic Sketch," that several managers of the London theatres imme-

diately projected the bringing it out; and we are informed that other theatres, besides the Haymarket and New Strand, will shortly submit it to the public. At the Princess's we are led to expect a new opera, founded on the story of *King Rene's Daughter*. The music is from the pen of Mr. W. H. Bellamy, the author of "Pestal," and other well-known songs.

The performance of *King Rene's Daughter* at the Haymarket is wanting in nothing. The cast is exceedingly strong. Mrs. Charles Kean is Iolanthe; Mr. Charles Kean, Count Tristan of Vaudemont; Mr. James Wallack, King René; Mr. Butler Wentworth, Sir Almeric; Mr. Webster, Sir Geoffrey of Orange; Mr. Howe, Ebn Jahia, the Moorish Physician; Mr. Rogers, Bertrand; and Miss P. Horton, Martha, Iolanthe's attendant. The one scene through which the piece runs its course is very beautiful, and admirably put upon the stage. We have hardly ever seen anything in scenic painting and getting-up better. The dresses, especially the second dress of the Count Tristan, and his armed followers in glittering mail, are extremely splendid.

Mrs. Charles Kean has added a new triumph to her catalogue of achievements. Her personation of the gentle blind girl is one of the most beautiful and striking of all her performances. Her motions and attitudes are most strikingly real, and there is a tenderness in her voice that tells uncomplainingly of some deep calamity, which goes to the very heart of the listener. The whole character is assumed with wonderful intelligence, and the astonishment and fear which seizes on Iolanthe upon the restoration of her sight, are depicted with a power and an acute feeling derived from observation, which none but an artist of a high order could conceive or embody. The character is eminently beautiful, and its personification by Mrs. Charles Kean one of the happiest performances of modern times.

If we have any objection to find in the completeness of the drama it is to the introduction of the SACRED NAME too frequently. Even in a story which is so thoroughly pure and unmixed with base alloy as *King René's Daughter*, there must be felt a shrinking from prayers, apostrophes, and appeals to the Godhead. In music we do not encounter this feeling. Strains of harmony are, as it were, apologies, not for irreverence, certainly, but for upward supplications. We have alluded to this, as we deem it, weakness in the drama, because we could not help perceiving that Iolanthe's prayer was not received by the audience with the enthusiasm the author expected, and that the feeling generated thereby did not tend to increase the success of the performance.

Mr. Charles Kean was admirable in the small part of the youthful and enthusiastic Count. Mr. James Wallack did the most for the old King—his assumption of age was genuinely artistic. Mr. Webster filled out the light character of Sir Geoffrey with true comic touches; and the parts of the Moorish Leech and the attendant were cleverly sustained by Mr. Howe and Miss P. Horton.

The *Loving Woman* and *King René's Daughter* are being played every night to full houses.

OLYMPIC.

THE complete demolition of the Olympic theatre by fire must be still fresh in the memory of all who take an interest in theatrical matters. The event seems to have been but of yesterday, yet now we have a new and splendid edifice ready to open on "boxing-night."

On Thursday night the Olympic was lighted up and exhibited to a select party of visitors, and the effect was magnificent. The fronts of the gallery and boxes are adorned with arabesque painting, in which a high degree of elaboration is combined with the most perfect appearance of lightness. The ceiling is in the same style, and is divided into four compartments, containing allegorical representation of the four seasons.

The drop-scene, representing a decorated Italian *loggia*, much in the style of a drop-scene exhibited in Covent Garden some years ago, is quite in keeping with the rest of the decorations, and is one of the most elegant works of the kind now to be seen in London. It is the production of Messrs. Dayes and Gordon.

One great objection to the old edifice was the circumstance that all the entrances were from Wych Street. The opening of the gallery entrance in Newcastle Street is an improvement by which this will be obviated.

MR. WILLY'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

THE second of these took place at the small room in St. Martin's Hall, on Monday night.

The programme was selected with judgment, and included specimens of four of the great masters, which offered a favourable opportunity of contrasting the peculiarities of their styles. The large pieces were Haydn's violin quartet in G, Op. 81, Beethoven's pianoforte trio in the same key, with his sonata in A minor, for violin and piano, Op. 23 (not the grand one dedicated to Kreutzer); and Mozart's second quintet in C minor, for stringed instruments. The executants in the quartet were Messrs. Willy and Zerbini (first and second violins), Ward (tenor), and Reed (violoncello); the same gentlemen, with the assistance of Mr. Webb (the second tenor), played the quintet. The latter is one of Mozart's finest compositions; the passionate beauty of his style was never more glowingly developed than in the first three movements, while his grace and playfulness are happily demonstrated in the last. The performance, on the whole, was satisfactory. Mr. Willy's mechanism is perfect; he plays with the greatest energy and point, and enters with zeal into the spirit of the composer. Mr. Zerbini is a very good second violin, and Mr. Reed, who is rapidly attaining excellence as a violoncellist, supplied the place of his great contemporary, Signor Piatti (who was announced in the bills), with much credit to himself. The only weakness was in the two tenors, which are of vast importance in this quintet; neither the tone nor the delicacy required was remarked in the gentlemen who otherwise carefully executed the parts intrusted to them. The A minor sonata, which, though one of the best of the lighter ones of Beethoven, is seldom performed, was doubly welcome at the hands of two such players as Messrs. Sterndale Bennett and Willy. But, perhaps, the greatest treat of the whole concert was Mr. Bennett's delightful performance of some of the *Lieder ohne worte* (songs without words), those universal favourites which have carried the name of Mendelssohn into almost every part of the globe where the pianoforte is cultivated. Mr. Bennett played two from the 3rd book (in E flat and A flat), and one from the 6th (the rapid movement in C major). He was enthusiastically recalled, but, instead of repeating the same melodies, he played two others—the short one in E, from the second book, and the fresh and buoyant "Spring Song," (in A), from the fifth, which gave equal pleasure, and were applauded with equal warmth. Some vocal pieces, by the Misses Williams, were introduced, to vary the programme. Miss A. Williams gave the popular ballad from Macfarren's *King Charles II.*, "She shines before me like a star," so well as to obtain an encore; and the two

sisters together sang a new duet by Wallace, "May morning," which, though unusually difficult, offered no obstacle to those clever vocalists. Besides these, there was Mendelssohn's brilliant song, in B flat, "The Charmer" (by Miss A. Williams), and Winter's smooth duet, "Vaghi colli," which might reasonably be laid on the shelf. Mr. W. Lovell Phillips accompanied the vocal music with his usual ability.

There were nearly 400 persons in the room, who, to judge from their attention and applause, thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed the entertainment which Mr. Willy had provided for them.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

On Monday evening last a concert was given at the Theatre Royal, for which the following artistes were engaged:—Madame Sontag, Miss Whitnall, Signori Calzolari, F. Lablache, Piatti, and Mr. Percival. The prices were moderate on this occasion, *viz.*, 7*s.*, 5*s.*, 4*s.*, and 2*s.*, yet the house was not crowded. The artistes were all dressed in deep mourning. Madame Sontag looked better than ever. She sang exquisitely throughout the evening, and was encored five times. Her first aria was De Beriot's "Prendi per me," but this fell flat on the audience, as did also "Bel raggio," the obligato accompaniment to which was beautifully played by Piatti. The first piece in which Madame Sontag created a sensation was the duet, "Da qual dì," from *Linda*, with Calzolari, in which the ensemble, "O consolarmi," was given with the utmost sweetness and purity, and loudly encored. In the second part the audience were "all ears," to hear the air, "With verdure clad," from the *Creation*. This fine melody exactly suits Madame Sontag's voice and style, and was of course encored. Some persons near me said she did not sing it so well as Jenny Lind, but I was of another opinion. She was also encored in the prayer (in A flat) from *Der Freischutz* (in which Piatti's violoncello was again happily prominent), and substituted for it Rode's air with variations, which admirable display of florid execution, the utmost perfection of delicacy and neatness, was the greatest hit of the evening; at its conclusion the applause was uproarious. Madame Sontag next sang the duet, "Giorno d'orrore," from *Semiramide*, with Miss Whitnall, the ladies' voices blending admirably; the duet went off with great eclat. Sontag's last song, "Home, sweet Home," was of course encored, an honour the vocalist well merited, since she gave the ballad with true feeling, pronouncing the English very distinctly. Calzolari sang several well known operatic morceaux, and was encored in "Come ò gentil." Miss Whitnall sang a new ballad, written by Charles Swain, Esq., of Manchester, the music composed by Mr. George Hargreave, one of our local musicians. It was entitled "When the purse is full," and was sung very effectively. Both the words and music have merit. One of the greatest treats of the evening was the violoncello playing of Signor Piatti, who is a deserved favourite in this town. His first piece was a fantasia on themes from *Sonnambula*, and his second a fantasia on themes from *Linda*. Signor Piatti displayed to eminent advantage his powerful command of the instrument, and the delicious quality of his tone, which to my thinking has never been surpassed. Applause was liberally bestowed upon both his performances. Mr. Percival, a clever and rising young artist, played two solos on the flute; the first was exceedingly well received, but the second had to contend with Rode's variations, which had just been sung by Madame Sontag, and damped all that followed.

The annual examination of the pupils at the Collegiate Institution, receiving musical instruction under the training of Richard Crowe, Esq., took place the other night in the lecture-hall of the College. The attendance, as usual on these occasions, was exceedingly numerous. The programme embraced music of every variety, and the pupils acquitted themselves in such a way as to show a marked improvement over last year's examination. The national anthem concluded the performance, the chorus sung by the audience standing.

It is intended to open the new organ, now in course of erection at the Collegiate Institution, to-morrow week, when a series of sixteen *soirées musicales* will be given, consisting of two grand performances on the new instrument, two lectures on the capabilities of the organ, with illustrations, three oratorios, and nine miscellaneous concerts. Mr. Henry Smart, of St. Luke's, London, (one of the finest organists and most accomplished musicians in England) will preside at the organ. Principal vocalists, Miss Helen Taylor, R.A.M., London; Miss Collins, of London; Mr. D. Miranda and Mr. W. H. Seguin, R.A.M., of the Temple, London; assisted by a chorus. Herr Wehle (pianoforte), Mr. Percival, flautist, Mr. E. F. Smith, organist and accompanyist. Sir H. R. Bishop, Professor of Music, Oxon, who has liberally offered his gratuitous services, will conduct the oratorios. The oratorio evenings will comprise the *Messiah*, selections from the *Stabat Mater*, the *Creation*, and *Judas Maccabeus*. The organ is in a forward state. Mr. R. Jackson, of this town, is the builder; the specification for the instrument being furnished by Mr. E. J. Hopkins, of the Temple Church, and approved by that eminent organist, Mr. Thomas Adams, of St. Dunstan's.

Last Wednesday evening the Apollo Glee Club gave their "Ladies' first evening concert," in the large room of the Adelphi Hotel. About a hundred ladies and gentlemen assembled on the occasion. The chair was taken by Arthur Holme, Esq. The vocalists, who are the practical members of the club, were Mrs. G. Holden, soprano; Miss Fairhurst, contralto; Messrs. Boothby and G. Holden, jun., alto; Messrs. Evans and Mellor, tenor; and Messrs. Roberts and Armstrong, bass. Mr. George Holden presided at the pianoforte, and was assisted by his pupil, Master Skeaf. It is a rule of the club that their performances shall always commence with Webbe's glee, "Glorious Apollo," which was adhered to on this occasion. The meetings of this club are held at the Adelphi Hotel, on the second and fourth Wednesday in each month, at half-past seven o'clock, and visitors are admitted on the introduction of a member. The club, necessarily limited in numbers, its general meetings participating more of the social than the public character, is one of the oldest musical societies in Liverpool. Its prosperity was never greater than at the present time.

Mrs. H. Beale has commenced a series of classical chamber concerts at the Assembly Rooms, St. George Street, for which the assistance of Mr. Willy, the well-known London violinist, is secured. At the first concert a *sestet* of Onslow, a quartet of Beethoven (No. 1, in F), a pianoforte trio of Mendelssohn (No. 2, in C minor) and a quartet of Haydn (No. 63, in D), were performed. Mrs. H. Beale is a pianist, and exhibited her abilities in the trio of Mendelssohn (with Messrs. Willy and Haddock), and in a brilliant duet of Osborne and Dr. Beriet from *Guillaume Tell*, with Mr. Willy. The other performers were Messrs. Haddock, G. Haddock, Lawson, and Saunders. There was also some vocal music, by Misses Stott and E. Stott, from Lachner, Neidermeyer, Vaccaj, and Kücken—not a very interesting selection, by the way. These concerts should be encouraged. Such things cannot but do good, in town or country.

J. H. N.

MUSIC AT CHELTENHAM.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Assembly Rooms were filled with a fashionable audience on Thursday evening, the occasion being Mr. Alban Croft's second Subscription Musical Evening. The performers were Mrs. Alexander Newton, from the London Wednesday Concerts, Mrs. Alban Croft, and Mr. G. Marshall, as vocalists; and Mr. G. Von Holst (harp), Mr. Cianchettini and Mr. Hamilton Croft (piano), and Mr. R. Blagrove (concertina), instrumentalists.

Mrs. Alexander Newton, who made her first appearance in Cheltenham, was the star of the evening, and sustained all that had been stated of her in the London journals. This lady has a *soprano* voice of brilliant quality and great flexibility. She displays a considerable amount of dramatic feeling, and eschews, in her singing, that apathetic manner, which many vocalists consider enjoined by the decorum of the concert room.

Mrs. A. Newton's first essay was in Bishop's song, "Lo! here the gentle lark," which she delivered with purity of tone and great expression. Her brilliancy of tone, mentioned above, was particularly noticeable in this song. The fair artist was encored, and in the repetition created even more effect. She was joined in the duet from the *Prophète*, "Della Mosa," by Mrs. Alban Croft, which was received with great applause, albeit Mrs. Alban Croft was hardly equal to the depth of voice required for the second voice, that of Fides.

Mendelssohn's charming characteristic duet, "The May Bells," cleverly executed by Mrs. A. Newton and Mrs. Alban Croft, and encored.

The same compliment was paid to Mrs. A. Newton's "Una Voce," which the fair artist vocalised with ease and fluency. Mrs. A. Newton, however, did not respond to the encore, in consequence of the fatigue created by her previous efforts.

Mr. Cianchettini played a fantasia on the piano in the good old solid style of execution; though the performance seemed by no means deficient in that mechanical dexterity which has wrought so great a reformation in pianoforte playing. Mr. Cianchettini was heartily and vigorously applauded. He is an old and worthy servant of the public.

There was a large assortment of vocal performances, none of which I consider deserving of especial comment.

Mr. G. Von Holst was encored in a solo on the harp, and Mr. R. Blagrove was similarly honoured in a concertina fantasia; Mr. Blagrove is an excellent player on this instrument. His concertina was forced to do service for the flute in the *obligato* accompaniment to "Lo! here the gentle lark." I must confess, no disparagement to Mr. R. Blagrove's playing, than which nothing of the kind could be more finished and tasteful, I should have preferred the flute.

Mr. Cianchettini acted as conductor.

MUSIC AT CORK.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The operatic company closed their short and successful engagement on Saturday night, and have left for Dublin, where they are to appear to-night. We feel perfectly sure that the public of Cork are well satisfied with the varied entertainments of last week, during which as many as five operas, two of them new to a Cork audience, were performed; and that Mr. Reeves, who was the organiser of the company, and the responsible party in bringing them to this city, is equally satisfied with the reception which he has met, and the result of his speculation. We seldom remember a succession of fuller houses than those of last week. On two occasions numbers left the house, finding it impossible to get accommodation in box, pit, or gallery. On Saturday evening, the last night of the company's appearance, the crowd was so excessive, especially in the gallery, that interruptions were frequent, and movement continual and irritating. Verdi's opera of *Ernani* was produced on Friday and with effect, considering the short time allowed for preparation, rehearsal, and drilling the chorus. The leading characters were well sustained of *Ernani*. On Saturday the performances was commenced with *Lucia di Lammermoor*. In spite of evident cold and indisposition Mr. Reeves struggled manfully through his part, although so incapable did he feel himself to proceed at the close of the second act, he would have thrown himself upon the indulgence of the audience, had he not been withheld by the idea of their being annoyed at any disappointment in the performance. Still, in spite of his illness, he not only persevered in getting through the concluding scene of *Lucia*, but sang nearly all the part of Macheath, in the *Beggar's Opera*, very charmingly. Miss Lucombe sang her best, and played with spirit and feeling. She has made a decided impression upon the good people of Cork, with whom she has become a favourite. Mr. Whitworth sustained his reputation by his Silva of Friday, and Colonel Ashton of Saturday evening. The responsibility of management belonged to this gentleman, who acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the public. Miss Lanza sang the part of Polly in the *Beggar's Opera* effectively.

MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

(Continued from page 797.)

"NOMEN SCRIPTORIS EST THOMAS PLENUS AMORIS."
WARTON, *Hist. Eng., Poet.* i., 140.

"The name of the writer is *Tommy*,
Och! he is the joker that likes the soft pretty girls;
Well known for his slanders on Byron and Sheridan,
Also for libels on lords, and ladies, and earls."

Μεγαλα θαυμαστα ΜΩΡΗ.
Diog. Laert. vi., cap. 2.

Book of Miracles for Mr. Moore.

Methinkes I see you smile,
Before you 'gin to reade,
At this same title of my tale,
but for you shall not needs,
To marvaile at the same:
first reede it to the end,
And mark you still through all the tale
whereto eache point doth tend.
And you shall see, I hope,
that this same title serves
Fit for this tale, tis sure my mind
from reason greatly swerves"
The Schoole of Fancie; by N. B.

The eighteenth century was the grand era of literary forgery and book mysteries. It stands alone and unrivalled by any preceding century. The sixth was signalized, it is true, by the publication of the Koran—a publication fraught with incidents by which the fate of millions has been decided; but the number and character of the swindlers of the last age render it, in my opinion, more disgraceful, if not more remarkable even, than that which witnessed the dawn of the Mahometan Bible. Our grandsires seemed to put great confidence in such books as were ushered into the world enveloped in darkness and mysteriousness. We know what has kept alive the fame of "The Whole Duty of Man"—the author of which has never been discovered. Their own intrinsic merits might, probably, have extended to a second or third, or perhaps sixth edition, the inimitable compositions of Junius, but they would have wanted the splendour which now burns around them, had the author been positively ascertained. "The Pursuits of Literature," so long as they were unclaimed, attracted the attention of the whole of England. Public inquiry was universally aroused; the press teemed with pamphlets, and the periodicals with speculations respecting the unknown writer. Once proved to be the work of Matthias, they fell into disrepute and obscurity, and are now seldom to be found. The pretended "History of Formosa", was the earliest forgery imposed on the past century. It was followed by Curl, the bookseller, who published, as genuine letters of Mr. Pope and his friends, some garret-written epistles, destitute of fire, or fancy, or even common sense. The surreptitious publication of Lord Bolingbroke's "Letters on History," by Pope himself, came close upon the heels of the last named trick. This was succeeded by the "Turkish Spy," and Lauder's sacreligious thrusts at the memory of John Milton. The "Letters from the Levant,"* attributed once pretty generally to the virtuous Lady Mary Montague, but now more than suspected to have been written for her by Cleland, the notorious author of "Fanny Hill," a heroine of the same stamp as her ladyship, forms the next link in the chain of imposture. A hardy Caledonian, speculating on fame and profit, in the solitude of his library, spent his hours extracting from writers of every rank, language, and denomination, the most remarkable passages and similes. These he afterwards patched up together, and the Ossian forgeries were palmed upon the world as the genuine offspring of a minstrel who flourished cotemporaneously with the dawn of Christian truth. Horace Walpole came next. His "Castle of Otranto," despite the solemn asseverations of that fastidious finical gentleman, that the work was

* It is amusing to peruse the critique of old Gibbon, on these celebrated letters. It is just such as one would expect from this Silenus of Historians. "J'ai lu aussi les Lettres de Lady Mary Wortley Montague, qui viennent de paroitre. C'est la relation d'un voyage où elle suivit son mari ambassadeur à Constantinople. Elles sont assez legères et amusantes. *Ce que j'aime le mieux, c'est ce qu'elle dit de l'interieur des maisons, où jamais homme n' a pénétré.*"—*Extraits du Journal.*

found "in the library of an ancient Catholic family in the north of England, and that it was first printed at Naples, in the black letter, 'in the year 1529," was soon discovered to be a gross and impudent forgery of his own. The contempt into which both it and its author have since fallen, is an honourable instance of merited retribution and chastisement. Then came the Chattertonian manuscripts, the only monuments of great poetical genius to which, with the exception of Burns, the latter half of the eighteenth century can point with pride. These for a time deceived minds of the greatest acuteness; but the youth and poverty of the wondrous author have successfully pleaded his apology with posterity. The Shakspere forgeries I have before alluded to. The mantle of the impostor, Ireland, has since then descended upon the impostor Moore, and he has proved himself a worthy recipient of the same. May no be the last of my countrymen found base enough to imitate so flagitious an example.

An age so prolific of premeditated schemes on the literary public has seldom or never appeared. Happily the taste for such amusements has since died away, and we are now seldom treated to publications, the authenticity of which even the simple-minded, all-believing, Parson Adams might be inclined to suspect. The only attempt to revive so disreputable a custom, has been made by our Sloperton map. I do not hesitate to say that it fully emulates the worst of these scandalous forgeries which I have enumerated; and that no very long period will elapse before "Lalla Rookh" and the other impositions of this writer will be consigned to the same slough in which the forgeries of Lauder, and Ireland, and Psalmanazzar now ignominiously rest. May we, before the falling of the curtain on Tom Moore's life, hope for a finale similar to the last-named of these persons? George Psalmanazzar was himself the first to come forward and confess that mankind had been his dupes; that he had foully paltered with their enthusiasm and credulity. He owned, with the sincerest contrition, the crimes that he had committed, and solemnly resolved, by the harmlessness and virtues of his future years, to atone for his rascally practices. *He did so.* He became an honest member of society, and never alluded to his former misdeeds without tears of heartfelt repentance. It is not yet too late for the transcriber of "Lalla Rookh" to imitate so laudable an example. Let him fall down on his marrowbones and openly confess himself a plagiarist, dunce, and thief of the most unblushing dishonesty.

The world is indulgent, even to the most elderly sinners, when they reform; and I myself will be the first to come to the little man's assistance. But if he will still continue hardened and daring to the last, like the notorious pair of impostors above mentioned, Lauder and Ireland, or those criminal miscreants, Thurtell and Courvoisier (whose ghost still haunts the soul of Charley Phillips), I feel justified in prophecying that another age, viewing him with unprejudiced eyes, will pronounce him a worthy associate of the forgery junto, and erase his name for ever from the starry catalogue of England's poets.

Modern genius may be aptly defined as "the art of expressing old thoughts in new words." There was a monster called Chastity, says Juvenal, in the age of Saturn—there was a prodigy called Novelty of Imagery, say I, in the æra of Hesiod. With a few grand exceptions, it has not shone out since. Books are now read solely for the purpose of stealing, or of sleep. Instruction one cannot hope to meet, for all the old truths are interwoven with our first rudiments. Nature herself was the preceptress of the men of old; we are but the disciples of disciples—the more servile copyists of those who learned in her majestic school.

"Write what we will, our works bespeak us
Imitatores servum pecus;
The proverb still sticks closely by us,
Nil dictum quod non dictum prius.
So, (the similitude is trite)*"

* Trite enough in all conscience. Even that sycophantic proser, whose religion was tuft-hunting, and whose paradise was a nobleman's dinner-table—Young, the Nightman—has copied the thought from poor Lloyd.

"Compare it to the Moon,
Dark in herself, and indigent, but rich
In borrowed lustre from a higher sphere."
Third Night, v. 424.

The Moon still shines with borrowed light,
And, like the race of modern beaux,
Ticks with the Sun for her laced clothes."—LLOYD.

I never look on a library that I am not struck with the notion of its being a vast receiving-house for stolen goods. He who pilfers most and best, now-a-days, succeeds best; and that inquisitive French critic, who contemplated a work περι των απαξ ειρημενων, or about things that were said only once, had he not given up the task in disgust and despair, would, instead of compiling a pompous folio, have found his discoveries dwindle into a very few slim octavo pages. Happy is it for writers that mankind are of an easy disposition, and are not very much displeased with a well-dressed dish of deceit. Happy is it for them that double readers have short memories and insatiable appetites; so that, when old joints are served up in new sauces, they either do not discover that they have been eating them ever since they were able to chew, or else they console themselves with the thought that they are the best to be had, and will serve for the present hour as well as finer and more expensive meats. Only for the critics, the condition of an author on this earth would realize the fancied glories of Elysium.

I have said that books are read only that they may be pirated from; in other words that they may be made instruments of plagiarism. Plagiarism, in its restricted sense, is the art of robbing authors. I have always been inclined to extend its meaning, and to define it generally as the art of Robbery. I see no difference between plagiarising another man's metaphors and plagiarising his pocket-handkerchief. Both are felonies, and I have little doubt—I speak advisedly—that both are equally punishable by the laws of England. That plagiarism itself was once an indictable offence is clearly proved by its etymology, from *plaga*, a stripe. The punishment inflicted for the crime was a flogging at the cart's tail, and by the common hangman, through the most public thoroughfares, and the condemned poet was ever afterwards called Plagiarius, or one who has been whipped for stealing—as a soldier who has been once cat-o'-nine-tailed is christened "Lobster-back" for the rest of his existence. How heartily do I wish that this ancient fashion of punishment were revived, and that London would have the pleasure of seeing ——— whipped through the Row, while Calcraft flourished his leathern whip above his head, making the welkin ring with the ragamuffin's shouts, and the kennel run with his homuncular blood.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I beg to call your attention to the system which exists of issuing tickets for the popular concerts at Exeter Hall, for what are called "reserved seats," at the price of 4*s*. The purchasers of these tickets are led to believe that places are really reserved to them (as indeed the name implies), whereas, unless one goes very early, there is no possibility of obtaining a seat at all. Such a state of things ought not to be, and the public should not be deceived in this manner, with the idea that there are really reserved seats.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

London, Dec. 20th. AN AMATEUR.

[Our pages are open to any reply Mr. Stammers may think proper to make.—ED. "M. W."]

HUBERT LEBLANC.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

MR. EDITOR,—You will confer a great favor by having the kindness to state where, and in what form, the writings of Hubert Leblanc can be obtained. This author is quoted by Baillot, in his *L'Art du Violin*, page 5, note 1; and page 141, note 3—*Hubert Lablance, Defense de Viole contre les entreprises du Violon.* Also, if the notices de Mr. Fayole, *sur* Corelli, Tartini, Viotti, &c., are to be found in a separate work, or have only been published in some Musical Review.

Hoping you will pardon this intrusion, I remain a

CONSTANT READER.

Edinburgh, 14th December, 1849.

[We think the works of Hubert Leblanc may be seen in the library of the British Museum. But we will make enquiries in the right place, and perhaps next week may be able to inform our correspondent. Meanwhile, perhaps, some of our readers may be able and willing to throw a light on the subject.—ED. M. W.

OPERATIC STARS.

NO. XV.

ANGRI.

It is a common saying that "it never rains but it pours," and there are few persons who, in their time, have not met with frequent exemplifications of the quaint old adage.* The history of the Italian opera shows that a first-rate *contralto* is among the *rara aves* of vocalists. Pisaroni was the first of that class who visited this country, but her *personnel* was found disagreeable to the Venus-seeking *habitués* of the King's theatre—now Her Majesty's—and the exquisite tones, dramatic force, and superb style of the singer were found insufficient to make amends for unpleasing features and a plain figure. Alas, for keen eyes and opera glasses! they have their diseases as well as their utilities. They were instrumental in banishing from England one of the brightest ornaments that ever adorned the operatic stage.

Pisaroni came to London somewhere about the year anno Domini 1825-6-7—"I like to be particular in dates"—and having excited admiration in musicians and the dim-sighted only, left in utter disgust with her reception, never to greet with her presence our shores again.

After some years, the loss of Pisaroni was supplied by Marietta Brambilla, an admirable *artiste* and singer, who, in her line, reigned paramount for nearly ten years. But Brambilla, although she preserved her position without rivalry during that period, fell short of a great dramatic singer, and, in characters of the first class, created a moderate sensation only. Time and her charming style and method made her an undoubted favourite with the public, and we find no *contralto* who had the power or ability to push her from her stool, until the splendid talents of Alboni outshone and put to flight all former *contraltos*, even as the sun outshines and puts to flight the lessening stars, and makes them "hide their diminished heads." The Pisaronis and Brambillas were lost in the transcendent lustre of Alboni, and their very memories blotted out for ever.

For two years Alboni remained the sole star that ruled predominant in her own sphere. In the third year of her coming to this country a new *contralto* was announced, who, it was fondly averred, would share her laurels, if not win some of them from her radiant brow; but the third year has flitted by, and Alboni still retains the pre-eminence which was awarded her at first.

But, because Alboni must be acknowledged the very greatest of *contralti*, it needs not be assumed that Elena Angri, her so-called rival star, has not merits of her own which would elevate her to the rank of eminent artists; and, indeed, however highly we may prize the talents of the first singer, though comparisons must inevitably force themselves on us, we must not be led to depreciate the latter, because she happens to be inferior. To be inferior to Alboni is the lot of some of the most renowned vocalists of the present day, and we are therefore not necessarily abstracting from the merits of Angri in saying that she falls short of Alboni.

It was a most unfortunate circumstance for Angri that she came to England so soon after Alboni, and still more unfortunate that she should have appeared in most of the characters in which the great *contralto-soprano* had achieved her brilliant successes. In estimating the relative merits of the two artistes, to such as would do justice to both, this consideration should not be overlooked.

Of Angri's life and career it is not necessary to speak in a mere critical abstract of her vocal and dramatic powers. We are told that she was born in one of the Ionian Islands, that her father was an Italian, and her mother a Grecian. It is stated that she gave early indications of great vocal powers, that her studies were desultory, and that she selected the stage as her profession more from necessity than choice. She sang for many years at Vienna, and in the Austrian and Germanic States, where it seems she created a *furore*, and was ultimately engaged by the Emperor Nicholas for the opera at St. Petersburgh, where she joined Rubini, Tamburini, Pauline Garcia, &c., &c. The fame she achieved in the capital of the snows soon reached England, and upon the secession of Alboni from the Covent Garden *troupe*, she was engaged last season to supply her place.† She made her first appearance as Arsace, in *Semiramide*—the same character in which Alboni debuted—and achieved an unmistakeable success.

Whatever differences of opinion there might have been respecting Angri's voice and style of vocalisation, none existed in regard to her dramatic fire and energy. Upon this point *her admirers* were loud and strenuous in their praise, and insisted that she surpassed all her predecessors.*

Angri's voice can hardly be called a true *contralto*. The middle notes are even and sweet, but the upper notes are hard, and the lower deficient in power. The range is extensive, however, and enables the artist to sing *mezzo soprano* parts with ease. The flexibility of Angri's voice is very great, and often leads her to indulge in extravagant flights of *fioriture*, which are more surprising than pleasing. The rapidity of her execution is proverbial, but the absence of delicacy and want of finish—her besetting sins—frequently militate against all her efforts. In Angri's singing we too often perceive a want of art, which makes us regret that she had not studied more, or that she had attempted so much. At times she approaches the verge of the highest excellence, but too often she strives only to disappoint. With all these deficiencies and faults, there is much that is striking and decidedly original in Angri's singing. The spirit and energy she infuses into her performance makes us overlook many failings, and the brilliancy and rapidity of her embellishments leaves us no room to ponder and criticise. That the artiste might effect more than she does, had she more skill, is evidenced by occasional efforts in which we could in vain seek for more perfect vocalisation, or a purer taste; but these efforts are so rarely met with that it must be acknowledged her taste is vitiated and her style unfinished.

Mdlle. Angri's dramatic talent, although instinct with most of the faults of her singing, is of a far higher order. The artist exhibits great histrionic capabilities, and both in tragedy and comedy is entitled to praise. In the former line, which has been pronounced her forte, she had but one opportunity at the Royal Italian Opera of displaying her excellence, *viz.*, in Arsace in *Semiramide*, and this was undeniably her greatest performance. She acted with considerable vigour and point, and produced an effect which her subsequent efforts by no means tended to awaken. Had some of the serious characters, in which it is averred she shines conspicuous, been allotted to her, her fame might have been established on a more firm basis in this country; but the small parts she assumed during her engagement at Covent Garden were either unsuited to her

* After a dearth of *contralto* vocalists for several years on the Italian stage, we suddenly discover in the musical hemisphere two stars of the first magnitude—Alboni and Angri—and one which has just appeared on the verge of the horizon—the youthful De Meric.

* This is quite a mistake.—ED. † They might insist—but what then?—ED.

style, or she had not art sufficient to endow them with interest.

In Rosina in the *Barbiere*, and Cherubino in the *Nozze di Figaro*, Madlle. Angri displayed much comic ability. The first part was admirable in every respect, and were it not for occasional faults of style and a want of finish, we should not hesitate to pronounce it the very best personation of the character we had ever seen. Some of the critics declared the performance too bold and *brusque*, but to our thinking the assumption was conceived in the true spirit of Beaumarchais and Rossini.* The Cherubino of Mdlle. Angri was also an excellent performance, replete with buoyancy and hilarity.

Mdlle. Angri's figure is tall and striking. She treads the stage with great ease and freedom, and her action is bold and energetic. Although not decidedly handsome her face is intelligent and full of expression.

The fair artiste is now engaged with Ronconi, at the *Italiens*, in Paris, where she is playing characters more important than those assigned to her at Covent Garden last season.† Whether she will again visit England, we have no means of ascertaining. It is probable that, in case Alboni refuses accepting an offer from either of the Italian Opera Houses, she will be heard once more in London, in which case we shall be happy to see her.

MUSICAL CHARADE.

My first, say who hath fathom'd thee!
Vast, boundless, as eternity;
Thou hast been ever Genius' goal,
The object of his ardent soul.
Thy gifts to him thou wilt impart,
Who seeks thee with a longing heart;
Thou art the earnest student's meed,
His comfort in the hour of need.
Sister of science, deign at thou then,
To visit the abode of men?
Oh heav'n-born missionary thou!
'Tis thine to clear the monarch's brow,
To cheer the heart of abject slave,
To animate the true and brave.
And bind in universal thrall,
Refined—untutor'd—savage—all!
Thy sway, all nations, kingdoms own,
Infinite, wondrous, glorious one!
My second, of a learned race,
That numbers twice thirteen,
Is honour'd with the highest place,
And is the first, I ween.
Without them, what were learning's store
How fast t'would fade away!
Without them literary lore
Would hasten to decay.
Ages and ages now are past,
Since first on earth they came;
To endless ages they will last,
Perpetuating fame.
Seven are chosen from their band,
To give their names to sound;
But here, transposed by music's hand,
The first, the sixth, is found.
My third, so fam'd in history,
On ancient Persia's throne;
His riches, might, and luxury,
To every one are known.
My whole, an opera of fame,
Let Britain's echoes sound the name.

EUTERPE.

Dec. 19th, 1849.

* We do not pretend to know why, but we found it very unnatural and exaggerated.—Ed.

† More important than Rosina, Arsace, and Cherubino? What can they be?—Ed.

HOW TO IMPROVE THE MUSICAL TASTE OF THE COUNTRY.

(From the New York Message Bird.)

We are weary of meeting in its numberless forms, that venerable question, "*What can be done to improve the musical taste of the country?*" Without stopping to speak of the absurdity of this interrogatory in one sense, or of its importance in another, we proceed to reply, that there is one, and *only* one way in which this desirable end can be attained; and that way we will now endeavour to show. We assume that "taste," in an abstract sense, is the ability to appreciate or to perceive what is perfect. This faculty then becomes exalted or "improved," just in proportion as the objects upon which it is habitually exercised approach in their nature towards the perfect. Hence, if an individual would "improve his musical taste," he must habitually—not occasionally merely, but *habitually*—accustom himself to hear the best specimens of music—the expansion of taste being like that of other faculties, *progressive*. If he would acquire, in addition to this, a discriminating or *critical* taste, he must do something more than listen, he must study. He must become acquainted with the ground or object upon which that on which he would pass judgment is founded, with the laws of its proper construction, and in fine with its whole nature and philosophy, and with the manner of its perfect achievement. The verdict of his unbiassed judgment in its approaches to truth, will be just in proportion to his advancement in the knowledge of these principles. To draw from these inferences a just and practicable solution of the above question, we have to answer, *first*, let the music which is introduced into your *family* be invariably of the very best class, whether vocal or instrumental; selected with this end in view, in all cases, by a truly competent judge; *second*, employ none but the very best teachers for yourself or children, and permit them to hear as often as possible the best models of vocal and instrumental performance, and as rarely as possible those of an opposite or of a common-place character; *third*, procure an instrument of the best quality of tone, and what is equally of importance, especially if it is to accompany a learner in singing, let it be kept constantly *in tune*. Nothing exerts a more depraving influence upon the ear, than the habit of listening for weeks and months together to a constant hammering upon the discordant strings of a pianoforte. We can easily account for absence of enthusiasm in music, where the name is connected with such associations as these. A good pianoforte, with ordinary care, will not require to be frequently tuned; a poor piano cannot too hastily be got rid of; *fourth*, and that which has a much stronger influence in forming the musical taste of a community than is generally imagined, is the character and manner of performance of the music in its churches. "Church music," says an experienced writer, "has a great and pervading influence in forming the taste of a people. If accustomed from youth to hear good music well performed, in the temple where they assemble weekly to worship God, it leaves a deep-seated impression on their minds; one which is not easily eradicated in after life. It is to this cause, is mainly attributed the superiority exhibited by the people of several of the European nations, in music. They are from childhood accustomed to hear the best compositions ably performed in their churches, and they accordingly imbibe a taste for what is really good." Use your influence, therefore to have the organist, chorister, or teacher of the choir to which you are accustomed to listen, persons of competent musical information. In too many instances this important

class of persons have had but a slight knowledge of music; and their ideas of taste, as manifested in the music which they adopt and in the style and manner of its performance, is sufficiently crude and imperfect for all mischievous purposes; *fifth*, as you would not be satisfied either in your own case or in that of your children with that progress in the English language which carries you no further than its *a-b abs*, so in the musical language let a knowledge of its elementary principles be followed by a study of its grammar and laws of composition under the best teachers of thorough base, harmony, and musical composition; so that you may not only be able to read a paragraph in music without spelling, but that you may also express your own thoughts in that language with correctness and elegance, either in *conversation*, by extemporaneous performances upon an instrument, or by written compositions.

We think that were these few simple and perfectly practicable directions generally carried out, there would be no longer occasion for *Pickwickian* "conventions," to consult upon the best method for "improving the musical taste" of this country. Musicians of talent, who have spent a life-time in acquiring the knowledge necessary to render them competent in their particular departments, would no longer be thrust aside to make room for ignorance and presumption; nor would the finest musical compositions be permitted to lie unknown or forgotten upon the shelves of the publisher, whilst the most illiterate trash is circulating to and fro through the country with the rapidity and constancy of a weaver's shuttle. We should no longer hear complaints of the ebbs and flows in musical taste, and of the advancing and retrograding caprices of "the Musical Public." In a word, talent would be developed and would abound; and our country would take that rank among musical nations which her latent capacities for the art would render most distinguished.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Stephen Heller.—Among the few private circles which have enjoyed the advantage of hearing this esteemed musician play, either his own works or those of others, the warmest enthusiasm has been excited. Recently, at the house of Mr. J. Ella, Director of the Musical Union—who entertained a select company of amateurs and professors on the occasion—M. Stephen Heller played some specimens from his *Etudes*, a fantasia, and a few of the *Pensées Fugitives*, in conjunction with Ernst, who was also partner in the composition of these beautiful and romantic pieces. The effect produced by M. Heller's playing was unanimously favourable, and has led to a strongly expressed desire of hearing him in public. Highly regarded as are the compositions of M. Heller, by all the *cognoscenti*, they are not yet sufficiently known here to *virtuosi* and musicians at large. We are persuaded, however, that their popularity would far exceed that of Chopin's works, with all the latter's orinality. To quite as much fancy as Chopin, and a *cachet* by no means less essentially his own, M. Heller adds a deeper knowledge of the art, and a more profound reverence for the forms and precedents of the great masters. In Germany, M. Heller enjoys a distinguished reputation; his works have a large influence and an extended sale, and there is little doubt that, if equally well known, they would be equally regarded and sought after in this country, which yields to none in its ready appreciation and eager acknowledgment of merit in all the arts.

Exhibition of Water Colours.—Mr. Grundy, of Regent Street, has opened the upper part of his premises for the purpose of exhibiting a number of drawings in water-colour and painting in oil, by some of the first artists of the day. With the water-colour societies it is, we believe, a rule to admit no drawing made by an Academician, and as no prohibitive law of the kind affects Mr. Grundy's first floor, the public has an opportunity of seeing many drawings by masters who of late years have only been known by their oil-colour productions. In works of the sort by Mr. Poole—chiefly rustic figures—Mr. Grundy is remarkably rich. Mr. Sidney Cooper has furnished him with some excellent water-colour cow-pieces, one of them as glowing and Cuyp-like as any of the pictures he sends to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy; and Mr. Roberts has contributed several drawings in his best style on Egyptian and Nubian subjects. The members of the water-colour societies have been very active in producing works for this exhibition. Messrs. Cattermole, Harding, Rayner, Bentley, Vacher, and Topham, are among the leading contributors; a scene from Irish peasant life by the last-named artist, being one of the best works he has yet produced. Several sketches by Mr. E. Landseer, including the three which have been recently engraved, and some drawings by Sir A. Calcott, may likewise be named among the principal objects of this very choice collection. Another room is devoted to oil-colour and there we have interesting specimens by Messrs. Etty, Eastlake, Maclise, Herbert, Egg, Elmore, Frith, Creswick, and other celebrities of the day. Most of the works are on a small scale, and it is a peculiarity of the exhibition that it gives the spectator an opportunity of surveying the light productions of a variety of artists, and of, thus, as it were, penetrating for a while into the studio. The rooms are fitted up in excellent taste, and as no productions of decided inferiority are admitted, the whole may be pronounced a cabinet of real gems of British art.

Mr. Distin and Sons will give Concerts at the following places the week after Christmas:—Greenwich, 31st December; Chippenham, January 1st; Cirencester, 2nd; Stroud, 3rd; Cheltenham, 4th and 5th. The vocalists announced are Miss O'Connor, and Miss Lucy Paton.

Sacred Harmonic Society.—The *Messiah* of Handel was given for the fourth time last night, with the same vocalists, the same crowd, and the same effect as on the previous occasions. The first great performance of the year 1850 will be Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, which is, we are told, preparing with unwonted care.

French Plays.—Mr. Mitchell has favoured us with his programme for the ensuing season, to which we shall give due consideration in our next.

Miss Emma Bendixen.—A correspondent is informed that one of the most melancholy events of the present year was the early and unexpected death of this very gifted young lady, one of the most promising and distinguished of all the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music. Miss Emma Bendixen studied the pianoforte under Mr. Sterndale Bennett, and composition under Mr. G. A. Macfarren, and was an honour to both her professors.

Clifton.—A grand performance of sacred music took place at the Victoria Rooms, on Tuesday evening, under the most distinguished patronage, Mr. H. C. Cooper, the violinist, being the director. The performances consisted of Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, and Mendelssohn's *Athalie*. We expect next week further particulars from our correspondent "Teutonius."

Irish Wednesday Concerts.—A series of entertainments have commenced operations in Dublin, under the title of Dublin *Monday* Concerts, in opposition to Mr. Stammers' London *Wednesday* Concerts. The first performance took place on Monday week, and the second on the following Saturday.

Mr. Clement White is at Daventry, superintending the *debut* of one of his pupils, who will make his first public appearance in the opera of the *Duenna*. Rumour speaks favourably of the talent of the young *debutante*, whose voice is said to be a sweet and powerful tenor.

Mr. Macready.—This eminent tragedian made his first appearance at Chester on Monday last, in Sir E. B. Lytton's *Richelieu*, and was received with immense applause.

Miss Dolby.—The third *Soirée Musicale* of this classical and accomplished singer took place on Tuesday night. We have a notice in type, but are compelled to postpone it till next week. We may premise that the programme was as interesting as at either of the preceding *Soirées*, and that the great instrumental feature was Molique's new pianoforte trio in A minor, of which we have already expressed our high opinion.

Mdlle. Mathilde Graumann, the vocalist, has arrived in London for the ensuing season. This young lady was heard with great pleasure at the concerts of M. Benedict and other eminent professors, last season. She is a pupil of the well-known Manuel Garcia.

Messrs. Wrighton and Wilkinson gave a concert at the Assembly Rooms, Kensington, on Tuesday evening the 4th inst. Mr. Wrighton was assisted in the vocal department by Miss Rainforth, Miss Poole, Miss Holroyd, and Mr. W. H. Seguin. To Mr. Wilkinson (pianist), was added Mr. Mount (double-bass). The performances in general were entitled to commendation, and several encores were the result. Mr. Wilkinson introduced a young lady, a pupil of his, who played a duet with him on the piano, and obtained considerable applause. Mr. Mount executed a solo on the double-bass, in which he displayed no small amount of mastery over that very difficult, and by no means thankful, instrument. The Assembly Room was tolerably well filled.

Alboni.—The reports about this celebrated *cantatrice* having purchased a house are not without foundation, although the *locale* has been mistaken. Alboni has bought a splendid mansion in the *Champs Elysées*, near the fountain, the most salubrious and beautiful *quartier* in the French metropolis.

Jenny Lind is in Paris, and Mr. Lumley, too. The Parisians are on the tip-toe with expectation. Every morning the *affiche* of the *Theatre Italien* is read with eagerness. Will the Swedish Nightingale be satisfied to go to Russia and America, before she has warbled Paris into submission? We think not.

Charles Hallé.—This celebrated pianist was in London, on Saturday, but returned on Sunday evening to Manchester, where his numerous duties imperatively call him.

The Misses Cole.—These clever young vocalists, whose recent performances at the London Wednesday Concerts we have had so much pleasure in praising, are pursuing their studies under the auspices of Mr. Panofka, who appears to have entirely given himself up to instruction in the vocal art.

Gomperтz's Panorama.—This interesting exhibition and faithful representation of the War in India has been attracting crowded audiences at Tavistock during the past week; and such was the proprietor's success at Plymouth, that he returns there after Christmas.

A young lady, pupil of the Royal Academy, possessing vocal and dramatic abilities, has been engaged by Mr. Newcombe, lessee of the Theatre Royal, Plymouth.

Rossini and the Pigs.—The eccentric composer of *Il Barbiere* has got wearied of dealing in fish, in the same manner as he grew tired of writing operas, and he has turned his attention to the breeding and sale of swine. Rossini has turned pig-dealer, and droves of "grunters" may be witnessed on market days, hurrying, or rather being hurried, through the streets of Bologna, the profit-money derived from which goes to fatten the sides of the *gran Maestro*. "You cannot make a purse out of a sow's ear,"—nor can you make a composer who has lost all ambition and love for his art, write operas.

Choirs of New York and Brooklyn.—This congregation employs no choir. After a hymn is read, the tune to which it is to be sung is announced from the pulpit. The organist then plays the tune thus appointed, after which the leader (Mr. Moulton), whose station is in the organ gallery, commences the singing, in which he is assisted, but feebly however, by the congregation; some of whom are provided with tune-books for the purpose. As there was no variety in the sound, or light and shade in the expression of this "music," its monotony, after one or two repetitions, became rapidly tedious. We experienced, however, a grateful relief in the tasteful improvisations of the organist for the occasion, Mr. Bechte, who, we understand, is not the regular organist of this church; but whose talents in this capacity, nevertheless, deserve a passing tribute. The leader has a strong voice of good quality, which he uses with energy; but his style of singing is occasionally marred by his manner of enunciating certain diphthongs. Thus the word "rejoice" he renders "re—joi—*eese*;" "joy," "joy—*ee*," etc. To this we are compelled to add another offence of equal atrocity, which consists in his frequently dismissing his tones with a *jerk*; these habits, as they argue a deficiency in vocal training incompatible with the proper qualifications of a public singer, should be carefully avoided by those who have assumed the duties of such a station in the church. Mr. Moultan is by no means a solitary offender in these practices; and we fear we shall be compelled in candour to advert frequently in the course of these reviews to the prevalence of these gross and inexcusable blemishes in our church music. But let us not anticipate.—*New York Message Bird.*

London Sacred Harmonic Society.—On Monday evening, Handel's oratorio of *Joshua* was performed, under the direction of Mr. Surman, in presence of a crowded audience. The principal singers were Misses Birch, Kennett, and Stewart, and the Messrs. Benson and Lawlor. An appropriate tribute of respect was paid to the memory of the late Queen Dowager by the performance of the Dead March in *Saul*, and a selection from Handel's *Funeral Anthem*, previous to the oratorio. The selection from the *Anthem* included the quartet, "When the ear heard her, then it blessed her;" and the chorus, "He delivered the poor that cried." The Hall was densely crowded. The next performance of the London Sacred Harmonic Society, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, will be held in January.

Mr. Card, the well-known flautist, gave a concert at Clapham on Thursday evening. The programme comprised several interesting features in the instrumental department. A band was provided, which performed the overtures to *The Men of Prometheus*, *Der Freischutz*, and *Figaro*. Mr. Card played a flute solo—his own "Recollections of Scotland;" Mr. Dando, a solo on the violin; Mr. Frederick Chatterton, a fantasia on the harp; and Mr. Grattan Cooke, a solo on the oboe. The vocalists were Messrs. J. I. Hill, J. G. Boardman, Leffler, Williams, and Frank Bodda; and the Misses Stewart, Rainforth, and S. Card. The last-named young lady is a daughter of Mr. Card, and made her first appearance on the present occasion. She showed good sense, to our thinking, in making her first essay in *ensemble* singing, which gave her confidence, and in a great measure saved her from the nervousness dependent on a first appearance, whereby she was enabled to exhibit her powers in a more advantageous light. Miss S. Card sang a duet with Miss Rainforth from *Tancredi*, and took part in Bishop's glee, "Blow gentle gales." Miss S. Card's voice is a low mezzo-soprano or contralto. She made a very good impression. We should have mentioned a trio of Mozart, for piano, clarinet, and viola, played by Mr. G. Boardman (who conducted the concert), Mr. Williams, and Mr. Hill, as one of the chief instrumental features. Miss Rainforth sang Mozart's "Parto" exceedingly well, and was accompanied by Mr. Williams in his usual clever manner on the clarinet *obligato*. Mr. W. H. Card was also favorably heard in the bassoon *obligato* to Calcott's "Angel of Life," well sung by Mr. Leffler. The concert was well attended, and gave general satisfaction.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss Fanny Hooper's *Song has come to hand.*

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ENGAGEMENTS FOR THE OPERA:—Mdlle. CHARTON, Mdlle. DEHAUSER (Pupil of the Conservatoire, Paris), M. CHOLLET (of the Théâtre de l'Opera Comique, Paris—his first appearance); M. LAC (Premier Tenor of the Théâtre Bruxelles and Ghent—his first appearance); M. NATHAN (Premier Basse of the Opera Comique, Paris—his first appearance); M. QUILLY LEROY (Pupil of the Conservatoire, Paris—his first appearance); Mdlle. GUICHARD, M. BUGUET, M. SOYER, M. CHATEAUFORT, M. DESVAUX, Madme. MANCINI, Madlle. COTTI, &c., &c. &c.

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An Engagement is also entered into with the eminent Tragédienne, MADLLE. RACHEL, with whose performances the Season will terminate.

Mr. MITCHELL begs further to submit an outline of the general arrangements:—The Season will commence on MONDAY, JANUARY 7th, 1850, by the production of a New Opera, in Three Acts, entitled "LE VAL D'ANDORRE," produced in Paris at the end of last year, and since performed at the Opera Comique, Paris, more than 100 Nights, and at the principal theatres of France, with the greatest success. The music by F. Halevy; the libretto by De St. Georges; with the following distribution of the principal characters:—Stephan (jeune chasseur les Pyrénées) M. Lac. Le Joyeux (capitaine de milice Française et recruteur) M. Chollet, (who has obligingly undertaken the part for the more effective production of the Opera.) Saturnin (garde-pêche du gave), M. Quilly Leroy. Jacques Sincère (vieux chevrier), M. Nathan, (their first appearances in this country.) Thérésa (fermier du Val d'Andorre), Madlle. Guichard. Georgette (cousine de Stephan), Madlle Cotti; and Rose de Mai (servante de Thérésa), Madlle. Charton.

The Second Night will be HEROLD'S celebrated Opera, in Three Acts, "ZAMPA," in which Chollet will personate the character of *Zampa*, as originally performed by him at the Opera Comique, Paris.

Subsequently will be given a New Comic Opera, in Two Acts, entitled "LE CAID," by the popular Composer, AMBROISE THOMAS; and also AUBER'S last New Opera of "HAYDEE; the character of Haydée by Madlle. Charton.

Other productions will be selected from the following:—JEANNOT ET COLIN, Nicolo; LE ROI D'YVETOT, Adolphe Adam; LE CHEVAL DE BRONZE, Aubr; LE MACON, Auber; LA SIRENE, Auber; QUILLY ET QUIXAULT, Nicolo; LA PERRUCHE, Clapisson; LE VALET DE CHAMBRE, Catula; UNE FOLIE, Mehul; with the occasional performances of some of the most popular Operas produced last Season.

According to present arrangements, the representation of Opera Comique will be limited to the months of January, February, and March, terminating the Season before Easter. At the re-opening of the theatre, after Easter, on MONDAY, APRIL 1st. M. Samson (of the Théâtre Française, Paris), will have the honor of making his first appearance in this Country, and will perform with Madlle. Denain (also of the Théâtre Francaise), in several of the most popular Comedies of the French stage; and, subsequently, M Regnier, and Madlle. Nathalie (both artistes of the Theâtre Française), will appear in several of the most modern and successful Comedies recently produced in Paris.

At the end of May, Madlle. Dejazet, whose reappearance at the Théâtre des Variétés, after a severe and protracted indisposition, has been attended with her a customed and unrivalled success, will appear in several New Vaudevilles, as *Le Marquis de Lauzun*, *Le Maylin a Paroles*, *La Jeunesse de Lully*, &c., &c.

The Performances of Comedy and Vaudeville will be supported by M. Lafon, (of the Théâtre des Variétés), Mudlle. Figeac, Madlle. Constance, M. Armand Madlle. Page, Madlle. Baptiste, M. Leon, and a numerous Company.

The engagement of Madlle. Rachel will commence at the end of June, by her appearance in M. Scribe's new play of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, a production which has excited more than ordinary admiration. Madlle. Rachel will also perform, for the first time, in Dumas's celebrated play of *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*, and in a New Petite Comédie, in One Act, entitled *Le Moineau de Lesbie*, by Armand Berthet; and by the occasional representation, each for One Night only, of the Classical Tragedies of *Phedre*, *Les Horaces*, *Andromaque*, and *Bajazet*, the Season will terminate.

The Orchestra will be composed of the same Eminent Professors engaged for the Opera last Season, including Messieurs Tolbecque, Bourotte, Deloffre, Newsham, Barret, Baumann, Pilet, Vaudreland, Remusat, Lazarus, Nicholson, Larkin, C. Harper, T. Harper, Camparille, T. Wright, &c., &c. Director of the Music and Chef d'Orchestre, M. Charles Hanssens.

Subscribers of the past Season are solicited to make known their desire of renewing their Subscriptions, on or before the 1st of January next.

Arrangements for Season Subscriptions may be made at Mr. MITCHELL'S Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street; Mr. SAMS's Library, 1, St. James's Street; Messrs. ANDREWS'S, New Bond Street; EBERS'S and HOUKHAM'S, Old Bond Street.

The Box-office of the Theatre will be opened on the 1st of January.

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EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

Sweet, by Arcadian Pan, is the song which thou sing'st to thy harping;
Zenophilé, sweet notes pluckest thou forth from thy lyre.
How shall I fly thee? on every side encompass'd by cupids,
Who, by incessant attacks, leave me not time to take breath.
Now 'tis thy form that awakens my wishes; and now 'tis thy singing;
Now 'tis thy grace—nay, 'tis all, all, and with fire I consume. J. O.

STEPHEN HELLER.

(Continued from our last.)

Among the small number of composers who have devoted themselves during the last twenty years, with equal sincerity and talent, to vary and enrich the library of pianoforte music, the artist whose name stands at the head of this essay holds a distinguished place. It is true that the spirit of his time has, in one respect, influenced Stephen Heller, as it has influenced other men of eminent ability. Though the number of his published works (reckoning by their arrangement as *opera*) reaches beyond sixty, we find only three to which he has affixed the title of sonata. These, however, must be ranked with the most original essays to which modern art (placing Beethoven among the old masters), has given birth in the great classical form. But before we attempt a critical analysis of their merits, or enter any further into M. Heller's claims to be classed with those composers for the pianoforte who have been adopted as models by their contemporaries, and whose works are destined, in all probability, to endure, we must beg leave to make a digression.

The composers who, from Haydn's time till now, have produced excellent specimens of the sonata, may be readily enumerated. Taking Haydn as the inventor, we must, of course, put aside the Bachs, and the Scarlattis, with Handel, Couperin, Pachelbel, Paradies, and all their contemporaries, as out of the argument in question, their harpsichord music having been composed before the complete form in question was discovered. It is true we meet frequent instances in their writings of a series of movements, all in one key, being designated *sonata* (*vide*, for examples, the *Suites de Pièces* of Handel, Domenico Scarlatti, and Bach); and we also find the name *sinfonia* affixed to compositions for the orchestra which have more than one movement. Specimens of the latter may be seen in the works of Vanhall, Kotzwara, Gossec,* and others, who flourished at the period when Haydn was already contemplating the development of the instrumental form, of which he has left such perfect examples in his symphonies, and to which more than to anything else, he owes his immortality and the important place his works are universally allowed to hold in the history of the art. But, on examination, these will be found to have as little relation to the grand sonata as the fugues for the orchestra that precede many of Handel's oratorios, to the present operatic overture, which, owing its first indication to Piccini and Gluck, and its complete development to Mozart, is still plainly to be traced to the plan suggested by Haydn in the first movements of his symphonies. In making a catalogue of those who are deservedly celebrated as composers of sonatas,* we must therefore begin with Haydn.

In Haydn's time, Pleyel, who enjoyed a wide reputation as a composer of symphonies and quartets, produced a great number of sonatas for the pianoforte, which, though, for the most part, light and trivial to modern ears, are, nevertheless, well written and symmetrical. Pleyel was not a profound musician, nor was he a great genius; but he was possessed of considerable fancy, and an almost inexhaustible vein of tune. Though, until Haydn had invented the *plan*, Pleyel knew and foresaw nothing about it, he yet became an apt follower (at a respectful distance) in the steps of his great cotemporary, and produced a number of works which, inferior as they were to those of his model, were nearer the mark than anything else that had appeared, until the genius of Mozart burst upon the world, dimming even Haydn's glory, and gave existence to works which the father of instrumental music regarded with astonishment, and Beethoven himself failed to excel—because, in truth, they are unsurpassable. To the great planets, Haydn and Mozart, with their tiny satellite, Pleyel,† we seek in vain to add the name of another composer of that precise period, who successfully exerted his abilities in the most important and difficult branch of his art. The sonatas of Nicolai,‡ a voluminous writer, are generally little better than skeletons, although the influence of Haydn's form may be faintly traced in some of them. Those of Kotzwara, (alias Ditters—composer of the *Battle of Prague*, which gave rise to such a swarm of imitations,) may be dismissed, as even less deserving of consideration; and the same of Alberti, with a long catalogue of Italian musicians who deluged London and Paris, at the end of the eighteenth century, as singing masters and pianoforte teachers. A whole tribe of German and French, not to mention English, composers of that period, may be overlookod for similar reasons.

* A French composer, to whom Haydn has been erroneously declared indebted for the symphonic form.

* Let it be borne in mind that Stephen Heller is known as a composer for the pianoforte, and that it is of composers for the pianoforte we have generally to speak in this essay. When, therefore, we allude to sonatas, unless expressly qualified, we must be understood to speak of sonatas for that instrument—and not of symphonies, quartets, or other concerted pieces.

† Ignace Pleyel was the father of M. Camille Pleyel, the well-known manufacturer of pianofortes in Paris, himself a composer for the piano of some (small) pretensions; he was, consequently (a much more interesting fact), father-in-law to the celebrated pianist, Madame Marie Pleyel, who was married to M. Camille Pleyel (then already advanced in life) when scarcely eighteen years of age.

‡ A sonata in C major by this composer, the first of a set of six, was among the most popular works ever written for the pianoforte.

Boccherini, the Italian, to whom the Sonata form was well known, produced some sets for the harpsichord, but those we recollect to have seen are vastly inferior to the light and elegant quintets for stringed instruments, to which he chiefly owes his fame.

After what may be termed the Haydn period—although Haydn, Mozart, and Pleyel were still alive when most of the composers we are about to name began to flourish—came what, with equal justice, may be designated the age of Dussek, one of the most remarkable and gifted of all the composers for the pianoforte. We shall perhaps be told, however, that, since Clementi was somewhat in advance of Dussek, and since he has long held the undisputed title of "Father of the Pianoforte," he ought to have the first place, and give the name to the epoch in which he flourished. We cannot, however, consent to this. Clementi was a more learned musician than Dussek, but was even more inferior to him in genius and invention than superior in acquirement. Dussek, unfortunately for himself and for his art, was an idle and dissolute man, while Clementi was the model of regularity and diligence. Dussek was so naturally gifted that he could dispense with more than half the application necessary to form a perfect musician, while Clementi, who was far less bountifully endowed, was happily possessed of habits of intense application. Dussek was more of a *bon vivant* than a philosopher, though a man of rare intelligence and wit; he was, as Mendelssohn said of him, "a prodigal;" he loved champagne and good dinners; women and wine and boon companions were his deities; he went to bed very late and rose still later; he never, although fashionably patronised, attended to his lessons, or applied himself to composition, popular as were his works and eagerly bought by the publishers, while he had a guinea at his command; necessity alone could induce him to labour, and he was known more than once to be in bed all day long because he had no money to pay for a dinner, while pupils and music sellers besieged him with remonstrances. Clementi was the very reverse of all this, and though he never acquired either the social or musical *popularity* of Dussek, he rapidly accumulated resources, obtained a thorough knowledge of his art, a large practice, a host of friends, and a handsome fortune. While Dussek died of premature decay, with scarcely a real friend in the world, poor and helpless, Clementi reached a green old age, admired and respected by all, surrounded by friends and relations, dying a natural death on a comfortable bed, undisturbed by worldly cares and anticipations. But though the world that knew him returned Dussek's contempt by neglect and ultimate indifference, we, to whom his mortal virtues and vices are indifferent, because we had no personal experience of their effect, are better able to consider the influence of his immortal genius upon that art of which, with all his drawbacks, he was so bright an ornament and so great a master.

(*To be continued.*)

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

We were bound pantomime-ward on Wednesday, which turned out to be Boxing-day, and so did not hear much of the tenth concert. We will, however, endeavour to make up for brevity of comment by offering the programme, which may give our country readers, and those in town who are uninformed of the matter, some notion of what constitutes a London Wednesday Concert. Here goes:—

PART I.—Selection from the Operas of M. W. Balfe:—Overture, *Siege of Rochelle*.—Trio, Mrs. Newton, Miss Eyles, and Miss Poole, "Vorrei Parlar," (*Falstaff.*)—Song, Mrs. A. Newton, (*Maid of Honor,*) "It was the Red Cross Knight."—Ballad, Mr. B. Frodsham, "We may be happy yet," (*Daughter of St. Mark.*)—Ballad, Miss Eyles, (*Keolanthe,*) "While I hear thy voice, dear."—Ballad, Miss Poole, "It is not form," (*The Bondman.*)—Ballad, Herr Formes, "The heart bow'd down," (*The Bohemian Girl.*)—Corno Bassetto, Mr. Maycock.—Grand Aria, Mrs. A. Newton, (*Joan of Arc,*) "The trumpet shall sound."—Trumpet Obligato, Mr. T. Harper.—Chorus, by the Company, "Vive le Roi," (*Siege of Rochelle.*)—*Balfe.*—Grand Pianoforte Fantasia, M. Thalberg, (*Les Huguenots.*)—*Thalberg.*—Serenade, Mr. B. Frodsham, "Madoline."—*S. Nelson.*—Song, Mrs. A. Newton, "Lo! here the gentle lark"—*Bishop.*—Concertina Obligato, Master Ward.—Song, Herr Formes, "The Wanderer."—*Schubert.*—Song, Miss Poole, "My mother bids me bind my hair."—*Haydn.*—Fantasia, Violin, Herr Ernst, Hungarian Airs.—*Ernst.*—Laughing Chorus, by the Company, "Vadasi via di qua."—*Mazzini.*—Jubilee Overture.—*Weber*

PART II.—Overture, *Fra Diavolo.*—*Auber.*—Glee, Mrs. Newton, Miss Eyles, Mr Land, and Mr. Smythson, "Here in cool grot."—*Lord Mornington.*—Song, Miss Poole, "The Mistletoe Bough."—*Bishop.*—German Lied, Herr Formes, "The Sailor's Song."—*Kücken.*—Pianoforte Grand Fantasia, M. Thalberg, (*La Sonnambula.*)—*Thalberg.*—Song, Miss Eyles, "Pretty Dove."—*Knight.*—Duet, Mrs. A. Newton, and Mr. B. Frodsham, "O, don" you remember the beautiful glade?" (Irish Melody)—*S. Lover.*—Solo Violin, Herr Ernst, Air Varié.—*Mayseder.*—New Cadence, Ernst.—Naval Song, Herr Formes, "The Bay of Biscay."—*Davy.*—Solo Concertina, "The Swiss Boy," Master Ward; accompanied on the Pianoforte by Mrs. A. Newton.—Song, Miss Eyles, "Come when the morn is breaking."—*Linley.*—Glee, by the Company, "When the wind blows."—*Bishop.*—Instrumental Finale.

Imagine the above, dear reader in the country, if you possibly can, with the arbitrary exprolixity of a series of encores, from six to ten, the ordinary proportion, for the audiences are as voracious as *polypi*.

Thalberg's appearance (his first this season) was the novelty of the concert. He was generously welcomed, and played his *Huguenots* in a masterly manner. An encore was inevitable, but according to the prevalent custom, instead of repeating the same piece, Mr. Thalberg played the last part of another—the fantasia on *Don Pasquale*, in which the serenade "Come é gentil" is introduced. This pleased as much as the other, and the celebrated pianist retired amidst general applause.

But amidst their enthusiasm for Thalberg the audience by no means forgot their special favorite, Ernst, who was received with acclamations, and performed his admirable fantasia, the *Airs Hongrois*, in splendid style, obtaining an encore as unanimous as it was hearty. Ernst reappeared in answer to these demonstrations of and bowed several times to the audience. This, however, did not satisfy them, nor was the tumult allayed until Ernst returned to the orchestra, with his violin, and repeated the *rondo*, which he accomplished with increased effect. Ernst has been reengaged by Mr. Stammers for six concerts, on which event we take leave to congratulate both artist and manager.

We only heard three of the vocal *morceaux*, but with these we were well content. The first was Nelson's ballad "Madoline," sweetly sung by the new tenor, Bridge Frodsham, (who improves upon acquaintance,) and encored without a dissentient voice. The second was Schubert's "Wanderer," sung by Formes in the most impressive style. Formes gives the true reading to this popular romance, and bestows a marked and appropriate character upon each couplet. His conception and execution of the last verse are very fine, and drew down the loudest applause. We hope to hear Herr Formes in some more of Schubert's bass songs, which, ar peculiarly well suited to his voice and style. The third and last song we listened to was, "Lo! here the gentle lark," which was vocalised to perfection by Mrs. Alexander Newton, accompanied by her brother, Master Ward, who played the *obligato* flute part on a concertina—very cleverly, we must allow, although we strongly object to such instrumental metamorphoses.

After this we heard nothing, but went straight to the pan-

tomime at the Princess's Theatre, which well repaid us for our pains.

The hall was very full, in spite of the motley attractions of "Boxing Night" elsewhere.

Sims Reeves makes his first appearance at the next concert.

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(*Continued from page 787.*)

CXVI. In this manner, the priests told me, did Helen come to Proteus; and it seems to me, that even Homer had heard this story, but as it was not so suited to Epopœa as the other, which he used, he rejected it; still, however, showing that he was acquainted with it. This is manifest, for he has described in the *Iliad* (and he does not elsewhere retract what he has said) the voyage of Alexander (Paris) showing how he carried off Helen, and, after wandering a great deal about, came to Sidon, in Phœnicia. "There wore the embroidered pepli, the work of Sidonian women, whom the godlike Alexander himself brought from Sidon, sailing on the wide sea, on the course by which he brought the well-born Helen." (*Il.* vi, 289.) He also mentions the voyage in the *Odyssey*, in these words: "Such skilfully-devised and excellent drugs did (Helen) the daughter of Zeus possess, which Polydamna, the Egyptian wife of Thonis, had given her, where the fertile soil produces drugs, many good and many bad mingled together." (*Od.* iv, 227.) And again Menelaus says to Telemachus: "When I wished to come hither the gods detained me in Egypt; for I had not offered to them perfect hecatombs" (351).

In these verses Homer shows that he knows of the wandering of Alexander into Egypt; for Syria borders on Egypt, and the Phœnicians, to whom Sidon belongs, live in Syria.

CXVII. According to these verses, and especially the last passage, it is manifest that the *Cypria* (*a*) are not by Homer, but by some one else; for it is said in the *Cypria*, that Alexander came in three days from Sparta to Ilium, bringing Helen with him, availing himself of a favourable wind and a calm sea. Let this suffice for Homer and the *Cypria*.

NOTE.

(*c*) The subject of the Cyprian verses here alluded to was the Trojan War, from the time of the birth of Helen. On the author of them, see that instructive and amusing work, Coleridge's, "Introduction to Greek Classic Poets," chapter on the origin and preservation of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," p. 50. "The most celebrated of the second race of Poets were the Homeridæ, a name given to a school or family of them, which had its head quarters in the island of Chios, and pretended to be the correctest reciters of the verses of Homer. Among these was Cynæthus, whose fame was so great, that the hymn to Apollo was attributed to him; and it may be suspected that the well known lines relative to the residence and person of Homer, are an instance of the fame and the talent of him, or of some other Chian rhapsode. Certain it is, that during the age of this second race, a great number of poets flourished, by whom it is reasonable to believe that much of the cyclical heroic poetry, now or anciently existing under various names, must have been composed. We are told of Arctenus, the Milesian author of the Æthiopia; of Lesches the Lesbian, author of the little Iliad; of Stasinus the Cyprian, author of Cyprian verses, &c. &c." Athenæus xv. 9, p. 682, ed. Cas., quoted by Wess, attributes them to Hegesias, or to some one of Halicarnassus; thirteen verses are preserved in that passage; Aristotle, Poetics c. 16, to Dicæogenes.—*From Twiner.*

MISS DOLBY'S SOIREES MUSICALES.

The following was the programme of the last of these interesting *réunions*, which, we are happy to state, have turned out as profitable as they were honourable to the fair and talented artist:—

Part I.—Quartet (in D Op. 7) two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Mr. Blagrove, Mr. Gattie, Mr. Dando, and Mr. Lucas.—*Mozart.* Aira, Miss Dolby, "Amor, nel mio penar" (*Ptolvius*).—*Handel.* Song, Miss Thornton, "Voi che sapete."—*Mozart.* Andante con Variazioni (Op. 47) Pianoforte and Violin, Mr. Lindsay Sloper and Mr. Blagrove.—*Beethoven.* Song, Mr. Benson, "Hide me from day's garish eye," (*Il Penseroso*).—*Handel.* Song of the Blind Flower Girl, Miss Dolby.—*W. H. Holmes.* Motett (No. 2, for female voices) principal parts by Miss Birch, Miss Thornton, and Miss Dolby, "Laudate pueri."—*Mendelssohn.*

Part II.—Trio (first time of performance), Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Mr. Blagrove, and Mr. Lucas, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello.—*Molique.* Song, Mr. W. H. Seguin, "Deh vieni alla finestra" (*Don Giovanni*).—*Mozart.* Song, Miss Birch, "Eulalie."—*Hobbs.* Duet, Miss Thornton, and Miss Dolby, "Come to my forest home."—*Pinsuti.* Trio and Chorus principal parts by Miss Birch, Miss Thornton, and Miss Dolby, "La Carita."—*Rossini.* Song, Mr. H. Phillips, "The Milkmaid."—*Krebs.* Songs, Miss Dolby, "The winter it is past" (*Words by Burns*)—*Kate Loder*—"Hopeful heart should banish care."—*Balfe.* Sestett, Miss Birch, Miss Thornton, Miss Dolby, Mr. Benson, Mr. W. H. Seguin, and Mr. H. Phillips, "Sola, sola, in buio loco (*Don Giovanni*).—*Mozart.* The vocal music accompanied by Mr. Lindsay Sloper.

We much regret not having been able to attend the performance, which—although there seems to have been more than the usual number of vocal pieces—must have offered a real treat to the amateurs of good music. We are informed that, as at the others, the room was attended by a numerous and highly-fashionable audience. Molique's new trio, of which it is our intention shortly to state our impressions, seems to have been unanimously admired.

SONNET.

NO. CXII.

Dear D,—I've got the head-ache, for the clatter
Of boxing-night still echoes in my ears;
There's not a single image but appears
Embedded in some dense, dark, foggy matter,
Clogging me up, so that I cannot scatter
Forth to the world aught about hopes or fears,
Platonic smilings or ironic tears,
Or maxims wise—(especially the latter).
The pantomime lasted till full a quarter,—
Nay, more than that—I'm sure 'twas half-past one,
And then I had so long to reflect upon it.
I write you this, just to keep up the chance:
I would not break it, though I feel quite done
Up.—Pray take these excuses for a sonnet. N. D.

THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES AND BURLESQUES.

Managers this year have generally propitiated the genius of Rich—only three of the metropolitan theatres having resorted to modern extravaganza, whilst some eight or ten have put forth bills intimating the presence of Harlequin this and Harlequin that, in all the outrages and conceits of type. Each, no doubt, is profuse in romantic attraction, and urchins, as they survey with saucer eye the invitations at the shop-doors, are puzzled which to "agitate" for at home. Cleverly, indeed, do the artificers of these flaming placards set off the ingenuities of the hour; and who is there that is not beguiled with the visions of necromancy which are conjured up to the imagination, and long to look upon, in all their practical reality, the bower of fairies, the caves of enchanters, the delicate monsters, the impossible scenery, which are shadowed so suggestively by the pens of the stage-manager! We are glad of the more universal return of the Clown and his comrades to the Christmas stage. They are sure of the blithesomest clap of welcome from the children both in dress and undress circles

—in pit, gallery, or private box; for even those of larger growth, who cast a languid and disdainful glance upon the desperate athletics of the buffoons and the worn-out magic of the mechanist, are never tired of the prattling criticism of childhood and its spritely chirping laugh.

DRURY LANE.

Mr. Anderson, who comes forward to restore Old Drury to its pristine glories, was honoured on Wednesday with a real Boxing-night audience of the old school—a set of jovial souls, determined not to hear a word of the play, but to reserve all their attention for the pantomime.

At first, Mr. Anderson, finding that not a word of his Shylock could reach any ear, came forward, and taking a good-humoured view of the case, said he was pleased at the "house-warming." Then, observing the crowded condition of the gods—indeed, the whole house was crammed to suffocation—he stated that the numbers of his supporters showed they meant him well, though, he added, they had rather an odd way of showing it. The occupants of the galleries continued their vociferations, expressing by divers idiomatic remarks their belief that they were too densely thronged, and adding practical force to those remarks by tearing down the drapery within their reach and pitching it into the pit. The noise at last became tiresome, and elicited two more speeches from Mr. Anderson, in which he stated that he had given orders to return the admission money to the inconvenienced, and protested that he would raise his prices if the gentry in the gallery did not reform their manners. The only pause in the uproar was in the trial scene, when Miss Laura Addison, who played the character of Portia, came forward as the advocate of the oppressed Antonio. The audience gave her a round of applause, and consented to hear this principal scene of the play.

When the curtain had fallen Mr. Anderson re-appeared in plain clothes, and in a very good spirit settled all the differences of the evening. He thanked the crowded audience for their support, regretted the unpleasantness which had occurred, and declared his object of giving the drama a central home while he admitted the merits of the suburban directors. In managing the noisy holiday folks Mr. Anderson had a difficult task to perform, and he certainly got through it with much firmness and also with much good humour.

The introduction to the pantomime of *Harlequin and Good Queen Bess*, which is the Christmas novelty of the house, is one of the best we have seen for a long time. The story is that of Amy Robsart and the Earl of Leicester, which is worked out in the most grotesque fashion. Queen Elizabeth, shown first in a dressing-gown, and afterwards with all the pomp and circumstance which pictures have made so familiar, is represented to the perfection of caricature, and is humorously acted by Mr. R. Romer. Leicester, the lady-killer *par excellence*, with aquiline nose and mimic gait, is played by M. Deulin with a droll foppery, completely recalling the manner of Mr. W. H. Payne. Amy Robsart's baby is another leading object of mirth. The contending genii who preside over the introduction to the pantomime are the spirits of "High Tragedy," and of John Rich, the ancient Harlequin. The former would allow the story to come to a dismal termination, but the latter rescues Leicester and Amy by converting them into Harlequin and Columbine, and giving them the usual pantomimic attendants.

The Harlequinade contains some good hits, but wants compression. A transformation of Smithfield into a lugubrious locality, after an infuriated ox has been put to flight by a troop of pointed pens, is a good notion well executed. A case of "peace tracts" changing to a group of fighting soldiers is another happy allusion to a topic of the day. As a pantomime scene of the practical school we have a bed-room in a lodging-house, the windows and bed-curtains of which are made, by an ingenious contrivance, to become so many stalking ghosts, and thus to terrify the Pantaloon and Clown. Towards the end comes a diorama representing the Queen's visit to Ireland, which did not commence till past one o'clock. The working of the machinery was here and there obstinate, but a few nights' experience will smooth the mechanical progress, and mitigate the gestative agonies of stage-managers and carpenters. The hybrid athletes, for whose exploits the unsophisticated folks in the house had waited with undissembled anxiety during the play, are accomplished masters of their craft. Mr. Deulin is an expert Harlequin. His spangled tights glittered again as he tripped and frisked about the stage; and he shot through windows with undeniable "go-a-headness." The Clown, Mr. Stilt, was equally volatile, and though his fun was not impregnated too much with the rich, oily humour that clowns ought to have, and which the remembrance of one Gramaldi solicit us to look for, his vigorous activity was amusing. The "evil spirit" who accompanies him was embodied by Mr. Seymour—a tumbler of rare parts—a wight of singular flexibility, and of herpetological capacities of contortion. Some feats by Stilt, the Clown, with Master Stilt—a child of about six years of age—approached the high standard of the renowned Professor Risley. Mr. J. Deulin, as Pantaloon, received his thumps and kicks with a power of endurance that was beautiful, retorting upon his supple associates with a diverting imbecility and emptiness of effort. The Columbine agilities of the full-bodied Mdlle. Theodore, were respectable, and her pirouettes with her parti-coloured lover betokened the right Christmas spirit. The individuals upon whom depended the welfare of the pantomime were thus good of the kind, and their physical antagonisms replete with impulse and vivacity.

It seems Mr. Anderson's intention to manage his theatre with spirit, and it is to be hoped that success will attend his undertaking. He has made an arrangement with M. Jullien sufficiently eligible to establish confidence in its prosperity. Mr. Anderson's prospectus indicates the principles by which he is governed. He has selected a tolerable working company, enriched by a few eminent names, chosen with a view to an average effective embodiment, rather than to parade a costly amount of liability; by playing a series of Shaksperian and other analogous pieces, he calculates upon securing a succession of remunerative audiences, the more especially as his tariff of prices is more economical than has yet been tried by the lessees of the theatre, who have adventured and lost fortunes in a vain endeavour to restore to it its reputation of former days. Mr. Anderson declares himself to be influenced by a pure spirit of affection for the national drama, and by an earnest wish for its permanent revivification; and it is this that induces him to peril the means that he has at his diposal, and look for countenance from those who, like himself, lament the degradation into which the native drama has fallen, but have faith in the vitality of its principle. He trusts that the effigy of Shakspere, which, through all the vicissitudes of the establishment, stands placidly and thoughtfully over the portico, will no longer be a bitter sarcasm upon what is going on within; and in this honourable feeling we can but join, though our expectations of the intellectual gallantry of the multitude is, peradventure, far less sanguine than his own. But let us wait the result. Mr. Anderson

commences at a favourable period of the year, and, we believe, under unusually advantageous circumstances as regards rent, and repeat our hope that his expectations may not be delusive.

HAYMARKET.

The *Boxing-Night* fare presented to the visitors of this establishment consisted of the popular pieces, *Loving Woman* and *King René's Daughter;* and a new Christmas entertainment, or "Piece of Bijouterie," entitled *The Ninth Statue, or the Jewels and the Gem*, by the Brothers Brough.

The Christmas Entertainment is a Burlesque written in the authors' most happy and wittiest vein; full of good things to abundance, sparkling with puns and surprises, satirising the current evils of the day with successful aim and good intention, shooting Folly as it flies or stands still—in short, "an admirable piece of fooling," and one highly creditable to the talents of the popular *confrères*, who have now established themselves as entitled to rank among the best of dramatic writers in the Burlesque line. We cannot praise so highly the foundation upon which the Brothers Brough have built their new concoction. The story is by no means so interesting as some of its predecessors, the materials are somewhat scanty, the incidents sometimes not very new, nor very natural, and, with the exception of the principal personage, the characters do not play sufficiently important parts. This last may be the reason why Mr. and Mrs. Keeley did not appear among the *dramatis personæ*, their places being supplied by Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam—her *debut* at this theatre— and Mr. Munyard, a draft from the Adelphi company. The characters intended for Mr. and Mrs. Keeley were hardly prominent enough; hence their withdrawal from the cast; and their loss in the piece was, to a certain extent, irremediable.

Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam will form a great acquisition to the Haymarket. Her appearance is interesting, she acts with becoming grace and *niveté*, though perhaps a little wanting in spirit, and she has a most agreeable voice and sings both tastefully and skilfully. She obtained a very flattering reception on Wednesday night, and was loudly applauded in several of her vocal efforts. Her best was the travestie on the scena from *Sonnambula*, "Come per me sereno," which she vocalised with a neatness and facility that would have done no discredit to a more ambitious display in a higher sphere of the lyric drama. Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam did not please us so much in the new version of Macfarren's popular romance, "A poor simple maiden am I," from *King Charles II.* It was deficient in finish and precision.

Mr. Munyard is a good farce actor, but he does not seem to shine in burlesque. He possesses neither the stolid gravity of Keeley, the grandiloquence and pomposity of Bland, the impudent and full-of-meaning quietude of Wright, nor the original twang and contortions of Bedford? He is clever, but his forte is not burlesque.

The story of the *Ninth Statue; or, the Jewels and the Gem*, is a very simple one. Zeyn Alasnam the Rapid, King of Balsora (Miss P. Horton), discovers a hidden trap door in the palace which leads to a subterraneous grotto, or vault, of unparagoned splendour, and which contains inestimable riches. Among other wonders of the place, the King beholds eight statues of diamonds. While lost in admiration of the glories and treasures round him, Rumfogi the First, King of all the Genii (Mr. Bland), suddenly appears and offers him all he sees, and a ninth statue, more wonderful than all he sees, on condition of his procuring him a perfect woman. The difficulty of obtaining such a *rara avis* does not escape his Majesty of Balsora, but the splendour and wealth before him urge him to the attempt, and he closes a bargain to that purpose with the King of the Genii. The latter presents him a glass, in which a woman's defects will be at once observable. King Zeyn then issues a proclamation, inviting women of all ranks and sizes to take a peep in the tell-tale mirror, asserting that he will marry her who proves herself all perfect. Nothing daunted, shoals of the fair sex tumble in, deeming their chance of success by no means a remote one; but, alas! the glass lets nothing pass; what is or was, as bright as brass is painted on the mirror's face. Among the shoals are some ten or a dozen daughters of an old Eastern gentleman, one Mobarec (Mr. C. Selby), all of whom the glass dismisses with a gentle reflection on their presumption, with the exception of Zuleika, (Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam)—the youngest, of course—who, upon being presented to the mirror, defies its utmost scrutiny. The King of Balsora falls in love with Zuleika, and Zuleika falls in love with the King of Balsora, but a pause is put to their delight when Zeyn remembers and informs Zuleika of his contract with the King of all the Genii.

It is in this scene that occurs one of the neatest and happiest bits of burlesque witticisms we have ever heard. The King and Zuleika are both in despair. The following brief colloquy passes:—

King. Ah! me!
Zuleika. Ah! me!
King. Our *Sigh-ah!-me's* are twins!

The King of the Genii carries off Zuleika, in despite of the entreaties and resistance of Zeyn. In a subsequent scene, the Genii King appears to the King of Balsora, and invites him to the diamond grotto, to behold the ninth statue, of whose glories he had spoken before, and the possession of which was the promised remuneration for finding him a perfect woman. But Zeyn, abandoned to despair, is, of course, devoid of logic and common sense, and the King of the Genii, finding that he will not visit the Vault of Diamonds, brings the Vault of Diamonds to visit him. The grotto scene again appears, and Zuleika is observed as the Ninth Statue, standing on a pedestal. The King of all the Genii turns up a trump, and makes the lovers happy.

The getting up of this piece is extremely brilliant and magnificent. The Grotto of Diamonds is exceedingly beautiful, and the *posés* of the eight statues highly artistic and admirably varied. The fountain of pearly water playing in the background has a delightful effect, and all this is greatly enhanced by a charming device introduced in the last scene, formed of a semi-curtain of cut glass drops in quaint figures, emblematical, of love and happiness, and shining with a thousand lights.

The dresses are no less georgeous and splendid. Miss P. Horton's costume, as usual, was not only rich and dazzling, but tasteful and becoming.

Miss B. Horton, upon whose shoulders rested nearly all the weight of the piece, exhibited her customary abilities both in singing and acting. She was encored several times—most heartily in a travestie on the piquant Jetty Treffz' most piquant "Trab, trab, trab."

Mr. Munyard sang a capital burlesque on "By the margin of Zurich's fair waters," which began, "By the margin of the Thames dirty waters," and was encored.

The music was excellently selected and arranged by Mr. T. German Reed, and most of the current popularities introduced Jullien's Row Polka two or three times.

The burlesque was unmistakeably successful, and after all

the leading characters were summoned before the curtain, a loud and unanimous call was made for the authors, who, with some delay, came accordingly and made their bows across the stage.

PRINCESS'S.

The new Christmas pantomime, *King Jamie, or Harlequin and the Magic Fiddle*, sustains the reputation which the Princess's Theatre has deservedly held for some years in this venerable class of entertainment, and was entirely successful.

The substitution of King Jamie for King Hal, of the Stuarts for the Tudors (the excellent pantomime of *Bluff King Hal*, produced last year, will not have been forgotten), was quite safe with such a first-rate pantomimic actor as Mr. Honey to sustain the principal character. Moreover, the new entertainment is from the same pen as the old one—Mr. G. H. Rodwell, if we are not mistaken—almost a guarantee of success. The curtain draws up on the "Hall of Evil Spirits," where we find Alcohol (Mr. Stacey), their choleric and excitable prince, declaiming against the properties and influence of Water, the implacable enemy of his tribe. In obedience to Alcohol's invocation, all his attendant spirits—Gin, Brandy, Rum, Hollands, Scotch Whiskey, Irish Whiskey too, and, lastly, Shligowich (a Russian spirit, distilled for the occasion)—suddenly emerge from a proportionate number of gigantic butts, each attired in the costume of the country to which he is indigenous. A consultation takes place, the purport of which is how best to maintain the sway of Alcohol over the human race, to banish Father Mathew, and abolish the water cure. England is chosen for the scene of action, and England's King, Jamie, as the likely instrument, being not ungiven to "potations pottle deep." At a gesture from Alcohol, a mighty still opens its sides, and, laying bare its interior, out jumps Guido Fawkes (Mr. Wynn), renowned in history, who sings at the utmost stretch of his lungs—an accomplishment in which Mr. Wynn appears to be an adept—a lyrical diatribe against Majesty and Parliament, swearing to "blow them up." The next scene introduces us to the royal bedroom, where we discover King Jamie (Mr. Honey) and his beloved consort, Anne of Denmark—of course, for propriety's sake, in separate beds—while "Babie Charles" is very unruly in a cradle. The fun of this scene must be witnessed to be appreciated. Mr. Honey, who seems born to represent the crowned heads of England, was quite in his element, and, whether in demonstrating his affection for his royal partner, nursing and tranquillising the baby by the comfortable administration of spoonfuls of the food which babies love best, dressing and shaving to be up and ready for the chase, or counterfeiting the voice and manner of Mr. Charles Kean and other popular actors, he was equally racy and inimitable. The "business" of this scene requires shortening, but the shouts of laughter testified to its unquestionable effect upon the audience. The third scene brings us to Epping Forest. Lady Arabella Stuart (Miss Fawcett) and William Seymour (Mr. Bologna), two persecuted lovers, are bewailing the hardness of their lot. The lady sinks exhausted on a bank. Alcohol recognises the only two individuals in the kingdom who have resolutely resisted his power, and have been constant to water diet throughout their natural lives. In the guise of an old magician he tenders a draught, which he declares will restore Lady Arabella; but no sooner does she put it to her lips than she rejects it with disdain. Her lover empties the flask of its contents, refills it with water, and, sharing the potation with his mistress, both are revived by its salutary effects. Alcohol departs in a violent paroxysm of rage, and as he disappears a beautiful fountain rises out of the water, out of which glides Water Lily (Miss Lebar), Queen of the Naiads, a benevolent spirit. Water Lily immediately fixes upon the two lovers as effectual antidotes to the influence of Alcohol's designs, and presents Seymour with a magic fiddle, by playing upon which he can at all times escape from danger. The noise of the royal hunt is now heard, to the tune of Weber's chorus, and the King, with Steenie (Mr. Franks), his favourite companion, appears with the numerous trophies of his adventures. The sport has been excellent, but the King, being tired, declares he will at once dine upon the fare at hand—an enormous turkey. Accordingly, tables are set out, and the King begins to break his fast, with every sign of voracity. Perceiving Seymour, who has adopted the costume and bearing of a decrepit fiddler, he calls for music to enliven his repast. Whereupon Seymour begins to play upon the magic fiddle, the effect of which is as instantaneous as it is unexpected. All the courtiers and attendants are engaged in an involuntary dance, and the King, "nill he, will he," is compelled to overthrow his table and imitate their example. In the midst of the dance the fiddler and his companion escape, and the King, being relieved from the saltatory influence of the magic fiddle, orders a general chase in quest of them. In the next scene, Guy Fawkes's abode, the King, overtaken by a storm, demands shelter from the unknown conspirator, and about to be sacrificed to his treasonable fury is saved by the arrival of Seymour and his fiddle, the tones of which at once set Guy Fawkes and his associates "a dancing," King Jamie involuntarily keeping them company until he finds an opportunity to escape. Scene the fourth—"An old Street in London," graphically painted—involves the grand procession of the King, Queen, Prince of Wales, and dignitaries of the state, to open Parliament in Westminster. Four of the masks in the procession—the Chancellor, the Military Commander, the Chief Minister, and the conductor of the ambulent orchestra—from their ludicrous resemblances to Lord Brougham, "the Duke," Lord J. Russell, and, last not least, Monsieur Jullien, were greeted with the loudest laughter and applause. The following scene introduces us to the vaults underneath the House of Lords, where Guy Fawkes is prosecuting his infernal machinations, which, after a series of "funny" incidents, too long to tell, are frustrated by Steenie, who orders the conspirator to be seized. Mr. Fawkes, singing "Pity the sorrows of a poor old Guy," resigns himself to his fate, and the scene immediately changes to a romantic abode, y'cleped the "Baths of Beauty, or the Naiads' Home," where Water Lily, having, in her own opinion, triumphed over Alcohol, enters into a provisional treaty with him. Spirits and water are, for the time, to be mingled, and love to be put in the glass instead of sugar. Upon this, the usual transformations take place; the two lovers become Harlequin and Columbine (Mr. Bologna and Miss Fawcett), King James, Pantaloon (Mr. Paulo), and Guy Fawkes, Clown (Mr. Flexmore). Now the mimic scene begins in reality. In rapid and unaccountable succession we are introduced to a furrier's and music-seller's shop (scene 1), where the furrier is poked down a coal-cellar by Clown, always an uncomfortable customer, and an English pine, in the shape of Miss Louisa Pyne, is magically invoked upon the windows of the music-shop, to the tune of Macfarren's popular song, "A poor simple maiden am I;"—to a "Haunted chamber" (scene 2), in which Clown and Pantaloon vainly court slumber, under a multitude of hostile and fantastic circumstances, involving many laughable incidents, some old, some new, including nightmares, ghosts, self-moving chairs, beds rising to the perpendicular or altogether disappearing, obstinate rushlights that will go out, &c., all of which were mightily relished;—to

a "street in this great metropolis" (scene 3), where policemen are very ill used, Clown and Pantaloon get "more kicks than half-pence," and sundry other time-honoured, but not the less diverting accidents, occur;—to "Smithfield-market as it is," unfortunately (scene 4), in which Jullien's Row Polka is turned, for the occasion, into a "Cow Polka," and Clown provides himself with materials for oxtail soup, by cutting off the nether pendent of a cow;—to "Smithfield-market as it ought to be" (scene 5), in the shape of a pleasant garden, refreshed by sweet-smelling fountains, the antipodes of the actual state of things, which a few enlightened men of the city defend with such profuse eloquence; where Mr. Flexmore treats the audience with his inimitable parodies of the great *danseuses* of either Opera house, demonstrating his predelection for the exquisite Carlotta Grisi, by the superior excellence of his imitation, and the highly complimentary stanzas which anticipate his *pas;* and where, moreover, Mr. Flexmore dances a humorous polka, with a partner who turns out to be nothing more than a suit of female attire stuck upon a pole;—to a "Cardmaker's shop and Soyer's confectionery" (scene 6), where a new game of cards is played by Clown and Pantaloon, in which "Kossuth for Hungary" is taken by a "bear" recaptured by a "turkey," and the whole trick won by the national colours of England, turned "Protectionist" for this special occasion; and where Mr. Flexmore ("one of the *greatest fools* in London," as the bills style him) dances miraculously upon a corkscrew;—to a "Pyramidical Railway Station in Egypt" (scene 7), where mummies and Mussulmen fantastically figure, and the "Cheop's Head," where chops and steaks may be had at a moment's notice, is not to be despised;—to the "Ladies' Law Court" (scene 8), where lawyers are scurvily dealt by, and Clown is tried, for some inexplicable offence, by a female judge and jury;—and, lastly, to the "Palace of the Fairy Queen," where all is over, gold and light of every hue add splendour to the scene, and the curtain drops upon a chorus, to the highly appropriate burden of "Please to remember the fifth of November."

The first part of this pantomime, which after a few nights' experience will of course go more smoothly, is both humorous and neatly written. The scenery is beautiful, the costumes various and characteristic, the masks admirable. Mr. Honey and Mr. Wynn ("the roarer"), as the King and Guy Fawkes, act well up to each other. The music is exceedingly lively, characteristic, and well put together. Among other things, we noticed a serenade, a waltz, and a tarantella, which by the graceful *tournure* of their melody, and the sparkling manner in which they are instrumented, were easily traceable to the accomplished pen of Mr. Loder. The pantomimic part, the life and soul of which is the active and irresistible Mr. Flexmore, the best clown since Grimaldi, has lots of variety, and the tricks and transformations went remarkably well for a first night. Miss Fawcett, the Columbine, is pretty, graceful, and active. The merits of Messrs. Paulo and Bologna, as Pantaloon and Harlequin, are universally admitted, and last night were advantageously conspicuous. There are also two anonymous sprites, exceedingly nimble and active, who perform somersaults of the most perilous kind with as much presence of mind as agility of body. At the fall of the curtain there was not one dissentient voice to oppose the favorable verdict of the audience. The house was crowded to the ceiling, and the "gods" were more than usually restless and vociferous.

ADELPHI.

The title of the new *extravaganza*, produced under the spirited management of Madame Celeste, is *Frankenstein, or the Model Man*. Frankenstein (Wright), senior wrangler of Brazenface College in the University of Krackenjausen, eminent for his learning as for his absurd appearance, has manufactured a model man (Bedford); life only is wanting. Zamiel (O. Smith) appears, and for a moderate consideration supplies Frankenstein with the *elixir vitæ*. It is administered with immediate effect on the "What is it," which moves, walks, and, to the dismay of his manufacturer, follows him wherever he goes. Frankenstein hopes to escape him, and hastens to a ball given by a Baron, whose daughter, against her will, is betrothed to him, but the creature is not so easily eluded. Windows and doors give way under his mighty arm—the servants flee; and, to the horror of all, he enters the ball-room. Frankenstein is quarrelling with a favoured rival, valiant Otto of Rosenberg (Miss Woolgar). In the confusion the lovers elope, and the scene concludes with the appearance of Zamiel, who sets all things in a blaze until the fire is extinguished by Undine, spirit of the flood. Otto and the daughter meet with a benevolent fairy, who gives Otto a flute to soothe the monster. They return to the Baron's, and see Frankenstein brought before him, charged with having caused all the confusion by means of his "What is it." On their way they meet with the latter; the effect of the flute is tried, the "What is it" becomes subdued; and, after undergoing a transmutation, follows into the justice-hall. The conclusion is unexpected. The father forgives the lovers. But Zamiel comes in to claim his victim, when Undine appears, and puts out not only all his fire, but himself. Frankenstein is saved, and in the embraces of his tamed "What is it," is conveyed to the palace of the spirit of the flood. There are good materials in the piece, but occasionally the breadth of expression went to the extremest verge of license. The part of the Baron's daughter was creditably sustained by a young lady named Coveney, who made her first appearance, and the dancing of a little girl, whose name was not mentioned, in the ball scene, deserves favorable mention.

The acting of Miss Woolgar and Wright was inimitably humorous, and Bedford and O. Smith, the latter especially, were capital. The cheers from the "highest" authorities were as hearty as the manager could desire.

LYCEUM.

The extravaganza for the Christmas of 1849 is, as usual, by Mr. Planché, who, not having yet exhausted the tales of the Countess D'Anois, again refers to her imaginative pages, and chooses the *Serpentin-Vert* as his subject, christening it the *Isle of Jewels*. The tale has the advantage of being more intelligible than those generally chosen by Mr. Planché, and the fairy accidents more palpable. The last burlesque or two brought out at the Lyceum have been comparatively uninteresting, wanting the prime virtue of clearness, but the *Isle of Jewels* is quite the reverse, and hence it should meet with popularity. On the score of scenic beauty and costly embellishments, we remember nothing in the records of stage luxury to which it is inferior, and if the managers of the Lyceum have been chargeable with inactivity during the last month or two, here is ample compensaton, and we should think its certain recovery of the ground that is usually lost in theatrical regions during the month or two before Christmas.

We have, in this extravaganza, the pleasant history of the ill-fated Princess Laidronetta, upon whom a spell has been cast by a malignant fairy, and who, in consequence of the ugliness which thereby disfigures her, is transported to a solitary castle. The unfortunate Princess being, however, as virtuous in mind as she is ill-favoured in visage, receives the

protection of the good fairy, who is always at hand to aid amiability in distress, and counteract the evil influence of the spirits of mischief. In the meanwhile, a neighbouring Prince, labouring under a similar spell, is consigned to pass his days as a green serpent, unless some accommodating young lady will consent to become his wife. The Princess being, in the course of events, wrecked on the Island of Jewels, over which the Prince presides, is asked to marry him without seeing his form, which she consents to do, but is naturally horrified when she becomes aware of the awkward and undomestic shape of her husband. The wicked fairy, however, pursues the bride, because the bridegroom, who owes his transmogrification to her jealousy, fondly loves her, and orders her to do certain impossible things, among others that of obtaining a flagon of water from a magic well at the top of an inaccessible mountain. The polytechnic power of the good fairy enables her to perform this task, and she further challenges her to drink the liquid, which will either give her back her beauty or the serpent his original shape. She chooses the latter, and Prince Emerald appears in one of those golden forms that only spring from the brain of the stage idealist, while the heroine's triumph over the impulse of vanity is coincidently rewarded by the restoration of physical loveliness, and the investiture of goodly raiment appropriate thereto.

The extravaganza is written in the ordinarily neat and elegant style of Mr. Planché; nevertheless there seems to be hardly so much point and variety in the dialogue as usual. But how exquisitely is it strengthened by Mr. Beverly, whose scenes are as beautiful as can be well imagined. There is no artist publicly engaged upon labours of this ideal character, who displays such adroit and attractive talent as this gentleman, and his works at Christmas and Easter are always full of interest to those who can feel and appreciate their excellence. The first scene, a spacious hall supported by spiral columns, hung with white muslin hangings, and lit with golden tripods carrying branches of wax candles, is a noble vista, the luminous brilliancy of which, when filled with a multitude of gaily dressed ladies and cavaliers of the court, is very imposing. The fourth scene of the same act is also a work of equal elaboration, though of more imaginative character, the text of the painter being the island which gives the title to the piece, and hence the development of those fancied traits of invention which so signally distinguish Mr. Beverly. The second and third scenes belong to the more legitimate regions of art, a pair of landscapes, representing the tower in which the heroine is immured, its gradual secession from the eye giving place to a fine study of the ocean in a moment of tempestuous agitation. But the last scene of the second act is the triumph. A hedge line of leaves bend gradually forward, disclosing a row of lustrous nymphs, each bearing a precious jewel on her head, a higher series of gently-dipping leaves forming a sort of crown, from the centre of which a group of flowers bloom in flashing colours, and oscillate gracefully in the air. This tableau has certainly never been equalled, and the applause that it received was tremendous. The success of the extravaganza may be chiefly attributed to this superb piece of scenic contrivance.

A young lady, of the name of St. George, played the part of the Princess, evincing a very promising ability as a singing actress, and supplying the place of Miss Fitzwilliam with perfect efficiency. She was encored in a version of "Where the bee sucks," which she executed very tastefully. Madame Vestris, as her attendant, gave the best possible point to the doggrels, both of dialogue and song, introducing in the latter department a capital parody on Donizetti's "In questa semplice." But better still, and more heartily appreciated by the audience, was her mimicry of the popular Jetty Treffz, in her inimitable "Trab, trab, trab," which called down peals of laughter and applause. It is not easy, even for Mdme. Vestris, to imitate Alboni. There were several pretty dances; but the ballet of action touching the loves of Cupid and Psyche, which terminates the first act, requires very material curtailment.

OLYMPIC.

A THEATRE could scarcely open under more favourable circumstances than did the Olympic on Wednesday evening. In the first place, there is the beautiful new edifice, which we briefly described in our last number, and which has shot up almost magically from the heap of ruins left by the very recent conflagration. In the second place, there is a company of remarkable strength, collected from every other establishment in London. The Marylebone performers, who, coming from a remote locality to the heart of the metropolis, have performed an operation the very reverse of colonization, of course constitute the nucleus of this new body. Mrs. Mowatt, Miss Fanny Vining, and Mr. Davenport, who reigned in the north-western suburb, are magnates in the more southern region, and bring with them Messrs. Johnstone, Herbert, Belton, and Miss Oliver. Among the actors who gather round this nucleus are —Mr. Frank Matthews, one of the best "old men" of the present day; Mr. A. Wigan, celebrated in *rôles de caractère*; Mr. Compton, excellent as a "legitimate" low comedian, especially in Shakspere; Mr. Meadows, a veteran of the same class; Mr. T. Matthews, one of the best of clowns; and the Marshalls, known as clever and spirited dancers; besides Mr. Holl, Mr. Conway, Mr. Ryder, Mr. J. Reeve, Mr. Scharf, Mrs. Seymour, and Mrs. Wigan. In the third place, there is the lessee, Mr. Watts, who has already shown abundance of spirit at the Marylebone, and who, it may fairly be expected, will rather increase than diminish his exertions, now that he has a more promising field for their display. Lastly, there are the excellent scene-painters, Messrs. Dayes and Gordon, ready to carry the decorative department to a high degree of perfection.

An address for the opening of the theatre, written by Mr. Albert Smith, was delivered in the best taste by Mrs. Mowatt, who gained a round of applause for nearly every two lines. The address is neatly written, and full of "points" that could not fail to tell. The reader may judge for himself.

"'Tis now some nine months since—nay, start not friends,
To no stage narrative my tale extends—
'Tis now some nine months since—the date to fix,
March twenty-seven; time, evening, half-past six;
The neighbourhood, so papers made allusion,
Was thrown into a state of great confusion;
High shot the flames, fiercely the fire-plugs play'd,
Loud swore the band of Braidwood's bold brigade;
The engines labour'd with unceasing noise,
Policemen scuffled, and huzzaed the boys—
Seeing what once would have been more enjoy'd,
A French ship's mast by English fire destroy'd;
Whilst, grand effect! the first time for an age,
Real water flooded the Olympic stage;
Or, from the engine-hose, in streams projected,
Produced an overflow quite unexpected;
And long before the following morning broke,
The lessee's hopes had ended all in smoke.

But English enterprise now laughs at time;
E'en did the Geni of the Eastern clime
For one night more Aladdin's palace raise,
It would not much surprise us now-a-days!
So our new theatre—all checks despite—
Opens, as promised, upon Boxing-night!
And our new host has sent me on the stage
Your hands and approbation to engage—

Himself not much accustomed to appear—
To say how glad he is to see you here.

You might have thought, allusion to assist,
The Phœnix, as a type, could not be miss'd;
But those who've studied from the Regent's Park,
Or Surrey Gardens, to the Child's Noah's Ark,
Know, to believe in it, is most absurd—
(I do not mean the office, but the bird).
In this most practical, material age,
The Phœnix shows not even on the stage;
And all that ashes, now-a-days, produce
Is soda for the washerwoman's use.
More trite the simile, still rather old,
That, as the chemists tell us, doubtful gold,
Through fire sent, is purified at last;
So let us hope, that through our furnace pass'd,
The Drama's spirit, chasten'd and refin'd,
Comes over pure, leaving all dregs behind.

Now, one word for myself, in this my speech,
Or, rather, for my nation, I beseech;
To you who welcomed with a friendly hand
The two poor players from a distant land—
Who gave America fresh cause to prove
Old England's liberality and love;
Believe us ever grateful for the meed;
Nor visit on a nation one wrong deed.
We prize your artists; let me then declare,
How proud and glad we are to see them there!

[Bell rings.

Oh, goodness! there's the bell! I must away!
Although I still had very much to say.
Anon your verdict we shall come to strike;
So, for themselves, let our endeavours speak."

The address was followed by the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, very efficiently played by Mr. Davenport as Valentine, Miss F. Vining as Julia, Mrs. Seymour as Sylvia, Mr. Conway as Proteus, and Messrs. Compton and Scharf as Launce and Speed. The established favourites were well received, and the curtain was raised to re-exhibit the performers at the end of the play; after which a call was raised for Mr. Watts.

The important event of the night was of course the pantomime, which is entitled *Laugh and Grow Fat, or Harlequin Nutcracker*, and is founded on the incident, well known in more than one fairy tale, of offering a reward to any facetious person who can move the risible muscles of a dismal prince. The great representative of merriment is Jovial Christmas (Mr. Morrison), whose faithful assistant, Nutcracker, is engaged in the task of carrying good cheer into the Court of King Nonsense (Mr. Stanton), the father of Prince Melancholy. A number of personified comestibles and kitchen utensils, represented with a great deal of grotesque humour, form the retinue of Christmas. His enemy is King Humbug (Mr. Morris), an evil potentate, whose palace, supported by two gigantic blowers of soap-bubbles, cleverly sets forth the various "humbugs" of recent times. That evil may not preponderate to the detriment of dramatic justice, there is a troop of Naiades, who dwell in a pearly palace, and pay allegiance to Queen Sincerity (Miss M. Oliver). In this palace a new contrivance is employed, by which day is converted into night with very beautiful effect. After divers perils the Christmas party reaches the palace of King Nonsense, which is another instance of scenic ingenuity, the absurd character of the monarch being illustrated by the strangely-composed figures which form the columns of the building. The attempts to move the melancholy heir-apparent to laughter prove abortive, until an unpatronised artist, with the characteristic name of Humble Merit, brings a portrait of Grimaldi, when the down-drawn corners of the Prince's mouth are drawn upwards, and his emaciated form swells into a comfortable obesity. On the transformation of the personages into the characters of the harlequinade, Humble Merit becomes Harlequin (Mr Cormack), and the Princess, whose hand he has gained by his skill, becomes Columbine (Miss Malcolm); and mighty King Humbug is humiliated to the condition of Pantaloon (Mr. Morris). The Clown (Mr. T. Matthews) starts from the picture of Grimaldi, as the living representative of his illustrious predecessor.

The introduction, with its droll incidents and superb scenery, is, in conformity with a rule which becomes more general every year, superior to the harlequinade, which wants curtailing. A comic dance, by the Clown and a black girl, in imitation of the Casino style, and the feats of Signor Alvérad and his pupil, were among the most attractive features in the latter. A mistaken supposition that Mr. Marshall, who played a sprite in the opening, was also to appear in the harlequinade, occasioned a temporary disturbance, which was appeased by the "Tippitiwichet" of the inimitable Tom Matthews.

STRAND.

On Wednesday night *King René's Daughter* was followed by a new extravaganza, called *Diogenes and his Lantern, or a Hue and Cry after Honesty*. The gods and goddesses agree to descend upon the earth, and assume various disguises. Minerva, simulating a country girl, becomes the pupil of Diogenes, and accompanies him in search of an honest man. Their peregrination furnishes opportunity for some smart hits at platform orators and economists, belligerent peace-mongers, fraudulent tradesmen and railway directors, and other social abominations. A Railway King was introduced, whose representative (Mr. Bender) resembled in countenance, and still more in voice and accent, a notorious person, who not long since bestrode the railway world like a Colossus. The stage sycophants who surround the railway King propose to offer him a "testimonial," and a statue is suggested as a suitable one; but Minerva drily remarks, that in this country "statues never pay." The piece elicited genuine laughter, and was followed by unanimous approbation. All the actors exerted themselves, but the burden of the piece rested on Mrs. Stirling, who acquitted herself with great ability, and was called before the curtain at the end.

SADLER'S WELLS.

The new pantomime here is called *Harlequin and the Dragon of Wantley, or Moore of Moore Hall and Mother Shipton and her Black Dog*. The joviality of the holiday folks was so great that the first scenes passed in nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise. After a colloquy between Old Age and Youth on the subject of the new pantomime, we are introduced to Mother Shipton's cottage. The connection of this personage with the story it was impossible to learn. The old woman is, however, ducked in the river for some unimaginable offence, and we then come to the Baron of Wantley's Castle and Hall. He is surprised at dinner by a visit from the Dragon, who, after helping himself to *quantum suff* of his host's viands, carries off his daughter for a *bonne bouche*. Proclamation is forthwith made that whoever rescues the lady shall have her for his pains. This is achieved by Whiskersoop, afterwards Harlequin (Mr. Fenton); but the false-hearted Baron, having gained his end, refuses to perform his promise. Here the usual supernatural interference takes place, and the harlequinade begins, the Baron becoming Clown, and the Dragon a Sprite. The tricks and changes are unusually numerous, and some of the jokes very good. The huge golden egg from California, which on being opened produces a live goose, was an excellent hit, and told well. Logs for the navy, turned into the Navy Board, was equally good.

MARYLEBONE.

This theatre re-opened on Wednesday, under the direction of Mr. Edward Stirling. The new piece, *Clara Charrette*, turns on the vicissitudes to which a woman is subjected, who, at the will of her dead mother dismisses her betrothed lover to marry a wealthy banker, and thereby frees her father from debt. The lover goes to the wars under the Emperor, whence he returns a Field-Marshall, and claims his betrothed bride, now become widow. The action of the piece, especially in the last act, is a little like that of the *Lady of Lyons*, but it is put together with considerable dramatic tact and keeps the attention alive to the end. The principal character was sustained by Mrs. Hudson Kirby, a lady of provincial reputation, who has been engaged to supply the place of Miss Fanny Vining, whom she a little resembles both in person and acting. The new pantomime, *Harlequin and Fairy Land*, is very good. The introductory portion, which is worked out very cleverly, may be briefly told. After the usual consultation among the supernatural agencies, we find the Princess Zela, about to be sold by auction, in the matrimonial market, by her cross papa. Among her other suitors come Prince Gold and Prince Poverty. The lady chooses the latter, while papa insists on her marrying the former, but at length consents that the matter shall be determined by a trial of the powers of the contending suitors. The rich prince immediately conveys the lady to a golden palace, after which his rival presents her with a picture of rural felicity and domestic bliss in a cottage. Here accordingly she fixes her choice. Her rich suitor has recourse to the powers of darkness, who can only transform the parties, and turn them loose. The harlequinade, which is crammed to repletion with fun, goes off right merrily. There is a good Clown, an agile Harlequin, an active Sprite, and a graceful Columbine. A little boy of some six or seven, is made, among other feats, to mount a ladder balanced on his father's chin; after going through sundry painfully astonishing freaks at the top of the ladder, he descends head foremost, winding snake-like between the steps. Miss Kirby, the Columbine, is very pretty, and dances a pas seul charmingly, to a Scotch melody. There is also a good musical joke—Jullien and the Clown have a pas de deux; to a melange of odds, ends, and beginnings of tunes, linked into an entire whole, with great ingenuity. Among the performers, Mr. Thorne, the Sprite, deserves particular mention; he throws chains of somersaults some twenty in length, and leaps, bounds, and twists himself into all manner of shapes with astonishing adroitness. The pantomime was well received, and will, no doubt, live to the full period commonly allotted to such holiday ephemera.

SURREY.

The name of the pantomime at this theatre, is *The Moon Queen and King Night; or Harlequin Twilight*; that of the author, Alfred Crowquill. King Night (Mr. W. J. Collier) in his sombre cavern, and the Moon Queen (Miss E. Bromley) in her starlit hemisphere, afford contrasts, which the scene-painters—Messrs. Meadows and Calcott—have effectively seized. The transformation exhibits Madlle. Luiza as columbine; Harlequin, M. Lupino; Clown, Mr. Dewhurst; Pantaloon, Mr. Naylor; and Sprite, Mr. J. Lupino, who executes the pantomimic dances and tricks with grace and agility. The first scene presents the "Everywhere Railway-office," where a few fast men are wanted for the booking department," kept by "Hudson, Bolt, and Co." Time bills are not required, as you are everywhere "in no time." A huge parcel labelled "French National Guard" turns out a model of the Fortifications of Paris. A similar package, the "English National Guard," sends out supplies of roast beef and plum-pudding. Then follows the clown's kitchen, where the eatables only appear to vanish up the chimney, and the unaccommodating bedroom, whence tables and chairs, touched by Harlequin's magic wand, disappear, until the bed is converted into a boat rocking on the sea, and the Clown throws Pantaloon overboard to stuff the maw of a ravenous shark. A street view of a doctor's shop and pastry cook's, is signalised by the entrance of a Russian bear, "whose Royal head the semblance of a kingly crown has on." The animal is immediately set upon by some zealous disciples of the Manchester school, who perform the process of "pulling him to pieces" with great unction. As they tear off large pieces of hide the words Poland, Turkey, Sweden, &c., appear written upon the inside in large characters, until Ursa Major, despoiled of his unlawful acquisitions, appears in all the nakedness of Russia Proper. Lola Montes appears lying on a sofa smoking a cigar, attended by the redoubted bulldog which causes two or three *émeutes* in the Bavarian capital, until a sausage-maker of Munich whips it up and disappears. A gallant captain here presents himself and elopes with the dashing fair. A *pas des patineurs*, in St. James's-park, is cleverly put upon the stage; and a view of Ramsgate sands completes the piece. Some of the scenes require excision, and the fun now and then drags; but the curtain fell amid much applause.

ASTLEY'S.

The established fame of the old equestrian theatre on the Surrey side of Westminster bridge was on Wednesday night sustained with its customary eclat. The audience were, on the whole, less remarkable for exuberant jollity than is the wont of those who fill the places of public entertainment on such occasions. The stud of Astley's it is scarcely necessary to praise; its numbers, condition and training, have long been acknowledged by the patrons of equitation. On Wednesday night the performances commenced with an equestrian spectacle of the usual cast, full of chivalric exploits, terrific combats, captive ladies, and gallant knights. Then followed scenes in the circle. The old favourites of the audience were there, with signs of fresh vigour, new sources of animation, and novel feats and performances. Amongst the ladies was Mdlle. Angele, from the Hippodrome, Paris, her first appearance in London, whose grace, dignity, and perfect management of her steed obtained cordial and unanimous applause. All the scenes of the circle went off remarkably well. The Clown was good, and Mr. Widdicombe was there, whose presence left nothing to be desired. The name of the new Christmas pantomime is *Yankee Doodle came to Town upon his little Pony*, in which there is the usual amount of supernatural and allegorical personages, surprising transformations, and artistic scenery. The author is the veteran, Nelson Lee, who has written so many pantomimes that he does not remember how many. It opened with a scene pourtraying the "Bowers of Peace," the fairy inhabitant being Peace herself, in the person of Mrs. Beacham, attended by two sprites—Mirth and Sport. Peace soon discovers Plenty, Miss E. Loveday, a favourite attendant of Britannia, and in the "Halls of Plenty," in which the real elfin steeds are introduced, the fairy Hope, (Mrs. Jackson), anchors, and a full ship's company of fairy attendants appear to greet Britannia (Miss Moreton Brooks), as she descends from her car on the waves and takes the command-in-chief. Young England (Mr. W. H. Harvey), "a pert young man and a regular brick," becomes acquainted with the goddess, who promises to promote his interest with a

certan nigger lady, Miss Dinah, a sister of Lucy Long, after which she retires for a time, assuring her subjects that

"If England and America keep friends, 'tis clear,
There will be peace and plenty all the year."

Another wooer of Miss Dinah, Yankee Doodle (Barry), has come to London for the purpose of "settling her business," but on his arrival, with his famous servant, Sam Slick, he finds all his plans thwarted by Young England. Although "tarnation cute," Brother Jonathan somehow finds the Britishers of London too much for him, and at last he "calkilates" that he is only getting robbed, cheated, swindled, and deceived on all sides. Britannia, however, resolves to give the disconsolate son of Columbia another chance, and the usual transformations having been effected, the chase begins. The following are the characters of the harlequinade;—Harlequin Mr. W. H. Harvey; Columbine Miss Louisa Davidson; Clown Mr. Jackson; Pantaloon Mr. Cradlock. The usual tricks and jokes form the staple of the fun, which was kept up with unflagging spirit and vivacity. The new art of graphiology, or discerning characters from handwriting, the cheap excursion schemes to the Continent, the early closing movement, the opening of the Coal Exchange, Jullien's everywhere hissed and every where encored, Row Polka, and other follies of the day were successfully brought forward, and excited endless merriment. Some negro melodies were introduced, a nigger dance was executed with spirit, and a couple of comic songs from a special favourite at Astley's were imperatively demanded and obtained. The machinery all worked smoothly for a first night, and everything went off well.

MARYLEBONE INSTITUTION.

Another instance of the growing influence of good music was noted, on Friday last, at this literary and scientific institution, where Mr. Edward W. Thomas, one of our most accomplished violinists, gave a quartet and solo concert to a numerous and attentive audience. The style of entertainment may be guessed from the following programme:—

PART I.

Quartet (in G, No. 81) two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. Watson and E. W. Thomas, Mr. Weslake, and Mr. Guest *Haydn.*
Fantasia, on airs from *Maritana*, Pianoforte, Miss Kate Loder *Wallace.*
Quartet (in G, No. 1) two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. E. W. Thomas and Watson, Mr. Weslake, and Mr. Guest *Mozart.*

PART II.

Trio (in C Minor, No. 3) Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, Miss Kate Loder. Mr. Watson, and Mr. Guest *Beethoven.*
Introduction and Variations on a Russian Air, Violin, Mr. E. W. Thomas *David.*
Quartet (in A. No. 5) two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs E. W. Thomas and Watson, Mr. Weslake and Mr. Guest *Beethoven.*

The quartets went exceedingly well, especially the exquisitely graceful one of Mozart, in which Mr. Thomas proved himself both a finished and a classical player, and was very efficiently supported by Messrs. Watson, Weslake, and Guest. Mr. Thomas was also remarkably successful in his solo—one of David's best, an ably written fantasia, in which nothing trivial occurs—maintaining his right to be called one of the most brilliant of our executants. Miss Kate Loder played the trio by Beethoven (which went very well throughout) in a masterly manner. A couple of songs might have been introduced with advantage, as a relief to the continued succession of long instrumental pieces. We heartily wish Mr Thomas the success he deserves. We understand that his scheme is to introduce concerts of this character at all the metropolitan and suburban institutions. The beneficial results from such a plan, successfully carried out, may readily be imagined. Let us, however, advise Mr. Thomas, for the future, to excise the following paragraph from his bills, which is unnecessary, exclusive and vexatious—unnecessary because it signifies nothing, exclusive because it limits all excellence to three names, and vexatious because it implies a doubt of the willingness and capability of his audiences to appreciate the music he lays before them.

"In selecting from the works of the great masters—Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, care has been taken to unite the *pleasing* with the classical."

Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven are great masters, but not *the* great masters. Mr. Thomas should remember that Mendelssohn and Spohr have some pretensions to be ranked in the list, to say nothing of several others whose chamber-music is not the only consideration. Uniting the "*pleasing* with the classical" may mean something, but *what* we shall not attempt to discover. Because music is classical does Mr. Thomas insinuate that it cannot be *pleasing?* If so, he had better abandon his scheme, and throw himself at the feet of the "vast school," to whom a polka is the quintessence of sound; or when music is not pleasing it implies a want of melody, leaves unfulfilled the first condition that attaches to a work of art, is not the offspring of genius, and cannot, therefore, be designated the work of a "great master."

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

This last has been a busy week in matters musical here. On Tuesday the 18th, the Madrigalians held their annual Dress Concert—"Ladies' night"—at the Town Hall. Wednesday night, Seymour's second Quartet Concert came off, at the Charlton-on-Medlock Town Hall; and on Thursday, the 29th, Hallé's fourth Classical Chamber Concert. At the last of these we were present. The room was well-filled, notwithstanding Christmas parties; more than the usual number of *young* ladies were present, doubtless just arrived home for the holidays. We are more and more pleased with Mr. Hallé's *locale*. For chamber concerts it is admirably well adapted, and the room looks as brilliant as before, albeit there was a loyal display of general mourning in respect to the memory of the late Queen Dowager.

Despite your prohibition, we again send the programme—you can afford six lines;—besides Hallé's are so rich and classical that they deserve being reported.

Part First.—Trio, Pianoforté, Violin, and Violoncello, (in C minor, Op. 1), *Beethoven.*—Song, Miss Andrews, "Vergiss mein nicht," *Mozart.*—Grande Sonate, Pianoforte (in D, Op. 10), *Beethoven.*

Part Second.—Quartet, Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello (in G minor), *Mozart.*—Song, Miss Andrews, "Volkslcid," *Kucken.*—Miscellaneous Selection, Pianoforte, "Lieder ohne Worte" (first book, No. 1, and sixth book, No. 6), *Mendelssohn;* "Berceuse" and "Polonaise" (in A), *F. Chopin.*

The opening trio (called in the programme, Op. 1,* by the way—how is this?—it might be Op. 1 of his trios, but scarcely of his works), was a masterly performance. We had not Signor Piatti at the violoncello this time, but we could not help feeling a degree of pride that we had a townsman who could supply his place so well as Mr. Thorley, although of course Piatti is far superior, both in finish and execution; indeed, we incline to the opinion expressed by you in last week's note—that Signor Piatti is "the greatest

* The Op. 1 of Beethoven consists of three trios, of which the present is the third.—Ed. M. W.

violoncellist now living." We were delighted with Mr. Seymour's execution, and M. Hallé's pianoforte playing was greater than ever to our thinking. We relished the Trio all the better from having heard it once before at Hallé's concerts last season. The Sonata provided a fine display for Hallé's command over the pianoforte, and for his thorough appreciation of the works of the author. The grandeur of the *adagio* exceeded our ideas of the powers of the instrument—so full, so orchestral were the tones that fell upon our ears. The *Minuetto*, joyous yet elegant, so charmed us that we were quite sorry it was over so soon, and though not partial to encores in general, should most gladly have welcomed a repetition of both that and the final *rondo*. We were delighted with the combined power and delicacy of Hallé's playing, and the striking effects of contrast her use thereby enabled to produce, not merely in the gradations of *piano* and *forte*, but in the quality of *tone*.

The second part opened with Mozart's quartett in G minor, in which the three clever executants named were assisted in the violin part by the same talented amateur who rendered efficient service at one or two of Hallé's concerts last season. This quartet in G minor is an admirable specimen of the master. Who could listen to the lovely flowing *andante*, and not at once recognize Mozart? In speaking of these master-pieces we feel how inadequate are words to describe the depth and variety of our impressions.

Hallé wound up as usual, with a miscellaneous selection. The present one included two of the *Lieder ohne Worte*, and two short pieces by Chopin, all of which were played in the most effective manner. Miss Andrews, in both her songs, which she gave in the original German, evinced signs of improvement. She sang with more feeling than on former occasions, and her vocalisation was evidently better. We hope good things from this young lady, who has been tutored in a good school, but we must warn her against attempting songs that are beyond her compass.

M. Hallé's fifth concert is fixed for the 10th of January.

[We must entreat the indulgence of our worthy correspondent, whose letter we have been compelled to abridge considerably. Our excuse is an unusual press of matter which we are unable to postpone.—D. R.]

THE DRAMA AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The monotony of this dull town was much relieved by the announcement from Mr. Newcombe, the popular director of the theatre, that it was his intention to open his establishment for the season on Boxing night. *Kenilworth*, adapted to the stage by the manager himself, from Sir Walter Scott's novel, was the piece selected for the occasion. The *mise en scene* was really superb; the scenery by Mr. Grieve, of the Royal Italian Opera House, and the local artistes, was faultless in every respect, and the costumes were costly and appropriate. A large platform was erected across the pit, and the centre box of the dress circle was taken away, for the Champion, with his esquires, herald, &c., to come down and form a most effective tableau in the scene of Queen Elizabeth's coronation. Mr. Newcombe's appearance, on a *clipping* white steed, as the Champion, dressed in a complete suit of armour, was the signal for loud applause from all parts of the house—a token of the estimation in which he is held in this town and neighbourhood. An entirely new company, with the exception of two or three of the established favourites, in addition to the conventional attractions of Boxing night, brought a dense crowd to the theatre, and many were turned away from the doors long before the commencement of the play.

A word or two will suffice for the merits of the company, since it is impossible to estimate their pretensions on a single trial. I must make an exception, however, in favour of three—Mrs. Dyas, Mr. Wilmarth Waller, and Mr. J. F. Young, the representatives of Amy Robsart, the Earl of Leicester, and Varney. Mrs. Dyas displayed energy devoid of rant, and pathos of the truest kind. Mr. Wilmarth Waller possesses an intelligent and striking physiognomy, added to a very good figure. He has, I understand, created a favourable sensation in the American Theatres, and the Dublin critics speak highly of him. On the present occasion he justified all that has been said of him. His acting was graceful, his delivery good. His great scene with Varney (skilfully worked up by the adapter) was well conceived, and played throughout with artistic skill.

Mr. J. F. Young made the part of Varney most conspicuous. This gentleman thoroughly understands his business and is a valuable acquisition to Mr. Newcombe's troupe. Anthony Forster was ably impersonated by Mr. Robins, and Mr. Stirling, as Sir Walter Raleigh, displayed both ease and judgment. Miss Margaret Bennett's figure was hardly suited to the part of Queen Elizabeth, a part which should have been given to an actress of much experience and address. Favourable mention must be made of Miss Eardly (a pupil of Balfe's), who has a voice of pleasing quality, and sings with taste. There was also some dancing to vary the entertainment, and the curtain did not fall (at the end of the *Cabin Boy*, effectively played by Mrs. Dyas and the rest) until one o'clock. Mr. Waller will act *Hamlet* next week. Much is expected of him in this part.

T. E. B.

Dec. 27.

MUSIC AT NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Philharmonic Society gave a concert in the Assembly Rooms on Tuesday, the 18th of December. The society, which not long since originated among a number of amateurs for their own private amusement, has grown into considerable importance, having acquired the assistance of the resident professional instrumentalists (including Messrs. Jas. Liddell, Dunsford, &c.) as well as the patronage of the leading gentry of the town and neighbourhood, which enables them to give occasional concerts of an interesting character. The principal drawback heretofore has been the want of good vocal music, which was agreeably obviated at the recent concert, as at the preceding one, the society having obtained the assistance of Miss Emily Grant, whose singing is both artistic and effective. The programme on the present occasion was particularly attractive. It commenced with Mozart's Symphony in G minor, which did not go as well as we could have desired. Weber's overture, "the Ruler of the Spirits," was, however, given with more effect and precision; and "the Wedding March" of Mendelssohn was on the whole well performed. Mr. Hawks, a gentleman amateur, played a solo on the flute. There was also some good choral singing, particularly "the Prayer" from *Masaniello* (unaccompanied). Miss Emily Grant sang Flotow's cavatina, "Love dwell with me," and Macfarren's charming ballad, "she shines before me like a Star" (*King Charles the Second*), which being encored, she substituted one of her sparkling French romances (accompanying herself), in which she was warmly applauded at the end of each couplet. The concert passed off to the entire satisfaction of the audience, Mr. Dunsford officiating most ably as conductor.

MUSIC AT BRISTOL.

Last Thursday the long announced performance of Beethoven's *Mount of Olives* and Mendelssohn's *Athalie* took place at the Victoria Rooms. Both works being new to our Bristol audiences the performances excited a great deal of interest, and the Rooms, in spite of bad weather and dirty streets, were well filled. Band and chorus consisted of 150 individuals, and under the energetic leading of Mr. Cooper acquitted themselves tolerably well. In the *Mount of Olives* Miss A. Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Lawler sustained the solo parts with great success; in *Athalie* the two Misses Williams and Mrs. J. P. Smith did the same with still greater effects. The office of the speaker in the latter composition was undertaken by Mr. Riddle, who, by his reading in the dissenting minister style, caused much laughter, though this was just the contrary effect of what he intended to produce. Beethoven's *Christus am Oelberge* is an old favourite of mine,

but *Athalie*, which I heard for the first time, appears to me nothing more than a succession of fine lyric bits, stringed together too loosely to form a whole. I may err, but to my judgment such revivals of the Greek form of drama as in Œdipus and Antigone, however successful, are no advance in dramatic-musical art. What is your opinion Mr. Editor ?*

Madame Dulcken gave a morning concert on the same day, which was but thinly attended. I could not help wondering at this, seeing that the programme was so very attractive. The performance itself was of the highest order, and better than any I ever witnessed in this place. Madame Dulcken, Herr Hausmann (violoncello) and "the famous Kontzki" were the instrumental performers; Herr Schönhoff and Mdlle Schloss, the vocalists. Hausmann played capitally, and Kontzki astonished the natives by his queer tricks.

In conclusion, a word to Mr. Flowers, who has honoured me with an answer in the *stretto*, as you call it. As he is now aware "to what class of musicians I belonged in my fatherland," I am saved the trouble of mentioning my former comrades. We—I mean the class to which I belonged—were a humble set of musicians, very fond of the compositions of Sterndale Bennet, Wallace, Onslow, Balfe, J. Barnett, Macfarren, and a number of other English masters writing in the *low style*. To understand and relish composers of the *high-school*, which is represented by Mr. French Flowers, we had neither opportunity nor ability. At this Mr. Flowers is "delighted," very probably because the intrusion of such "*lampaci vagabundi*," such "crabs and lobsters so, your crawling correspondents" would desecrate the holy temple of art, of which French Flowers is the self-elected high-priest. It was, perhaps, from fear of this that Mr. Flowers allowed so few of his "Essays on Fugue" to cross the Channel; but Mr. Flowers may make himself easy on this account; his works are safe from the attacks of those wretches, to whom your 'innocent' Teutonius belongs. I have tried hard to break through the thorny hedge of his essay; my hands and face are bleeding, my garments torn; but of the sleeping beauty I have not caught a glimpse.

Yours,

TEUTONIUS.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS THEATRICALS.—Paris is all alive again; since the miserable riots of February, 1848, it has not been so gay. The shops in themselves offer the prettiest sights in the capital; and the preparations for the *Etrennes* of the new year, whether in toys, chocolate, bonbons, books, *modes*, jewellery, *breloques* or statuettes, appear to exceed those of all preceding ones.

Despite the absence of the *subvention*, the theatres are doing well, one and all, with the exception, *miserabile dictu*, of the Porte St. Martin. You may have heard that a drama called *Rome*, of which great things were expected, and on which a great sum of money had been expended, was prohibited after the third or fourth representation. The "scenery and properties" could not be lost, and a new play was hurriedly written up to them, called *Le Connetable du Bourbon*. It had a certain sort of success, but drew no crowd: and so Madame Weiss and the *danseuses Viennoises* were added to the attractions. These attract a little; but the Parisians want some stirring drama, like the *Tour de Nesle*, or some gorgeous fairy piece, like the *Belle aux Cheveux d'Or*, to make them throng to the doors of the Porte St. Martin.†

* Precisely the contrary.—ED. M. W.

† Or, better than all, Frederic Lemaitre, who has been too long idle and unpropitious.—ED.

Adrienne Lecouvreur is still playing to delighted audiences at the Théâtre Francais: and the *Fée aux Roses*, at the Opera Comique, is still a "hit," but people talk more of the decorations and machinery than of the music. At the Historique, Melingue, who was so brutally treated by our theatrical scum in the "*Monte Cristo* Row," has been very successful in a new drama by Dumas, the *Comte Hermann*. The piece is of the "*Antony*" school—one of passion and intrigue rather than of great effects. A new drama is in rehearsal, taken from one of the most interesting subjects in the *Crimes Celébres*—the trial of Urbain Grandier.

The *revues* are coming out as usual, like our pantomimes and burlesques, with the new year. That at the Palais Royal is, at present, the best. It is called *Les Marrantes de l'An III.* (of the Republic), and is crammed with hard-hitting allusions. I wonder how some escaped the censor. That at the Delassemens is entitled *Paris dans la Lune*, and is equally severe; more so, perhaps, having a *boulevard* audience to deal with. The new Emperor of Hayti, figures in these pieces: also Rachel (whom they call *La Juive Errante*), the Hippodrome Bull-fights, Lola Montez, Carlotta, all the plays and theatres *en vogue*, the newspapers, and the Republic, which appears everywhere to hold a contemptible position.

At the Opera, on Sunday, the *Favorite* was played, and Roger covered himself with renewed honours. The applause for him throughout was tremendous, and the duet in the last act was given by him and Mdlle. Jullienne, with wonderful effect. Duprez took final leave of the stage last week, and Roger now reigns alone, at the Academie. His success continues equally great in *Le Prophéte*, and when he appears with Viardot, '*la foule se porte toujours*" as the threatrical journals say; you really cannot get a seat unless you take one before-hand.

The Gymnase produces a *revue* this week, called '*L'Etoile en plein midi*;' and a fairy piece is to be brought out to night (Wednesday) at the Ambigu, on the old subject of *Les Quatre Fils D'Aymon*, which is to eclipse all former splendours.

Finally, if ultra-excitement is needed, I recommend all to go to the Vaudeville, where in *Daphnis et Chloe*, Madame Octave appears in a dress, or rather no dress at all, much more resembling that of Eve than the girdle in which Madlle. Ozy played our first mother in *Le Propriété c'est le Vol*. Very little is left to the imagination.

A. S.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

(*To the Editor of the Musical World.*)

SIR,—I enclose for review at your earliest convenience a "Cathedral Service," "Tarantella," "Three Preludes and Fugues," and a late work of mine, "Arrangements," &c., for the Organ.

I have been surprised to observe, in one of your numbers, an extraordinary remark respecting the manner in which I played the organ at the Philharmonic church performance. Rest assured, Sir, that I claim no acquaintance with those musicians whose "facility" leads them to vary the text of the composer by the introduction of embellishments, &c., or any other meretricious additions.

I hope you will consider the enclosed works a sufficient answer to the ignorant remarks of your Liverpool Correspondent.

I am, Sir, your's faithfully,

W. HEWITT.

Organist of the Church for the Blind; also, Organist of the Philharmonic Society, Liverpool.

[The pieces in question have come to hand, and will receive due attention.—ED.

JULLIEN AT MANCHESTER.

(From a Correspondent.)

As I did not see your correspondent at the Free Trade Hall on Wednesday night, I have sent you a few lines concerning M. Jullien and his doings in Manchester. The concert of Wednesday evening, the first of his present tour in the provinces, was an excellent harbinger of his success. The Hall was filled, and the performances seemed to afford the highest gratification to all present.

I shall not inflict a programme on you—having your late prohibition before my eyes. The scheme was good and varied, comprising selections from Mozart, Beethoven, Rossini, Paganini, Macfarren, Kucken, Roch-Albert, and others.

As usual, desirous to provide novelty as well as amusement for his patrons, M. Jullien introduced several new things, among which I may mention a quadrille on airs from Macfarren's opera, *King Charles the Second*, including some of the most popular airs; a new Polka of his own, called the *Cossack*; and not to specify others, the celebrated *Row Polka*, which has lately created, as I am told, such a "mixed" sensation at Drury Lane.

The band played the overture to *Guillaume Tell* with great spirit. The *allegretto* from Beethoven's symphony in F was also given in admirable style; and a fantasia on *Don Giovanni* served to display the perfect execution of the soloists, no less than the power of the *ensemble*, and the accuracy and precision of M. Jullien, the conductor, who was received enthusiastically.

The soloists who distinguished themselves during the evening were, Barret (oboe), Pratten (flute), Kœnig (cornet-à-pistons), Prospère (ophicleide), T. Harper (trumpet), Jarrett (horn), and V. Collins (violin).

Mdlle. Jetty Treffz, about whom so much has been said and written, was received with the cordiality that would have been accorded to an old and distinguished favourite. She first sang "Vedrai carino," from *Don Giovanni*, and immediately followed it with a sparkling German air of Kucken, "Trab, trab, trab," which I had often heard sung here, in English, by our lady amateurs, as "A ride I once was taking," a gem from Wessel and Co.'s attractive catalogue of German *lieder* and romances. The unadorned manner in which Jetty Treffz gave the beautiful melody of Mozart, accompanied as it was by genuine warmth of feeling, at once disposed me in her favour, and the audience also, it would appear, since they applauded her vehemently. The "Trab, trab, trab," created a furore. Often as I have heard it sung by our fair townswomen, I must confess that Jetty was the first to make me thoroughly enter into its humour and appreciate its unaffected prettiness. I would have given much to hear it again, but, in answer to the unanimous encore, the lady favoured us with another, as original as it was captivating, of the old Scottish ballad, "Coming thro' the rye," which served as an excellent substitute. Nothing could be more winningly simple than the fair Jetty's interpretation of this piquant Scotch melody, one of the glories, in the olden time, of our never-to-be-forgotten Stephens.

In the second part Jetty was announced to sing the romance from Macfarren's *King Charles the Second*, "A poor simple maiden am I," which is travelling at a fast rate throughout the provinces. Much to my disappointment, however, and that of everybody present, through some negligence, the parts were not to be found, and another song was obliged to be given. This was a melancholy ditty, but catching and musical withal, called "My bright Savoy," I know not by what author,* which pleased me mightily, as *Punch's* Mr. Pips would say, in one of his fits of musical enthusiasm. The melancholy ditty was succeeded by one more wild and exuberant, but at the same time plaintive, styled in the bills *Canzonetta Napolitana*, "Io te voglio bene assaje," which Jetty Treffz sang with such fervour and animation that the whole audience demanded a repetition. The pretty German, however, as obstinate as pretty, would by no means comply, and, as in the first part, substituted another song. But as this was "Home, sweet home," the symphony of which by the orchestra was the signal for a prolonged burst of applause, nobody grumbled, and assuredly not I. Jetty Treffz is certainly one of the most charming of ballad-singers. I never heard this sweetest of modern ballads more sweetly and touchingly warbled. The enthusiasm it created was quite genuine.

Jetty Treffz has come through the ordeal with flying colours. She has justified all that has been said of her. In German, English, and Italian music (in their original language) she seems equally at home, and her talent appears to be as varied as it is original.

The *Charles II. Quadrilles* are admirably scored, and the themes have been selected with great judgment. They were received with much favor, as were the *Hungarian Quadrilles*, in which Jullien has introduced some very effective variations for flute, oboe, clarinet, violoncello, and flageolet, which were capitally played by Pratten, Barret, Lazarus, L. Collins, and Collinet. Another Composition of Jullien's, a *valse à deux tems*, called *The Wild Flowers*, struck me as exceedingly graceful and well instrumented. These, like Jetty Treffz, were new to a Manchester audience,† and the welcomer on this account.

Kœnig, an old favorite here, was loudly applauded in a solo on the cornet-à-pistons, ("The Exile's Lamentation"—an air by Roch-Albert) on which instrument he remains without a rival. This was heard for the first time, as also "La Chatelaine," a lively polka of Kœnig's own composition, and one even livelier, by Jullien, *The Cossack*, founded (according to book) on Russian and *Siberian* melodies. Where Jullien obtained the latter it would not be easy to guess, though, I was told, he once penetrated into the interior of China, to obtain materials for his famous Chinese Quadrilles; and if he went into China where the laws of the empire forbid strangers to travel, I see no reason why he should fail in traversing Siberia, with no other barriers than the deep snows, the interminable steppes,† and the mountains that mask their faces in the cloud, &c.

I should have mentioned that the *Don Giovanni* piece pleased very much. Prospère *sang* "Fin ch' han dal vino," the Don's "Brindisi"—so much more rollicking and irresistible than Donizetti's—almost as well as Tamburini himself, although Prospère's Ophicleide is by no means so flexible as Tam's barytone: and Herr Schmidt played like an angel on the mandoline, to the serenade of Kœnig's cornet. This fantasia, and in fact everything in the programme, except the overtures, was new to Manchester, a testimony to Jullien's inexhaustible resources.

I was obliged to leave before Vieuti Collins played his solo on the violin, and before the "Row Polka" had blown the crowd out of the hall, for which I must express my regret, as I wanted very much to hear both.

I am glad to tell you that Jullien has announced a Mendelssohn night (or "Festival"—why Festival?) to take place in a few days. Already, I am told, nearly all the tickets are disposed of. Among other features, Charles Hallé, the pianist, who (as I suppose you are aware) resides at Manchester, is engaged to play one of the concertos.

I hear a great deal of Hallé's chamber-concerts, but they are so exclusively aristocratic (or rather *burgomacratic*, for *our* nobility is all in the mercantile and manufacturing line—much haughtier, by the way, than *ancienne noblesse*) that there is no getting in for love or money, without a recommendation from one of these proud merchants, which, though I am acquainted with some of them, I have not the "cheek" to ask for. I am glad, however, that Hallé—an excellent artist, whom I knew when quite a lad, and also later, in Paris—is getting on so well. He is making lots of money, has more teaching than he can do, turns his chamber-concerts to profitable account, and has been nominated conductor to the Gentlemen's Concerts. And all this in the space of a two-or-month, or so. But Hallé is a *rara avis* in Manchester, and the Manchesterites are loth to lose him. So they do everything in their power to make his sojourn here agreeable, being well aware that he would be able to do quite as well, in a short time, in the metropolis. One good thing at least will arise from Hallé's appointment. I do not know if you ever

* We presume it was the clever new song of "Angelina" which we have noticed more than once."—Ed.

† Our correspondent is in error. Mdlle Treffz sang, last Summer, at one of the Gentlemen's Concerts. She was, nevertheless, a novelty to the vast audiences of the Free Trade Hall.—Ed.

‡ Large desert plains, peculiar to the North of Russia.

heard the orchestra of the Gentlemen's Concerts, but, if you have, you will not be surprised when I say that, considering its numbers and the means of the directors and subscribers, it is the very worst in Europe. I am told—and I hope it may be true—that Hallé has stipulated for the power of altogether remodelling it, and is already hard at work. Seymour is an excellent fellow, and a good violinist, but it requires a man of more energy and experience to preside over a large orchestra and direct the proceedings of a musical institution as large and important, in its way, as the London Philharmonic, or the *Société des Concerts*, in Paris. Whether Hallé be the man required remains to be tested—I have great hopes of him, from his known musical taste, and his excessive love for the music of the real great masters.

I am glad to hear that Stephen Heller is in London. He is a man too modest for his merits, and I fear his retiring manners may stand in the way of his advancement. There was a rumour that he and Ernst were coming down here, for a few days, and that Ernst was to take first fiddle at one of Hallé's soirées. In that case I should certainly have made a bold face and applied to Mr. S. S. for a ticket.

As I perceive you have a very intelligent correspondent from this place—a little too enthusiastic, perhaps, about Jenny Lind and Mr. Thorley—I shall not often find it necessary to send you communications. What he misses, however, I offer willingly to supply, as I am per force buried alive for awhile in this huge metropolis of smoke and commerce. I say "buried alive," because I am miserable without music; and music, as I understand it—not feeling much interest in glees, and living almost entirely in seclusion—is of so rare occurrence in Manchester, that it is about as good (for me) as though there were none at all. To hear even a quartet well performed is impossible. What the orchestras are I need not remind you. By the by, is it true that Lidel,* the violoncellist, is coming to stay here? If so, we only want a first violin and a tenor (we have already a competent second violin in Seymour), and a quartet will be possible. *Quel plaisir!* It is awfully cold here.—Yours, &c.

* Yes.—Ed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Carlotta Grisi, having taken her leave, for the present, of the *Théâtre de la Nation*, will commence a tour immediately, the duration of which will of course depend upon the extent of her *congé*. We believe the first destination of the charming favourite of Terpsichore will be Dublin. Carlotta was so well received by her Irish audience, on her last visit to the capital of Hibernia (1846), that we are not surprised at her wish to return. A new welcome and new triumphs await her, as hearty and as brilliant as those which she now remembers. We understand that Carlotta Grisi is engaged to open the season at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Stephen Heller.—The director of the Musical Union introduced Stephen Heller to some of the most accomplished amateurs of this society on Monday evening last, when this renowned Parisian *artiste de salon* fully realized all that had been expected of him both as a composer and pianist. Ernst and Heller, in music of their joint production, afforded the greatest possible delight; and it is to be hoped that these two artists will shortly repeat their performance before a public audience.—*Britannia*.

Vivier, we understand, is to play two solos at Mr. Allcroft's concert on the 14th. The amateurs of the horn will thus have a good opportunity of hearing this very accomplished professor, whose appearances in public are, "like angel's visits, few and far between." *On s'empressera de l'entendre.*

Alexandre Billet.—This sterling pianist has announced three classical *soirees*, the scope and intention of which we shall enlarge upon shortly.

Meyerbeer's opera, *Le Prophète*, will be produced at Vienna, on the 10th of January.

Mr. Clement White has returned to town from Daventry, having had the pleasure of witnessing the complete success of his pupil, the young tenor of whom we have already spoken, and whom we hope, not long hence, to hear at one of the musical theatres of the metropolis.

Ahroni has been playing at Metz with immense success, in *La Favorite*, and the *Reine de Chypre*.

Thalberg.—Immediately previous to his return to London, this celebrated pianist played at three concerts at Lyons, with the success that invariably attends his performances.

Walter C. Macfarren.—This clever and rising musician, and professor of the pianoforte, has been elected an associate of the Philharmonic Society.

Youths' Benevolent Society.—A concert is to take place at the Sussex Hall, on Tuesday next, in aid of the above society. Several well-known vocalists and instrumentalists are engaged. The object of the Youths' Benevolent Society is to procure a fund sufficient to enable them to apprentice poor youths—orphans, or otherwise destitute—of the Jewish persuasion, and is entitled to the sympathies of the humane.

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is also in preparation, and will be produced during the following week.

Prospectuses of the general arrangements, with the Terms of the Season Subscription, may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street; and at the Box-office of the Theatre, which will be opened on Tuesday next, January 1st.

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